### Past Friends, Present Lovers

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### Summary

*by [KateTGP](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7475241)*

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**Summary**
"Every being has their own soulmate...the universe is never wrong when it comes to soulmates because the universe always picks two beings who would be brought together no matter what happens."

Frisk Dreemurr was the eighth human who fell down into the Underground but she was also the one who first freed the monsters, after countless times of RESETS. She had cared for every single monster in the Underground, including Asriel, Chara, and the other six human mages whom she freed.

Eight years passed and she is now a seventeen year old woman. During those eight years, Asgore had spent that time to fix issues on the surface, while Toriel took care of Frisk. But Frisk's feelings never disappeared for a certain monster who secretly liked her as well. That monster was no other than Sans the skeleton—her soulmate. What Frisk didn't know was that Sans had admired Frisk for a long time since they were kids.

But what would happen to their friendship if they actually confess their love to one another? Would the past bring them closer? Or would it tear them apart in the present?

CHAPTER 28 OUT NOW!*
"Frisk...you'll come back, right?"

That voice was the only thing that gave the human the feeling she had pushed away for so long.

In every single one of her dreams, HIS voice would always haunt her.

And in every single day she would wake up, she would always remember that he's not there for her,

At least...not anymore.

"Boy, you got me Helpless~ Look into your eyes and the, sky's the limit! I'm Helpless~ Down for the count and I'm, drownin in em!"

Frisk groaned as she slammed her radio shut.

Like what she always does whenever a love song would play on it.

"Why do humans even write these songs anyways?" she mumbled.

Honestly, she didn't have a problem with human songs.

Especially that recent song Helpless from the musical Hamilton.

But she can't help but feel so bitter from denying her feelings.

Eight years have passed since she had freed the monsters from the Underground.

She was now a beautiful sixteen year old, who's turning seventeen in a few days.

Her medium length dark brown hair with bangs framed her light peach skin perfectly.

Brown eyes sparkled in their sockets and a beautiful smile graced her features.

She was the typical dream girl anyone would have.
But her heart and soul belonged to a certain monster.

A monster who had shut her out for how many years with a cold treatment, just like the icy cold area where he lives in.

Although, during the eight years of her absence, she's sure that all of her friends in the Underground have changed.

At least, most of them.

The most obvious changes were be observed in the other seven human mages whom she had also saved; the seven other humans who have fallen into the Underground.

Those human mages lived in the Underground with no intention to harm monsterkind.

Chara, Asgore and Toriel's adopted child, is one of them.

King Asgore was in charge of preparing and helping other monsters move to the surface.

And during those eight years, it took that long for humans to agree with the leaders of the monsters.

Queen Toriel, however, stayed with Frisk on the surface.

They lived on the top of Mount Ebott.

Toriel helped Frisk finish all of her online studies, due to the fact that Frisk can't study in a 'normal' school due to the doubt of other humans, knowing that a monster was raising her.

And throughout the process, Frisk remained distant from her underground friends.

"The barrier is just BEHIND OUR HOUSE. Why can't I bring myself to visit my friends?" Frisk thought, "Am I really that affected by HIM to be able to shut out the other monsters I love?"

"Yes, I am. And I have no intention to go unless Toriel tells me to."

When Frisk chose, "RESET" , there were only two humans......and one monster, who knew about what happened in between the timelines.

But there were some conditions when choosing to RESET right now in the present.

The first one is that apparently, the RESET button is soul based.

Whoever has the greater determination would get to take control.

But, as always, this has been a tight battle between Frisk and Chara.

In the end, they both get to take control whenever they want to.

The second condition is that sometimes the timelines have a chance of affecting the characteristics and personalities of anyone involved.

Like the age, gender, interests, or even memories!

It happened to Chara one time, who was a girl, then became a boy, then a girl again.

It also affected Frisk's crush, who's age in this timeline and the previous four timelines is now three years older than her.
And they all happen because the RESET button is **corrupted**.

That is the third condition.

The RESET button became corrupted because of Frisk's battle in the Last Corridor, or what Chara loves to call the 'Judgement Hall'

For some reason, the RESET button just popped out of nowhere, and one of the attacks of Frisk's opponent smashed into the button, thus, making it corrupted.

Because once someone with lower determination, but higher magic, than the one who's supposed to control it, it would cause an error in the timeline making whatever button affected to be corrupted, or glitched.

In this timeline, Frisk discovered that she was born as a human mage.

And along with her DETERMINATION and magic, she formed a SAVE option.

She SAVED many beings...

Asriel, Chara, and the other humans who fell, who were also mages...

She just wanted everyone to be safe.

Frisk sighed as she stared out the window.

The sun shone brightly against the green grass of Mount Ebott, yet, it wasn't enough to heal Frisk's sadness.

She had a reason for leaving the monsters...

And it was to avoid a certain monster...

Suddenly...

"I've been living without my family since I was a child, my father left, my mother died, I grew up buck-wild. But I'll never forget my mother's face that was real. And as long as you're alive, I swear to Gods you'll never feel so—Helpless!"

Frisk let out one more frustrated groan as she unplugged the radio from the outlet.

But then she realized that the song wasn't coming from the radio.

It was coming from her phone.

Frisk looked at it and saw that it was her alarm's ringtone.

*Chara* was the first person to cross her mind.

She made a mental note to scold her if she ever sees her again.

"Frisk, my child! It is time for us to leave!" Toriel's voice rang from outside Frisk's door.
Frisk snapped out of her thoughts.

"What's the event, Mom?" she asks.

"My child! Did you forget? Today is the day that we are going to go back to the Underground! Isn't it exciting?!"

Frisk shuddered, feeling her sins crawl on her back.

Excited? Sure, why not?

She could just ignore HIM, right?

"Oh right, I'm coming, Mom!" she shouts as she put on her favorite blue and light magenta striped sweater, then put on her black shorts.

Another mental note to change her outfit next time.

The last time Frisk saw her friends was when she was nine.

She never got to see them again, so she really was excited to go back to the Underground.

Frisk opened her closet to find her white sneakers.

But instead, the only thing she found inside was a dusty, yellowed, half-torn photo.

"What's this?" she asks herself quietly.

In it was her as a nine year old, beside a skeleton wearing a blue jacket and a white shirt, and she was on top of a taller skeleton wearing a white shirt and a red cape.

"Papyrus...Sans..."

Frisk felt her heart flutter in her chest when she thought of Sans.

Remembering all those timelines they've spent together...

*Stop it, stupid heart.*

Sighing, Frisk looked at the left side of the closet.

Fortunately, her sneakers were there.

She grabbed them then walked out of her room.

Rushing down the stairs, Frisk ran towards her spot in the dining room.

"I've made you breakfast, my child." Toriel says, placing a plate with a slice of her famous butterscotch-cinnamon pie.

"Thank you." Frisk says politely before taking a bite out of her food.

The pie tasted sweet as always.

The creamy taste of cinnamon blended perfectly with sweet butterscotch.
It was delicious!

"You seem very excited about this day, Frisk." Toriel says.

"I'm eager to see how the Underground has changed." Frisk replied.

"Don't you mean, the monsters and humans inside it?" Toriel asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, sorry. I meant that." Frisk corrected herself.

It wasn't long before Frisk actually finished the slice of pie without leaving any crumbs on the plate.

"Mmm! That was great, Mom! You always make the best pies!" Frisk grinned.

A soft laugh came from Toriel. "I am very elated that you like it, my child. You may be a young woman now, but you never fail to make everyone smile."

"It's in my soul." Frisk jokes as she stood up.

Toriel stood up as well.

"I believe it is time we go to the Underground." she says as she led Frisk to the backyard, "all of your friends will be so happy to see you."

"I hope so..." Frisk murmured.

"Whoa..." Frisk mutters under her breath.

The barrier was glowing white and is only a few inches away from their feet.

Frisk touched the barrier and hesitated.

Magical sparks sent tingles on her fingertips.

*It's been a long time since I passed through one.* she thought.

The old barrier was destroyed, but Frisk made a new one wherein only beings with magical elements can pass through.

Human mages included.

But even if the barrier was just in their backyard, Frisk was never able to visit because she closed it for a while...due to a reason that can't be mentioned.

"Go ahead, my child. I know you want to go." Toriel assured her.

Frisk smiled as she jumped into the barrier.

The fall itself was deep.

*Falling...*
Falling....

Falling.....

It felt like minutes before Frisk finally hit the ground.

But she landed face-first right into the bed of golden flowers.

"OWWWWW!" Frisk cried as she tried to lift her head up.

It didn't hurt as much as before, since all of those RESETs let her get used to each and every fall.

Toriel landed on the ground safely, considering she's holding a parasol.

"Why didn't you tell me that the ground was this hard earlier?" Frisk cried.

Toriel rolled her eyes and said, "Why do you think all of the humans entered the underground with a wounded face?"

Frisk groaned and just followed Toriel to the Ruins.

"Before we go to Asgore's castle, why not, let us visit the Ruins for a while?" she asked.

"Sure." Frisk muttered as they continued walking through the purple area.

They arrived at Toriel's house in a few minutes.

The traps in the Ruins were disabled ever since they left the Underground.

Toriel opened the door as it creaked.

The room was still fixed, in fact, the lights were on.

Frisk was about to check who was here, until a voice spoke, "Frisk...is that you?"

Frisk looked around and saw that a white figure stood a few feet away from her.

"Asriel?" she called out.

Asriel stepped forward with a smile on his face.

Frisk gasped as she saw her adoptive-brother.

He was much taller than before, obviously a few inches taller than she was.

He already had horns attached to his head, and his ears were more defined.

"Howdy, Frisk! It's been years!" Asriel says, hugging Frisk.

"It's great to see you too Azzy!" Frisk says, hugging him back.
After a few seconds, the two of them pulled away with silly grins on their faces.

"Asriel, son, it is wonderful to see you again!" Toriel says, hugging her son tightly.

"M-Mom..! T-Too tight..!" Asriel chokes out as Toriel pulls away, laughing.

Frisk looked around. "Asriel, do you know where everybody else is?"

"Yeah, they're all at Dad's." he replied.

"Son, do you want to come?" Toriel asked him.

"Sure." he said and then they went out of the house.

Turning to Frisk, he whispers, "I'm pretty sure that a certain someone there would be happy to see you as well."

The human rolled her eyes as she replied, "I don't think so."

"Wait, are you sure we went to the right place?"

"Yeah, I've been here for like, my whole dead-alive life." Asriel snickers, earning a playful punch from Frisk.

They've passed through Snowdin, but there was barely any sign of monsters in the area.

They asked River Person to take them to Hotland, and from Hotland, the trio just walked all the way to New Home.

And here they were, after thirty minutes.

"It's a lot bigger than before." Frisk thought.

"It looks brand new, if that's what you're thinking." Asriel told her.

Toriel knocked on the castle door three times.

Asgore greeted us with his usual jolly mood.

"Howdy Tori, Asriel, and..." his voice got cut off when he saw Frisk.

"Hi Dad, it's me, Frisk." she greeted.

"Frisk? I...uhh...I umm... pictured you smaller..." Asgore says, measuring her from a far distance using his paws, like they were making a letter "C".

"Dad, it's been six years since the last time you saw her, of course she's not a kid anymore!" Asriel says, bursting out laughing.

"Oh, howdy! I am very proud of you, son. You know, being a king is a great responsibility son, so you have to prepare all the stuff you need when your time comes and..." Asgore says, beginning his boring speech.

Asriel nudged Frisk on the arm and whispered, "Let's get outta here and meet the others."
She giggled as they entered the castle, leaving Asgore, who was completely oblivious to their presence, talking.

Toriel sighed and followed her two children inside as well.

"Whoa, did you guys have this renovated?" Frisk asks, admiring the large hall she was in.

"Yep, and it was really cool. You know, using magic and stuff." Asriel replied.

"I heard everyone is in here." he added, opening a door towards a room.

"Mom?" Frisk asked, turning to the goat.

"You two go on ahead, I'll catch up later." she says, rushing towards another part of the castle.

Frisk and Asriel entered the room.

She noticed so many familiar faces of her friends.

She couldn't believe she was actually seeing them again!

They were all busy talking to each other not to notice their presence.

"Howdy everyone, I have a visitor here." Asriel says, getting everyone's attention.

Everyone turned to him.

Frisk stepped out from behind Asriel.

"FRISK?!" everyone shrieked automatically.

Undyne, Papyrus, Alphys, Mettaton, and Chara were the only ones in the room aside from Frisk and Asriel.

"Yep, this girl here is my one and only sister!" Asriel chuckled.

Chara shot him a death glare.

"—Other than Chara!" the prince added quickly.

"HUMAN! IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE HAVE LAST SEEN YOU! MY BROTHER SANS HAS MISSED YOU A LOT!" Papyrus exclaimed.

That last sentence tugged at Frisk's heart.

"Sans...missed me?" Frisk asks incredulously.

"YES, HUMAN! SO HAVE I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" Pap replied.

"Well you'd better be ready in case someone attacks." Undyne told Frisk. "Cause I have some special training prepared for you!"

"She means that she's gonna attack you." Chara scoffed.

"Watch your back, dork." Undyne retorted to Chara.

Chara just rolled her eyes and shrugged.
"Darling! Haven't you even change your sweater for at least one percent? You look more beautiful than before, but your attire hasn't changed!" Mettaton gasped.

"In the size?" Frisk asked.

"The design!" he said, face-palming himself with his metal hand.

Frisk suddenly remembered what she was supposed to do.

Turning to Chara, she asked, "Did you break into our house yesterday?"

The human stepped down from the table, putting a hand in the pocket of her green and yellow striped sweater. "Yeah, why? That's how Mom got the news."

"Did you change my alarm ringtone?" Frisk asks suspiciously.

Chara grinned at her sister as she whispered, "Yo this one's mine."

Frisk pushed her away repulsively, saying, "I knew it! You're the only one other than me who knows about that song!"

"That would be Asriel too."

"Hey! I just said it was catchy!" Asriel protested.

"Perfect love song if that crush of yours wasn't an ass." Chara whispered to Frisk.

"He's a monster." Frisk whispered back.

And that's when she noticed someone else was missing...

She looked around the room and noticed that she was right.

"Where's—"

"Am I too late?" a voice boomed from behind her.

She turned around and came face-to-face with a skeleton wearing a blue hoodie and black basketball shorts.

Color slowly drained from her face.

The skeleton who tried to kill her a hundreds of times before (thanks to Chara).

And the only monster who knew about the RESETS, although Frisk didn't know how.

"Frisk Dreemurr," Sans greeted. "long time, no see."

Frisk nodded and just looked away and then she stepped aside so he can enter.

Everyone else, except Chara, looked at her and Sans with suspicious expressions.

Frisk felt her heart pound loudly against her chest.

Fear and happiness filled her soul.

"HUMAN! I THOUGHT YOU AND SANS ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS!" Papyrus told her.
"HOW COME THAT IS HOW YOU GREET EACH OTHER AFTER EIGHT YEARS?! AND SANS! I THOUGHT YOU MISSED THE HUMAN!"

"Best of Friends?" Chara scoffed. "Where did you get that idea, Papyrus?"

"WELL, THEY WERE BEST FRIENDS BEFORE. RIGHT, HUMAN?" Papyrus asks Frisk.

"How did he remember?" Frisk asks Chara through their souls.

"It's a glitch. I've seen it tons of times. But he doesn't know about the fight yet." Chara replied.

"Good."

"Well, we're not fighting, Pap. If that's what you're wondering." Frisk replied to the younger skeleton.

"They just don't talk to each other because they hate each other." Chara scoffed.

"WHAT?!" everyone else except Frisk, Sans, Chara, and Asriel exclaimed.

"Shut up." Sans threatened Chara.

"You should know." Chara countered. "You tried to kill her a tons of times—"

"Kill?!" everyone else except Frisk, Sans, Asriel, and Chara exclaimed.

"This bonehead here hurt Frisk, and that's all he'll ever be to Frisk." Chara snarls.

"Alright, shut up now, your Highness." Sans spat bitterly.

Chara turned to Frisk.

"Come on Frisk. Tell them. Tell them how much Sans has been a jerk to you." she says.

Frisk stood there, shocked.

Everyone was expecting her answer.

"I-I...uh...well..."

"Didn't he say that you should burn in hell? Didn't you see him hurt you right in front of your own eyes?" Chara added.

Sans clenched his fists angrily, but he didn't attack.

Frisk could feel the tears rising.

It hurts because it's true.

She could feel Sans' gaze on her.

But before he could even stop her, Frisk backed off and dashed outside of the room, crying into her palms.

-
"That dirty little brat!" Sans thought.

"What Is She Talking About You Killing Frisk?" Undyne asks Sans.

"Don't believe in her." he replied, glaring at Chara, "Plus, if I really killed Frisk, she wouldn't be here now right?"

Everyone else seemed to agree with him.

"BUT THE HUMAN LOOKED SO SAD!" Papyrus says.

"She's probably going through a heartbreak! How sad!" Mettaton added.

Asriel decided to speak up for Frisk and Chara.

"She's not heartbroken, she's just shocked, that's all." he says, although Mettaton was right.

Frisk was heartbroken.

"Not meaning to insult you, Your Highness, but I don't believe you." Sans told Asriel.

"Why not ask her yourself?" Asriel countered.

"He's so different in this timeline. It makes me want to kill him." he added in his thoughts.

Chara rolled her eyes then said, "Only if you could catch up to her."

"Then I will."

Sans chased after Frisk, not even bothering to teleport, running with all the speed he could muster.

---

It served him right.

Chara smiled to herself.

She had to protect Frisk.

She had learned to love Frisk as her own sister.

And she'd do anything to keep her away from danger.

And Sans was a big threat.

Chara watched as Sans chased after Frisk.

Chara motioned for Asriel to come closer to her.

"Yes, Your Highness?" Asriel asks teasingly.


Asriel gave her an understanding nod.

But he also saw the sad look on Chara's face.
"It's alright, Chara. I'll make sure she's okay." he assures her.

"Thank you."

Then Asriel dashes out of the door to find Sans and Frisk.

Chapter End Notes

Song used: Helpless from Hamilton OST
Chapter Notes

Lemme show you guys the ages and genders of the characters (for now):

Frisk (Female) - 16
Sans (Male) - 19
Chara (Female) - 16
Asriel (Male) - 17
Papyrus (Male) - 17
All Human Souls (OC) (Male and Female) - 16
Toriel (Female) - 43
Asgore (Male) - 45
Alphys (Female) - 21
Undyne (Female) - 22
Mettaton (Male) - 20

All others are probably 20+

I only update during Saturdays or Fridays.

"----------" in the story means change of POV

Chapter 2 (Adventure)

Sans teleported all around the castle, but he hasn't seen Frisk anywhere.

"Hey Smiley Trashbag! Wait up!" a voice called out to him.

Sans turned around to see Asriel catching up to him.

He rolled his eyes. He knew Asriel still called him that, even if he's not Flowey anymore.

"Whatcha doing here, As?" Sans asked him.

"Helping you find Frisk." Asriel replied. "I think I know where she is."

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Kneeling down near the edge of the ice, Frisk dipped her fingers into the cold waters of Snowdin.

She sighed, thinking about what happened earlier.

*Chara should really learn how to stop herself from saying things.* Frisk thought.

There was only one reason why she kept herself distant from Sans.
Aside from the part where Sans killed her tons of times in the Judgement Hall, there was something she couldn't really admit to herself.

Both her mind and soul knew she fell in love with Sans.

But ever since then, she intimidated herself, thinking, Why on earth would I think he'd feel the same way? I'm just a human who killed his brother one time, resets the timelines, and obviously just a kid to him. What would a monster find so attractive in a human like me anyway?

Frisk knew that in the previous timelines, Sans has killed her a lot.

Although, before she and Sans ended up in the Genocide timeline, they were the best of friends in the previous timelines.

Frisk recalled the time when she and Sans went to Grillby's for the first time.

~ ~ ~

"Your brother is really funny!" Ten year old Frisk said.

"Heh, you should see what he does with his costume." Thirteen year old Sans replied.

"Really? What does he do?" Frisk asks.

"He never takes it off." he replied. "Welp, at least he washes it. And by that, I mean he wears it in the shower."

They burst into a fit of laughter as Grillby hands them their orders.

~ ~ ~

A sharp pain shoots through Frisk's soul.

Only then did she realize she was crying.

"Best (hic*) friends, huh? (hic*)" she sobbed silently.

She just missed Sans so much.

But it was all her fault why he was mad at her.

And he would possibly never forgive her after what she had done.

After a few minutes of sobbing, she felt something pat her gently on the back.

"I knew you'd be here." Asriel said, comforting her.

Frisk turns around to face Asriel, who hugged her tight.

"It's okay, Frisk. It's gonna be okay." Asriel murmured.

Frisk cried into his shoulder.
"H-He hates me, Azzy...I know it." she whimpered.

Asriel patted Frisk’s back in a comforting way.

She looked behind Asriel and looked at a monster with eyes fresh from tears.

"Hey kid." Sans murmured.

---

Sans looked at Frisk, feeling guilt consume his soul.

He didn't want to see her like this.

Asriel pulled away from Frisk and said, "I think you two should talk."

Then off he went.

Sans sighed.

Asriel also knew about the previous timelines.

---

Sans knelt on the ice beside Frisk and asked, "Kid, uhh..Frisk, why so BONELY?"

She simply replied with a sad smile. "I-I'm good, there's no need to worry about."

"What's with the tears?" Sans asked her.

She wiped the remaining tears of her face and lied, "It was just cold."

Frisk knew Sans had sensed the lie, because all of a sudden, his eye sockets went dark.

"I know there's something wrong with you, so spill."

---

Sans waited for Frisk's response. "Well, are ya gonna speak or not?"

Frisk started crying again.

"Don't hurt me! Please!" she cried, covering herself with her arms in fear.

The light in Sans' eye sockets went back. "Frisk, what are you—"

Frisk felt Sans' hands rest on her shoulders, steadying her.

"Sorry 'bout that. I didn't mean to scare you." Sans says, tucking away the strands of hair covering Frisk's face.

Frisk looked at him weakly then said, "S-Sorry...I was...traumatized...you know? From the Genocide timeline..."

Sans looked at her with concern.

"Frisk, I didn't mean to hurt you..." he says.
"I-I better get going...I-I'm sorry for coming back. I know I-I promised to never come back. I was...I-I..." Frisk broke down into tears.

Sans felt more guilt rush to his soul.

He...actually missed her.

Without thinking twice, he hugged her comfortingly.

"Hey kid, maybe it's best if we forget about the past. I'm not mad at you anymore, okay?" Sans says, staring into her eyes.

Frisk's brown eyes sparkled with tears and hope.

"Really?"

"Really."

A small smile crept its way to Frisk's face.

"I-I guess you're right...that was a long time ago." she says, wiping her tears away.

"I missed you." Sans told her.

Frisk's face blushed red.

"I-I...well..."

Suddenly, the ice below their feet began to crack.

*Oh no.*

Frisk let out a yelp as she suddenly splashed into the icy cold water.

She gasps for air, trying to tread the deep cold waters.

She tried to grab a hold on the ice, but she drowned deeper into the water.

"Hang on Frisk!" Sans called out.

Using his magic, Sans quickly grabbed Frisk's hand and teleported the two of them back to New Home.

"Are you alright? You were about to drown earlier!" Sans says worriedly.

Frisk shivered, cold water droplets dripping from her clothes.

"You bonehead," Frisk said with a frown, trying to regain her balance. "I had no idea it was gonna happen anyway."

"Huh, so maybe it is better with you having ONLY the power over RESETS." Sans teased, tucking a strand of her wet hair behind her ear.

"Of course not!" she countered. "I'd rather stay this way, without hurting anyone."
Frisk secretly felt relieved Sans wasn't able to know the truth why she was upset. She did tell the truth earlier, somehow.

Sans never knew about her feelings, because she would always find a way to block him out. Like hiding in Nabstablook's house or purposely delaying her time by exploring the Waterfall, Hotland and the Core.

"Frisk?"

"Hmm?"

"Kid, you better watch where you're going cuz we can't RESET this time." Sans said, shoving Frisk aside before she could trip on the long flight of stairs.

Frisk nodded, silently saying Thank You.

Sans replied with a thumbs up.

Eventually, the two of them reached the living room where the fireplace was.

Sans got Frisk a towel from her old room.

"Thank you." Frisk murmured, using the towel to dry herself.

"Heh, don't mention it kid." Sans replied, like he always does.

Sans noticed that Frisk was shivering.

"Uhh, here, let me help you." Sans says as he wrapped the towel around Frisk.

"Thank you, again." Frisk says with a smile.

Something about her expression made Sans blush blue.

Suddenly, Frisk stood up from her place.

"I better go change...are you alright staying here for a while?" she asks him.

"Sure," Sans replied.

Frisk walked into her room and closed the door behind her.

Once the two were away from each other, their faces blushed even warmer than the fire in the fireplace.

Sans felt his soul jump for joy in his sternum.

While Frisk felt her soul hope to have a chance with Sans.

But it was a really, REALLY, hard opportunity to obtain.

She sighed, changing into a fresh pair of clothes.
Suddenly, she thought of a better idea.

She discarded the bundle of clothes and decided to wear a much more...revealing pair.

Sans could hear the door open.

Frisk walked in the living room and sat down beside him.

She was wearing a royal purple tank top that revealed the upper portion of her cleavage and a pair of black shorts.

She caught Sans staring at her, his face flushed in a deep blue.

She smirked inwardly.

*Mission Success!*

"Umm...Sans?" she spoke quietly, feigning innocence.

Sans snapped back to reality.

"Uhh...yeah? Why?" he asks softly, averting his gaze from Frisk.

"You were staring at me..." she murmured, resting a hand on his fibula.

"Umm..."

Sans' face was blazing blue!

Frisk smiled to herself.

She could feel her eyes slowly closing.

And before she knew it, her head rested against Sans' shoulder.

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Sans could feel himself getting warmer and warmer...

Having his childhood sweetheart laying next to him felt utterly flustering.

At first, Frisk was scared of him...

But now she seems to...forgive him?

Sans sighed, putting an arm around Frisk's waist.

He propped himself underneath her, making the both of them lay down.

His body was against the hard, but warm, wooden floors.

Then he rested Frisk right on top of him,

Sans smiled then fell asleep as well.
"Yeeeh, since when did you reconcile?"

The two of them jolted awake and turned around to see Chara glaring at them with her bloody eyes.

"Heh, well, maybe you should think twice before killing anyone here." Sans replied bitterly.

"Whatever comedian, not unless if you want me to let the secrets slide, huh?" she spat.

Sans' left eye socket flared with a blue flame, revealing a blue eye.

"You dirty brother killer! You may have gotten away with this timeline, but heck I'll still find a way to kill you!" Sans shouted.

Frisk felt anger build up in her throat.

"So that's how we're playing it huh?!"

"JUST SHUT UP ALREADY YOU TWO!" Frisk shouted, with a sudden change in her voice.

Her once innocent and sweet voice, turned into something like a glitchier version of hers.

Sans and Chara looked at her and suddenly their eyes widened.

"F-Frisk..."

"What?!" she yelled.

Sans pointed to a nearby mirror, and as Frisk looked at it, something shocked her.

The color of her usual brown eyes were now blood red.

Only then did Frisk realize what she has done.

"I'm sorry." she murmured her voice turning back to normal.

Slowly, her eyes turned back to normal too.

"We better get you to Alphys." Sans suggests.

"You two go on ahead," Chara says. "I'm gonna catch up later."

Then Chara ran off towards the house exit.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sans kept stealing glances at Frisk.

Deep inside, he was really worried about her.

That was something he knew that never happened to her before.

While they were walking through the corridor of the castle, Sans felt a chill go up his spine.

The golden walls, tall pillars, and the dimly lit hallway were enough to remind him that this is where
he judged Frisk before.

The place where he measured her LOVE and EXP.

And in one timeline, the place where he killed her repeatedly.

He knew Frisk noticed that too, because all of a sudden she says, "I remember this place."

He simply smiled nervously as he said, "Memories, huh?"

Frisk nodded slowly.

Nearly halfway through the corridor, Sans grabbed Frisk's hand.

Stopping in his tracks, he spoke, "Kid, listen, I know I've hurt you before, but hey, let's not keep that as a wall in between us, kay?"

Frisk still doesn't say a word.

Even through her lack of response, Sans continued, "What's important is, you have to promise not to do it again." his eye sockets went dark. "Not to kill anyone again and not to RESET again."

Frisk nodded and said, "Don't worry, I won't."

Sans' expression softened.

"And don't worry about me RESETTing." Frisk assured him. "I lost my powers to it and can only bring it back when I really, really wanted to."

"And how can you assure me that you will never ever really, really want to do it again?" he asked her, raising a non-existent eyebrow.

"Because I care about you—you're my best friend." she replied simply, but whole-heartedly.

Sans wasn't expecting this response, but smiled genuinely anyway.

"Keep that promise, and maybe I won't be that hard on ya, kid." he grinned as they reached the end of the room.

Frisk and Sans opened the doors leading to the Castle Throne Room, where everyone has been earlier.

"Hey Alphys, I think you should help us out for a while." Sans said, pointing to Frisk.

"WHY? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE HUMAN, DEAR BROTHER?!" Papyrus panicked.

"Papyrus, I'm fine. Really." Frisk assured him, although she knew she was just lying.

Another lie. she thought.

"W-What do you want m-me to do?" Alphys asked.

Sans did a sign, telling Alphys he'll explain later.
"S-So what now?" Alphys asked, after Sans teleported us into her Lab in Hotland.

Sans and Frisk explained everything to Alphys, the change of eye color, the sudden anger, and the change in voice.

The yellow reptile scientist thought in confusion, then after a few seconds, she had an idea.

"F-Frisk, I-I will just do a few t-tests on y-you, so if y-you w-won't mind..."

"I won't mind a bit." Frisk replied.

Alphys scurried into the True Lab, motioning for Frisk not to come in yet.

"What was that about?" Frisk asked Sans.

"I dunno kid, but it's best if we just wait for Alphys, whatever her reason is." he replied.

Alphys came back after some minutes later.

"S-Sorry you two, but I-I umm...don't have the uhh...materials f-for the test." she stammered like she always does.

Sans and Frisk looked at each other with disappointed faces.

"B-But I k-know that t-they're available all around." Alphys assured them.

"Okay Al, tell us what we'll get." Sans said.

"Remember these," Alphys said.

" - One Ribbon of Patience
 - Two Ballet Shoes of Integrity
 - A Notebook of Perseverance
 - and One Manly Bandanna."

"No problem Al, we can get em." Sans said.

"Wait, we?" Frisk asked, surprised.

"Yeah doll, we are going to get those items." he replied with a chuckle.

Frisk and Sans exited the Lab, hand in hand.

Just when Frisk realized she and Sans were holding each other's hands, she slowly let go of his. Sans noticed this, because he asked, "Ya feeling uncomfortable there?"

He didn't wait for Frisk to reply because he says, "Yeah, I understand. You humans have some changes when you grow up."

"How did you know?" Frisk couldn't help but ask.

"Well, I've noticed you, observing you even, so I decided to ask Asriel about it." he confesses.
"How would Asriel even know that?" she asked.

Sans just chuckles and says, "You have many questions, kid."

"What? I was just asking." Frisk frowned.

"Okay kid," he said. "remember Asriel being connected to Chara's soul? Well, he felt those—it's like their minds were connected."

"So it's like a soul bond?" Frisk asked.

"Yep, although it's usually among monsters only. I'm surprised nothing happened to Chara." Sans replied.

"She died, remember?" Frisk reminded him.

"Right." Sans says amusedly as he and Frisk laughed.

"But seriously though," Sans says. "a soul bond can be...very...inappropriate."

"Why?" Frisk asks.

Sans poked her playfully on the forehead.

"You're too young to know that yet." he says.

"Sans, I'm turning seventeen. I'm basically three years younger than you." Frisk says.

"But you're not an adult yet." Sans told her.

Frisk chuckled nervously.

"So...if you actually liked someone, as in like-like-like-more-than-a-friend-like, it would most likely be an adult as well?" she asks.

"Nah, I'm already in love with someone else." Sans replied casually.

Frisk heart broke.

Who would it be?

*Alphys and Undyne are adults...so maybe he's talking about Toriel? Or the other human mages? Or some other random monster?*

"Frisk? Are you still there?" Sans asks, snapping her back to reality.

"Oh...um..yeah. I am." Frisk says quietly.

Sans noticed her expression.

"Frisk...if this is about the day you confessed to me when you were ten, you don't have to worry about it." he says, patting her on the back. "This someone I love is actually pretty special and I'd do anything to win her...so maybe, you have some tips?"

Frisk could feel jealousy boiling up in her system.

"Why not ask her yourself?" she asks.
"Well...I trust you more than anyone else in the world...so yeah. I'm asking you first, Frisky." Sans explained.

"Fine...well, for humans, girls absolutely love flowers and gifts and stuff. For monsters...I don't know." Frisk says.

"It's fine, you just got the information I needed." Sans says with a wide grin.

Frisk felt her soul be filled with hope again.

"So it is a human!" she says, punching him playfully on the arm.

"You can say that," Sans says, smiling at her.

"Mind if you tell me, Sans?" Frisk pleaded.

"No!" Sans exclaimed, blushing blue.

Frisk pouted at him.

"Next time, okay?" Sans says, kissing her on her cheek.

Frisk's face turned completely red.

She put a hand to her cheek on where Sans just kissed her.

"S-Sans!" she pouted, blushing hard.

"That's what you get for asking so many questions. Now come on, we have to get you healed, 'kay?" Sans says.

But Frisk swore she saw him blush harder.

Frisk and Sans reached the area where River Person usually is.

Unfortunately, River Person wasn't there.

"Maybe they're on a different area right now." Frisk told Sans.

"Probably is. Why not let's just walk?" Sans suggests.

"Can't you just teleport us?" Frisk asked.

Sans flashed her an amused grin. "I'd rather do the long way. You might throw up."

"Am not!" Frisk protested.

"Nah, just kidding. I just want to experience walking around the Underground, cause it seems relaxing ya know?" Sans said, lightly poking Frisk on the forehead.

Frisk flinched a little at his touch.

Sans just smiled at her, making Frisk's face heat up.

"Uhh...let's go to the Waterfall! I'm sure some of the items are in there." Frisk says, breaking the
awkward tension in between them.
Chapter Summary

Frisk and Sans have a flustered day at the Waterfall

Chapter 3 (Waterfall)

After walking a long distance from Hotland, Sans and Frisk have finally arrived at the Waterfall. They passed the bridge and walked into the next room.

"It's kinda darker in here than before." Frisk murmured, staring at nothing but plain darkness.

"Lemme get that for ya." Sans said, reaching his arms out, trying to feel the lantern he was finding.

Instead Frisk felt Sans' arms wrap around her.

She secretly thanked God that they were in the dark, or else Sans could've saw the way her face was heating up.

"Oops..uhh..lemme try going this way." he said, pulling away from Frisk.

Sans and Frisk tried finding the lanterns around the room, but they keep bumping into each other.

"That's it, lemme do something." Sans sighed.

He summoned his magic through his left hand.

"There, we could see better now." he grinned.

Frisk nodded in agreement, but she can't help but observe how Sans stares at her.

"Umm...we better get going." Frisk mumbled as she started walking ahead of Sans without light.

Frisk felt her soul thump loudly in her chest, but this time in a painful way.

She suddenly thought of what might happen to herself, but dismissed the thought immediately.

The two of them made it out of the darkening lantern room and decided to stop by at Temmie Village.

"hOi!" the Temmie Shopkeeper greeted them.

"Hi Tem, I have a little gift for you." Frisk said, handing over a pack of Temmie Flakes to the
"tem wAnTs teM flAkEs! tem pAy!" it babbled.

"No, no! It's okay, really." Frisk assured it.

"tem tHaNk h00man!" Temmie said.

Then Sans and Frisk left Temmie Village and continued exploring the Waterfall.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

"So, what's first on the list?" Sans asked Frisk, who was busy examining an Echo Flower.

"A Notebook of Perseverance." Frisk replied without turning around.

She whispered something into the echo flower, making Sans suspicious on what she said.

Sans tried to walk towards the Echo Flower, but Frisk stopped him.

"You can't hear it!" Frisk exclaims, shaking her arms violently.

"Why not?" Sans frowns teasingly. "You trust the flower more than me?"

"No! It's not like that, I just don't want you to know it now." Frisk explains.

"Oh, alright then." Sans says sighing.

"Now where can we find the Notebook of Perseverance?" Frisk asked.

"Where can we find that?" he asked. "I have no idea what it is specifically."

"But I do."

Frisk and Sans turned around to see whose voice spoke to them.

A girl with long black hair with bangs falling a little over her face and is wearing a purple sweater and black glasses greeted them.

"Percy?" Frisk asked.

"You got that right, Frisk!" Percy, the human of Perseverance, giggled.

"Heh, so if you've heard our conversation, mind helping us a bit?" Sans asked her.

"Sure thing, and guess what? It's easy." Percy said, grabbing something from behind her.

"Here." Percy says, showing Sans and Frisk a white notebook.

"Is this..."

"A Notebook of Perseverance? Yep." Percy says, cutting off Frisk's sentence.

"But how?" Frisk asked, still dumbfounded.

"Yeah, how can that simple notebook be one of the ingredients we're looking for?" Sans asked Percy.
Percy rolled her eyes and said, "I'm the one with the highest level of PERSEVERANCE, so I can basically infuse it with raw extracts."

"But you're a human, like Frisk!" Sans exclaimed.

"Exactly, just like her having the power to extract some of her DETERMINATION." Percy explained.

Sans looked at Frisk, who just shrugs like it was nothing.

"Percy, thanks for lending this to us." Frisk says gratefully.

"No problem." Percy says as she runs off towards the exit of the room.

Frisk had her mind clouded with thoughts.

But she was relieved to know that the items were only from the human souls.

She remembered the day when she brought them back alive.

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"Are you sure this will work?" Alphys asked twelve year old Frisk.

"It has to, and I'm not giving up on them." Frisk replied.

"If you say so." Alphys says, powering up the machine that contained all of the human souls in different glass tubes.

Frisk and Alphys put on their safety goggles and gear as they braced for impact.

The machine produced many noises, annoying ones even, as light spread across the room, blinding Alphys and Frisk temporarily.

Once the machine finished the process, the two of them went to check if the experiment was a success.

It was.

The six other human souls were in there human forms inside the glass tubes.

"F-Frisk...a-are t-those..."

"Humans? Of course." Frisk replied.

"No! I mean...are they really alive?" Alphys asked.

Frisk thought for a moment, until an idea struck her.

"Hello?" she asked the humans.

All of them opened their eyes.

"Where am I?" a girl wearing purple asked. "I remember being in a fight with some spider woman."
"Where am I?" a boy wearing an orange sweatsuit asked. "I remember falling down from running so fast."

"I'm Frisk, the eighth human to fall." Frisk says calmly.

"Eighth? But we're only six!" a girl wearing a light blue dress protests.

Frisk glanced at the Lab door.

A girl wearing a green sweater with a yellow stripe, brown shorts, and has bright brown hair entered.

"I'm Chara." the girl says, proceeding to the humans. "I am the first human to fall, and I am Frisk's sister."

Frisk grinned. Saving her evil sister from darkness was really effective.

"I'm Josh." the orange guy says. "The second human who fell."

"I'm Jeff." the guy wearing yellow says. "The third human who fell."

"I'm Gabriel, but you can call me Gabe." the guy wearing green says. "The fourth human who fell."

"I'm Lily." the girl wearing a light blue dress says. "The fifth human who fell."

"I'm Luna." the girl wearing a blue dress says. "The sixth human who fell."

"I'm Percy." the girl wearing purple says. "The seventh human who fell."

Frisk smiled to herself.

"The monsters here won't mean you any harm." Frisk assures them.

"Oh yeah? Then why did that spider woman try to kill me?" Percy sneers.

"And that fish warrior who tries to beat me up like a sack!" Josh growls.

"That's my girlfriend you're talking about!" Alphys protested angrily, until she realizes what she said, so she kept quiet after.

"And that goat king who tried to kill all of us." Luna says vehemently.

"Our Dad won't mean you any harm now." Chara assures them.

"Dad?" the six humans ask in confusion.

"He adopted us, took care of us, and never killed us." Frisk said.

Well, he tried to, Frisk thought.

The six humans looked at each other.

"Okay, we shall see the king." Lily said.

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"Frisk? Frisk! FRISK!"
Frisk's eyelids fluttered in surprise as she found herself lying face-up on the ground, face-to-face with her skeletal best friend.

"Ughh..what happened?" she groaned feeling a sharp pain in her head.

"You passed out for no reason, kiddo." Sans says worriedly.

Frisk could see the skeleton's concern and worry on his face.

"Sans, I'm fine. Maybe I just got tired." she assured him.

Sans looks at her doubtfully then says, "Alright, but we better get going, we don't wanna be late." Frisk tries to stand up, but she ends up with a stumble.

She feels a very sharp pain in her ankle.

"Here, lemme help ya." Sans says, motioning for Frisk to climb on his back.

"Sans! I'm not a kid anymore, I'll be too heavy for you!" she says.

"Just get on."

Frisk rolls her eyes and says, "Fine. But if we both fall down—"

"Doll, we ain't falling down, cause if that ever happens, I'll always be right there to catch ya." Sans says, cutting off Frisk's sentence.

Frisk could feel her face blush from his words.

It took a while for Sans to recognize what he said, because Frisk saw his cheekbones give off a shade of light blue.

----------------------------------------

Sans kept walking forward, hearing the "raindrops" on the top of the Waterfall cave.

He, carrying Frisk, came upon a trash bin full of umbrellas.

"Wait." Frisk says, grabbing an umbrella as she propped it open.

The umbrella was too small for the both of them.

"This used to fit the both of us when we were little." Frisk says with a nervous chuckle.

Suddenly, Sans had an idea.

"Can you come down from there for a sec?" he asked Frisk.

Frisk obeyed as she gently climbs down Sans' back, landing on her right foot.

Sans told Frisk to position herself in a sitting position.

Once she sat down, Sans took off his jacket, draped it around Frisk, and pulled up the hoodie so she won't get wet.

"What about you? You'll be soaked!" Frisk says worriedly as she climbed back on Sans.
Sans grinned and replied, "Trust me kid, you can get sick if I ain't letting you wear that."

In return, Frisk held the umbrella above her and Sans.

"Hey, I'm not gonna let you rattle your bones from the cold." she says concerned.

"Frisk, I live in Snowdin, a land of ice and snow. How's that not colder than raindrops?" Sans replied.

It took a while before Frisk replied so Sans just kept walking as she said, "You have a point though...but hey, thanks."

Sans looked up at her smiled genuinely.

"No problem kiddo, and like I said, I'll always be there to protect you, no matter what."

Sans kept walking for many minutes until he had made it halfway through the Waterfall.

Carrying a very sleepy and tired Frisk, he strived to stay determined as she is.

Sans looked around and saw a row of bushes.

He laid the sleeping Frisk down on the floor for a while and rummaged through the bushes finding what they needed—two ballet shoes of Integrity.

Suddenly, he heard a rustle through the tall seaweed bushes.

He first checked on Frisk to make sure she's okay; there was nothing wrong with her.

He tapped Frisk lightly on the shoulder and whispered, "Frisk, buddy, you're gonna have to wake up, now."

Frisk shifted in her position, slowly opening her eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asks quietly, occurring to Sans that she's still tired.

"Listen." he replied.

*Rustle. Rustle.*

Frisk's eyes widened for a while as Sans pulled her quietly into the bushes.

They crouched down to make sure they wouldn't get caught.

When the rustling stopped, they heard a voice—a female voice.

"Where are those?! I've been searching for them for almost half an hour and I still can't find them!" the female voice exclaims angrily.

"Who's that?" Sans whispered to Frisk.

"I think we're safe. Let me deal with her." Frisk replied, standing up from her position.  

----------------------------------------------------------------------------------
"Luna?" Frisk called out.

The girl with long blonde hair wearing a blue tutu turned around and stared at me with her matching blue eyes.

"Oh, hello Frisk." she says tiredly.

Frisk smiled to herself. Looks like she wasn't the only one tired here.

"What were you up to here in this area?" she asked Luna.

"Well, I was practicing dancing a while ago," Luna replied pointing to a nearby stereo. "but then my ballet shoes went missing!"

Frisk eyes lightened up.

"Maybe we can help you." she offered.

"Wait...we?" Luna asked Frisk confused.

"Yep, right over here, Princess Integrity." Sans spoke from the seaweed as he stood up.

The three of them searched for the missing ballet shoes.

Frisk went to a different direction to search for the ballet shoes, until suddenly, she began to stumble.

She braced for impact, but instead of hitting the ground, a pair of boney arms caught her.

Frisk and Sans let out a chuckle on the incident, giving Frisk time to see what she'd tripped on—a pair of light blue ballet shoes.

"Hey Luna! Look what we've found!" Frisk shouted.

Luna turned around and gasped as she snatched the ballet shoes away from Frisk.

"Thank you so much Frisk!" Luna sighed in relief. "How could I ever thank you?"

"There is one thing..." Frisk replied. "We need the Ballet Shoes of Integrity."

Luna's ears perked up. "Ballet Shoes of Integrity...Frisk, you have to earn them."

"How?" Frisk and Sans asked simultaneously.

Luna sighs and says, "Follow me, I have them in my house."

"I know they're in here somewhere..." Luna says, throwing pairs of ballet shoes one by one behind her back.

Frisk and Sans tried to dodge them quietly.

"Aha! Here they are!" Luna exclaims after a moment, raising the silver shoes like a rabbit from a magician's hat.

"Okay...how to earn them then?" Sans asks impatiently.
"Well..." Luna says. "The wearer should dance a special dance to earn its magic."

"What kind of dance?" Frisk asks.

"A dance wherein you have to sing a song of a moment that is important to you." Luna explains.

"That's it?" Sans asked.

"Not so fast, you two. You must be really, REALLY, honest with your feelings while doing this dance." Luna added.

Frisk and Sans looked at each other in confusion.

"But there is one problem..." Luna says.

"What—" Frisk's voice got cut off when the front door slammed opened.

"Luna! Luna! I received your call and I have the ribbon of patience that these two need for—" a girl with platinum blond hair and wearing a light blue dress stopped speaking altogether.

"The Ribbon of Patience?" Frisk asked the girl.

"Yes! You'll need it for the dance." the girl replied.

"Lily, I want you to give the ribbon to them." Luna told her.

"Us?" Frisk and Sans asked simultaneously.

Luna smiled to herself. "Sans, I think Frisk will need you on this dance."

Frisk groaned inwardly.

Luna and Lily knew about her feelings for Sans.

But she wasn't going to let that get in the way for finding out what's wrong with her.

"Why would I need Sans?" Frisk asked, somehow realizing how she said it.

"I meant, why would I need him for the dance?" Frisk corrected herself.

But before letting Luna and Lily reply, Frisk glared at them threateningly, making sure Sans won't notice.

"Uhhmmm...he HAS to be in the dance. It's another...uh...requirement!" Lily stammered.

"Yes...it's umm...supposed to have two friends in a dance...and uhhh...you two would do it perfectly!" Luna added.

Sans looked at the three girls in complete confusion, but decided to let it pass.

"Okay...so why not let's start?" Luna asked calmly.

-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The four of them gathered at the backyard of Luna's house.

Sans helped Frisk put on the ballet shoes, tying the laces into a bow.
"Thank you." Frisk murmured, making Sans blush slightly.

"No problem, kid." he replied.

Luna had told them to tie the Ribbon of Patience around their wrists, making them connected to each other, and Frisk is wearing the Ballet Shoes of Integrity.

With Sans' wrist connected to Frisk's, it made it harder for him to move.

"How are we supposed to dance in these?" Sans asked Luna.

"The SOUL connects two figures in a SPECIAL BOND of emotion." Luna simply replied.

Lily twirled around with her Toy Knife in hand which once belonged to Chara.

"(sighs*) Love...so strange." Lily sighs dreamily.

After Frisk finished putting on her shoes, Sans stretched out his boney hand to her.

"Excuse me, your Highness, would you like to have this dance with me?" he winked, teasing her.

Frisk giggled and decided to play along. "Well of course, kind sir."

They shared a laugh as Frisk took Sans' hand as he pulled her on to the yard.
For You

Chapter Summary

Frisk learns what's wrong with her.

...after singing for Sans, of course.

Chapter Notes

Play the song Stronger Than You - Frisk (Rachie)
Original Song by Steven Universe
Parody Song by Rachie
Lyrics by ateotu

It sounds good with this, I promise! :D

Chapter 4 (For You)

The sound of the magical piano filled the air.

It is magical because it follows the tone that the wearer of the magical ballet shoes wants to sing.

While Sans swayed Frisk to the slow tune of the song, Frisk sang straight from her heart.

"I didn't know what I, got into. Somehow I can't go back even if I really wanted to, so what more can I do? Here in the end it's just me and you..."

Sans looked at Frisk with curiosity, but Frisk continued singing, "I never wanted to play by all the rules, and knife in hand I'm playing out the part of the fool. So here we go you can judge me thoroughly, it's too late for apologies."

Sans let Frisk do her thing.

Frisk sang the rest of the lyrics with sadness and pain in her voice.

"Go ahead and just hit me since you're able...

We know my DETERMINATION is unstable...

I'm not even mad because I keep on dying...

But I don't even know why I'm trying..."
She was twirled a few times by Sans, sometimes he pulls her close.

He listened to every word she sang.

"This isn't what I want
Yet it's what I asked for
Curiosity over all my morals.
I took away our perfect happy ending.
RESETTING the world despite the warnings...

Right now I'm made...
O-o-o-o-of...
Lo-o-o-o-ove...
A-a-a-a-ah...
O-o-o-o-of...
Lo-o-o-o-ove...
Lo-o-o-o-ove...
"O-o-o-o-ove..."

And when she got to the second part, "I know who you are, you remember who I am. We knew that once in a timeline we had grown to be good friends. And yet I killed your brother without giving him a chance, every time you throw me down, I hope you kill me once again."

Sans couldn't help but feel his non-existent heart break.

He felt a huge pain stab him through the soul.

"So go ahead and hit me since you're able.
All the sin that I can feel is unbearable.
If I could only hit you once it would be over...
But the consequences last forever."

Sans felt his guilt crawl on his back.

Scenes of him and Frisk being happy and sad flashed through his mind.

"The flowers are in bloom as the birds will tell...
It's a beautiful day to be burning in HELL
You gave me advice
But I chose genocide
But I know how to make it right...

Frisk sang the last parts of the song three times.

"I am made o-o-o-o-of, lo-o-o-o-ove, a-a-a-a-ah...but I'll give up for you."

Those words rang through Sans' mind.

But I'll give up for you.

The song ended with the shoes glowing.

"You two did it!" Luna and Lily squealed.

"Thank you so much for your help." Frisk says gratefully, moving towards them, but the ribbon on her wrist which was entangled with Sans' pulled the both of them close together. Frisk felt her face heat up for almost more than the tenth time that day.

But Sans' expression remained distant. He was too deep in thoughts to notice what happened.

"Sans..are you okay?" Frisk asked him.

Only then did Sans snapped back to reality.

"Uhh..yeah. I'm fine." he says, avoiding her gaze.

"We better get going, we only have one last item left." Frisk says.

"Well, good luck you two!" Lily called out.

"Get well soon Frisk!" Luna added.

Frisk and Sans walked out of the Waterfall and into Snowdin, oblivious that Frisk and Sans were hand in hand.

The walk in Snowdin was quick but quiet.

In what felt like no time, they were in the forest where they first met.

Frisk kept observing Sans—staring at him even.

While Sans was deep in thoughts, who finally realized what Frisk felt all throughout those different timelines—especially the Genocide Timeline, Frisk was getting worried.

"Sans..." Frisk says quietly, trying to get his attention for one more time.

No reply.

"Sans." Frisk says a little louder.

Still no reply.

Frisk nudges his elbow and says, "Sans, please, talk to me."
Stopping in his tracks, Sans finally turns to her, like his cloud of thoughts suddenly disappeared.

"Sans, I know there's something wrong. You can tell me anything, like what I do to you. Please...I hate seeing you like this." Frisk murmured, her eyes getting close to welling up.

Frisk sees Sans' expression change; from a blank one to a sad one.

"Frisk, I'm sorry...I didn't know you felt that way. I'm sorry if I'm worrying you, but hear me, kid, I'm fine. I was just...guilty for killing you all those times before. I—"

Frisk cuts him off by hugging him tight.

A few tears fell from Sans' eye sockets, but he wiped them off quickly so Frisk wouldn't see them.

Frisk eyes also welled up with tears.

Sans could hear her soft sniffles.

"I'm sorry..." he whispers into her ear.

"No..I'm sorry...it was all my fault...you're my best friend...I should've fought for my body...then no one could've died...if I just—"

Sans cuts Frisk off by saying, "That wasn't you—it was Chara. And look what you've done, after every evil act those monsters have done to you, you still chose to show them MERCY during this timeline, and some of the others. You SAVED them Frisk. You SAVED us all...I'm proud of you, kid."

Frisk began to cry harder when he said those words.

*If only he knew about my feelings...* Frisk thought. *...or maybe he can...*

"Sans..."

"Yeah kid?" he asked.

"I have something to tell you..."

"Sure." Sans says. "Go on."

"Knock knock."

"Who's there?"

"I..."

"I who?"

"I lo—"

Frisk was about to continue until suddenly, she felt an extremely sharp pain stab through her soul. The pain felt so unbearable, that she screamed in agony.

She felt a wave of numbness hit her legs and head and pain washed over her as she collapsed into
Sans' arms.

"Frisk? Is something wrong?! What's happening to you?" Sans exclaims, holding Frisk tightly in his arms.

"S-Sans..."

He placed his boney hand on top of her forehead, realizing her extreme drop in temperature.

"Hold on Frisk!" he says, taking off his blue jacket and draped it around Frisk.

Frisk's breathing became shallow, her face was pale, her eyes look unfocused and her soul hurts really bad.

Sans carried the weak Frisk while he was finding the last item they needed—the Manly Bandanna.

He searched throughout the Snowdin Forest as he came upon one of the Dimensional Boxes.

He was relieved to find the bandanna inside and took it as he teleported quickly back into the Hotland.

Swish!

When Sans got to the entrance of the Lab, with Frisk in his arms, he bolted right inside and called out, "Alphys! I need your help! It's Frisk!"

The yellow scientist walked out from above and when she saw Frisk, she quickly rushed her to inside of the True Lab.

"Sans, call for help, inform our friends about Frisk's condition." Alphys managed to say without stuttering.

Taking the items from Sans, Alphys got the extract of the items and added it to a strange machine.

After some tests and procedures, Alphys allowed Sans to watch over Frisk while she was finding out what was wrong with Frisk.

"Frisk...hang in there, kid." Sans says to the unconscious Frisk.

The door slammed open, revealing everyone—Toriel, Asgore, Mettaton, Papyrus, Undyne, Asriel and Chara.

"Oh no! My child, Frisk! What happened to her?!" Toriel exclaimed, who was on the verge of breaking down into tears.

Asgore knelt down beside her, trying to comfort her.

Alphys came out of a room in the Lab and said, "Frisk is dying because of her DETERMINATION. She's growing weaker and weaker each day. For now, she's stable but weak."

"Dying?! Alphys, can't you do something to make her live?!" Sans shouts, feeling his soul grow weak.

"I-I'm s-sorry S-Sans, b-but I-I d-don't k-know w-what e-else t-to d-d-do." Alphys stammered.

Toriel was crying, while Asgore, who was also in pain, comforted his wife.
Papyrus, who was in grief, was comforting Sans.

Mettaton and Undyne were really terrified about losing Frisk, but they decide not to let it show.

And last but not the least, Chara remained quiet, while Asriel knew what was happening to Frisk.

After a few hours, Sans refused to leave Frisk’s side.

Something in him felt attached to her.

Even way back then through the years, he was captivated by Frisk's charm, humor and of course, kindness.

And that feeling never changed even through the Genocide Route.

It was just buried under anger, but after knowing the truth, Sans chose to forgive Frisk.

And now, Sans doesn't know what he would do if he ever lost Frisk in his life.

"Hold on tight, Frisk. I won't leave ya here. I'll be waiting for ya." he says, wiping the tear that fell from his eye socket. "Please hold on...I need you...I can't live without you..."

Sans held on to Frisk's hand tightly, not knowing how much time has passed, he fell asleep, his head close to her abdomen, and his arms wrapped around her.

He hoped with all his soul to make her feel better.

Asriel can't help but watch Sans hold Frisk in his arms as they both slept peacefully.

"Azzy," a female voice spoke behind him.

He turned to see Chara with a concerned expression on her face. "I know you know about Frisk's condition. Isn't there really a cure for her?"

Asriel sighed and said, "There is. But it's a rare type of cure."

"What is it?" Chara asked.

"LOVE."

"LOVE?"

"Yes, and it's the only way." Asriel finishes.

Chara's lips parted as she said, "We have to tell Frisk when she wakes up."

"And make her go through Genocide again? I'm not sure Chara. We'll be our old selves again—me as a flower, and you..."

"As a dead human whose ghost possesses her?" Chara asks.

"Yeah, something like that." Asriel said.
"Frisk can just gather the EXP and LV she needs and then she can RESET again, right?" Chara asked.

Asriel was a little surprised.

Chara has become a more responsible sister than she was before.

"I'm not sure, but...maybe she can try that." Asriel says, agreeing to the idea.

*If Frisk can just do what Chara said... Asriel thought. ...maybe she can live without hurting anyone since she'll just RESET again.*

Frisk could see nothing but darkness.

"Hello?" she tried calling out.

Suddenly, she sees a floating red heart in front of her.

Her soul.

She reached out to touch it, and when she did, she felt the warmth of memories flooding back towards her.

But after a few seconds, she felt a new feeling.

She remembered her moments with Sans, friendship and all, including the recent memories.

Suddenly, a part of her soul flashed pink for a few seconds, and then back to red.

Her soul involuntarily moved back to her chest.

Behind Frisk shone a bright white light.

Frisk turned around and decided to follow it.

Once she reached the light, she was able to open her eyes.

*

Frisk slowly opened her eyes, trying to observe her surroundings.

She was in the True Lab, lying down on one of the beds.

Beside her was Sans, who was sleeping soundly.

His arms were wrapped around her, afraid that he might lose her if he let go.

Everyone else was sleeping in the room.

Frisk didn't want to wake Sans, so she gently grabbed his arms and placed it on the surface of the bed so she can get out.

Frisk headed for the door as she saw Asriel and Chara.

"Frisk!" they exclaimed, suddenly aware of the others sleeping inside.
Luckily, the door was closed, so they could talk.

Asriel explained to Frisk all about her condition and some of her limitations.

"Asriel...we have one problem..." Frisk murmured.

"What is it?" he asked.

Frisk shifted in her position and said, "I can't RESET anymore, my determination is too weak to do it and I've already cut my connections to the RESETS."

Asriel looked at Chara worriedly, who simply sighed at Frisk's response.

They heard a slight sound from the door, like something hard hit it, but they ignored it.

"I'm gonna die anyway, so this isn't shocking to me." Frisk says with a sad smile.

"Frisk! Don't say that! We're gonna find a way to make you live!" Asriel cried, hugging his sister.

"That's right partner, you just have to stay DETERMINED." Chara said, rushing to hug her too.

Little do they know, that DETERMINATION isn't going to keep Frisk alive forever.

"I'll be okay, dead or not." Frisk assured them.

Asriel whimpered, feeling all his guilt.

"Frisk...if you want to live, there's one way." he murmured.

"We're sorry to say, but you need L O V E to LIVE." Chara said.

"Level of Violence?" Frisk asked, feeling her voice crack at the end. "No! I promised everyone...I promised Sans..."

"H-How are you going to l-live then?" Asriel asked.

Frisk smiled sadly, trying to fight off her tears. "Make every day, every moment, every minute, and every second with all of you count."

Chara and Asriel hugged their sister tightly.

----------------------------------------

Sans woke up groggily, but as he opened his eyes, he saw that Frisk was gone.

"Maybe Alphys took her for a few more tests." he muttered to himself.

He went to the door, but then he heard voices. So he pressed his head to the door of the room.

"I'm gonna die anyway, so this isn't shocking to me." he heard Frisk say.

She's awake! But wait...did she say she was gonna die? Sans thought.

"Frisk! Don't say that! We're gonna find a way to make you live!" he heard Asriel cry out.

"That's right partner, you just have to stay DETERMINED." he heard Chara said.
A few shuffles here and there, he heard Frisk spoke, "I'll be okay, dead or not."

So she is gonna die. Sans thought sadly.

"Frisk...if you want to live, there is one way." he heard Asriel say quietly.

Sans made sure to pay more attention to their conversation.

"We're sorry to say, but you need L O V E to LIVE." he heard Chara say.

Sans was about to march over and interrupt their conversation in a fit of rage, until he heard Frisk reply, "Level of Violence?" her voice cracking. "No! I promised everyone...I promised Sans..."

Sans felt his soul beat hard when he heard Frisk say his name.

He was at the same time relieved, but he still made a mental note to make sure Frisk won't go Genocide.

"H-How are you going to l-live then?" he heard Asriel ask.

He heard Frisk reply, "Make every day, every moment, every minute, and every second with all of you count."

Sans was satisfied with Frisk's reply.

That's my Frisk. he thought with a grin on his face.
"Nonononono...NO!" Frisk screamed as she hugged herself tightly.

"Frisk, it's just a few shots." Alphys said trying to calm Frisk down.

"I said NO, Alphys." Frisk snapped, making sure Alphys wouldn't use the DETERMINATION shot on her.

"Frisk, please understand that we're trying to do this to make you feel better." Toriel sighed to Frisk.

"Oh Mom, I love you but if you really care about me, you wouldn't let me do this." Frisk replied.

"Kid, what are you so scared about? It's just an injection shot." Sans asked Frisk, trying hard not to laugh at her fear of injections. "You ain't afraid of blades."

"Comedian, that's me you are talking about." Chara interjects.


Frisk knew how painful the DETERMINATION Shot was.

It was excruciating—unbearable even.

And it was only a temporary booster for her DETERMINATION that was nearly depleted.

How many times does she have to take that shot?

_Five shots per day. FIVE FRICKIN SHOTS!_

Frisk shuddered at the thought wherein she has to deal with a very painful shot from a magical injection every single day, until Alphys finds out what is wrong with her.

"It w-won't h-hurt too b-bad." Alphys assured Frisk.

Frisk groaned. That made it harder to believe, because it meant Alphys knew how HORRIBLE it would be.

Frisk thought that Sans must have noticed this, because he walks over towards her and whispered,
"Hey kid, maybe I might have an idea."

"What do you have in mind?" Frisk asked Sans.

Sans gave her a mischievous grin and said, "How 'bout let's have a deal."

Frisk looked confused as he continued, "If you agree to take this shot, I'll heal ya after."

"And if I don't?" Frisk asked.

The eye sockets of Sans turned completely black. "You're gonna have a really bad time."

Frisk nearly choked on the saliva in her throat.

Sans' eye sockets turned back to normal as he chuckled, "So ya gonna do it or what?"

Frisk sighed in defeat. "Fine, but only because you said so."

Sans grinned.

He knew that when Frisk won't agree to take the shot, he'll force her into taking ALL SHOTS consecutively, one after one, until she uses all five shots in less than a few minutes.

"Hey Al! Frisk is gonna take the shot now, kay?" Sans shouted, making sure it was loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Oh! Thank goodness!" Toriel smiled.

"Stay DETERMINED, Frisk." Asgore told her.

"I will." Frisk replied uneasily.

"Yo Punk! If you can get past that shot without crying like a baby, I'll give you free training later at my place!" Undyne shouted.

"AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOME OF MY WORLD FAMOUS SPAGHETTI!" Papyrus exclaimed.

Sans turned to face Frisk.

"Ya ready kid?" he asked her.

Frisk inhaled deeply then said, "Okay."

Frisk stepped into the glass tube, wherein a large injection's needle poked from a hole in the side of the glass tube, making anyone be afraid to enter.

"You can do this Frisk." she murmured to herself.

Alphys closed the glass tube door and went on typing something into the machine that programmed the glass tube and injection.
From inside the tube, Frisk can see everyone looking at her.

They were all just a few feet, something like five or six feet, away from the tube.

Frisk heard a loud *Ping!* which occurred to her that the machine already turned on.

*Here we go...*

Frisk summoned her soul out of her chest, for it is needed for the process.

The injection moved closer to where her soul was.

Frisk could feel herself shaking intensely. Her nerves were uncontrollable.

Then, the needle pierced her soul as pain rapidly shot up her entire system.

Frisk bit her lip to stop from screaming in agony, but the pain was completely unbearable.

Soon enough, her lips were swollen from her biting as the needle pierced deeper into her soul.

She couldn't stop herself; she let out a loud scream.

Her breathing became shallow as she felt the liquid DETERMINATION shoot through her veins.

Tears flowed from her eyes involuntarily.

After a few moments, her head began spinning from all the pain.

She was so dizzy, she felt like she wanted to die.

She felt numb, but at the same time, she can feel the excruciating pain of the shot.

Then all of a sudden, everything went black.
Spinning.

Spinning in complete darkness.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sans could see how Frisk is suffering from the shot.

Her screams were so loud, he can sense the agony in her soul.

For a few seconds, he saw her eyes, tear stained, silently pleading for the operation to stop.

All of a sudden, Frisk collapsed onto the cold floors of the lab.

Alphys saw what happened, so she quickly stopped the machine and rushed over to the unconscious Frisk, but Sans beat her to it.

"Frisk, buddy, please...you have to stay alive for one more time, please, I'm sorry..I-I didn't k-know this would h-happen." Sans choked, feeling his voice crack as he spoke.

Turning to Alphys, his voice was full of rage, his eye sockets were dark and light blue flames emitted from his left eye.

"You said that this will be fine! Look what you've done! So you think that this is fine?! Well the heck, NO! Frisk is almost dead because of you!" Sans shouted.

Alphys couldn't utter a word nor a squeak. She was shaking because of Sans' rage.

Papyrus walked over to Sans and patted his shoulder. "S-Sans, are you alright, brother?"

"LEAVE ME ALONE!!!" Sans shouted all of a sudden, the flames in his eye grew larger, revealing pure rage.

Papyrus almost jumped of fear from seeing his older brother so angry.

When Sans saw the feared expression in Pap's face, he slowly started to calm down.

"Sorry back there, Pap. I didn't mean to worry ya." he murmured.

Papyrus gave out a sigh of relief. "WELL, I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE FINE, SANS."

Turning to Alphys, Sans made a quick apology.

But then he remembered why he went enraged.

Turning to the limp human who's head was in his arms, he quickly whispered to Frisk, "Hang in there buddy, I'll get ya back."

Suddenly, light blue flames emitted from his right hand.

He hovered it over Frisk's chest, attracting her soul to his hand like a magnet.
The glowing red heart was soon filled with a light blue glow.

And soon enough, Frisk's whole body was surrounded by the blue aura.

Sans, focusing on his magic, summoned his soul from his sternum and allowed it to move towards Frisk's.

Once the two souls were close enough, blue sparks surrounded the souls.

What Sans didn't expect was when all of a sudden, a large pink beam of light sparked in between his and Frisk's souls.

When he felt like he was losing his energy, the flames in his hand and the blue specks of light disappeared.

Toriel and Asgore approached Sans.

"Sans! Do you realized what you have done?!!" Toriel exclaimed.

"What did I do?" Sans fired back, raising his arms, feigning innocence.

"Your magic! Do you not realize that it could've almost been a Soul Bond?" Toriel says.

Sans knew perfectly well what a Soul Bond is.

It's usually used by two monsters who romantically like each other.

BUT THAT WAS NOT HE WAS PLANNING TO DO TO FRISK!

"Tori, first of all, there are no records of soul bonds between a human AND a monster. Second, I only summoned my soul so that the energy of my magic would have a stronger effect on her when I healed her." Sans explained.

Toriel pursed her lips, then sighed. "Well, if that's what it is then. But did it work?"

Sans stared at his best friend, hoping she would wake up anytime now.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Spinning.

Spinning in complete darkness.

Frisk woke up back to the place where it's nothing but pitch black darkness.

"Not again." Frisk muttered.
Suddenly, she heard a voice.

"Frisk, buddy, please...you have to stay alive for one more time, please..."

"I know that voice." Frisk murmured to herself.

"I'm sorry..I-I didn't k-know this would h-happen." the voice continued.

Sans!

The voice belonged to her best friend that she admired so much.

But something hit her.

*What did happen?*

Suddenly, she remembered how she fainted from the excruciating pain of the DETERMINATION Shot.

*Move.* she forced herself.

She felt herself walking, although she can't see anything.

Suddenly, from her peripheral vision, a bright light flashed from behind her.

Frisk's eyes widened as she saw her soul dragging her towards the light.

"This again." she muttered.

Seeing only two options on a black screen—Continue and Save—she pressed SAVE first, and then...

**CONTINUE**

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Sans felt his boney fingers trembling.

He could barely control himself, thinking something wasn't right.

"Ughhh..."
Sans turned around to see who emitted that sound.

"Frisk!" everyone shouted.

All of them wrapped their arms around her.

Sans felt Frisk's hand grab his.

"Help!" she wheezed.

Sans chuckled as he said, "Hey ya'll, maybe Frisk might die even more if you don't let her go."

Everyone chuckled as they let go of Frisk.

"Hey, are you sure you're feeling better?"

Frisk nodded as she continued walking down the hallway with Sans.

"Hey, I know something's bothering ya." he says, barring her way.

Frisk giggled slightly and said, "Too much concern can destroy you."

Sans moved aside from her way and said, "Sorry kid, your best friend doesn't like seeing you die."

"Oh really?" Frisk says with a grimace. "Says the one who killed me more than a hundred—"

"Stop it." Sans interjects teasingly, placing his hand over Frisk's mouth.

Frisk, using her hand, placed it on top of Sans' and pulled it away from her mouth.

"Stop being worried, okay? I'm fine, see?" she said, jumping around for emphasis.

"Okay, but if you collapse one more time, I'll—"

"Sshh!" Frisk says, placing her pointer finger on top of his mouth. "I'll. Be. Okay."

Sans seemed to be satisfied with this answer because he wraps his arms around Frisk's waist.

"If you say so, I'll believe ya."
Chapter Summary

Frisk and Chara celebrate their seventeenth birthday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 6 (Party To Par-tay!)

"SANS! WAKE UP YOU LAZYBONES!"

Sans woke up with a startled expression as he saw Papyrus looking at him impatiently.

"Come on Pap, lemme sleep for just a few more minutes." he said, returning to lie down on his pillow, but Papyrus stopped him.

"DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS TODAY?!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Huh? What day?" Sans asked absentmindedly.

"IT'S THE HUMAN'S BIRTHDAY TODAY ALONG WITH PRINCESS CHARA'S!"

Sans flinched.

He totally forgot today was Frisk and Chara's seventeenth birthday.

"Really? Huh. Tell them I said happy birthday."

"OH NO, YOU LAZYBONES!" Papyrus huffed, picking Sans up using his magic like a sock. "I THINK IT IS BEST THAT YOU TELL THEM YOURSELF."

"Fair enough."

"Aww, Frisk, you look adorable in that dress." Alphys gushed as Frisk twirled around in her light pink and silver dress.

"Don't you think this is a little too girly?" Frisk asked, pulling off the flower crown on her head.

"I'll agree with you." Chara said, shifting in her green and yellow dress.

"You two look wonderful." Toriel said to the two girls.

Frisk was wearing a flower crown with pale pink flowers and a light pink dress with a silver belt,
and lastly a pair of silver ballet flats.

Chara was wearing the same outfit, but her crown had yellow flowers, her dress was green and the belt was yellow, and her shoes were color beige.

"Fine, maybe we could put up with these outfits." Chara said.

"Sure, these don't look that bad at all." Frisk added.

"And n-now...let's c-curl your h-hair!" Alphys said, preparing to slightly curl Frisk and Chara's hair.

The party for Frisk and Chara was grand.

It was held at the huge ballroom of Asgore's castle which was recently added.

Everyone was wearing formal attire, except some monsters.

Nabstablook was the DJ of the party, making music and all.

Grillby was the one in charge of serving the drinks in the party.

Banners and streamers hung all over the ceiling and the disco ball was spinning.

Mettaton was there as the host of the party—and at the same time filming the whole thing.

Everyone was dancing, some were eating, others were chatting.

From outside the huge doors of the room, noise can already be heard.

"Are you ready for your grand entrance, princess?" Chara asked Frisk.

Frisk giggled. "This is your grand entrance too, your Highness."

"What's an entrance without an escort?" a voice boomed from behind them.

They turned around to see Asriel wearing a tux and was extending his arm to Chara.

To Frisk, he said, "Sorry Frisk, I really can't find anyone else to escort you."

"It's fine Asriel. Besides, it's not like I need one for a great entrance." she replied.

"Monsters in the Underground, let us welcome, their Royal Highnesses, Princess Chara and Princess Frisk Dreemurr!" Mettaton announced as Asriel opened the doors for the three of them to enter.

Frisk was in awe as she saw the party.

It was huge and epic!

"Where's my introduction?" Asriel teased as he nudged Chara's arm.

"Oh shut up, Azzy," Chara smirked.

To Frisk, she asked, "You heading to the dance floor?"
Frisk turned to them and said, "Sure! Let's dance!"

"Great!" Chara replied. To the two of them, she said, "Dreemurr Siblings, let's par-tay!"

The melody of the song can be heard all throughout the room.

The cheers and conversations of the room filled the air.

And for the final touch, contrasts of decorations and banners completed the ensemble of Frisk and Chara's birthday party.

The three Dreemurr siblings were dancing to the beat of the music.

Mettaton, obviously, was trying his best to outshine the three.

Sans, Papyrus, Undyne and Alphys were having fun as well, dancing, goofing around.

Toriel and Asgore just watched everyone in delight.

After a few minutes, Mettaton announced, "Alright darlings, let us spice the mood up a bit! Romance, Drama, Bloodshed! Show us what you've got in..."

"Pair-To-Be!" Mettaton and a few monsters, who knew the games, shouted.

Frisk and Chara turned to each other.

"What's Pair to Be?" Chara asked, making it audible enough for Mettaton to hear.

"Well darling, it is a dance wherein," Mettaton explained. "you have to get a partner and dance!"

"LIKE A COUPLE'S DANCE?" Papyrus asked.

"Of course, dearie." Mettaton said, scooting over to Papyrus. "And you will be my partner."

A soft, slow tune, started to play.

Frisk sat down at a nearby corner and stared at the couples who danced together—Alphys and Undyne, Mettaton and Pap, Toriel and Asgore, and even Asriel and Chara.

Other monsters were also paired up, like Dogamy and Dogaressa, Monster Kid and some tiny pink monster, the two Royal Guards, and many more!

Frisk sighed, looking down, she was feeling a pain of longing plunge through her soul.

"Your Highness."

Frisk looked up to see Sans holding out his hand to her.

"Oh. Hey Sans, what's up?" she asked him casually.

"I've noticed you've been sitting here all alone. Wanna join them?" he asked her, pointing to the crowd of monsters everywhere.

"I can't dance alone in there." Frisk murmured, staring back at the ground.
Sans rolled his non-existent eyes. "Why do ya think I'm here?"

Frisk’s eyes darted to his.

"You want to dance...with me?" she asked.

Sans stood up straighter.

"Your Highness, Princess Frisk of the Underground and Ambassador of Monsters, may I have this dance with you?" Sans said, reaching out his hand one more time to her.

Frisk felt her cheeks warm.

"The pleasure is mine." she replied, taking Sans' hand gladly as they rushed to the dance floor.

************************************************************************************

Sans led Frisk to the right side of the dance floor, so they won’t be the center of attention.

The song, A Smile in Your Heart, started to play.

They began swaying side to side, until Frisk whispers, "I don't know how to dance."

Sans chuckled slightly as he whispered back, "Just feel the music."

"No! Sans...I really, REALLY, don't know how to dance this song. I can only dance ballet." Frisk whispered back.

"Oh.

"It's alright," Sans told her, staring at her brown eyes. "just follow me."

Slowly, he holds Frisk's wrists and places her arms around his neck.

He does the same afterward.

"And like I said earlier, just feel the music, like with the Ballet Shoes of Integrity." he murmurs. "And focus on the person you're dancing with—like me, for practice."

Frisk inhales a soft breath as she slowly exhales then lifts her face to be in eye level with Sans, considering he is slightly taller than her.

While they were swaying to the beat, Sans couldn't help but admire how Frisk looks right now.

He observed every fine detail about her:

*Her brown eyes matching her slightly curled hair.*

*The contrast of her pale skin and the dim lights.*

*How her appearance in pink makes her look innocent.*

His soul was pounding loudly, he didn't realize that his face was blue and sweatbeads were forming on his skull.

*Damn, she's so beautiful... Sans thought.*
The crowd of monsters surrounded them.

*You brighten my day, you're showing me my direction.*

*You're coming to me and giving me inspiration.*

*How could I ask for more, from you my dear?*

*Give me a smile...*

*In your heart...*

Sans didn't realize that his and Frisk's faces were getting closer, and closer to each other.

"Umm...Sans?" Frisk squeaked, making Sans snap out of his thoughts.

"W-What?" he asked absentmindedly.

"You've been staring at me for almost like—the whole song?" she murmured.

"Oh, sorry kiddo." he said.

"Can you excuse me for a moment?" she asked, and before he could reply, Frisk dashed off.

*Just great, Sans.* he scolded himself. *You ruined it.*

Frisk made her way into the bar of the ballroom where Grillby, the flaming bartender of the Snowdin bar named Grillby's, was giving drinks.

"Hey Grillby, I'm just gonna have any drink that's strong enough." Frisk said.

Grillby signed to her, "Happy Birthday Frisk. You look like something is troubling you, is anything wrong?"

Frisk sighed and replied, "I actually don't know."

Grillby signed back, "In that case, I'll just get you a whisky. Be careful though, it's really strong."

While Grillby was preparing her drink, Frisk felt a presence behind her.

"You do realize ya ain't ready to be drinking yet."

Frisk turned around and frowned at the figure.

Sans was standing behind her with a concerned expression.

"The Underground has different rules from the surface." Frisk replied. "And besides, why do you keep showing up?"

Sans sighed and took a seat beside Frisk.

"Why'd ya leave earlier? Was it because of me?" Sans asked her.

Frisk avoided his gaze and lied, "No, not at all. I was just in the mood to drink, ya know?"
Well, it was a half-lie.

She was in the mood to drink.

"Kid, listen, you do NOT want to experience getting drunk." he told her.

"You've experienced it already?" Frisk asks, surprised.

"Isn't it obvious?"

Frisk shook her head when Grillby came back with her drink.

Sans shrugged and said, "Welp, I warned ya kiddo. If things get worse, lemme know."

Frisk took a light sip of the liquor, but as she did, she felt a burning sensation in her throat.

She coughed a few times, but after a few seconds, the liquid began to settle down, giving her a relaxed feeling.

Frisk saw that Sans came to take notice of this because he was staring at her, grinning.

Sans turned to face Grillby. "Hey Grillby, mind if ya give me a drink too? I won't let her Royal Highness get drunk alone tonight."

Sans chuckled as Frisk stared at him wide-eyed.

"What? Did ya really think I'll let you drink alone?" Sans asked her.

"Maybe." Frisk replied, taking another sip of her drink.

Grillby came back quick with the bottle of whisky in tow and handed it to Sans.

"Thanks Grillbz, you're the best!" Sans said, opening the bottle.

He caught Frisk staring at him as he took a sip from the bottle.

"What?" he asked her once he gulped the liquid.

Frisk's happy mood from earlier faded and she asked, "Are you just doing this because of me?"

Sans eye-sockets widened. "No! That's not it, kay? Don't think of that. Besides, I really needed a drink too."

Frisk's expression softened. "So do I."

The two of them downed almost three bottles of whisky until Frisk was feeling really, really tipsy.

Sans, however, was not as drunk as Frisk. Only a little.

He felt his skull ache all over and everything around him seemed slightly blurred.

*I think we both had enough for tonight.* Sans thought.

"Hey, kid, ya better stop drinking this instant." he told Frisk.
"Ughhhh....just shut ahp!" Frisk snapped groggily.

Sans sighed.

*She really had too much.*

From the corner of his eye-sockets, he spotted Asriel and Chara nearby.

He approached them and said, "Heya guys. Happy birthday Chara."

Asriel and Chara looked at him and greeted him back.

"What's up Sans?" Asriel asked.

"It's your sister—she kinda got into a little situation." Sans explained, pointing to Frisk, who was still drinking from another bottle.

Asriel gaped while Chara tried to hide her laughter.

"What's so funny?" Asriel asked her.

"The last and first time I remember Frisk getting drunk was a few years ago, when she tried to stop me from annoying her." Chara explained while laughing.

"So this isn't her first time?" Sans asked.

"This is her second time." Chara added.

"And she got drunk before, because of you?" Asriel asked, to clarify.

"Mmhmm." Chara nodded. "It was hilarious."

A mischievous smile made it's way to Sans' face.

He wanted to see how hilarious it would be to see Frisk drunk.

But he too, was feeling tipsy.

"We'll bring her up her room." Chara told Asriel.

"Okay, I'll be back to helping Mom." Asriel told Chara as he walked off, leaving Sans and Chara with Frisk.

It took a while before Chara and Sans could get Frisk to her room.

"Hey comedian—I mean, Sans." Chara corrected herself. "Thanks for making Frisk happy and for watching over her."

Sans was surprised.

That was the first time Chara used his name AND thanked him for something.

"No problem, your Highness." he replied.

"But here is one thing." Chara said, her voice becoming more serious. "Don't. Hurt. Her. E V E R."
Sans stared at her suspiciously, wondering what she meant, until Chara spoke, "She cares for you, and as her sister, I care for her. I know you care for her too, but if you dare hurt Frisk, you'll be nothing but dust in the end. You know how it feels when your sibling is hurt, remember?"

A memory of Chara/Frisk slashing her knife through Papyrus, making him turn to dust...DEAD.

Sans nodded, although he doesn't get the part wherein Chara said that he would hurt her.

Yeah, he had killed her tons of times before.

But this one is different.

He and Frisk were okay now, so what's the reason for him to hurt her?

Not unless...if he only thought it that way.

Were they really okay with each other? No hard feelings?

Something about that thought tugged at Sans' soul.

"Well, I have to get back to the party. See ya." Chara said, closing the door once she left.

Now it was just Sans and Drunk Frisk.

"Youuu batter stahp or alse Ai will...ughhhh...just stahp!" Frisk said, obvious she was super drunk.

"Who ya talking to, sweetheart?" Sans asked her, even though he knows Frisk wouldn't really hear him much.

"Non of yer bees wax!" she hiccuped.

Sans chuckled, until Frisk began to flop down on the bed.

"Frisk?"

"Ughh—(hic*)—S-Sans..."

Sans perked up.

This was getting interesting.

"Frisk, who are you talking to?" Sans asked her again.

"S-Sans...(hic*)" Drunk Frisk replied.

Now that he has his answer, he continued, "What do you wanna tell him?"

Gradually, tears began to form in Frisk's eyes.

"H-He wouldn't (hic*) understand..." Frisk sniffled, her voice more understandable than before due to her tears. "h-he m-might (hic*) g-get m-mad at m-me."

Sans was really confused now.

"What wouldn't he understand? He's your best friend." Sans told Frisk.
"H-he'll stay away f-from m-me." Frisk choked.

Sans asked her one more time, "What do you want to tell him?"

"I-I..."

Sans scooted closer to Frisk, awaiting her response.

"H-he—no—I..just..."

Sans helped Frisk stand up, making her have eye contact with him.

"I-I l-lo—"

Suddenly, Frisk threw up on Sans.

Chapter End Notes

LOLOLOL Poor Sansy!

Also pls check out this speedpaint i made:
In short, over here
Sans gaped at what happened to him.

Frisk just puked—on him!
"This..is why I don't want you drinking," he muttered.

But Frisk was already unconscious.

"And now you passed out." he sighed as he used his magic to clean up Frisk’s mess.

He took off his jacket—lucky his zipper was on—and tossed it in a nearby laundry bag.

He decided to take a shower in Frisk's bathroom.

Once he was done, he checked on Frisk.

Although Frisk was asleep, to Sans' opinion, she looked beautiful.

Only one pink flower from her crown remained in her hair.

And her dark brown hair framed her pale face perfectly.

Now that she's asleep, Sans actually thought of staring at her all night.

He was about to get up from the bed and inform Toriel until he suddenly heard Frisk mumble.

"D-Don't...g-go..."

Sans sat back on the bed and stroked Frisk's soft hair.

"Don't worry, I won't." he whispered as he kissed her lightly on her forehead.

Grabbing his cellphone, he texted Asgore and Toriel saying that he'll look after Frisk for tonight until tomorrow.
Once he pressed SEND, he positioned Frisk on her bed.

He sat on the floor, his head resting on the mattress, observing Frisk, until he too, had fallen asleep.

Frisk felt her head throbbing.

She opened her eyes slowly.

Her vision was composed of blobs of color until they enhanced revealing her room.

On her left, Sans was fast asleep, his head resting on his arms.

She wanted to move, but she was afraid that she might wake Sans.

Just when she was about to feign sleep, Sans lifted his head from his arms and smiled at Frisk.

"Morning, kiddo." he greeted her.

"Did I wake you?" Frisk asked him.

"Nah, I was literally awake the whole time." he replied. "I even had time to heat some water for ya."

Frisk could feel her headache worsen.

Although, Frisk did notice something different.

"Where's your jacket?" Frisk asked Sans as he sat on her bed.

Sans tried to force himself not to laugh as he said, "You kinda—I mean really—got my jacket in a mess of yours..."

"What are you saying?" she asked him.

"You were really drunk last night."

"Did anything else happen?"

Sans chuckled as he said, "Well...you sorta threw up on my jacket."

Frisk could feel her cheeks redden from embarrassment.

"I-I am sooooo sorry." she mumbled as she covered her face wit her pillow.

"Nah, it's nothin to worry about." she heard Sans said.

Frisk looked up from her pillow and said, "I can tell it really means a lot to you, since you wear it all the time."

Sans averted his eyes from her for a few seconds, then focused back on her.

"Kid, listen, there are many things out there, many people/monsters out there, who are more special to me than just my jacket. Things like this, well, I can always create another one. But when you lose someone you love the most..." he pauses as his voice trails off.
"Our loved ones are irreplaceable." he finishes.

Frisk was sad yet astonished by Sans' little speech.

"Ever been the poet haven't ya?" Frisk grinned.

"Heh, that's what happens when you feel something you just want to broadcast." he chuckled.

*Click!*

They heard the thermos signal them that the warm water was done.

Frisk watched as Sans stood up from her bed and grabbed a piece of cloth from her drawer.

He went into the bathroom and Frisk heard the pouring of water.

When Sans came back, he was holding a basin of warm water and the cloth in hand.

"This will help you feel better." he said as he dipped the cloth into the water and dabbed it on Frisk's forehead.

"T-Thank you." she murmured.

She swore she could've saw Sans' face blush blue.

"No problem kid," he replied. "although, *thermos* be a way to make you feel better."

Frisk let out a sudden giggle at the pun.

After they shared a few laughs, Sans stood up from her bed and said, "I'll be right back, just stay here, okay?"

"Okay." Frisk said as Sans disappeared right in front of her.

Frisk felt her forehead with her right hand.

Heat pierced the tips of her fingers.

She summoned her soul out of her chest.

The floating red heart was beating slowly, like it was weak.

Frisk sighed as she pushed her soul back into her chest.

*I'm probably sick right now.* she thought.

But the thoughts from last night made her heart flutter in her chest.

Sans actually *danced* with her.

A small blush crept up on her cheeks.

*I think I'm in love with Sans...*

Suddenly, a white figure popped up right in front of her.

Frisk's hand automatically shot up to her chest, her heart suddenly beating fast.
The figure turned around and spoke, "Sorry, it kinda took me a while to find the glasses in the kitchen."

Frisk felt her face heat up of anger.

"SANS! Don't you dare scare me like that again!" she scolded him.

"What?" he says, feigning innocence. "You mean—"

He popped up right beside her, along with a tray of food and a glass of water.

"Like this?" he asked.

Frisk rolled her eyes. "Yes, exactly. You almost gave me a heart attack!"

"Heh, sorry pal, but ya better get used to it." he says, winking at her.

He set the tray right on top of the end table beside her bed.

"What's this for?" Frisk asked Sans as he brought the glass of water towards her lips.

"You need to get better." he explains, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"It's just a hangover, Sans, you don't have to be overprotective." Frisk assured him.

She watched as Sans placed a boney hand over her forehead and yanked it away immediately.

"Yeesh, you're hot!" he blurted out.

Frisk's face turned completely red.

After a few seconds, Sans realized what he said.

"Uhhh...I mean you have a fever." he corrected himself, blushing in embarrassment.

"Let's check, to be sure." he says, putting the glass back in the tray.

He got a thermometer from the cabinet in Frisk's drawer.

"I can do it myself!" Frisk protested.

"Sorry pal, you have to stay still." Sans told her as he placed the thermometer a few inches away from her forehead and turned it on.

After a few seconds, the thermometer let out a beep.

Frisk watched as Sans read the temperature out loud. "100.94 degrees Fahrenheit or in other terms, 38.3 degrees Celsius."

"Saaaaannnss, I'm fine!" Frisk pouted.

"If you don't rest, I'm gonna tell Tori." Sans told her.

"And then?" Frisk asks cockily.

"Never mind. I'll...umm..." Sans paused as he tried to think of something.
This was her chance.

Frisk grinned in victory. "Ha! See? You couldn't even think of anything to punish—"

"I'll kiss you." Sans blurted out.

The happy expression on Frisk's face went blank, while Sans looked away trying to hide his now blue face.

Wait...WHAT THE HECK DID HE JUST FRICKIN SAY??! Frisk nearly shouted.

"If you don't take care of yourself, I'll kiss you, for real." Sans said while blushing, as if he can read her thoughts.

Frisk eyed Sans for any signs if he was actually kidding or not.

Frisk felt a tug at her soul.

"You wouldn't dare." she muttered.

Sans chuckled nervously in triumphant.

He scooted over to Frisk and whispered, "So are you gonna rest now or what?"

Frisk shuddered at his breath tickling her ear.

"Fine. You win." she sighed in defeat.

"Huh, sorry, what was that, sweetheart?" he asked her teasingly.

Frisk rolled her eyes and said, "You win, okay?" she paused for a moment. "And stop calling me 'sweetheart'."

"Come on, Frisk, it sounds cute on you." Sans told her.

Frisk didn't know how many time it was, but yet again, she blushed at his comment.

"Only lovers call each other that." she stated.

"And how are you so sure?" Sans asked her. "Have you ever been on a relationship before?"

Frisk stared into his eye sockets and said, "No, I just know that. And I am not in a relationship."

But I want to be in one with someone who I love and feels the same way for me she thought sadly.

Sans must've noticed this because he stood up and said, "Come on, take your medicine and I'll take you someplace I know you'll love."

"Where are we going?" Frisk asked him.

Sans chuckled and said, "You'll see."

==================================================================================

While Frisk took her medicine, Sans was able to get his jacket out of the wash.

Monster magic was able to clean stuff in almost less than a minute.
Now, Sans was outside Frisk's room, waiting for her to get dressed.

A few minutes later, Frisk stepped out in her usual blue and magenta striped sweater, black pants and sneakers.

"You ready?" Sans asked her.

"Yeah...umm...for what?" she asked, confused.

Sans chuckled. "For this." he said, pulling her towards him as they disappeared.

After a few seconds they appeared in front of Sans and Papyrus' house in Snowdin.

"We'll just do something here for a while and—" Sans pauses as he looked at Frisk, who was trying to regain her balance.

"You okay buddy?" he asked as he steadied her with his arms to keep her from falling.

"Yeah," Frisk said groggily. "not unless if you want me to barf again."

The two of them laughed as they went inside the house.

Papyrus was inside, cooking some spaghetti, while Mettaton, Undyne and Alphys were in the living room, chatting.

"Hey, everyone." Sans greeted, closing the door behind him and Frisk.

The three monsters turned to them and smiled.

"Hey you two! What brings you two lovebirds here?" Undyne teased them.

"T-They're p-probably on a d-date!" Alphys squealed.

"Darlings, you never told me that the two of you are in a relationship!" Mettaton beamed.

"We aren't dating!" Sans and Frisk said quickly at the same time, making it sound like one word.

"Oh, too bad." Mettaton said. "You two look perfect for each other!"

Before the discussion could go any further, Papyrus came in carrying a platter of spaghetti.

"HUMAN! SANS! I AM SO GLAD THAT THE TWO OF YOU CAME!" he said.

"Welp, maybe you rattled your bones of fear, Pap." Sans joked.

"SANS! NOT AGAIN!" Papyrus sighed.

"We just came by for something." Frisk told them.

"Yeah, we just came to check on you guys." Sans explained.

"OH! THEN WHY NOT STAY FOR A LITTLE WHILE?" Papyrus asked.

"Y-Yeah, well, n-not unless y-you t-two have s-somewhere t-to go.." Alphys said.

"Well—"
"Sorry guys, maybe next time, because I'm taking Frisk out today." Sans said, cutting Frisk off.

Frisk stared at him wide-eyed, but Sans already grabbed her wrist as they disappeared once again into the darkness.

This time, the two of them teleported to the Waterfall.

"This way." Sans said, leading Frisk into the Wishing Room—a room full of stones spread across the ceiling.

Frisk stared across the stone-covered ceiling.

"I know this isn't new to you, but..." Sans' voice trails off. "...this is the only place I thought you'd like in the Underground."

Frisk looked at him, smiled warmly and said, "Sans...it's alright."

Sans chuckled nervously, "Heh, too bad I can't take you to see the real deal."

Frisk giggled, remembering the time where she and Sans got to look at the stars for a very short period of time when they were on the surface.

It was such a long time ago.

"Maybe you can...if you want." Frisk murmured.

She looked at Sans hopefully as she watched Sans' eye sockets lit up.

"Really?"

"Really." Frisk said as Sans grabbed her waist and teleported to the surface.

* *

They appeared on the cliff of Mount Ebott, where Frisk and Toriel's house was.

Frisk and Sans laid down on the grass of the cliff staring at the starry night sky.

"It's beautiful, huh?" Frisk asked Sans.

The skeleton just smiled genuinely at her continued to stare up at the sky.

"Look! A shooting star!" Frisk said, pointing to a sparkling star that drifted across the sky.

"What happens when you see one?" Sans asked her.

"You silently make a wish," she says. "and some people say that it will come true, just like what monsters believe in the Underground."

Frisk closed her eyes and wished.

_I wish that someday, monsters and humans can live in peace._

She opened her eyes and saw Sans with his eye sockets closed.
The moonlight seemed to give a beautiful effect on them.
Frisk summoned her soul once more and saw it glowing brightly.
Like before, she suddenly saw a pink color chase around it.
Sans opened his eyes and walked towards Frisk.
"We should better get back, don't ya think?" he asked her.
Frisk pushed back her soul and said, "Yeah, sure thing."
They stood there for almost a few moments as they stared into each others eyes.
Frisk didn't know what was happening until Sans pushed his mouth onto her lips.
Frisk felt many mixed emotions flutter within her chest.

*Her first kiss...*

*IS WITH SANS!!*

She felt Sans deepen the kiss.
He was holding her waist tightly, while her arms were behind his skull.

*So this is what's like to be kissing someone you love.*

*Especially a skeleton, now I'm more surprised on that.*

They didn't pull away for almost a minute.
But once Sans realized what he had done, he pulled away.
"Shit...sorry..!" he says quickly.
Frisk looks at him, surprised.
"Sans...wait!"

But Sans teleported out of her sight, leaving a very shocked Frisk on top of Mount Ebott.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter Summary

Frisk and Sans know the truth

Chapter Notes

WOWIE! Would you look at that! I have published this chapter two days before the said days (throws confetti around) so that means I'll treat ya all in the next two chapters.

Chapter 8 (Clean Confession)

Sans cursed himself all the way to his room in Snowdin.

He was so stupid for pulling that move on Frisk!

He can't believe he kissed her...RIGHT. THERE!

He buried his skull into the hood of his jacket then groaned loudly.

She's gonna hate him for sure now.

And he can't believe he's gonna lose her just because of one kiss.

"AND IT HAD TO BE ON HER LIPS!!! Stupid, stupid, stupid numbskull!" Sans yelled inwardly.

It's been nearly one week and Frisk couldn't sleep a wink anymore!

Thoughts backtracked to what happened between her and Sans a few nights ago.

He kissed her.

And then what happened after that? He just disappeared, leaving her alone on Mount Ebott after that freaking moment!

She sighed as she reached for her phone.

No calls, no texts, until now. Sans never showed up to her after that kiss.

Just last night, Frisk told Toriel and Asgore about what happened.
Well, she left some details.

They seemed to understand though.

But Frisk decided to tell everything to only one person.

Frisk knew she could trust Chara enough, since they have been keeping each other's secrets for years.

Right on time, Frisk heard a knock on her door.

She opened it and saw her beloved sister waiting outside.

"So let me get this straight—Sans kissed you and then he disappeared all of a sudden?" Chara asked Frisk.

"Yep, exactly like that." she replied with a sigh.

"And you told me that he was acting strange before that?"

Frisk nodded.

"Well, I'm just shocked." Chara says staring at Frisk blankly. "All of your dreams came true. Yay."

Frisk sighed. "I like Sans..but I never knew he liked me back, at least I think that was the reason..."

Chara straightened herself in her sitting position. "Frisk, what other reason is there for Sans to kiss you? Maybe he really does feel the same way for you."

"I don't know." Frisk replied. "But that moment, it felt magical...like it attracted me to his kiss. It also made me unsure if he ever felt the same way, or it was just a plain accident, or—"

"Or maybe it's because you've liked him for so long." Chara interjects.

"I guess..." Frisk murmured sadly.

Chara sighed and asked her, "Do you still remember a few years ago? When you were ten. Three timelines before you, I mean, we went Genocide."

"Yeah, but what are you talking about?" Frisk asked her.

"The day you, sort of, confessed to Sans." Chara replied.

Frisk suddenly remembered that day as clear as water.

~ ~ ~

Toriel was starting to take notice of Frisk's mood lately.

Frisk has been happy, glowing even, these days.

One day, when Toriel had a normal day at work, she saw Frisk enter the house.

"Hello my child, how was your—" she paused as she saw Frisk wearing a red ribbon behind her
hair, tying it to a loose ponytail.

Frisk was also wearing a black jacket over a white blouse and white skirt.

"I had fun in school today." she replied.

Toriel smiled adoringly over Frisk as she asked, "My child, may I ask you something?"

"Sure," Frisk replied with a smile.

"You never seemed this happy before, and now, you're wearing something that actually suits your gender." Toriel told her. "I want to know what has made you change like this."

Just before Frisk could reply, the door of the house opened.

Sans walked in, carrying Frisk's bag.

"Hey pal, you kinda forgot something." he said, handing Frisk her bag.

"Thank you." she giggled.

Toriel seemed to take notice of this as she finally knew what made Frisk so happy.

It was Sans.

But something was different in the way Frisk looked at Sans.

She looked...helpless...

Frisk turned to Toriel and asked, "Mom, Sans and I are going outside for a while...can I?"

Toriel smiled and replied, "Of course, you may."

Frisk giggled as Sans led her to the new garden nearby, which was made by Asgore using his magic.

"Wow." Frisk murmured under her breath.

"You like it? Asgore has done quite a good job on it." Sans asked her.

"It's beautiful." she says wholeheartedly.

They spent minutes of joking and chatting with each other.

Sans noticed Frisk's eyes sparkling whenever she smiled or giggled.

I...

I can't...

I can't fall in love with her again...

Confessing to her before was bad enough...

Sans looked at her again.

He really couldn't resist this girl.
So, he asked, "Frisk, have you ever been in love?"

Frisk stared at him, unsure what to say. "What makes you ask that?"

"Well..." he said. "I've noticed you've changed these past few weeks, and you seem really, really happy. Why is that?"

Frisk blushed faintly and said, "Sans...yeah, I have fallen in love."

"With who?" Sans asked her, his voice full of pure curiosity.

He felt his soul burn with jealousy.

"With..." Frisk's voice trails off. "my best friend who's beside me right now..."

Sans' eye sockets widened, not sure if she was lying or not.

But as soon as he saw her look away from him shyly, he knew it was the truth.

His expression softened.

Frisk looked up at him and looked away quickly, embarrassed.

"I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't h-have let it out like t-that." she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

Sans felt a warm blue blush dust his cheekbones.

"Frisk...I'm sorry, I do like you a lot, but not in the same way that you're feeling." Sans told her quietly. Frisk's face fell.

Sans felt guilty for lying to her.

He loved this kid so much.

But he had to learn from the past.

But...

"But hey, listen, if you finally find the right one who wins your heart, he better not hurt you or else, he's gonna have a really bad time."

Frisk's eyes start to well up with tears of joy.

"And always remember," Sans paused to wipe away the tears on Frisk's face. "I'll always be there for you kiddo, cause I'm your best friend, the same way you're mine. We're a team, remember?"

Frisk nodded.

"And if only you were a skeleton, nothing would break your heart cause like me, I'm pure bones and magic here." he joked, ruffling Frisk's hair, making her giggle.

Suddenly, Frisk felt something on the top of her head disappear.

She gasped as she saw Sans holding her hair ribbon.

"Sans! Give it back!" she whined as Sans held it higher from her.
"Catch me if you can." he says with a wink then dashes across the garden.

"Sans! No fair!" Frisk cried as he teleported around every time she tried to catch him.

And then finally, Frisk was filled with DETERMINATION.

She moved towards the right where Sans was, and then once he teleported to the left, Frisk caught him in time and grabbed the ribbon.

"Heh, (huff*) not bad, kid." Sans panted.

Frisk smiled at him as Sans tied Frisk's hair back using her ribbon.

"Thank you so much Sans, you really are my best friend," Frisk said, giving him a hug, "I love you Sans."

The skeleton blushed deeply.

"I love ya too, kiddo." he murmured.

~ ~ ~

Frisk felt something wet on her face and hands.

"Are you crying?" Chara asked her.

"W-What does it look like I'm doing?!" Frisk sobbed.

"Obviously crying." Chara said.

She scooted over to Frisk and hugged her.

"Well, you have been staring into space for a long time, which occurred to me that you were remembering something." she told Frisk, who was letting out soft sniffles.

"I-I don't know w-what would h-happen (hic*) to our f-friendship because of t-that (sniff*) k-kiss!!!" she wailed.

"Frisk, stop being a baby, okay?" Chara rolled her eyes. "Maybe I know some folks who can help you."

"I just want to stay here." Frisk mumbled.

Frisk felt Chara pulled away from her and asked, "Did you even call Sans or texted him yet or visited him at Snowdin?"

Frisk shook her head.

She watched as her sister face-palmed herself.

"Maybe I'll try calling him now..." Frisk says as she reached for her phone.

_Dialing...this system cannot be reached_

"Damn." Frisk muttered.

After a few tries, Frisk gave up.
"He's really not answering." she groaned.

"Text him then or go to Snowdin." Chara said.

"Fine, I'll go to Snowdin then." Frisk sighed as she reached for her sweater and put it on over her pastel yellow blouse.

She reached for her sneakers and she went out of the door.

On her way to Snowdin, she stopped for a while in the Hotland, Left Floor 2.

Frisk noticed that the heat wasn't like this before.

"Hey! Get the wood bucket!" a male voice yelled.

"It will burn in the lava! Why not metal?" another voice yelled.

"You idiots! They won't work cause either you will burn or the bucket will burn!" a female voice yelled.

Frisk walked to where the sound was coming from.

Nearby, she saw three humans arguing, the two boys holding a wood bucket and a metal one.

"Hey guys, what's up?" Frisk approached them.

The boy with orange hair and sweatpants, which almost makes him look like Naruto, turned to her and said, "Oh, hey Frisk. We're having a heated conversation here."

"Yeah, if it weren't for Josh!" says the dark green haired guy with a cheff hat and apron, who was glaring directly at Josh.

"Why me? You suggested the wood bucket, Gabe!" Josh fired back.

"While I told them that NONE OF THEIR SHENANIGANS WOULD WORK!" Percy snapped. "There are rules in conductivity people!"

Frisk couldn't help but be amused by the three fallen humans.

Gabriel, or Gabe, was the human of Kindness.

Josh was the human of Bravery.

Percy, obviously, was the human of Perseverance.

Knowing Josh and Gabe, they were the ones who keep bickering and teasing each other.

"What are the buckets for?" Frisk couldn't help but ask the three.

"We're on duty for collecting lava for fuel." Josh explained.

"Fuel for Gabe's cooking." Percy sneered at Gabe, who was chuckling nervously.

"What?" Gabe says innocently. "I have plans to make lava cakes."
"Yeah right!" Josh yelled.

Frisk giggled.

"Can I help?" she asked, forgetting that she was supposed to talk to Sans.

"Sure, you can help them decide which bucket to use." Percy said. She came closer to whisper in Frisk's ear, "Although, I prefer them to use the third bucket, the one made of flameproof material."

"Sure thing." Frisk giggled as she approached Josh and Gabe, who look like they were going to beat each other up.

"How about you guys use the bucket over there?" Frisk asked them, pointing to the bucket that had a big sign over it saying, "FLAMEPROOF BUCKET"

"We can't." Josh said. "It's only 'flakeproof' but not 'lava-proof'."

Percy rolled her eyes and shouted, "LAVA IS JUST AS THE SAME LEVEL AS FLAMES WHEN IT COMES TO HEAT! USE YOUR BRAIN PROPERLY YOU IDIOTS!!"

"Okay then, and I'll treat you guys to my bakery later on the surface." Gabe said as he grabbed the bucket.

The four of them went to a nearby area where the lava was closest to the ground.

Gabe scooped a bucket full of lava and hurriedly went to the elevator.

"Let's go to the surface!" Gabe said, jogging towards the circuit panel.

"I can run faster than that." Josh said, pressing the buttons.

Percy groaned as she went inside.

She turned to Frisk and asked, "You coming Frisk?"

Frisk nodded and said, "I'll be going to Left Floor 1."

"'Kay." Josh said hitting the button after Frisk went in.

Once Frisk bid farewell to her friends, she went directly to where River Person was.

"Where are we going today?" River Person asked.

"Snowdin." Frisk replied cheerfully, although inside, her nerves were shaking.

"Then off we go..." River Person says, rowing the boat with their magic.

_Tra la la....love will come at the right time..._

Once the boat reached Snowdin, Frisk stepped off the boat and said thank you to River Person.
Frisk ran quickly towards Sans and Papyrus' house, like her heart was on fire.

*Knock Knock*

Papyrus opened the door to see Frisk panting from running.

"HUMAN! I AM VERY HAPPY THAT YOU ARE BACK SO SOON!"

"Hey Pap..(gasps*)...is Sans...(huff*)...inside?" Frisk wheezed.

"OH, I BELIEVE HE IS IN HIS ROOM." Papyrus replied.

Frisk suddenly felt her heart leap for joy.

"Can I see him?" Frisk asked Pap.

"OF COURSE! THERE ARE NO RESTRICTIONS BETWEEN YOU AND MY BROTHER IF
YOU ASK ME." Papyrus said, inviting Frisk to come inside.

Frisk was a little damp from the snow, but she didn't mind the cold, wet, feeling.

What was important is that she can finally know why Sans was acting so weird lately.

She and Papyrus walked up the stairs and Pap knocked on Sans' door, which was locked.

"SANS! YOU HAVE A VISITOR." Papyrus said, then he walked down the stairs.

"Who?" Sans asked from inside the room.

Without waiting for a response, Frisk saw the door open.

Sans looked out from behind the door, and his eye sockets widened when he saw Frisk.

"Oh..it's you. Come on in then." Sans said.

---------------------------------------------------------

Sans stared at Frisk, who walked inside his dim room.

His blue lava lamp was turned on, giving the room little light.

"If this is about what happened...I'm so so—"

"Sans, it's okay." Frisk said quietly. "I came here to ask why."

Sans looked down, feeling mortified.

"I-I...want to know." Frisk sniffled. "Please..."

Even in the dim room, Sans could hear Frisk was crying silently.

Sans silently cursed himself for being a total asshole.

For ruining their friendship.

For hurting Frisk.

"I-I don't want y-you to stay away f-from me." Frisk cried. "I-I'm not m-mad."
"Frisk..."

"Tell me why." Frisk managed to say.

Sans sighed and asked, "Frisk...remember the day you confessed to me a few timelines ago?"

Frisk nodded and said, "What a coincidence...I thought about that too, earlier."

The glow of the blue lamp reflected on Frisk's tear-stained face.

"Well...I thought about what you said that time." Sans explained. Frisk shot him a confused look. "Kid, for timelines and years that we've spent together...I sort of understood how you felt."

"I began to feel the same way...even through the Genocide timeline..." Sans continued, pausing to control his nerves. "I-I was scared if you ever found out because I w-wasn't sure if you still felt the same way..."

He tucked a strand of hair behind Frisk's ear. She flinched at his touch.

"And when you were gone...I was haunted by nightmares...I felt really lonely that time..." he said. "And the thought of you coming back...I was excited, but scared too at the same time...the thought of seeing you with another guy...the thought of it...it breaks my soul..."

"I wanted to keep our friendship...I didn't want to lose what we had...that's what made me scared to tell you that..."

Frisk was starting to cry again.

Sans was also trying to fight off the tears forming in his eye sockets.

"I-I love you Frisk." he says finally.

Frisk sobbed. Her emotions were mixed with happiness, sadness, relief.

"C'mere pal." Sans said, as Frisk ran to hug him tightly.

"I-I love y-you too..." Frisk hiccuped.

Sans smiled as he kissed her lightly on her forehead.

They were like that for a few moments, the both of them holding each other close, none of them wants to let go.

And then...

"Frisk, are you alright?" Sans asked her.

He felt Frisk shaking from the cold.

"I'm alright...just not yet fully recovered." she replied.

"You're still sick?" Sans asked, pulling away from her so he can check.

"Yeah..." she murmured. "I wasn't really getting lots of rest lately."

Sans looked at her in embarrassment. Then suddenly, he had an idea.
"Hey, since it was mostly my fault you got sick, lemme make it up to ya." he told her.

He carried Frisk towards the bed and laid her there.

"Are you sure about this?" Frisk asked him.

"Yeah, you can rest for some time." Sans assured her.

"What about you?" she asked him.

"Well..."

The bed was too small for the both of them, so Frisk had to sleep on top of Sans; her head resting on his chest while his hand was on her back.

Frisk snuggled up to him and whispered, "Thank you."

Sans chuckled slightly and whispered back, "Get some rest, sweetheart."

"Hey Sans?"

"Yeah?"

"Well...now that we said 'I love you' to each other...what does that make us then?" Frisk asks.

Sans was silent for a while.

He didn't really think of that.

But there was this one question that he really REALLY waited to ask for a long time.

Then, his soul made him ask, "Frisk...will you be my girlfriend?"

Frisk looked at him and smiled excitedly.

"Of course!" she squealed.

"Really?!"

"Yeah you bonehead! I'm really going to be your girlfriend!" Frisk giggles, throwing her arms around Sans, hugging him tightly.

The bed below them creaked from their weight.

Sans chuckled, hugging Frisk back.

"I love you so much, Sans..." she murmured.

Sans' soul sparked when he heard those words.

He smiled as he leaned in closer to kiss Frisk.

"I love you too, Frisk." he murmured back, after pulling away.

And with that, the both of them fell asleep in peace.
Chapter Summary

Frisk and Sans have a triple date with Alphys, Undyne, Mettaton and Papyrus! (OMG)

Chapter 9 (It's Raining Puns, Echoes and Glitter)

"It's a beautiful day outside..."

Frisk turned around to see where the voice was coming from.

"Birds are singing...flowers are blooming..."

She saw a blue hooded figure wearing a red scarf.

"Sans?" she called out. 

There was no response, but he was coming closer to her.

"On days like these...kids like you..."

"W-What are you d-doing?" Frisk asked, frightened.

"SHOULD BE BURNING IN HELL!!" he said as bones flew right towards her.

The bones pierced her arms, legs, and chest.

"W-Why?" she coughed, blood dripping from her mouth.

"Let's go, DIRTY BROTHER KILLER." he spat, summoning Gaster Blasters in the air.

And in a few seconds, she was blasted by a blinding blue light.

"Nnoooooo!!" she screamed.

~ ~ ~

Frisk jolted straight up.

Her breathing was hard and unsteady.

Sans was below her, sleeping.

Frisk started to let out soft whimpers, trying hard not to wake Sans up.

Unfortunately for her, Sans woke up.
"Frisk? Are you alright?" Sans asked, carefully sitting down.

Frisk shook her head and continued crying.

"What's wrong?" Sans asked her.

"I-I...it was just...(sniff*)...a dream." she kept repeating to herself.

"Frisk, hey, you can tell me anything." Sans told her, caressing her face.

That's when Frisk broke down.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" she sobbed, hugging Sans.

"Kid, what are ya talking about?" He asked her, confused.

"Everything! The timeline, the deaths, the dust, Papyrus, everyone..." Frisk cried. "It's all my fault..."

Sans hugged her back.

"Shhh...everything's alright now...what's important is that everyone's safe.." he soothed.

Frisk felt the warmth of his jacket and his words comfort her.

"It's just that...ever since I started Genocide...I felt really guilty." she explained. "And the one I've hurt the most is...well...you."

Sans was a little surprised by her explanation.

"Frisk...now tell me, why did you do it?" he asked her. "I'm not mad anymore, but I want to know...the truth, Frisk."

Frisk took a deep breath and said, "I already knew I wasn't going to live long. Yes, I became selfish, bitter and murderous." she paused for a moment to steady herself. "But seeing everyone upset, seeing you upset, I used all of the LOVE and EXP I've earned, along with my DETERMINATION, to create one thing I knew the humans never made..."

"A SAVE. I had to SAVE everyone—Chara, Asriel and the humans included." she finished.

Sans felt guilty, at least, that's what Frisk could tell from his expression.

"So that was the option that replaced the RESET." Sans says with a knowing expression.

"Not exactly." Frisk said. Sans shot her a confused look. "Sans, I can still RESET. The SAVE is just a third option. But now I can't RESET. So now SAVE will be a substitute to RESET and—"

"Whoa, whoa, wait...Frisk, I'm ten times more confused than before." he said.

"Use your brain." Frisk teased.

"I don't have a brain," Sans says with a wink. "I'm a numbskull remember?"

Frisk giggled as she explained, "My power of RESET is still recharging. I can't do it unless I'm recovered enough to exert the amount of DETERMINATION needed. SAVE is just an added option."

"Ohhh." Sans says with a knowing expression.
Suddenly, a loud noise came from downstairs.

"I think we better check on Pap." Sans said as he took Frisk's hand and dashed out of the door.

"Try to fight me Papyrus! This is your training!" Undyne shouted.

"Be careful you two!" Alphys warned them.

"I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL NOT FIGHT! NOT UNLESS...UMMM...I WEAR MY...LUCKY CAPE!" Papyrus stammered.

"You only have one cape, and you're wearing it right now." Undyne said.

"But I still think it's glamorous, darling." Mettaton told Pap.

Frisk and Sans tried to hide their laughter from Papyrus' excuse.

Sans squeezed Frisk's hand and told Papyrus, "Pap, I know ya want tibia royal knight, but you've gotta put some backbone into it."

"SANS!" Papyrus stomped his foot.

Frisk tried extra hard to keep herself from laughing. But Sans caught her attempt and said, "What's the matter sweetheart? Ya finding my puns humerus?"

Frisk stayed DETERMINED to keep from laughing.

Ding!

"OH, MY BANANA SPAGHETTI IS DONE!" Papyrus said, rushing into the kitchen.

Everyone went to the dining table and decided to eat Papyrus' banana spaghetti.

Well, at least, Frisk tried to eat it.

When Sans noticed this, he used his magic to grab a glass of water for Frisk.

"Thank you." Frisk told Sans.

Papyrus seemed to notice this because he asks, "HUMAN! I NOTICED THAT YOU AND SANS ARE CLOSER, YES? BUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN A BITE OUT OF YOUR SPAGHETTI YET!"

Before Frisk could reply, Sans beat her to it. "Aww, come on Pap, she didn't want to hurt your peelings."

"SANS!"

Everyone else burst into a fit of hysteria.

"Can someone pasta joke book to me? I'm kinda running outta puns here." Sans teased.

"Nice one Sans!" Undyne said.

Frisk started to giggle.
Sans noticed this and decided to keep going, "Aww, come on, Pap. Don't be so narrow-minded."

"THAT'S IT! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL RETREAT TO MY ROOM!" Papyrus said.

But once he stepped near the doorway, Sans said one more pun, "Hey Pap! Make sure you walk slow enough so we can ketch-up to ya!"

Everyone started laughing again.

Frisk accidentally leaned her head on Sans' shoulder.

Undyne, Alphys and Mettaton noticed because they were smiling directly at them.

"What's so funny?" Frisk asked them.

Mettaton faked a cough as Alphys told them, "I-I knew it! Y-You and S-Sans are d-dating!"

Frisk looked at Sans, who was grinning widely.

Sans raised his arms in surrender. "Alright Alphys, you got us."

"THAT, is awesome!" Undyne says, raising her fist in triumphant.

"WAIT WHAT?!" Papyrus voice rang from the living room. "THE HUMAN AND MY BROTHER TOGETHER?! ROMANTICALLY?!!"

Frisk looked down, silently feeling guilty and mortified.

"I-I actually forgot to think a-about everyone's reaction." Frisk whispered to Sans.

But Sans remained calm.

"If they don't like it, then let's just keep this thing going." Sans told her, tucking a strand of loose hair behind her ear. "I'm not leaving you just because of someone's negative opinions."

Sans' speech was loud enough for everyone in the room to hear.

"Awww!" Papyrus, Mettaton, Undyne and Alphys squealed.

"And guess what, darlings?" Mettaton said. "I suggest we all go out on a triple date!"

"THAT'S A GREAT IDEA, METTATON!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Alphys and I are in!" Undyne said.

"What about you two?" Mettaton asked directly at Sans and Frisk.

"Sure..." Frisk said.

"If she's in, I'm in." Sans said, wrapping his arm around Frisk, making her blush deeply.

The six of them went to MTT Resort, where they all ate at the restaurant.

They all sat at one table; Frisk was beside Sans, who was beside Papyrus, who was beside Mettaton, who was beside Alphys, who was beside Undyne.
"I shall give ALL of you a chance to perform onstage!" Mettaton announced to the rest of them.

"Perform?" Sans and Frisk asked simultaneously.

"You guys go ahead, I'm not much of a performer." Undyne told them.

"I-I'm staying w-with Undyne." Alphys said.

"I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS SHALL PERFORM WITH METTATON." Pap said.

"Aww, come on darlings, you two look splendid together! Papyrus and I won't be performing without you two!" Mettaton told Sans and Frisk.

Sans looked at Frisk, silently asking her for clarification.

"I'm fine with it." she mouthed.

"We'll give it a try, Mettaton." Sans told him.

"Fabulous! Now, let us eat!" Mettaton said.

While they were eating, Sans noticed Frisk's glum expression.

Frisk had barely touched her food.

Suddenly, Sans had an idea to cheer her up.

His left hand travelled it's way to her hair, tucking away the hair covering half of her face.

He quickly kissed Frisk on the cheek. Mettaton, Papyrus, Undyne, and Alphys saw this and squealed once they did.

Frisk noticed this and her face turned red.

"We'll leave you two lovebirds for a while. We need more fries." Undyne said as she led everyone else outside.

"Got something troubling ya sweetheart?" Sans asked her.

Frisk shook her head.

"Heh, I'll take it easy on ya. Don't lie to me." Sans told her as he made Frisk look at him directly.

"W-What are you talking about?" Frisk stammered.

"Tell me what's wrong." Sans said, feeling concerned about her.

She sighed and summoned her soul right before the two of them.

The floating red heart was shaking uncontrollably.

"What happened?" Sans asked.

"I-I...I don't know." Frisk said. "I was having a hard time breathing this morning when I woke up, remember?" Sans nodded. "Well..." Frisk continued. "until now, I'm sort of shaking about it. I'm
really scared."
Sans' eye sockets showed deep concern for her.
"Don't be." he said as he led her soul towards him.
"What are you—"
Sans shushed Frisk as blue flames came out from his eye.
Slowly, he exhaled some sort of azure blue magic air onto the soul.
The red heart gradually stopped shaking and Frisk's breathing became more steady.
Once Sans was done, he told Frisk, "Geez sweetheart, you got me so worried, you started to rattle my bones."
Frisk giggled slightly as she pushed her soul back into her chest.
"Sans, haven't you pun-ished us too much already?" Frisk joked.
Sans chuckled and said, "Not bad Frisk."
Mettaton, Undyne, Papyrus, and Alphys came back holding a tray of glittery fries.
"Here we are." Alphys said.
"I BELIEVE YOU TWO HAD FUN CHATTING." Papyrus told Frisk and Sans.
"Yep, you guys missed a lot." Sans says, giving a teasing wink at Frisk.
"You two and your mischief!" Mettaton says with a laugh.
"You can say that..." Sans says with a perverted grin, making Frisk punch him playfully on the arm.
"Oww! What was that for, Frisk?" Sans says playfully, pretending that he was actually hurt when Frisk punched him.
"Sans!" Frisk whisper-shouted. "What was that for?!"
"The what?"
"Making them think something happened between us." Frisk scolded.
"Well...if nothing happened between us now...why not tonight?" he teased her, making her blush a deep red.
"Pervert." she sputtered.
"Don't worry," Sans told her. "I'll treat ya later."
Frisk opened her mouth to protest, but then Mettaton cut her off by announcing something onstage.
" Beauties and Gentlemonsters, let us welcome our performers for today, Sans the Skeleton and her Royal Highness, Frisk Dreemurr! Of course, nothing can beat The Great Papyrus, and yours truly, the Glamorous Mettaton!"
Every monster in the room applauded.
But as they went up the stage, the doors of the restaurant slammed open.

"Huh. Hey Metta! Mind if I tag along?" a male voice came from a human wearing a black leather cowboy costume, brown leather hat and has dirty blonde hair.

"Oh..." Mettaton pauses for a moment. "Ladies and Gentlemonsters, here is Jeff, the human of Justice!"

The crowd applauds.

Behind Jeff was a group of humans; Chara, Josh, Gabe, Luna, Lily, and Percy.

"Whazzup everyone?!" Josh shouted as the crowd roared with screams.

"We challenge everyone of you onstage, individually, to a contest." Chara said.

"A dance contest." Luna clarified.

Sans glanced at Frisk, who was beaming with DETERMINATION.

"Game." Frisk paused to throw a staff into the air and caught it perfectly. "On."

Luna, Jeff, Josh, Lily, Frisk, Sans, Mettaton and Papyrus assembled onstage.

An energetic music started to play on the stereo.

I am filled with DETERMINATION, BRAVERY, JUSTICE.

I am filled with KINDNESS, INTEGRITY, PATIENCE.

I am filled with PERSEVERANCE and it goes again.

We are the human souls till the end. the rap from the stereo started.

Then a different song started to play.

Falling, falling, deeper down.

Down into the underground.

With every ACT and SPARE and SHOUT

Future starts to turn around.

Mettaton and Papyrus begun with a few twirls and shakes.

Luna and Lily pulled off a perfect spin.

The crowd goes wild when Josh and Jeff lifts up the two girls.

"You ready?" Frisk whispered to Sans and Mettaton

"Yep."

"I was born ready, darling."
"Let's do it."

Frisk lays down on the floor, feigning unconsciousness. The crowd gasps.

Suddenly, Frisk walks around the stage dramatically, like she was finding something.

Mettaton pressed a button on him that says, "Voice Changer"

"In this world, it's kill or be killed." the Flowey voice of Mettaton said. "Mwahahahaha!"

Papyrus is floating mid-air using his magic as he let white pieces of paper fall down.

Frisk poses dramatically, like she was injured by the "friendliness pellets."

"My child, are you hurt?" Mettaton said with his voice changed to Toriel. "Let me heal you..."

And then Papyrus quickly changed the background to Snowdin as he said, "HUMAN, I SHALL BECOME YOUR BEST FRIEND!"

He changed the background quickly to Waterfall as Undyne shouted from the audience, "We're going to be besties!"

Pap changed to background to Hotland as Alphys shouted, "I-I know y-you can do it!"

Pap changed the background to the Core as Mettaton spoke in his normal voice, "Darling, I am flattered. You really are a star of your own."

Pap changed the background to New Home as Mettaton spoke in Asgore's voice, "You can become a part of our family."

And then...

"Thank you for saving me." Mettaton spoke in Asriel's voice.

And then Papyrus changed the background to Snowdin Forest.

He used more of his magic to create more "snow"

Frisk was confused why they put this at last.

And then...

"Turn around and shake my hand." Sans says behind Frisk, with his hood up.

Undyne and Alphys squealed from the audience.

Frisk did as told.

Fart sound*

A few laughs came from the audience.

The song already came to an end and then suddenly...

Sans grabbed Frisk by both of her hands and pulled her towards him and he kissed her on the lips.

The audience roared with squeals, even Luna, Lily, Jeff and Josh.
Once they pulled away, Frisk blushed a bright shade of pink.

"Y-You guys had this planned, didn't you?" Frisk asked Undyne, Alphys, Mettaton and Papyrus.

"We only told Sans what to do during the change of scenes." Alphys said.

"And it worked!" Sans cheered as he lifted Frisk from where she was standing as she let out a yelp.

Frisk squirmed from Sans' tight hold on her as he chuckled and put her down.

"Wowie Sans! You and the human just started dating a few hours ago and now the both of you are acting like you've been dating for years!" Papyrus said.

"Pap, Frisk and I have known each other for years. We've been together for almost seven years and now..." Sans paused to look at Frisk adoringly. ":...we're okay with each other."

"Sans!" Frisk scolded playfully as another blush fought its way to her now reddened face.

"What?" Sans asked, feigning innocence. "It's true! You're my best friend and now-girlfriend."

Frisk covered her red face with her hands as she mumbled, "I-It's embarrassing!"

Sans chuckles at Frisk's shyness of romance.

"C'mere Frisk." Sans says as he envelops Frisk into a hug.

"Awww!" Alphys squealed.

"Darlings, isn't it about time we all went back?" Mettaton asked, cutting in between Sans and Frisk.

They all shared a chuckle.

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Once Frisk and her friends were heading out, Chara barred Frisk's way.

"Can I talk to you for a minute?" Chara asked.

"Sure."

Chara looked behind Frisk, her friends staring at her. She smiled and said, "I'll make it quick, I promise."

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

"What do you want to talk about?" Frisk asked once Chara led them to the Core.

"What is going on between you and Sans? I saw him kiss you again in front of everyone!" Chara asked her.

"We're okay now," Chara raised an eyebrow at Frisk, who continued, "and we're...umm...dating?"

Frisk was waiting for reaction until Chara laughed. "I k n e w i t !"

"I know you and Sans are not okay, but..."
"Hey Frisk, it's fine." Chara assured her. "Don't mind me, as long as my baby sister is happy, I'm fine with it."

"Oh really?" Frisk asked as she raised an eyebrow at her.

"Yeah! Not unless if you want me to RESET..."

"No!"

"Okay, okay." Chara says with a laugh. "I was kidding. You can keep that comedian."

Frisk hugged her. "Thanks Chara."

"No problem little sis." Chara replied. "But shouldn't you tell Mom and Dad first?"

"Oh."

*Now THAT is a problem.* Frisk thought.

"I'll tell them later, don't worry." Frisk said.

"Alright. Well, I'm gonna hang-out with the other humans before they end up beating each other again. Well, see you later at New Home Frisk!" Chara yelled as she went inside the Core.

Frisk went the other way, going to the entrance/exit of MTT Resort.

"What took you so long?" Sans asked her playfully, once she stepped out.

"Sister stuff." she replied with a giggle.

"W-We have one m-more place to go t-to." Alphys said.

"AT MAH HOUSE!" Undyne yelled.

"YES, I BELIEVE THAT IS TRUE." Papyrus said.

Frisk looked around. "Where's Mettaton?"

"HE IS DOING SOME BUSINESS IN THE RESORT, BUT HE DID SAY HE HAD FUN THOUGH." Papyrus explained.

"Oh, okay."

Undyne raised her spear and said, "I have an idea to get you punks running!"

"UNDYNE! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO MURDER US, ARE YOU NOT?!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Nah, ain't doing that, Papyrus." Undyne said. "Ride on anything magical—something floating that you can control—then let's race each other to the Waterfall."

Undyne hopped on a multiple sets of her spears along with Alphys.

Papyrus sat on multiple piles of bones.

Frisk looked around to find something until Sans stopped her, "You're riding with me, Frisky."
"You sure?" Frisk asked him as he summoned his Gaster Blaster.

Sans nodded as he reached his hand out to her. "Hop on."

Frisk grabbed his hand as he pulled her up.

She decided to sit behind Sans, who was controlling the blaster.

"Ready?" Undyne asked.

"Set..."

"GO!!!"

The three drivers, Sans, Papyrus and Undyne shot at full speed.

Alphys was doing well on the spears, while Frisk felt like she was about to fall down.

Whenever they made a turn, Frisk forced herself to balance while Sans drove effortlessly fast.

"Turn left!" Undyne shouted once they past the quiet area, where Undyne's house was on the path on the upper left.

"I-I thought we were going to y-your house." Frisk said to Undyne, who was enjoying their epic race.

"Later. We have a place to go to." Undyne replied as they turned towards a path leading to the echo flowers.

Once they got to the cave of echo flowers, Frisk closed her eyes as the three of them came to a complete halt.

After a few seconds, Frisk opened her eyes to see her arms wrapped around Sans tightly.

"Whoa there, sweetheart," Sans teased her. "that's quite a grip you've got there."

"Shut up." Frisk muttered trying to hide her red face.

Sans chuckled at her expression.

"I WIN! I WIN!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"No fair Papyrus!" Undyne whined.

"I-It's okay Undyne." Alphys comforted her.

"LET US GO AND EXPLORE!" Pap said as everyone split up.

Frisk looked around the cave and saw the echo flower she whispered to before.

"Hey! It's still here." Frisk said as she came closer, but not too close so the flower won't repeat what she said now. "I wonder if it remembers..."

Sans walked towards the flower as he listened to it.

"I wish things would never change between us. It's okay if he doesn't feel the same...as long as I won't lose him in my life."
Frisk looked at Sans to see his reaction.

His face was flushed in a deep blue.

Frisk giggled and said, "I said that when we were off to find the ballet shoes of Integrity, remember?"

"Yeah, I remember." he says, still flustered.

*And Frisk scores the flirting game!*

"Hey guys! Look what I've found!" Undyne's voice bounced across the cave, breaking the moment in between Sans and Frisk.

Everyone gathered in a tight circle as they saw bunches of white echo flowers with diamonds encrusted on their edges.

"Wow. How is it different from the others?" Frisk asked.

"It's called a True Echo Flower. Its color resonates to the tone of your voice after you whisper your wish," Alphys said. "and then it speaks out what you really desire in your heart, or soul."

Everyone picked one true echo flower from the artificially soil-covered ground.

Frisk whispered something to the true echo flower.

"*I wish life wouldn't be so complicated.*"

Her flower turned a red shade with a light pink glow, just like her soul's.

Then she listened to the flower and heard it's reply,

"*Your true desire comes from the heart; a love so pure from where it had start. A love where friendship is never lost, but makes the love live for a cause.*"

"Hey Frisk..." a voice boomed behind her.

She turned to see Sans holding one of the true echo flowers in hand; his was a well-blended shade of cyan and blue.

"What did yours say?" Frisk asked him.

"Why don't you find out for yourself?" Sans said as he handed her the true echo flower.

"*Your true desire is to never let go, nor be left by the ones you love. And another is to see the surface above.*"

"Oh..." Frisk murmured. "Sans...I never knew..."

"It's alright." Sans says quietly. "I-I must have been drawn into my fear."

Frisk hugged Sans whispering, "I'm always here for you. I'll never leave you."

"Oh, and here's another one." Sans says, handing a normal echo flower to Frisk.

Frisk leaned in to hear what it said.
"Frisk, I know I've told you this before, but these feelings I have for you...I can't explain them. Frisk...thank you. You'll always be my forever. I love you."

Tears of joy stung at the back of Frisk's eyes and then ran down her cheeks.

"S-Sans..." she cried.

"I'm telling the truth, Frisk." he stated.

Frisk forced a smile as she sniffled, "Y-You know what? Y-You keep making me blush and c-cry, but it's o-only a few hours a-after we've started in this r-relationship."

Sans chuckled as Papyrus broke the moment in between them.

"SANS! HUMAN! I BELIEVE IT IS TIME WE STOP BY AT UNDYNE'S PLACE!" Pap exclaimed.

Frisk wiped away her tears and fished out her phone from the pocket of her shorts.

"Uh oh." Frisk muttered as she read the screen of her phone.

11:48 PM Surface and Underground Time
10 unread messages
4 missed calls

"And they're all from Mom, Dad and Chara." Frisk said.

Sans took a peek at her phone and said, "Whoops. We'd better get you back at your place right now."

"Too bad Frisk. We'll hang out at my place tomorrow instead." Undyne said as she and Alphys waved goodbye.

"Pap, you coming?" Sans asked him.

"I SHALL BOND WITH UNDYNE AND DR. ALPHYS. I WILL GO BACK HOME MYSELF." Papyrus said.

"Alrighty then." Sans said as he and Frisk teleported into New Home.

Swish!

The two of them have arrived at New Home.

Toriel and Asgore seemed like they've been waiting for Frisk for hours.

Toriel ran to Frisk and exclaimed, "My child! Where were you?! We were worried sick! You have been gone all day and—"

"Mom, I'm fine!" Frisk assured her.
Asgore walked to Sans. Through their expressions, Asgore looks very intimidating compared to Sans.

"Sans, I believe you have witnessed Frisk's activities. I want to know what happened to her throughout the day." Asgore says sternly.

Frisk looked at Sans, who's expression remained calm.

"Your Majesty, I apologize for bringing Frisk home late." Sans explained. "But nothing bad has happened to her...we were on a date."

"A date?!" Toriel and Asgore exclaimed. "Frisk, is this true?"

"Y-Yes." Frisk says, her voice barely above a whisper.

Toriel and Asgore looked at each other and asked, "The two of you are together?"

"Yes." Sans and Frisk replied.

The four of them went inside the castle.

Frisk noticed Chara sprawled asleep on the couch.

Without further ado, Toriel and Asgore has left Sans and Frisk alone.

Frisk and Sans walked up to her room.

"Thank you for today." Frisk told Sans.

"No problem," Sans said, opening the door for her. "but it isn't over yet."

"Huh?" Frisk asked, as suddenly, the door in her room slammed closed and Sans pushed her against the wall.

"S-Sans...what are y-you doing?" Frisk asked shakily.

"Frisky, I believe I promised to treat you tonight." Sans said with a perverted grin on his face.

Blue flames emitted from his eye.

What's more is that he already had a blue tongue and there was a faint blue light glowing from the bottom of his shorts.

"You ready, Frisky?"
Bone-Tired

Chapter Summary

Sans treats Frisk tonight.

**WARNING:** Contains smut! I have warned you!

Chapter Notes

It took me a while to finish this because of writer's block. But hey, I did it!

Also check out my tumblr for updates:

katetgp.tumblr.com

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 10 (Bone-Tired)

"Sans!" Frisk whisper-shouted to make sure her parents won't hear her.

"Why?"

"If we get caught, we're dead." she said.

"Then let's keep quiet then." Sans says as he grabbed a blanket and stuffed it into Frisk's mouth.

Frisk pulled the blanket away from her mouth. "You're really insane right now."

Sans chuckled deeply as he grabbed Frisk and pushed her onto the bed, making him lay on top of her.

"We'll see about that." he whispers hotly into her ear, sending shivers down her spine.

Sans kissed Frisk lightly on the cheek, giving her gentle kisses, making his way to her lips.

Once Sans' mouth nearly touched Frisk's, he said, "Hmm...I've sorta noticed something."

"What is it?" Frisk asked, afraid it would break he moment.

Sans grinned teasingly as he spoke, "I'm the only one who's been kissing you lately...I wanted to try it the other way around."
"Wait...me kissing you?" Frisk asked.

"Exactly."

Frisk felt more flustered than ever, so she just gave Sans a quick peck on the mouth and looked away instantly.

"I know you can do more than that, Frisk." Sans teased her.

"Sans!" Frisk whisper-scolded. "I don't even know if you're actually the skele I've met here in the Underground."

Sans chuckles and says, "Frisk, I'm still your best friend/now boyfriend, but there are LOTS of things you still don't know about me."

"'Kay, fine..." Frisk mutters as she pulls Sans in for a kiss.

Sans continues to deepen their kiss as Frisk let out a soft moan.

"I really like it when you make those sounds." Sans grinned as he kissed Frisk passionately.

Frisk felt Sans' fingers on the edge of her sweater.

He lifted it up as Frisk giggled. "Silly, I'm still wearing a blouse."

Sans grinned seductively as he said, "Might as well take it off."

Then he threw her sweater onto the floor.

Sans gently nibbled on her neck, making Frisk moan sharply.

She felt Sans' teeth dig into her skin.

Suddenly, he bit down her neck, making her yelp in pain.

"Sshh.." Sans whispers hotly in her ear.

Frisk gasped as Sans kissed her once again, her lips being forced to kiss him.

They continued to kiss until Sans managed to pull off Frisk's blouse without breaking away from the kiss.

Now, Frisk was only in her shorts and her upper undergarments.

"Why am I the only one without clothes?" Frisk pouted as she took off Sans' jacket.

"Ah, so you wanna see me too, huh, babe?" Sans teases, trailing his fingers from Frisk's chest to her rear.

"Y-Yeah." Frisk mumbled.

"Lemme finish it." Sans said as he took off the white shirt that conceals his ribs.

Frisk couldn't help but stare at her lover. She's really never seen this part of Sans.

Sans chuckles then he asks, "See something you like?"
Frisk looked away, embarrassed, but Sans beat her to it by planting a kiss on her lips.

Frisk had her hands exploring Sans’ ribcage, while his was roaming around her back.

Sans turned a deep shade of blue when Frisk caressed his spine.

Frisk touched the inside of Sans' spine, making him moan in surprise.

She smirked. "Looks like I found out a secret~"

Sans chuckled. "Oh yeah? I can't wait to find out yours."

Frisk felt her cheeks redden as Sans kissed her passionately.

She felt Sans' hand trailing from her waist, going to the upper portion of her back.

Suddenly, she felt Sans unclasp the back of her bra and then he threw it onto the floor where their clothes were. p>

Frisk closed her eyes, feeling mortified.

She was conscious of Sans staring at her upper body.

Suddenly, she felt Sans' hands on her breasts.

Sans chuckled at Frisk's flustered expression as he played with her nipple.

After a few moments of heated teasing, he pressed his mouth against one of her breasts, sucking on it.

His tongue kept playing with Frisk's breasts, eliciting a moan from her lover.

"Aahh~ aah~ S-Sans~"

Then, Sans pulled away, leaving Frisk's aroused breast, and pressed his mouth against her lips.

Suddenly, Frisk felt something part her lips.

Sans' tongue stuck out and he forced it inside Frisk's mouth.

Frisk let out another moan as Sans forced himself deeper, playing with her tongue fiercely.

She had no choice but to come in sync with his actions.

His tongue tasted sweet against hers.

She involuntarily sucked on his tongue, making him groan into her mouth.

Suddenly, Frisk felt Sans' tongue reach her throat, making her choke.

Sans pulled away quickly, patting Frisk's exposed back to stop her from coughing.

"You 'kay there?" he asked her.

"Yeah. (cough*) I'm good." she replied, clearing her throat.

Sans grinned in satisfaction as he kissed Frisk once again.
They shared a series of deep, passionate kisses until they stopped when they both noticed a blue light surrounding them.

Frisk noticed where the light was coming from—inside of Sans' shorts!?

Sans followed her gaze and when he saw what she was staring at, he turned as blue as a blueberry.

"S-Sorry 'bout that." he murmured. "I kinda got too excited there..."

"What is it?" Frisk asked, though she already knew what the answer was. "I didn't know skeletons could have boners."

Sans replied, "Well...uhhmm...it's something we use for...uhh...you know? It's...confusing...you won't understand it."

Frisk's eyes widened when he said that.

"How do monsters do it?" Frisk asked all of a sudden.

"Isn't it too soon for us to do that?" Sans asked.

"You were the one who started this." Frisk reminded him.

They were silent for a few seconds until Sans broke the ice. "D-Do you really want to do this?...Frisk...as much as I really love to do it with you, your my best friend above all things and...this? It will hurt you a lot..."

Frisk saw the deep concern in his eye sockets, but she wanted it. She wanted him.

Frisk was filled with DETERMINATION.

"I'm ready." she said.

Sans looked down and said, "I'll try my best not to hurt you. This may seem like human stuff, but it's not the same. This is just part one of us monsters' traditions."

Sans unzipped Frisk's shorts and pulled them off.

Her panties were already damp from her arousal earlier.

"Damn, you're so wet already." Sans murmurs.

Frisk could feel Sans shaking, so she said, "Hey, I'm going to be alright...it won't hurt for long."

Sans took a deep breath and exhaled as he pulled off his own shorts and underwear, revealing his glowing, blue member.

Sans noticed Frisk staring at it, making him blush deeply.

Frisk, on the other hand, was shocked.

Sans' size was so intimidating, she doesn't even know if it would fit inside of her.

"T-That's one big thing y-you've got there." Frisk stammers, embarrassed.
"Oh...uhh...monsters have some...you know, rather weird sizes..." Sans says, embarrassed as well.

"So...umm...are you ready?"

"Yeah."

"You sure?"

"Sans! Stop worrying about me."

Suddenly, they heard footsteps outside the door.

"Get down!"

"Huh?"

"I said, get down." Sans whispered as he pulled Frisk under the blanket, like she was sleeping.

Sans quickly hid under the bed.

The footsteps were coming closer.

Frisk covered her exposed body under the covers and feigned sleep, while Sans hid completely under the bed.

A knock rang through the door.

"Am I interrupting something?" Chara asked from outside. Sans and Frisk let out a sigh of relief. "I know what you two are doing."

"Chara! Sshhh!" Frisk told her sister.

"It's alright, I wasn't planning to tell." Chara paused to add a dramatic tone, "Truth will reveal itself through the side effect of that."

*Did she actually mean?...oh my gosh! Why the heck would Chara think I'd get pregnant?! From what I currently know, monsters and humans can't reproduce!* Frisk thought.

Without waiting for an answer, Chara says, "Keep it down a little. You two are doing great—that is, if you wanted to wake up Mom and Dad." then she walks off.

Sans crawled out from under the bed and pushed himself on top of Frisk.

"Shall we continue?" he asks.

"We haven't even started yet." Frisk answered.

"Then we'll start...now." Sans pulled off Frisk's panties and threw it on the pile of their clothes on the floor.

He couldn't help but stare at his now-exposed girlfriend.

"Never really thought I'd see you like this." Sans told her.

"Same goes for me." Frisk replied.

Frisk felt heat rush to her cheeks as Sans trailed his fingers from her stomach, slowly going to her
sweet spot.
She never thought her relationship with Sans would go this far.
Sans takes a deep breath and says, "Here we go..."
His blue tongue licked her thighs, trailing its way to Frisk's sweet spot, licking her sensitive clit.
Frisk moaned once he did.
"Here, use this." Sans told her, handing her the blanket.
Frisk bit the blanket as Sans continued to explore her.
He teased Frisk by licking her sweet spot, making her let out soft moans.
Sans sucked on her clit, feeding his lover with arousal.
Frisk felt his tongue snake its way deeper into her.
Her heartbeat was starting to quicken.
After Sans pulled out his tongue, Frisk felt liquid shoot out of her.
She looked down and saw fresh, white cum slowly dripping from her sweet spot.
Her first orgasm.
"Oh my gosh..." Frisk muttered.
"I wonder if it tastes just as good as your other sweet spot." Sans teases, making Frisk blush deeply.
Sans placed the tip of his tongue on the place where she was cumming the most.
"Tastes sweet." Sans says, winking at her.
Frisk yelped as Sans rubbed his tongue against her vigorously.
Frisk muffled her moans as Sans pulled out his tongue.
"This one will hurt a bit..." Sans said.
Frisk suddenly yelped as she felt Sans play with her intimate spot.
His fingers were touching her entrance, covered in white cum.
Frisk gasps as Sans rubbed his fingers against her clit, stroking it.
He dug his skeletal fingers deeper and deeper, as Frisk tried to hold in her screams.
She had never felt this pleasure and pain before.
"S-Sans...what's next of part one? Can we do that?" Frisk asked, trying to end this moment.
"It's still part one, but..uhh sure. But remember, you'll feel lots of pain in this one." Sans said as he
placed Frisk's legs on his shoulders. "It's what we call...the bone-zone."

He made sure his dick was on the same level as Frisk's entrance.

"Here we go..."

He stretched her widely as he thrust himself into her then Frisk let out a muffled scream.

"S-Sorry..." Sans says sheepishly.

"I-It's fine...keep going." Frisk say tiredly.

"Ya sure?"

"Yeah."

"Tell me when to stop." Sans said as he thrust himself into her again.

He held onto Frisk's shoulders tightly, forcing himself deeper into her.

Suddenly, Sans felt something inside of him snap.

When he pulled away slightly, light blue cum mixed with white cum dripped from both of their sweet spots.

For a few moments, Frisk felt the excruciating pain, but then after, it felt really good.

"S-Saaaannnssss~ Faster please..!~" she gasps.

Sans grunted as his hips were grinding up against hers.

He pushed himself onto Frisk, their movements coming in sync with each other.

"Aaahh~aah~aah, Sans!" Frisk panted.

She could see the lust in Sans' blue eye.

He wanted her too.

"Heh. Ya know, even if you RESET, I'm sure you won't forget this." Sans whispered as he forced himself even more inside of Frisk, who was lightly screaming of agony.

Sans quickly cast a soundproof barrier around him and Frisk with his remaining magic.

"There, you can scream all you want while I get more and more of you." he says, kissing her passionately.

Frisk loved the pleasure of Sans ravaging her over and over again...

Every thrust he made to her made her feel loved.

"Harder...please~" Frisk pleaded.

Sans looked at her and grinned.

"Aww, my sweet little kitten wants it rough, huh?" he says.
"Please?" Frisk says, biting on her lip, making herself look seductive.

Sans blushed blue.

He really couldn't resist her.

"Babe, keep doing that and I might wanna have to stop time just to keep doing this forever with you." he says, kissing her deeply.

And rough it became.

Sans thrust harder, faster, mercilessly into Frisk, making her scream.

"You're so...arrgghh...tight." Sans says, trying to squeeze his cock past Frisk's tight walls.

He tried to force himself into her, hands holding onto her shoulders tightly, while hers was on his.

Sans swore he could've left marks on Frisk.

Frisk felt the pain and pleasure of her lover's cock moving inside of her.

"Tell me you want me Frisk." Sans told her, thrusting into her.

Frisk let out a moan. "Aahhh~ Saaaaaannnnssss!!"

"Yes babe, say my name." Sans teases her, thrusting into her again.

"Saaaannnnnsss..~ I-I want you inside of me~" Frisk panted.

Sans grabbed Frisk by her hair and kissed her deeply.

She kissed him back while Sans was grinding his hips against hers.

They were like that for a few minutes, but when Sans thrust really hard into her, Frisk bit really hard into her blanket to muffle her scream.

"I-I'm sorry! We can stop now." Sans said as he crawled over to Frisk's side.

"You alright there?" Sans asked her.

She was panting heavily.

Instead of replying, Frisk forced herself up and kissed Sans deeply.

Sans let out a soft animalistic growl as he kissed Frisk back.

His skull was now leaning against her head.

Frisk could see the hungry look on Sans' face.

"I'm fine...really." Frisk assured him. "You want more?"

Sans chuckled in relief as he whispered, "You know I do."

After that, Sans thrust himself repetitively into Frisk, stretching her wider.

Frisk dug her fingers onto Sans' shoulder blades, whining, like she was clinging onto dear life.
The two of them were hyperventilating.

"Almost...there..." Sans tried to keep himself from hurting Frisk.

And with one final thrust, Sans slammed his length right into her.

They felt their liquids flow inside them freely.

Frisk felt whole...and somehow exhausted.

It took them several minutes before they pulled away from each other.

They both laid down on the bed, panting hotly from their first orgasm.

"That...(huff*)...felt...great..." Frisk gasps.

"Sure was..." Sans replied as his magic deactivated.

He went to Frisk's side and tucked her comfortably under her blanket.

"W-What about you?" Frisk asked, afraid that the night would end so soon.

"I better get going..." Sans stopped once he saw the sad look on Frisk's face.

"...unless..."

"Stay with me? Please?" Frisk pleaded.

Sans smiled as he joined her in the bed.

"I had fun tonight." he says, holding her close, their exposed bodies against each other.

"Me too...as a first timer, it wasn't that bad." Frisk said.

Sans gaped at her.

Frisk giggled as she asked, "What? Did I say something wrong?"

"Frisk...this is your first time?" Sans asked her.

"Well, yeah. I just said that." Frisk replied.

Sans buried his skull under the covers in embarrassment.

"Immffssfoffooommffmssoorryyyyff." 

"What did you say?" Frisk asked him.

"I-I am SO SORRY." Sans stammered. "I-I didn't know i-it was your f-first time..."

Frisk giggled at Sans' silly response.

She scooted over to him and said, "Hey...I was glad I spent it with you."

Sans' face turned to a deep shade of blue.

Frisk laughed as she said, "I believe it is my turn to make you blush."
"You got me there, sweetheart." he said. "Hey, what did the cup of tea said when it had sex for the first time?"

"Hmm...I don't know...what did it say?" Frisk asks.

"You took my virgini-tea." Sans wrote on the air with his blue magic.

"Oh my gosh! Pfft! Sans!"

"C'mon, you tasted great." Sans says teasingly, making Frisk blush deeply. "It will be my turn to fuck that skeleton someday."

"I wish we could do that every single day, huh?" Sans says, interrupting Frisk's thoughts.

Frisk giggled, still blushing hard. "Maybe...I'm hoping for it."

They shared a laugh then they snuggled into each other's arms.

"G'nite Frisk..."

"Goodnight..."

Then they drifted off to sleep.

-------------------------------------------------------------

"Well, well, well...you never really learned when to give up, didn't you?"

Frisk looked around. She was in the last corridor...again.

"Do you even know how far you've reached? It's too much...you never showed any mercy."

Frisk saw Sans heading towards her.

"It's not my fault death is such a pleasure." Frisk said all of a sudden.

She looked down at her clothes—she was wearing a green sweater with a huge yellow stripe, and she was covered in monster dust from head to toe.

"If that's so..." Sans said. "...You'll have to learn to die yourself!"

Bones from every corner flung towards her.

But she dodged every attack perfectly.

Frisk couldn't control herself!

She tries to call out to Sans.

But nothing happened.

"Try again, comedian." she said involuntarily.

Frisk gasped inwardly.

Chara
Chara urged Frisk's body to move forward leading her to Sans.

"Chara, what are you doing?!" Frisk asked.

But Chara didn't reply.

Instead, she lunged towards Sans and stabbed him with her knife.

"Sans! No!" Frisk screamed, but nothing came out.

Suddenly, Chara took control of her and stabbed themselves in the soul.

Frisk felt hundreds of pain bullets hit her.

All she could see Sans slowly turning to dust.

~ o ~ o ~ o ~

Frisk gasped as her eyes shot open.

Tears were threatening to fall from her eyes, but she chose to fight them off.

She turned to her left and let out a sigh of relief.

Sans was facing her, asleep as usual, safe and unharmed.

His arms were wrapped around Frisk's waist while her arms were around his collarbone.

Frisk leaned her forehead onto Sans' skull, finally giving in to her tears.

She let out soft sniffles.

Her nightmares have been haunting her lately.

Suddenly, Frisk felt the grip around her waist tighten, until it began to hurt.

"Ouch!" she yelped, causing Sans to finally wake up.

"Frisk, what's wrong?" Sans asked her.

"S-Sans, you're h-hurting me with your hand..." Frisk whimpered.

Sans' eye sockets widened then he loosened his grip on her.

"Sorry...does it hurt?" he asked her.

"A little." she murmured.

"Don't worry," Sans said. "I have an idea."

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sans made himself sat down on the bed. Frisk did the same.

He heard Frisk hesitate as she saw the red marks on her mid-section.

He moved towards an area behind Frisk, placing his arms around her waist.
"What are you doing?" Frisk asked him.

"This won't hurt, I promise." Sans assured her as he activated his magic.

He sent blue sparks around Frisk's waist.

She squirmed in his arms and giggled.

"Sans! It tickles!" Frisk exclaimed.

Sans chuckled as he focused on healing Frisk.

Gradually, the red marks started to disappear.

Once they were gone, Frisk flopped down on the bed.

Sans laid down beside her.

"Frisk...I think we should get redressed now." Sans told her.

Frisk turned to him and said, "You have a point though...Mom and Dad will kill us if they saw us here like this."

Sans stood up first to get his clothes on the floor.

Frisk followed after him, but as she stood up, her legs shook uncontrollably because of last night and fell into Sans' arms.

"Heh. You just keep falling for me, don't ya?" Sans teased her.

"Huh. Oh really?" Frisk says with a mischievous smile.

She pushed Sans onto the bed, making her lay on top of him.

Frisk stuck her tongue out at him playfully.

"Who's in charge now?" she teased.

"Hmm...I think it's..." Sans paused to lift his head up and kiss her. "...me. I win!"

Frisk gaped at him as he chuckled and said, "Okay, okay, let's get dressed before I get carried away again."

Sans stood up to pick up his clothes, but not before giving Frisk a peck on the cheek.

Once the two of them were redressed, Sans whispered to Frisk, "We'll just see each other at my place before your parents have any suspicions."

"Wait...I wanna ask something." Frisk said.

"Sure, lay it on me." Sans said.

Frisk took a deep breath and asked, "You mentioned last night...what we did was only 'part one' of what you monsters do...if that wasn't enough, what's 'part two' then?"

When Sans heard this, he turned away without saying a word, hiding his flushed face.
"Sans! You said you were going to tell me." Frisk pouted.

"I think it's best if you ask Toriel." Sans suggested.

"But you know it right?" Frisk asked him.

"Yeah...but..."

"Please? I just want to know. It's not like we'll do it or anything..."

"Someday." Sans muttered low enough to make sure Frisk won't hear.

"What?"

"Nothing." Sans said quickly.

"So...are you going to tell me?" Frisk asked.

"Okay..." he answered.

Sans took a deep breath before speaking, "It actually has something to do with our souls. I'm not sure if you noticed but...I try my best not to look at your soul."

"Why not?" Frisk asked.

"Well...let's say asking someone to have a soul bond with you, in human language it would sound like, 'can I fuck you?' phrase."

Frisk hid her face in embarrassment.

"Do you still want me to continue?" Sans asked her, lifting her face up.

"It's fine...go ahead."

"As I was saying, two souls bond by, well, themselves, in a way." Sans continued.

"What do you mean, 'by themselves'?" Frisk asked.

Sans chuckled as he said, "You're really curious aren't ya?"

Frisk nodded.

"There's some kind of force that attracts two souls together. But it is very rare to obtain. It only happens when two souls are compatible." Sans explained.

"What happens if they're not compatible?" Frisk asked.

"Soul bonding is like a fusion; just have the two souls near each other and they'll do the rest. But if they're incompatible, it will hurt really bad." Sans paused to look at Frisk. "Even more painful than your DETERMINATION Shot."

Frisk's face fell.

When Sans noticed this, he says, "You can only know if two souls are compatible, if both souls are glowing twice as bright when they are near each other AND it is usually when the two souls are purely in love with each other. Nothing can separate them if they truly love each other, even if their owners are apart."
Frisk stared at him with a confused look.

"How did you know all of those? Did you experience it?" Frisk asked him.

Sans bursted out laughing. "No, silly! Alphys lectured almost all of us about soul bonds."

Frisk felt thankful that no one heard them.

"Hey, you alright? You seem upset about it..." Sans asked Frisk.

"Sans...what if we're not compatible?" Frisk asked.

They both fell silent after that until Sans broke the ice.

"Frisk, I don't care if we're compatible or not, because no matter what happens, nothing is going to change the fact that I love you." Sans spoke as tears poured down Frisk's eyes. "And I know in my soul, you're a person I never want to let go."

They both fell into a warm embrace, holding each other tightly.

Suddenly, a pink light filled the room.

They both pulled away and saw where the light came from.

Frisk pulled out her soul from her chest, while Sans tried to look away, but Frisk assured him it's fine.

Her soul was still red, but now, it was fully outlined with a bright pink glow.

Sans observed the soul carefully and asked, "Frisk...how long has this been happening?"

Frisk replied, "Since I came back here in the Underground. But I thought I first noticed it happen when I had feelings for you, way back then."

Sans looked at her with affection. "Frisk, do you even know what happened to your soul?"

Frisk shook her head.

"That's the Soul of Love."

Chapter End Notes

Interesting noh? Okay, I don't think so :(

I'm really bad at writing smut...since this is my first time writing one.

I'll improve next time though :D
Chapter 11 (Magic War)

*Soul of Love...LOVE to LIVE*

Those words played repeatedly in Frisk's mind.

*Soul of Love...LOVE to LIVE*

*Soul of Love...LOVE to LIVE*

"Frisk, are you alright?" Sans asked her, making her snap back to reality.

"Sans...could this be the LOVE Asriel was telling me about? The LOVE that could heal me?" Frisk asked.

"To be honest...I'm not sure." Sans replied.

"We thought it was Level of Violence..." Frisk said. "Asriel said it was the only way to heal me..."

"I know."

"Huh?" Frisk asks, confused.

"I know." Sans said. "I overheard the three of you talking about it when you woke up."

They became silent for a few moments.

"Sans..." she said. "...I have no intention to hurt anyone anymore."

"It's kinda hard, Frisk..." Sans said, his voice cracking. "I don't want to lose you, but I also don't wanna lose everyone else...you only have one RESET left."

"Correction: It only takes me a long time before I could RESET again."

"But, I still couldn't survive a day without getting to see you and everyone else alive." Sans spoke. "The thought of it...I-I don't want—"

Frisk quickly wraps him in a comforting hug.
"Sans, I love you. You're one of the best things that's ever happened to me. I won't RESET as long as I live." Frisk said as she kissed Sans.

Once they pulled away, Sans said, "We better get ya to Alphys. Then we'll know if that's gonna heal ya."

And with one flick of a hand, Sans teleported them into Alphys' lab.

Swish!

The two of them went inside the Lab, waiting for Alphys.

Suddenly, Undyne came out holding a spear.

"Hey Undyne, have you seen Alphys?" Frisk asked.

"Oh, hey guys! She's in the True Lab. I can take you two lovebirds there." Undyne teased.

"Sure." Sans said as he draped his left arm on Frisk's shoulder.

"Let's go!"

The trio made it to the True Lab as they saw Alphys sorting out some papers.

"Hey Alphys." Frisk greeted.

Alphys turned around and her eyes widened once she saw Sans and Frisk.

"W-What h-happened t-to y-you t-two?" Alphys asked.

"What do you mean?" Frisk asked, confused.

Alphys hurriedly grabbed a mirror from one of her drawers and handed it to Frisk.

Frisk saw her reflection; there were light bags under her eyes and her hair was slightly in a mess.

"A-And w-why a-are y-you t-two t-together? I-It's s-so e-early i-in t-the m-morning a-according t-to s-surface t-time." Alphys added.

"Well..."

Undyne gasped and shouted, "You two had a thing going on last night!!!"

"Yes." "No!"

Frisk punched Sans playfully on the arm, as a sign of scolding him for saying something happened in between them last night.

"OH MY GOSH!!!" Alphys shouted.

"I'll go back to guard the Lab." Undyne said, running towards the exit door.
"Sans!" Frisk scolded.

"C'mon Frisk," Sans teased. "you're guilty about it?"

Frisk frowned directly at Sans.

He just chuckled as he turned to Alphys and said, "About that, we wanted to see the condition of Frisk's soul."

Alphys shot him a confused look and asked, "Her soul? Why?"

"Well..." Frisk began. "We found traces of a pink color in my soul, and Sans believes that it is the Soul of Love."

Frisk waited to see her reaction.

Alphys looked at her excitedly.

"Oh my gosh! I'll do some tests on you right now, Frisk. Something like that is very special." Alphys said excitedly.

"Uhh...is it going to be painful this time?" Frisk asks uneasily.

Sans places a boney hand on her shoulder for comfort.

"It won't, I promise!" Alphys says. "Right Sans?"

Sans grins and says. "Yep. I've read about those and I know exactly what happens."

The two scientists led her to a machine with a big monitor, an x-ray screen, and a panel of buttons.

"You'll have to stay behind the x-ray---with some of your clothes off. You can change in the bathroom." Alphys said, pushing some buttons.

-----------------------------------WARNING! THIS HAS MATURE CONTENT!-----------------------------------

Sans felt an uneasy feeling when he heard Frisk being put behind the x-ray, but he didn't know why.

Frisk did what Alphys told her. She was temporarily wrapped in a bathrobe.

Sans forced himself to look away for a while, but he can't help but stare.

Frisk caught him and giggled softly at his expression.

Frisk went behind the x-ray. Sans knew for sure her bathrobe was removed.

Alphys pressed a few buttons on the machine, then the machine activated.

-----------------------------------WARNING! THIS HAS MATURE CONTENT!-----------------------------------

Sans' eye sockets widened in shock and complete embarrassment once he saw the screen.

Why?

Frisk's figure stood there, in skeleton form. And how it looks like to Sans is that she is completely naked!
Oh crap.

Sans' face turned as blue as a blueberry.

He really couldn't stop himself.

She looks great...

"What the fuck did I just say?" Sans cursed himself.

Suddenly, as his eyes darted over to Frisk's intimate spots, he saw the bottom of his shorts give off a faint, blue, glow.

He looked away quickly, feeling guilt being sent down his spine.

"Sans! You were right! Her soul does have traces of the Soul of Love!" Alphys exclaims, pointing to the monitor.

"That's great Alph." Sans says quickly without looking back at the screen.

Sans heard the clicking of buttons and levers behind him, then Alphys said, "Sorry! You can look now."

"No."

"Stop being such a babybones!" another voice said.

Sans turned to see Frisk laughing at him.

She was already covered.

Frisk continued, "Besides, it's not completely the first time you saw me like that, in a way."

Sans was getting more flustered than ever.

How did she know? Was there some kind monitor inside the machine?

Alphys stood up and said, "T-That's all for n-now. T-There is n-nothing wrong with h-her complication—j-just a minor soul d-disorder. T-There will b-be times w-when F-Frisk w-will feel her soul t-tightening, which c-could lead to a form of s-suffocation—"

"SUFFOCATION?!" Sans exclaims angrily.

"BUT! I-If s-she t-takes t-the m-medication I-I g-gave h-her, n-nothing b-bad w-will h-happen." Alphys finishes.

Sans' expression softens.

Then, Alphys came close to him and whispered quickly, "Just d-don't get her angry, everything will be fine."

"Okaayyyyy." Sans says uneasily as he glanced at Frisk.

She still looks tired and she looks like she's trying to keep her eyes open.

Sans walked towards her and asked, "You want me to bring you home? You look really tired right now."
Frisk looked at him and said, "Okay."

They said goodbye and thanks to Alphys, then Sans grabbed Frisk by her waist and teleported them back to New Home.

Frisk laid down on the bed in her bedroom. She was really exhausted.

She saw Sans sat down on the bed next to her.

"Sweetheart, ya alright?" Sans asked her.

Frisk nodded and said, "You asked me that for almost a million times already."

"Is it bad if your boyfriend is concerned about ya?"

"No...but..."

"I'm just looking out for ya." he says looking away. "I...want you to know I'll always be here for ya."

Frisk felt a pang of guilt hit her chest.

She sat down properly on the bed.

A heavy silence filled the room, until Frisk broke the ice.

"Sorry." she murmured.

Sans looked at her and said, "Don't be...I just don't know what I would do if I ever lost you...Frisk...you're very special to me...I don't want to lose you..."

Frisk assured him she was okay.

To prove it, she wrapped her arms around her skeleton boyfriend.

"I'm so lucky to have you." she told him.

He just chuckled and said, "Me too, sweetheart."

They were like that for a few minutes, until Frisk gave in to the tired cries of her body.

---

Ten year old Frisk walked around the cliff of Mount Ebott. She had just freed everyone from the Underground.

But after an incident with the humans, she had no choice but to keep them safe in the Underground until it was safe to come out.

That incident was when Papyrus got so excited, he hugged a random human.

Since it has been a long time humans have seen monsters, the human freaked out and almost killed Pap!
So she asked Alphys to help her revive the other human souls, who are children of the seven magicians who sealed the Underground with the barrier.

The eight humans helped create a new barrier wherein only monsters can cross.

Humans will require a magic to get through.

Frisk sighed and stared at the view of the village from where she was standing.

"Hey there kiddo."

Frisk yelped as she heard the voice. Then she turned around to see Sans standing in front of her.

"Please don't kill me!" she said quickly, covering her face with her arms.

She felt her heartbeat quicken. She was having some serious trauma.

"Kill you?" Sans chuckles darkly. "I did that in the previous timeline, besides, I wouldn't want this mountain stained with your blood."

Frisk tried to escape but Sans gripped her hand tightly.

"Let me go!" Frisk cried.

"I'm just here to warn you." Sans says, his eye sockets becoming dark. "If you kill everyone, I'll kill you."

Frisk nodded shakily as Sans let her go.

"Don't worry." she said. "You won't see me ever again."

Then Frisk ran off to the hole leading to the Underground.

Instead of going through the cliff they came out from before, she jumped into the hole she fell in before.

She knew she wouldn't die directly, but it would be enough to make her unconscious for a while.

There, she fell head-first onto the ground, blood surrounding her.

Frisk woke up with a startled gasp.

She was still in Sans' arms, except now, they were laying down.

She shook her head, feeling the memory haunting her.

Sans was fast asleep, his arms wrapped around her.

Frisk noticed there were tears on his cheekbones.

She involuntarily brushed them off with her thumb.

She couldn't help but admire the features of her boyfriend.

He looked really good in the dim light from her lamp.
Frisk sighed.

She never thought she’d be this close to him.

And she realized how comforting his hold on her was.

Unlike the timeline, the one before the one before this one, or two timelines before this one, wherein he’s killed her lots of times, he always held her painfully.

And then the timeline before this one, wherein she had to deal with Chara, he was always bitter at the two of them.

Sans was really mad at Frisk then.

Fortunately, she RESET, lost most of her powers, and now here she is.

She shifted a little and fished out her phone from the pocket of her shorts.

7:30 am

It was already 7:30am, surface time.

Frisk wanted to sleep, but her nightmares keep waking her up.

That's when she thought of an idea.

She broke free from Sans, who was sleeping soundly (lucky).

She bolted to the bathroom and opened her medicine cabinet.

There, she found some sleeping pills and there were also a few drugs.

Frisk took one of the sleeping pills and went back inside her room.

She took one and immediately drank water from the glass she just summoned on her end table.

She laid down once again and waited for sleep to come.

After a few seconds, she fell asleep.

"Sans?" he heard a voice call out.

Sans turned around to see a shaking Frisk, who was a few feet away from him.

She started to hide behind a pillar.

That's when Sans realized he was in the Judgement Hall.

"Frisk? Hey, are you alright?" Sans asked.

But as he went closer to her, the more she was tightening her grip on her knife.

"Y-You don't have to use that." Sans said. "I won't hurt you."

Suddenly, the two of them heard an evil cackle.
"DID YOU REALLY THINK SHE'D LISTEN TO YOU?!" Chara yelled.

"After all..." she says. "YOU KILLED HER FOR ALMOST A MILLION TIMES!" Chara laughs then pushes Frisk towards Sans.

"Go ahead, partner." Chara tells Frisk. "Kill him."

Frisk's eyes turned a blood red shade of color.

Her face went completely dark.

"Shimasu (I will)." Frisk says as she lunged forward and stabbed Sans with her knife.

~o~o~o~

Sans woke up to find himself in Frisk's room, and of course, Frisk in his arms.

There was no signs of him turning into dust nor was there signs of Frisk killing him.

He noticed that Frisk's face was paler than usual.

Feeling himself worry, Sans quickly checked Frisk's heartbeat.

Thud. Thud.


Sans felt a rush of panic wash over him.

Frisk's heartbeat wasn't at normal pace.

He tapped Frisk lightly to wake her up.

Nothing.

He shook her more vigorously.

Nothing.

Sans was starting to shake with worry.

Fortunately, Frisk began to stir in her sleep.

Sans let out a sigh of relief.

"Frisk?"

Slowly, she started to open her eyes.

"Hmm? You're awake...that's funny...I swear you were sleeping so soundly a while ago..." Frisk says sleepily.

Sans chuckles and says, "Sorry 'bout that. We did get bone-tired because of last night."

Frisk felt her face flush while Sans just laughs softly.

Suddenly, Sans remembers why he woke Frisk in the first place.
"I heard your heartbeat earlier." Sans says slowly. "I don't think it's at the normal rate."

"What makes you think that?" Frisk asks him.

"Listen." Sans says as he covers Frisk's ears with his left hand. He places his right hand on Frisk's, and guides it towards her chest. Once it was positioned there, he placed his right hand on her other ear. With the help of his magic, he created a blue mist surrounding his hands. It was enough to make the area soundproof. That way, Frisk can only hear her heartbeat.

"Can you hear it?" Sans asks her after removing his hands from her ears after a few seconds. "Yeah...you're right, but I know why it's happening." Frisk says sheepishly.

"Why then?"

"I took one of my medicines earlier—a sleeping pill to be exact." Frisk explains. "Why on earth would you need a sleeping pill?" Sans asks her.

"Because..." Frisk's voice trails off. "Sans...I've been having nightmares lately, and...I'm having a hard time sleeping!"

They stood there, silent for a moment.

"Frisk...you're not the only one who's been having nightmares recently." Sans told her.

"How would you know?"

"Frisk, I'm also having nightmares these days..."

Frisk looked at him, stunned.

"B-But..." she sputtered.

"Hmm?"

"You were sound asleep earlier!" Frisk almost shouted.

Sans covered her mouth with his hand, then he whispered, "Let's go to my place. We'll be safer there."

"Mfmfmfokaymf" Frisk tries to say.

In just a second, Frisk found herself in Papyrus and Sans' house in Snowdin.

Sans motioned for her to sit beside him on the sofa.

Papyrus was still fast asleep in his room.
"So tell me, what nightmares have you been dreaming of lately?" Sans asks Frisk.

"You."

"Huh?"

"I've been dreaming of the times you kept killing me." Frisk says.

"Wait...wha?"

"I'm telling the truth!"

"No, what I mean is, I've been dreaming about the same thing...except, it was you killing me." Sans said.

"Weird, why do we keep dreaming of each other in a deadly way?" Frisk thought aloud.

"Maybe someone is toying with our minds." Sans joked.

"Like what? Some puppet master?" Frisk added.

"Yeah, something like this..." Sans says, moving Frisk's arms up and down with his magic.

"You're not the only one with magic!" Frisk shouted as red flames summoned from her hand as the flames surrounded Sans. Soon enough, he was lifted off the sofa and into the air.

Sans smirked and said, "Oh, so that's how we're playing it, huh?"

Sans lifted Frisk up from the ground as well, using his magic, and spun her around.

Frisk let out a half-giggle, yet she was stopped because of her dizziness, which makes it sound like a cough.

"Oh, it's on!" Frisk says as she controlled Sans with her magic.

Sans was moved up, down, left and right, while being spun around.

Once Frisk stopped, Sans held a boney hand up to his skull.

"Wow Sweetheart, you've got my head spinning there." he teased.

"Oh really?" Frisk giggled.

Sans spun Frisk around, but suddenly deactivates his magic.

Frisk let out a yelp as she braced herself for impact, but she was stopped once she saw blue magic surround her.

"Gotcha!" Sans says with a laugh. "The skeleton wins again!"

Frisk was able to break free from Sans' magic as she used her own on hers.

She forced herself towards Sans and grabbed him tightly.

"You think you're the only one who can break free from magic?" Sans pauses to struggle from
Frisk's magic. "I taught you this, remember?"

Then, Sans broke free and used his magic on himself and pushed Frisk down to the sofa.

They ended up on the sofa, Sans laying on top of Frisk, their faces only a few millimeters away from each other.

"I missed this." Frisk murmured. "You know? A moment free from problems."

"So did I." Sans told her. "Except now, we'll have to level up the fun this time."

Frisk flushed as Sans flashed her a perverted grin.

They stared at each other like that for minutes, until their faces were so close to each other.

Just as when Sans was about to kiss her, suddenly...

"SANS! HUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!"

_Uh oh. Busted._

Chapter End Notes

That is why you should never do a Public Display of Affection.

"You ruined the moment, Pap!"
Chapter Notes

Hi! Sorry I was one day late in updating! I had to fight writer's block and I was working on my speedpaints. Also, this chapter is a bonus one because it has the continuation of the flashback from Chapter 11 (yay)

As long as you see this symbol, " * " at the Chapter name, then it means it is a bonus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 12 (Magic War 2)

Continuation...

*Frisk opened her eyes and felt her body ache all over.*

*She tried to look around her surroundings. Though she was weak, she knew she was laying down on a bed, the sheets were slightly bloodstained.*

*She was in a room—a dark one.*

*But the question is—whose room is it?*

*Her sight was to blurry to see where she was.*

*But then...*

"*If you're planning to suicide, just tell me.*" a voice said.

*Frisk felt something wet against her arm.*

*Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain hit her arm.*

"*Ow!*" she screamed.

"*Stay still.*" the voice commanded.

"*It hurts.*" Frisk whimpered.
"You should've thought of that before you jumped." the voice replied vehemently.

Frisk knew exactly who the voice was.

"Sans...why did you even bring me here?" she asked.

Complete silence.

She felt the wet substance rub against her skin repetitively.

"I can't see, but I can smell, feel, and hear." she muttered after a while.

She heard Sans let out a chuckle.

Frisk rolled her blurred eyes and said, "You know, if you didn't help me, I'd crawl back to the surface and suicide once again, or maybe even kill myself with—I dunno, rocks?"

"Kid, listen."

"I'm fine, okay?!" Frisk almost shouted.

Suddenly, behind her blurred vision, Frisk could see sparks of blue magic fill her sight.

She braced herself for impact, her body aching with every move she made.

But instead, she felt the blue sparks on her eyes.

After a while, the sparks disappeared and left behind Frisk's vision.

She blinked her eyes to see if what was happening was real.

Sans healed her!

"Uhh...thanks? I guess..." she murmured. "But you didn't have to—"

Sans rolled his non-existent eyes.

"Don't get too attached to it. You should be thankful I saved you because I still believe that you have, at least, the smallest of kindness in your heart." he says.

Frisk looked away, breaking their gaze from each other.

"Like I said, you won't see me ever again." she mumbled.

"Huh?"

"Nevermind." Frisk says quickly.

They stood there in silence for quite a while.

And yet, once again, Frisk felt a sharp pain on her arm.

"Owww!" she cried.

Sans pulled the wet sponge away quickly from her skin.

"It will only hurt a little...so tell me where it hurts." he says.
While Sans was cleaning her wounds, they couldn't help but glance at each other for every five minutes.

Love huh? It's complicated. I wish he could feel the same way...but it's impossible. Frisk thought.

flashback end...

Chapter 12 (Magic War 2)

Sans and Frisk pulled away from each other and blushed deeply of embarrassment.

"OH! YOU WERE AWAKE? I THOUGHT THE BOTH OF YOU WERE ASLEEP!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Yeah...we were." Sans lied. "We were really bone-tired."

"SANS!"

Frisk watched amusedly at the two skeleton brothers bickering.

Sans scooted over to her and whispered, "And that, is how you deal with an awkward moment."

"I'm quite impressed." Frisk replied with a giggle.

"WHAT ARE YOU TWO TALKING ABOUT?!!"

"Nothing!" the couple said simultaneously.

Papyrus was about to protest until suddenly, the front door slammed open.

"Papyrus! We brought the ingredients for your spaghetti! It took us all night to find the right ingredients, but---"  

"OH IT IS FINE GABRIEL!" Papyrus said as he took the box from Gabe.

The green haired human sorcerer grinned as he flipped a spatula and caught it perfectly.

"We should've just used our magic." Percy scolded Gabe.

"The noodles needed to be pristine!" Gabe argued.

"That is like the worst idea I've ever heard!"

"Don't make me use my magic attacks on you, Perseverance!"

"Well don't make me murder you right here and right now."

Frisk sighed.

She has to find a way to take their minds off stress.

"Since you're all up for a Magic War, why not start one right now?" Frisk suggests.
The two humans looked at her and nodded.

"BUT we can't have it now...we're incomplete!" Gabe said.

"HOW ABOUT LET US GET EVERYONE TO JOIN!" Papyrus suggests.

"I don't think that's a good idea..." Sans cuts in.

"Why no—"

He grabs Frisk by her hand and led her into the kitchen.

Frisk sighs. She knew he was upset at the idea.

"Are you kidding me?" Sans asks once they were out of sight.

"Why? Is there something wrong?" Frisk asks.

"If they hurt—"

"Sshh." Frisk says soothingly. "No one's hurting anyone.

Sans looked at her doubtfully. Frisk sighed and said, "I promise."

"Why do you even need the magic war?" Sans asks.

Frisk looked down and said, "I know some of the humans don't trust the other monsters yet, so I came up with the idea to let everyone have fun with each other, without hurting anyone, that is."

Though Sans didn't completely believe her, he just went on with Frisk's plan.

"Okay sweetheart, I trust you." he says.

Once they stepped out, they saw Undyne, Mettaton and Alphys standing in the living room.

"How did you guys get here so fast?" Frisk asked.

"P-Papyrus t-teleported us." Alphys replied.

"IT WAS QUITE NAUSEATING!" Papyrus interjects.

Frisk looked around. Some of the humans were still missing.

"Where are—"

"Lemme take care of that." Sans cuts her off as he disappears right in front of her.

Suddenly, like it was just a few seconds, the humans appeared one by one.

First, Jeff landed with a thud.

Next, Lily fell face-first onto the wooden floor.

Then, Josh came in, but tripped then landed beside Jeff.

And last, Luna appeared and managed to maintain her balance before falling down herself.
After that, Sans appeared beside Frisk with a satisfied grin.

Frisk looked at him, dumbfounded.

"Oohkay...now that we got everyone, I guess we can start..." she says.

Everyone went to an open area in Hotland, to be specific, in front of Alphys' Lab.

"So are we going to beat everyone up?" Undyne asks, clenching her scaly fist.

"No!" all of the humans shouted.

"Well..." Frisk stammers. "I, um, I mean, uhh, Chara knows what to do."

Percy inspects everyone, then she asks, "Where is Chara?"

"Okay, so that is a problem." Frisk muttered.

Chara Dreemurr paced back and forth.

"Nonononono...this isn't happening." she murmured.

She stared at the soul in her hands.

Her soul was still red, except that a faded black color was racing around it.

They...no...he was back.

"If you dare return..." Chara threatened to the soul. "...I'll make sure I'll kill you before it could even happen."

"Chara?" a voice asked from outside her room.

Chara quickly pushed her soul back into her chest and opened the door.

Asriel was standing outside with a concerned expression. "Are you alright? You were talking to yourself."

"I'm fine, Azzy." she replied.

"Oh, okay...I came here because Frisk sent you a message saying, you have to go where she is right now." Asriel explained.

"What?! Did something happen?" Chara asks, alarmed.

"Didn't say."

Chara quickly ran out of the house and summoned a void.

It would lead her to Frisk.

She jumped in and fell into the darkness.
Frisk let out a heavy sigh.

Sans approached her.

"Heya sweetheart, ya alright?" he asks.

She shrugged in reply.

"Chara hasn't replied yet, and I wanted the game to start now." she said.

Suddenly, a void appeared behind her.

She whipped around and saw Chara jump out of the void.

"There you are! Where have you—" Frisk was cut off when Chara hit her hard on the cheek.

"Oww!"

"You IDIOT! I went here as fast as I could, to find you unhurt!" Chara spat.

"I didn't say I was hurt." Frisk says obviously. "Well, now, I am."

Sans glared at Chara for slapping his girlfriend.

Before Sans could yell at Chara, Frisk held his hand and squeezed it tightly.

"I'm fine." she mouthed.

"Ahem!"

The humans cleared their throats, making Frisk flush in embarrassment.

"Oh, right." she says, then turns to Chara. "We planned on letting everyone experience the game of Magic War."

Chara's mouth twitched into a smile.

"This is going to be fun." she snickers.

Chara called over the other monsters who were willing to join.

Everyone gathered in a circle.

"Okay guys," Chara says. "there are rules in this game: no killing or hurting. You can summon obstacles of your own, but it should be nothing deadly. We're just going to use our magic to make it through those."

Chara pointed to the floating obstacles she and the others set up.

There were spikes, random debris (stones, cogs, pipes, etc.), and more.

And it was all leading to...
"Our finish line is at Right Floor 3." Chara says. "You will be partnered with a monster. You two have to work together to work your way to the top. No elevators should be used. You can only fly, that means no teleporting. And always follow the SPARKLING PATH."

Everyone looked up at the air and saw sparkling glitter shimmering in the air.

Sans was partnered with Frisk (of course).

Papyrus was partnered with Lily.

Undyne was partnered with Josh.

Mettaton was partnered with Luna.

Asriel was partnered with Chara.

Muffet was partnered with Gabe.

And Alphys was partnered with Percy.

Jeff, who had no partner, said that he'd volunteer to be the referee.

"If any of you dare to cheat..." he pauses to shoot a bullet into the lava. "...that will happen."

"No killing!" Lily scolded.

"Fine." Jeff says, rolling his eyes. "On your marks..."

"Get set,"

"GO!"

And everyone sped up.

---------------------------------

Sans held Frisk's hand as they combined their magic to let the both of them fly.

Sparks of glitter slammed into their faces, but they didn't mind a single bit.

Frisk was DETERMINED to win.

"Look out!" she shouted as she shoved Sans out of the way.

Pebbles hit the base of her shoulders.

Still holding her hand, Sans infused some of his magic into her arm.

Slowly, the magic began to heal the bruise.

"Thanks." Frisk says.

They dodged tons of debris and spikes everywhere.

Frisk noticed that some of the others were beating them.

Papyrus, of course, is trailing behind.
Sans and Frisk were now in Right Floor 1.
And so were Chara and Asriel.

Chara had a bad feeling something wrong is gonna happen...
No...she knew it will probably happen...
If Frisk got majorly injured, he can come back.

Frisk held tightly onto Sans' hand.
She felt herself getting weaker.
Sans must have felt this, because he asks, "Frisk, you're not feeling well...should I tell Chara to drop you out?"
"No!" Frisk almost shouted. "I mean, I'm feeling fine...let's keep going."
After a few minutes, everyone was on Left Floor 2.
Alphys had reactivated the lasers for the game.
Frisk noticed the kitchen where Mettaton holds his cooking show.
She remembered how when she was a child, wearing a jetpack, dodging eggs, flour, and more, just to get the food additive, which Mettaton only revealed in the end, that he had already baked the cake before the show.
Frisk felt a heavy shove snap her back to reality.
"Frisk! You could've been killed!" Sans says worriedly as he pointed to a series of bones in their way.
"NYEHEHE! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL WIN THIS RACE!" Pap exclaimed.
He and Lily were speeding ahead.
Lily was on a group of bones that Papyrus summoned as their 'vehicle.'
"Chara never stated this in the rules, so I assume it's fine." Lily says, as if she can read Frisk's mind.
Frisk just rolled her eyes as she let go of Sans' hand.
Sans was about to ask why, until Frisk suddenly used her magic on herself.
She was flying so fast!
"Wow." Sans mutters under his breath.
"Hey comedian!" Chara yells from behind. "You're gonna have to *ketchup* to Frisk or you'll be disqualified!"
Sans rolled his non-existent eyes and sped up to Frisk.

But she was so fast!

Frisk was enjoying this moment.

Dodging spikes, here and there.

She can manage to see through the steam that was coming from the pipes.

Suddenly, she could see a dark figure with red eyes waiting for her.

It was surrounded with dark smoke.

It looks like...a human?

But Frisk was so focused on the figure, she didn't notice a group of spikes was coming her way!

Then...

"Aaahhhh!" she screamed.

The spikes dug deep in her skin.

Blood trickled from the wounds and from her mouth.

Her magic dissipated, as she fell down, barely conscious.

Before she could hit the lava, Sans appeared all of a sudden and caught her just in time.

He teleported back to a safe, open area, and laid Frisk down.

"Sweetheart, please! Don't do this to me!" Sans cried out.

Frisk's eyes were slightly open.

"S-Sans..." she choked.

"Save your strength...it'll be alright, I promise!" he says shakily.

"I-It...h-hurts!" Frisk cried.

True.

Spikes were sticking out from her arms, chest, stomach, and legs.

Sans glanced up and saw everyone else going down to them.

"What happened?!" Undyne shouted.

"THE HUMAN IS BLEEDING!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Oh dear! Frisk is in danger!" Mettaton gasps.
"W-Wait! I-I w-will t-try t-to f-fix t-this!" Alphys stammers.

Chara said nothing.

She was shocked.

And she knew who did this.

"Chara, you coming?" Sans asks her.

"You guys go ahead and take care of her," she replies. "I'll tell Mom and Dad."

Then, Sans teleported all of the rest to the Lab.

Chara stared at the bloodstained floor.

*How could he?!* she thought angrily.

"Get over here right now and show yourself!' she shouted.

Suddenly, the same dark figure appeared in front of her.

"It's been a while, partner." the figure spoke. It was a male.

"You almost killed my sister!" Chara yelled at him.

The figure sighed and said, "I didn't kill her, you dummy. I need her. It's an order."

"You—"

Chara was cut off when the figure teleported behind her.

"She's single, noh?" he asks.

"She has a boyfriend, dumbass." Chara says vehemently.

The figure stopped walking. "Ah, yes. The skeleton wearing a blue hoodie? Not surprising."

"Jealous?" Chara asks cockily.

The figure scoffs and says, "Like I mentioned, I need her. G's orders."

Chara stared at the figure wether he was lying or not.

"Her soul?" she asks.

The figure chuckled then nodded.

"You know me well, dear friend." he says.

"I'm not your friend!" Chara says. "I'm your soul mate the same way I am with Frisk!"

The figure chuckles then says, "Ah, so you do remember that you two are not the only ones with the soul of DETERMINATION."
"Yes, I know. But you are not made of pure DETERMINATION." Chara spat. "G created you, but you also have DARKNESS in your soul."

The figure rolls his eyes and says, "Chara, Chara, Chara. There are two kinds of soul mates. The first is like our relationships with Frisk—humans/monsters that have the same soul. We're like siblings that aren't blood related. Second, the romantic soulmate. When—"

"When two souls are compatible with each other!" Chara interjects. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know! I hate it when people talk about that mushy stuff."

The figure smirks and says, "I want both with Frisk."

Chara gaped at him.

"Are you serious?! You two aren't even sure if you're compatible yet!" she shouted.

The figure gives a wicked grin and said, "I, the Amazing Drake, will always find a way."

"Of course you will." Chara sighs.

Drake gives a satisfied smile and said, "Now lead me to the girl."

Chapter End Notes

Meet Drake, the human of Darkness and DETERMINATION. And no it is not Frisk's or Chara's sibling. Many people have been demanding me on more boy characters. So here you go. Also, time to apply that "Jealous Sans" tag ;)

Chapter Summary

Frisk earns her powers.

Chapter Notes

Okay, if everyone is wondering why I don't delete the Expected Update : X/X/X is because I want to keep track when I usually publish each chapter. Plus, I'm lazy xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 13 (The Secret of My Life)

"Aaaaggghhhh!" Frisk screamed.

She was inside the True Lab, laying on top of the beds.

Alphys placed her medical tools on an end table nearby.

"S-Sorry!" Alphys says, trying to pull out the spikes that stuck to Frisk's skin.

Sans rushed towards Frisk.

"Hey, it's going to be fine...you can handle it, right?" he says.

Frisk shook her head slowly.

"Come on, I know you're more DETERMINED than that." Sans continues to say.

"T-That's r-right, F-Frisk!" Alphys joins in.

Suddenly, an alarm beeped from outside the room.

"S-Sorry! I-I'll b-be r-right b-back!" Alphys says then scurries towards the door.

Now it was just Frisk and Sans.

Frisk squeezed his hand and murmured, "I'm weak..."

Sans pondered for a moment.

There must be some way to get the spikes out without hurting Frisk.
Then...

"Maybe I have an idea." he says as his magic activates.

The spikes were surrounded by the same blue glow, and slowly, he carefully tried to pull them out.

Frisk let out a faint whimper once the spikes moved, but forced herself not to complain.

Sans noticed the sad expression in her eyes.

"Frisk...what happened?" he asks her.

She looked at him, tears were threatening to fall from her eyes.

"T-This is all my fault," she sniffled. "n-none of this could've h-happened if it weren't for m-me."

Sans wanted to hug her tightly, but he knew he might hurt Frisk because of the spikes.

"Sshh...it's okay...no one wanted it to happen, 'kay baby?" he says soothingly.

Frisk just let out one last sniffle as she said, "I'm ready."

Sans grinned at her and said, "Atta girl."

Sans gently lifted the spikes above Frisk, until they were completely detached from her.

"Ow!" Frisk yelped, but not as painful as before.

She watched as the blood-stained spikes drop to the floor.

Sans picked up one of the spikes and observed it carefully. "You know, you're lucky the spikes didn't have poison, or else you'd be a goner by now."

"Of course I would." Frisk said. "But it still hurt a lot, though."

Sans laughs and says, "I've never seen you as a cry baby before---I actually thought that Asriel was the only one!"

Frisk rolled her eyes, then said, "Ha. Ha. Ha. Very funny, Sans. I'm assuming you haven't cried when you were a baby."

"Nah, I've cried a lot when I was a babybones, at least, that's what my Dad told me." Sans replied.

Frisk's eyed him carefully. "You never told me you had a Dad before."

Sans chuckles nervously and says, "Well...that's a topic I don't wanna share."

"Why not?" Frisk asks, frowning.

"Frisk..." Sans began. "Remember I told you there are LOTS of things you don't know about me?"

Frisk nodded.

"Well, that's one of 'em." Sans explains.

"Wait...so you're saying, you have MORE secrets?" Frisk asked.
Sans nodded and said, "But they're not as many as the secrets you're probably hiding from me."

Frisk looked at him, confused. "How would you know how many secrets I have?"

Sans rubbed the back of his skull and said, "I know you have one secret you haven't told me yet, but I'm assuming you have more than one."

"Sans, what secret are you saying that I haven't told you yet?" Frisk asked.

"The Secret of Your Life." Sans replied. "Tibia honest, I have lots of things I wanted to ask you about...like what was your life before, how is it on the surface...why did you climb Mt. Ebott..."

Frisk looked at him, stunned.

"I can tell you...if you want. I mean, what's the point of having relationship if we don't know simple facts about each other, right?" she says.

The light in Sans' eyesockets lit up, until Frisk said, "On one condition—you tell me yours too."

"Deal?"

"Deal."

"Okay..." Frisk says. "It all started when..."

"Frisk!" a young voice called. Nine year old Frisk turned around to see her twelve year old sister, Christine, calling her.

"Is there something wrong, Tin?" Frisk asked.

"You have to be careful! Those rocks are really dangerous!" Tin scolded.

Frisk rolled her eyes and continued climbing. "We're escaping together, right? I'm not going back to Madame Birdpoop's 'daycare'!" Frisk added emphasis to the word.

"But I didn't expect that we'd have to CLIMB Mt. Ebott. We can just search for a new home, or a better daycare or—"

"Tin! You're so slow!" Frisk said, stabbing a rock with a stick.

"How far are we?" Tin asked.

"Almost...(huff)...there." Frisk panted.

The two siblings finally reached the top of Mt. Ebott.

"Wow! Look at the view over here!" Tin gasps.

"I know." Frisk says, then turns to a hole with vines and twigs. "Ooh! Look what I've found!"

Tin turned around and gasped in horror. "Frisk! Be careful!"

"Don't worry about me." Frisk says, kicking a rock. "Nothing. See?"

Suddenly, when Frisk took a step forward, she tripped on a twig and fell into the hole. She grabbed the edge of the hole before she could fall.
"FRISK! Are you alright?!" Tin asked, rushing towards her sister.

"Don't go near! You'll fall!" Frisk shouted quickly. "Help me in another way!"

"Hang on!" Tin says.

But Frisk's fingers slipped off the cliff and fell.

"FRISK! STAY DETERMINED!"

"And that was the only voice that helped me get going," Frisk finished.

Sans looked at her with fake pain. "Ouch Frisk! You hurt my feelings!" he teased.

Frisk rolled her eyes and said, "That was, until I met you—all of you."

"Wow, that is a really nice story, but I think I should go now." Sans says.

He was about to stand up, but Frisk beat him to it.

"Nuh-uhh, you're forgetting to tell me about your story, so spill." Frisk says.

Sans raised his arms in surrender, sitting back on the bed. "Alright, you got me!"

Frisk snuggled up in her position, silently telling Sans to tell his life story.

"Alright...it all happened many years ago..."

Ten year old Sans looked around him.

He was in the True Lab.

"Now, now, Sans, you have to stay still. The DETERMINATION shot has to be injected into you." A man's voice said.

The man's name was W.D. Gaster, Sans and Papyrus' father.

"How long is it gonna take?" Sans asks Gaster.

"It will only feel like an ant bite. Come along, now." Gaster says, leading him to a metal incliner.

"You're always so focused on work." Sans muttered.

Ignoring the tone of his son, Gaster said, "Think of how the king will be so proud of me—I can extract the DETERMINATION from a human and use their soul to break the barrier! Of course, I have to try it on you first..."

"Nope. Not happening." Sans says, trying to walk away, but Gaster stopped him.

"You are going to do it, wether you like it or not." he hisses.

Sans cringed as the very sharp needle pierced through his bones.

"Oww!" he cried out.

It was really painful.
"And it's done." Gaster says as he pulled out the syringe.

Sans was shaking uncontrollably. Suddenly, blue and yellow flames were bursting from his left eye.

"It works! It works! The king will be satisfied!" Gaster cheers.

But then...

"Dad! Help!" Sans shouted.

A void appeared out of nowhere, because of too much DETERMINATION in a certain area.

"What?! Why is this happening?!!" Gaster asks, alarmed. He hit multiple buttons on a panel, but nothing happened.

"Sans! Can you control yourself?" Gaster asks his son.

But when he turned around, he was already unconscious.

"My son, I apologize...take care of your brother while I'm gone..." Gaster says, as the void absorbed him...then disappeared.

"And he was gone, just like that, because of a stupid project." Sans ended.

Frisk looked at him with concerned eyes. "Sans...I..."

Before Frisk could finish, Sans cuts her off, "No, it's fine. What's important right now is that you need to heal. Your HP is pretty low."

Frisk summoned her soul and noticed...Sans was right.

**HP: 04/56**

"Sans..how did this happen? My HP has turned from 20 to 56...but I didn't kill anyone..." Frisk says.

"I know." Sans says. "I could see you haven't gained any EXP...but you're on LV 10."

"How did that—"

"Frisk," Sans began. "my HP isn't just 01 anymore, either."

Sans summoned his soul out of his sternum.

**HP: 10/10**

Wow...but how did that happen? We didn't gain any EXP." Frisk says.

Sans just shrugs in reply.

Suddenly, their souls started moving towards each other. A pink string was formed from Frisk's soul, leading towards Sans. And what's more is that, their souls were glowing twice as bright than before.

Frisk's eyes widened, and then, Sans pushed his soul back into his chest.

Frisk's soul dimmed, but the pink string was still leading to Sans' chest, where his soul was.

"What was that?" Frisk asks, pushing her soul back into her chest.
"Now I know why..." Sans says. "It's because of...

"Because of what?" Frisk asks.

"Because of the feelings we have for each other...it's LOVE remember?" Sans says sheepishly.

Frisk felt her face blush a bright shade of pink. "Sans..."

Sans just chuckles as he gave Frisk a quick kiss, then stood up from the bed.

"Get well soon, sweetheart." he says. "I'll get some monster food to heal ya."

"Okay." Frisk replied.

But as Sans opened the door, he was greeted by...

" 'sup? I'm here to see Frisk."

Drake glared at the skeleton.

This is the dummy that Frisk likes so much?!

"Who are you?" Sans growls.

Drake smirked and said, "I'm a friend of hers."

Sans eyed Drake suspiciously. "I don't think you belong here...I've never seen you here in the Underground before."

"Is that so?" Drake asks, summoning magical sparks of black and red.

Sans gaped at the human. "How did you—"

"It doesn't matter, comedian." Drake says as he made his way through.

"Chara." he heard Sans mutter as he exited the room.

Drake walked towards Frisk, who was surprised to see him.

"Drake?" Frisk calls out.

Drake's eyes slightly widened as he asks, "You know my name?"

"I sorta just felt it..." Frisk explains. "Though, I haven't met you before..."

"It's fine." Drake says. "I know your name too, Frisk."

"How?"

Drake activates his magic, showing it to Frisk.

Frisk gasped once she saw it.

"Your soul...it's made up of DETERMINATION." she said.
"Yep, that's why I'm here." Drake says. "I can help break the barrier."

Suddenly, Chara bursted in the room.

"YOU LOCKED ME IN THE LAB YOU IDIOT!" Chara growls.

Drake flashes a peace sign and says, "Ain't my problem, Chara."

"You two know each other?" Frisk asks. "And why would Drake lock you up in the Lab?"

"THAT LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT TRIED TO—"

"Chara, calm down." Drake says coolly, as if nothing happened.

Chara felt like she was on fire. "YOU ARE NOT TELLING ME WHAT TO DO, YOU LITTLE—"

"Stop fighting!" Frisk yelled, standing up.

The two humans finally looked at her, sending silent apology waves to her.

Drake groaned inwardly.

His plan wasn't working out well.

Chara must have noticed this, because she looked at him smugly with an expression saying, "In-your-face-you-double-crossing-playboy!"

Suddenly, Drake had an idea.

He approached Frisk, who was playing with the strands of her hair.

"I know exactly who you are, Tristine." Drake says.

Yup.

He was using Frisk's past against herself.

Frisk looked at him with shock, like she was just hit by serious trauma.

"Tristine. It's your real name." Drake repeated.

"Stop! Don't call me that! Don't you fucking call me that!" Frisk shouted, covering her ears.

"What's wrong, Frisk? Or shall I say, Trist?" Drake says with a smirk.

"Stop!" Frisk cried.

Chara glared at Drake, who just stuck his tongue out at her.

*Tristine. Tristine. Tristine.*

Frisk felt her soul pound faster.

She was kneeling on the floor, cold blood flowing through her veins.
Her face turned pale, her fingertips froze.

Hearing that name was torture.

"Frisk, ignore him. Don't let it get to you." Chara says.

"Imagine all the pain of your past, Tristine. That's what made you who you are now—a murderer." Drake spat.

"Don't listen to him—I'm the murderer, remember?" Chara interjects.

"The feeling of monster dust on your hands..." Drake says.

"The feeling of saving them all in the end! You saved them, Frisk!" Chara protests.

"The way you slashed your knife through every single monster."

"You saved them. You spared them."

"Stop! Please!" Frisk sobbed.

"Frisk, don't listen to him. I know you, you won't do that anymore." Chara comforted her.

*Wow, since when did Chara become a good sister?* Frisk thought.

"The way you KILLED your friends." Drake said. "The way you killed SANS."

"No!!!!" Frisk screamed as she let out shortened breaths.

She wanted to faint, but her body refused.

She only felt limp.

Then, she fell to the ground, half-conscious.

Suddenly, the door burst open.

Sans was standing in the doorframe, holding a basket of Cinnamon Bunnies.

He almost dropped them when he saw Frisk.

"Frisk! Are you alright? Please, tell me, what's wrong?" he asks, rushing to her side.

Frisk's soul leapt for joy when she saw Sans.

But Frisk tried to say, 'Stay away! I might hurt you!'

But she only let out raspy and mute sounds.

Instead, Frisk signed her message to Sans.

"Why would you—" Sans' voice trails off, when Frisk signed, 'Sans...I'm a murderer. I should be burning in hell, like you said before..."

"Oh no." Chara muttered.

She turned to Drake and shouted, "Look what you've done, Drake! This is all your fault!"
"Drake?" Sans asks.
"Yeah, got a problem, bonehead?" Drake spat.

-------

Sans knew who this guy was.

No wonder his magic ran cold when he saw him.

It was his creation.

That meant he was alive.

G was alive.

Sans turned his attention back to Frisk, who was laying down, eyes unfocused.

"You've lost your voice, huh?" he asked.

Frisk nodded, squeezing Sans' hand tightly.

"I have to get her some water." Chara said. "Drake, you are going with me."

The obnoxious human rolled his eyes and followed after Chara.

Sans wanted to find a way to help Frisk.

He wanted her back.

Frisk just stared at him blankly, her expression remaining depressed.

Without another word, Sans grabbed her hands and planted a kiss on her fingertips.

Heat washed over the edges of Frisk's hands.

"Always remember, I'm always here for you. Forget about our mistakes in the past, because they won't bring us any good in the present if we don't find anything good in them." Sans whispered.

Frisk felt a small part of her cheeks redden.

It was working!

Sans decided to keep it up.

He kissed the base of her hand and said, "You're my best friend AND girlfriend...I'm sorry if there are times when I fail you...I'm not a perfect skele, I'm just a pile of lazybones. But I'll give my best to you...just for you."

Frisk's eyes started to well up with tears.

Sans kissed her on the lips this time, creating a bright flash of pink light surrounding them.

Frisk involuntarily wrapped her arms around Sans, silently begging him not to let go.
Once they pulled away, Sans said, "Don't think of yourself as a murderer...that isn't you. Frisk, you're not the worst person in the world...I'm sorry if I said those things before...I was...well...a total bonehead. But please, don't let that affect you. We're here now...and I'm basically the Sans who'll promise to love you, no matter what happens."

When he said those words, the pink light flashed brighter.

Frisk cried as she said, "S-Sans, I'm sorry!"

"Sshh...it's fine. You've done nothing wrong. I love you, sweetheart." Sans whispered.

They've never felt so peaceful in their entire life.

"I love you too, Sans." Frisk says. "I really am lucky to have you in my life...thank you."

Purple light mixed with the bright pink light glowing around them.

Then...

Frisk started to float in the air, the purple and pink glow surrounding her.

A blinding light filled the room, blinding Sans, even though he had no eyes.

Once the light dissipated, the girl fell to the ground, but Sans caught her in time.

Frisk still had her brown hair, but what changed was...

Her sweater was replaced with a light pink blouse.

Her shorts was now a pair of lavender ones.

And...

"Frisk...your eyes, they're—"

Frisk looked into a nearby mirror and gasped.

"They're grayish-blue!" she exclaimed.

"And—"

What really caught Frisk's attention was a pair of faint lavender wings behind her.

"Wow." Frisk murmured. "How did this happen?"

The lights in Sans' eye sockets brightened up.

"Frisk...if I remembered correctly, the power of LOVE has two types: good or bad." Sans explained. "The Bad LOVE is when you kill and gain endless power of evil, and the Good LOVE is, well, that. A transformation happens...you became the Mage of Love, Frisk. You're one of the eight humans that have the powers to break/create the barriers."

Frisk was speechless.

Sans walked to her and used his magic to let her wings fade away.

"What did you do?!" Frisk exclaimed.
"I only hid them. Don't worry, you can bring them back with magic. Just tell me." Sans says, winking at her. "And by the way, check your magic out right now."

Frisk did as told as she summoned a spark of her own.

It's usual red color was now a light pink.

Sans looked at Frisk adoringly.

He felt like he wanted her again.

Well, he always did.

Someday... he thought. We'll do it...

Suddenly, Frisk planted a kiss on Sans' cheekbones.

"Thank you, Sans." she says. "This wouldn't have happened, if it weren't for you."

Sans' faced blushed in a deep, blue, hue. "Damn it sweetheart, ya got me there."

Frisk just giggled.

Suddenly, Asriel burst through the door.

"Frisk! Dad requires your presence right now!" he said.

"What? Why? Did something happen?! Asriel, tell me!" Frisk panicked.

"We have to go. Now!"

Chapter End Notes

Dun...dun...DUUUUNNNN!!!

Anyways, is anyone up for another smut chapter in Chapter 17?
I already have the next chapter in my hands.
Sans teleported the three of them to New Home.

Asgore was standing there with Undyne, Toriel, Alphys, and the humans, waiting for Frisk expectantly.

Toriel rushed towards Frisk and embraced her.

"My child, I thought you were lost!" she says, then turns to Sans. "Sans, thank you for taking care of Frisk."

"Oh, uhh, 'twas nothin." he says, silently cheering from the praise he received from Frisk's Mom.

Toriel smiled and pulled away from Frisk.

"Your Majesty, I mean, Dad, why did you call me?" Frisk asks.

Asgore smiles and says, "While you were gone, some humans have agreed to help monsters live on the surface. There shall be no more war."

Frisk's eyes lightened up as she heard the news.

Asgore looked at Frisk, like he was observing her. "Frisk, is there something wrong with your
"eyes?"

"Oh, umm...no." Frisk replied, looking at Sans, silently begging him to explain.

Sans stepped forward and said, "Your Majesties, I know this may sound weird, but Frisk has gained the eighth power of the human mages."

Everyone else gasped.

"That's impossible!" Percy said.

Luna shook her head. "How did—"

"It's incomplete!" Alphys shouted, then blushed after.

"Alphys, what do you mean? They're supposed to be only seven." Asgore asks.

"They're eight!" Undyne pointed out.

"T-That's the p-point!" Alphys squeaked. "A-T-T-WELVE of t-them!"

Sans growls at Alphys, making her shake more.

"I m-mean t-the f-former r-royal s-scientist!" she stammered. "H-He s-said t-that t-there a-are s-supposed t-to b-be T-TWELVE o-of t-them!"

"Twelve? What other souls are there?" Frisk asks.

"They're gone." a male voice boomed behind them.

They turned to see Drake standing there with a dark expression.

"And who are you?" Asgore asks.

"I'm Drake. The ninth human." he replied. "The three other humans you ask of, are dead."

"H-How w-would y-you k-know t-that?" Alphys asks.

"They're my siblings: Hannah, the Mage of Hope. Joy, the Mage of Optimism. And Andrew, the Mage of Defense." Drake answers.

"Oh."

Everyone looked at each other in silence.

Asgore broke the silence by coughing and said, "Oh yes. I have called all pf you here to announce that, we will be going to the surface."

The monsters gasped and cheered.

"BUT. You are not allowed to tell the others just yet.

"Why not?" Undyne complains. "Asgore, news like this should be broadcasted!"

"It's dangerous, Undyne." Asgore replies. "I'm surprised. Your position as Captain of The Royal Guard, I believe you should've known your responsibilities as a guardian."
Though Asgore was intimidating at this point, Frisk still thinks he's the best father ever.

Sans leans over to her and whispers, "We've already been to the surface."

Frisk giggles and asks, "I know, but have you been in the village before?"

Sans shook his head.

Frisk said, "I can barely remember it. I know I just came from the surface, but I've never actually been to the village either...maybe Asriel remembers."

Sans chuckles and says, "He's been dead way too long."

"I can hear that." Asriel says, pretending to be offended.

The three of them shared a laugh as Asgore continues, "Four days from today shall officially be the day when we send out the monsters to the surface---that is, if the humans aren't afraid."

"We have agreed with the humans to live in a small community, far away from the city, so there would be no interruptions or conflicts that might occur in between humans and monsters." Toriel explained.

Frisk looked at her, confused. "Aren't humans able to interact with monsters?"

Toriel replied, "They will be able to go to the monster community, if they wanted to."

Frisk gave her a fake smile.

She didn't really want to see the normal humans on the surface.

She felt...different. She didn't want to leave.

She had only been on the surface of Mt. Ebott so she can finish her online courses.

It felt like she never even left the Underground.

And here she is now, about to be faced with the humans, the people who broke her past.

Frisk felt an overwhelming wave of dizziness wash over her.

Pain stabbed the core of her brain.

"I-I would like t-to be excused." Frisk says, without waiting for a reply, she ran out of New Home, into the Core, away from the Hotland, and finally into the Waterfall.

---

"Sans, after you find Frisk, bring her back here. We have to talk with the both of you." Asgore says sternly.

"Yes, your Majesty." Sans replied as he teleported.

He quickly chased after Frisk.

He knew something was up.
Physically, anyone would really fall for Frisk's acting.

But Sans wasn't any of those folks.

He knew Frisk too well.

He tried catching up to her, but to no avail, she sped up each step she took.

She was like a female ninja, something like the one in Alphys' anime.

Frisk stopped running once she reached the darkening lantern room in the Waterfall.

"Frisk, why'd ya leave? Aren't ya excited to go back to the surface?" Sans asked her.

"The surface is hell to me, Sans." she replied. "If there was one thing I remember, despite my amnesia, it would be how I fell...I don't remember anything else."

Sans took Frisk's hand and lit the path with his magic.

"Why didn't you do this before? You know, when we were searching for Luna's ballet shoes." Frisk asked.

Sans smirked and said, "I'd figured to use the darkness as my advantage."

"Advantage?" Frisk scoffs. "In what way?"

There was a heavy silence until Sans deactivated his magic.

They were very far from the next lantern.

"What the h—"

Frisk was cut off when she felt a pair of boney lips touch hers.

Frisk heard Sans chuckle mischievously.

Once they pulled away, Frisk said, "That's not gonna make me feel better."

Sans just chuckled darkly as Frisk felt his hands moving up and down across her thighs, moving deeper to her intimate spot.

Suddenly, she heard a shuffle in the background and felt a chill run down her spine.

_Run_. she forced herself.

"Frisk, ya alright?" Sans voice asks soothingly.

"N-No." Frisk managed to say as she grabbed Sans' hand, (or at least, what felt like his hand), and dashed off.

There were several times when she'd bumped into the walls of the dark maze, but she didn't care.

What's important is that she must run.

"Frisk what's wrong?" Sans asks, but Frisk ignored him.

"f R i s K."
Frisk kept running.

*And running...*

...

*And running.*

...

*And running.*

...

Until the last thing she knew...

...

She collapsed into the hands of the skele she loved the most.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sans almost had a heart attack (uhh...soul attack?) when Frisk laid unconsciously in his arms.

He had no idea why she ran all of a sudden.

Sans quickly teleported himself and Frisk into his house in Snowdin.

*Swish!*

Sans took the unconscious Frisk to his room and laid her on his bed.

He wanted to take advantage of her right now, but he knew it would be like fucking a corpse.

He went downstairs to get a glass of water for Frisk, in case she wakes up.

He was about to get something for Frisk to eat, until he remembered the Cinnamon Bunnies he bought for her earlier.

Unfortunately, he had left them at the castle when Asriel burst in.

Sans groaned.

He couldn't just leave Frisk here.

He had an idea of teleporting real quick to the castle and back to Snowdin.

And he did.

After a few seconds, Sans returned to his room, holding the basket of Cinnamon Bunnies in his hands.

Sans looked at Frisk, who was still unconscious.
He felt tired all of a sudden.

Slowly, he drifted to sleep beside Frisk.

"Wake up, lazybones!"

Sans opened an eyesocket to see Frisk smiling at him.

He opened both eyesockets and pulled Frisk into a hug, making her squeal from the sudden move.

"I'm glad you're alright, sweetheart." he says, nuzzling her. "You actually scared the spirits outta me."

Frisk burst out laughing. "Oh my—pfftt! Sans! That was horrible!"

Sans grinned at her. "Aww...Frisk. You hurt my feelings! Anyways, it's really great to hear that laugh of yours again."

Frisk looked more lively now than earlier. Which reminded Sans...

"Why'd ya run all of a sudden?" he asks her.

The smile on Frisk's face twisted into a slight frown.

"I-I was expecting you'd ask that..." she says, forcing a smile.

But Sans said, "Don't smile if you don't want to...you can tell me anything, ya know."

Frisk took a deep breath and said, "It all started when I first RESET..."

"I was just walking in the Waterfall...and suddenly, I saw a gray door. I didn't see it there before, so I opened it and got inside." Sans eye sockets dimmed one Frisk said that.

"Suddenly, I was in a very dark place—a void perhaps? It was something like what happens when I get into a FIGHT. I was greeted by a skeleton looking monster...kinda like you and Papyrus, but he was taller. He had two eye sockets, but there cracks were on both. And he was all black and white."

"He did several attacks on me." Frisk continued. "But I didn't fight back. He was way stronger. So, as usual, I pressed ACT and when he eventually stopped after seeing me, I finally got words—or somehow, images, that appeared right from his hands."

Sans was shocked.

"Frisk, what did he say?" he asked.

"Nothing for that part. Just figures I can't even understand...it looks like a sign language that I can't interpret." Frisk replied. "But he did say, 'Human, I would ask you a favor. Meet me here every day, for I will teach you about the great power you hold in your hands. Do not mention this to anyone, or else...' and then he vanished." Frisk added.

Sans held Frisk's hand tightly. "Did you do what he said?"

"Yeah, why?" Frisk asks.

Before Sans could reply, Frisk cut him off quickly, "Do you know him? Because every time I mention you and Papyrus, his expression becomes...happy?"
Sans was dumbfounded.


Frisk's eyes widened as Sans chuckles nervously.

"Y-You never told me you and Pap had a family before." she told him.

"We all do." Sans explains. "I'm surprised my father is still alive."

"What do you mean?"

"He died when I was just a teenager, in human age." Sans replied. "He fell into a void while he was experimenting on me...he saved me Frisk...but he was so selfish."

"I can't help but feel lonely, because he always spends time with his experiments, trying his best to impress Asgore, that he rarely spends time with me and Pap."

"I agreed to be in his experiment that day," Sans continued. "but he wanted to harm me. I felt like he didn't care for me at all! He tried to use that stupid DETERMINATION Shot on me..."

Frisk brushed off the tears falling from Sans' eye sockets.

"And then he'd leave us just like that! He wanted power. He was so selfish!" Sans spat.

Frisk felt a heavy weight bring down her soul.

She felt sorry for Sans.

"Sans..."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told ya." Sans says, forcing a smile.

But his eye sockets were still pitch black.

"Sans, you're the one who told me not to force a smile, right?" Frisk told him. "To cheer you up, guess what? I've stopped going there years ago..."

"But he's still haunting me mentally. I have a...disorder. Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder." Frisk added.

"Is it harmful?" Sans asked.

"Nah, not really." Frisk says, shrugging it off. "It's only harmful when I faint or have a heart attack because of fear. It's based on past experiences causing the trauma."

They sat there in silence for a few moments until Sans broke the ice.

"What kind of experiences did you have in the past? Aside from the one with Gaster." Sans asked.

"I dunno." Frisk says casually. "I lost my memories when I fell. I only remember the part when I fell down—where my sister was calling out to me."

"But something about my past tells me I've had a rough one. The name Drake used on me was my real name, though I don't know how I remembered it." Frisk added.
"We've had bad times, huh?" Sans said.

"Not all are bad." Frisk giggled. "Meeting you and the other monsters wasn't a bad time."

"Well killing you was a bad time." Sans admits sheepishly.

"Four hundred and ninety-seven times." Frisk corrected him.

"But now, there's one good memory I'll never forget." Sans said.

"Hmm... what is it? I have one too... it's..."

"Falling in love with you." they said simultaneously.

Frisk felt her face redden while Sans blushed a tint of blue.

"I ain't regretting it." Sans told her.

"Me too." Frisk spoke quickly.

"That's life, huh?"


Sans stood up from the bed and said, "Welp, we better get to the castle or we'll be dead."

He wrapped his arms around Frisk's waist as they teleported to New Home.

*Swish!*

Sans and Frisk landed on the gray cemented ground as Toriel rushed to them.

"Oh my goodness! You two could have gotten seriously hurt!" she scolded.

"We're fine, Mom." Frisk assured her.

"Alright then, but please take care of yourselves, you two." Toriel says then walks back into the castle.

Sans laughed all of a sudden and said, "Tori is so overprotective. You're already seventeen but she treats you like you're still nine!"

Frisk couldn't help but laugh with him.

"You know, you're right. But maybe that's just her way of showing affection." she says.

"Yeah, I'm sure when you have a child, you'll act the same way." Sans chuckles.

It took a while for that sentence to collect in Frisk's mind.

"What do you mean?" Frisk asks, flustered.

"C'mon, don't tell me you're not ever gonna plan to have your own family someday." Sans told her.
"Well...I-I...uhh...well, I didn't say...but..um.." Frisk stammered, face flushing in embarrassment.

Sans laughed amusedly at Frisk's expression. "Hey, I was just kidding."

"..."

"But seriously though," Sans asks. "I know this is sorta personal, but...don't you see me in your future at all?"

Frisk remained silent for a moment before speaking, "To be honest, I never thought I'd be in a relationship with someone who's not a human...and right now, I haven't really thought of the future yet."

"Oh." Sans says, his face falling.

Frisk looked at Sans and smiled. "But hey, right now, I'm more than happy to be with you. And I would love to be with you until the end of time."

Sans' face turned from white to blue.

"Y-Yeah, well...c'mon, Asgore's p-probably waiting for u-us." Sans stammered, holding Frisk's hand on their way into the Judgement Hall.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Walking in the golden hall made Frisk feel uneasy.

But she knew that nothing bad will happen, now that she and Sans are together.

The silence of the corridor fell heavy.

It was so silent...it was like the time Frisk's knife slashed through Sans...

No!

Frisk's breathing started become abnormal.

Her soul was pounding hard in her chest.

Her emotions were engulfed in love and fear at the same time.

Suddenly, Sans looked at her and held her close.

"You having another attack?" he asks her.

Frisk nodded slowly.

"Sssh...hey, it's alright...I'm here." Sans whispered to her.

_Memories of white and blue bones slicing through her skin..._

_Memories of his dust spread on her hands..._

Tears prickled the back of her eyes.

"Frisk, look at me." Sans tells her.
She obeys.

"I. Love. You. Okay?" he says as he kisses her on the forehead.

"I know." Frisk replied.

Sans wraps his arm around Frisk's waist as they walked towards the end of the corridor.

They finally arrived at the Throne Room where Asgore was waiting for them.

He was with Toriel, Chara, and Asriel.

"Ah, the two of you have arrived." Asgore says. "We were waiting for you for almost an hour."

"Sorry 'bout that." Sans says. "Frisk kinda...passed out?"

"Passed out?!" Toriel and Chara exclaimed.

Asriel remained neutral, examining one of the golden flower petals.

"I was very tired." Frisk explains.

Even if they were doubtful, they sighed in relief.

Asgore led them all to the second barrier.

"This is where the surface is." he says. "We would like to have a private meeting."

Frisk and Sans looked at each other, confused.

"Follow me." Toriel says, leading everyone to her's and Frisk's old home on the surface.

Entering the old home, the other monsters looked in awe at the cozy home.

It was pretty much like Toriel's house in the Ruins, but a bit bigger.

The night sky gave the house a perfect glow of blue light.

Once they got inside, Frisk finally asked, "Okay, okay. What's going on in here?"

Toriel and Asgore looked at each other and said, "We would like to get to know your boyfriend a little more."

Chara and Asriel nodded in agreement.

Frisk turned to Sans, who was flushed in embarrassment.

This is going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes
Interesting...

Let us see what I have in mind.
The Hardest Challenge

Chapter Summary

Sans faces the hardest challenge of his life.

Chapter Notes

Good luck Sans!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 15 (The Hardest Challenge)

Sans felt himself shaking and he didn't know why.

But he was also thankful that his girlfriend's (adoptive) family were monsters he knew.

But he still has to impress them as Frisk's boyfriend.

Frisk must have noticed this, because she asks him, "Sans, are you alright?"

Sans wanted to say 'no, I actually wanted to get the heck outta here' and fuck, everyone was staring at him! But instead he says, "I'm fine."

"Good. We can start." Asgore says, leading everyone to the dining table.

Damn, if only skeletons could barf, Sans could've done that by now.

"So Sans, why is it that you fell in love with Frisk?"

Everyone, especially Frisk looked at Sans.

Sans shifted uncomfortably in his seat and replied, "I-I've grown to love her over time...she's actually someone I can really relate to, good laughs and all. And I sorta just...felt it? I-I knew in my soul that I wanted to be with her and that I'm really in love with her."

Whew! Now that was a speech! he thought.

Sans saw Frisk's face flush in embarrassment, hiding the fact that she was happy.

She lightly punched Sans on the arm, earning a laugh from him.
"No need to hide it, Frisk." Sans teased. "I know you too well."

"Oh really? I know if you're lying or not, because I can see right through you." Frisk countered.

"Aww, I'm so proud of ya." Sans grinned at her. "You're picking up on my jokes faster than our relationship."

The two of them laughed at the statement.

Toriel and Asgore exchanged glances and smiled at Frisk and Sans.

"I believe that you, Frisk, have sincere feelings for Sans." Toriel says. "It reminds me of when I was still young. I've known that look ever since."

"Mooooommm!" Frisk whined.

"Worry not. I was just kidding you." Toriel says.

"Worst Goat Puns." Asriel coughed.

Ding!

"Oh, the pie is done. I shall be back." Toriel says as she rushes to the kitchen.

Now it was just Asgore, Frisk, Sans, Chara, and Asriel.

"So Sans," Asgore began. "I know that I have been good friends with your parents, and you are lucky because of that."

Sans heaved a sigh of relief.

"But that doesn't exempt you from passing this trial, to see if you're worthy of Frisk."

"Dad!"

Asgore turned to Frisk, who's eyes were gleaming red.

"Your Majesty, if I'm not mistaken, I am just adopted." she spat. "I will return to my REAL family someday."

But Frisk knew deep inside that it was a lie.

She didn't know where her siblings are.

She doesn't even know if they're still alive.

Her eyes returned to their normal grayish-blue color when she added, "I can't explain it...but I need Sans. I love him with all my heart and soul."

Asgore, Chara, and Asriel gaped at Frisk, while Sans hid his face under his hoodie, blushing a bright shade of blue.

"But Frisk...you don't even know what happened to Sans' parents." Asriel says.

"Azzy is right, Frisk." Chara says. "Gaster died a few moments before my death...while Arial..."
"Arial is your mother?" Frisk asked Sans.

"Yep, saw their deaths with my own eye sockets." Sans answered.

Frisk turned to Sans, who had a sad look on his face.

"Sans...you haven't mentioned how your mother died.

Asgore rubbed his furry paws and looked at Sans.

"Sans, I know it was hard for you to bear that pain—especially when you were so young." Asgore says.

"Sans...if you don't mind, can I hear the story?" Frisk asks.

Sans looked at her and said, "Sure...but Asgore knows how my Mom died."

Asgore cleared his throat and said, "It all started when..."

~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~c

"Asgore! Asgore!"

Asgore turned to see his one of his favorite members of the Royal Guard, Arial, rushing towards him.

"Arial, what has brought you here?" Asgore asks her. "And you are pregnant. You shouldn't be exerting yourself to so much strenuous activities."

"There is an emergency with the humans. They're attacking the Core!" Arial says hurriedly.

"Humans were able to break in."

Asgore was shocked when he heard this.

"I shall inform your husband about this."

Gaster stood near the screens, observing the combination of the monster souls he had gathered from monsters who passed away.

"Strange. Some monsters die every year...but why is it that so much more died this year?" he asks himself.

The screens in the Lab showed a population of 1126 monsters who died TODAY.

Suddenly, the Lab doors burst open, causing a tiny toddler skeleton to cry out loud.

Gaster face-palmed himself.

Of course, he forgot that his eldest three year old skele-baby was sleeping inside the Lab.

Gaster turned to see who the intruders were.

Looks like they weren't intruders at all.
"G! Aren't there any devices to stop the humans from destroying the Underground?" Arial asks.

"What are you talking about, Ari?" Gaster asks, calming down Baby Sans in his arms.

"They're attacking the mountain! One of the human mages opened the barrier, and they're now at the Core, on their way to this area!" Arial exclaimed.

Gaster was alarmed as he heard this.

He gathered weapons for defense and gave them to Asgore.

"Your Majesty, it is best to use these right now." Gaster says.

"I shall inform Captain Undyne and have her set up the K-9 Unit." Asgore says, then leaves.

"I'm going with them." Arial says, but Gaster stops her.

"Ari, are you crazy?! You can't just put our other child in danger!" he says.

"Then I'll leave him to you, G." Arial says, pulling out the soul of the unborn skeleton from her mid-section.

It was glowing orange and light blue.

"Take it, G." Arial commands. "Now bring Sans with you and get to a safer place as fast as you can!"

"Ari, wait!"

Loud noises of banging and screams were waiting outside the Lab.

"Go! There's no time!" Arial shouts as she prepared her spear.

"Ari!"

"Just go!" Arial shouted back. "Take care of the two for me...I love you three."

"Arial..."

Gaster rushed into the elevator leading to the True Lab, holding Baby Sans and the undeveloped soul with his magic.

Soon, the humans were able to burst into the Lab.

As the elevator doors closed, the last thing he heard was the sound of monster dust spreading across the floor.

"And that's how it all ended." Asgore finishes.

"I was only a pile o' baby bones then." Sans added.

Frisk sat there in shock of the story she had just heard.

Now she knew why Sans was so protective of Papyrus.
"Dad, how did you know what happen if you left the Lab?" Frisk asks Asgore.

Asgore replied, "It appears that the security cameras kept track of what happened, for they were safely hidden and out of the humans' reach."

"Oh."

Sans noticed Frisk expression and said, "Sorry 'bout that, Frisk...I didn't mean to ruin the mood here."

"It's fine Sans, really." Frisk assured him.

Suddenly, they all heard a bang on the door.

They gasped.

"Oh no, what if that was a human?" Asriel asks.

"Humans don't usually come here." Frisk says, confused.

"Prepare your weapons...!" Asgore says.

Then...

"HUMAN? SANS? ARE YOU TWO INSIDE WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY? I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR ALL OF YOU!"

"Papyrus?" the five of them said simultaneously.

"YES, IT IS ME! THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" he says, walking inside the house.

All of them heaved a sigh of relief.

"Pap, I actually thought you were a human." Frisk admits.

"FEAR NOT, HUMAN FRISK, FOR I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL PROTECT ALL OF YOU FROM HARM!" Papyrus says. "THE SURFACE IS BEAUTIFUL!"

"Pap, whaddaya doin here?!" Sans almost shouted, his voice quivering with worry.

"UNDYNE TOLD ME THAT YOU AND THE HUMAN WENT HERE TO THE SURFACE! PLUS, I CANNOT SLEEP WITHOUT A BEDTIME STORY, SANS!" Papyrus explained.

Frisk covered her mouth to keep from giggling.

"Why don't you join us now, Papyrus?" Asgore asks.

"OF COURSE, YOUR MAJESTY! THAT IS, IF I'M NOT A BOTHER TO ANY OF YOU..."

"We would appreciate it if you join us." Asgore replied.

"WOWIE! A DOUBLE FAMILY DINNER!" Papyrus exclaimed, joining everyone on the dining table.

Once everyone has seated down, Toriel came in with the pie and a batch of blue vanilla cupcakes.
"I apologize. I couldn't find any white vanilla frosting, so I just chose I light blue color of vanilla."
Toriel says.

Chara looked at Toriel questioningly.

"Do not worry, Chara my child, I have prepared an extra batch of chocolate cupcakes just for you."
Toriel added.

Chara smiled, until Asriel says, "Chara, don't forget to share! I love chocolate too!"

"Fine, Azzy." Chara says, rolling her eyes.

Sans felt something tug at the sleeve of his jacket.

He turned to see Frisk holding his arm.

"You're shaking..." she murmurs. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"D-Don't worry, sweetheart." Sans replied softly. "I-I was just worried, that's all."

Frisk squeezed his arm tighter.

"There's nothing to worry about...I know Mom and Dad...they know you wouldn't hurt me...right?"
she says.

Sans felt guilt crawl down his spine.

"Tibia honest, you're right...but I did hurt you in the other timeline and..."

"Sans, past is past. We're here now, in the present timeline."

"I know, I know." Sans sighed.

Frisk brushed a few dirt off the sleeve as she said, "I know you won't hurt me because...I trust you. I mean, that's the first thing you should have in a relationship, right?"

"Heh. You have a point though." Sans replied.

Frisk smiled at him and said, "Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere. Now, can we eat, please?"

Sans chuckled and said, "Sure thing."

Everyone took a slice from Toriel's number one butterscotch-cinnamon pie.

"Okay, okay. My turn!" Chara says, slamming her fist on the table. "What did the Genocider say to the victim?"

"What?"

"It's KNIFE to meet you!" Chara says, laughing.

Papyrus, Toriel, and Asgore laughed.

But Asriel, Frisk, and Sans faked their laughs.
To break the tension, Frisk spoke up, "Umm...I wanted to ask something..."

"Of course my child, what is it?" Toriel says.

Taking a deep breath, Frisk asks, "Can you please tell me what the Soul of Love is used for because I do NOT understand a single thing about it!" Frisk repeated.

Toriel, Asgore, Asriel, and Chara laughed slightly.

Sans just kept talking with Papyrus.

"Frisk, my child, the Soul of Love is used for...procreation." Toriel explains.

Frisk felt her face heat up in embarrassment.

So did Sans.

"sans! You liar! You said that is was supposed to heal me!" Frisk exclaimed.

"It should! And it was the truth!" Sans protested. "I didn't know it was also part of...you know what the heck it is."

"You two, calm down!" Toriel says, laughingly. "The Soul of Love IS the most powerful soul in our world."

"Told ya."

"AND it gives its owner the power of Healing." Toriel finishes.

"Wait...what?" Frisk asks.

"Frisk, according to Dr. Alphys, she has stated that your soul has improved because of the traces of the Soul of Love in your soul." Asgore explains.

"And?"

Chara rolls her eyes and says, "And it gives you the ability to make out with anyone you like."

"What the—"

"Kidding!" Chara laughs. "It actually lets you feel what your soulmate feels, if you're bonded, and what your children feel."

"Whoa, whoa, wait...so let me get this straight. You're saying that my soul has the power to:

- Have the power to exert magic
- Have the power to heal my own soul
- Have the ability to feel what my soulmate and children feel. That is, if our souls are connected to one another."

"Yep, exactly." Chara replied.
"Precisely, my child." Toriel added.

"Oohkay.." Frisk says uneasily, grabbing one of the light blue vanilla cupcakes.

Everyone continued eating again.

Frisk took a bite out of the cupcake and felt blue sticky frosting on her mouth.

"Here, lemme help ya." Sans says, brushing off the frosting with his thumb.

Unfortunately, the frosting stuck to his phalanges.

Frisk, who noticed this, had an idea.

She stuck out her tongue and licked the light blue frosting off from Sans' fingers.

A blue blush crept its way to Sans' cheekbones, making him feel heated.

*Images of them doing*....

"Shit." Sans cursed softly.

Frisk must've noticed this because her face turns red.

Once she was done, she looked away, avoiding the unexpected moment.

There was a heavy silence until Asriel broke the ice.

"Hey Frisk, do you still remember on how you freed us from the Underground?"

Frisk rolled her eyes. "Of course I do, Azzy. Why'd you ask?"

"I was just thinking of how fast it all happened, and soon enough, monster kind would live here on the surface." Asriel replied.

"I agree." Toriel says. "You four were such kids then."

"Nope. Not me." Sans interjects. "I'm all bones here."

Everyone else laughed.

"Undyne was actually a crybaby when she was in training." Asgore says.

"REALLY?! I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT, YOUR MAJESTY! SHE IS THE TOUGHEST MONSTER IN THE UNDERGROUND!" Papryus said.

"She was just like you, Papyrus." Asgore says. "Pretty much like your mother too. The three of you are so DETERMINED to be a part of the Royal Guard."

"WOWIE!"

Frisk turned to Sans, who was smiling at her.

"It makes Pap really happy whenever he hears stories about the Royal Guard." Sans explains.

"Yeah." Frisk murmured. "But what about you? What makes you happy?"
"You, of course." Sans replied.

Frisk looked away to avoid Sans from seeing her blush.

"I didn't hear that." Frisk lied, still flustered.

Sans shrugs and says, "I'm just tellin the truth."

"Really?"

"Really." Sans says. "You make me happy—I mean, everyone makes me happy, sure. But you have the greatest impact on me."

"T-Thanks." Frisk says quietly.

"No." Sans said. "Thank you, Frisk."

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Soon enough, it was time for everyone to go home to the Underground.

"Did everyone enjoy?" Asgore asks.

"Yes." everyone else replied.

"I'll go first!" Asriel says cheerfully as he jumped into the hole going to the Underground.

It was protected by the barrier that Frisk and the other human mages made.

While Toriel, Asgore, Papyrus, Chara, Sans, and Frisk were left.

"Well...I'll see you two, then." Chara says.

But before jumping, she faced Sans and whispered, "Hey comedian, I just wanna let you know...Mom and Dad have approved of you."

Then Chara jumped into the hole.

Sans felt sparks of happiness flood his soul.

"Well someone looks happy." Frisk says.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Sans tells her. "I just got approved by your parents, Frisk."

Frisk giggled. "I like seeing you smile like that—it looks really genuine."

"Aww, well, thanks sweetheart." Sans says, ruffling Frisk's hair.

"I'm glad everything went well..." Frisk said.

"Me too."

They stood on the cliff of Mount Ebott, staring into the starry night sky.

"This view looks perfect." Frisk murmured.

"But not as beautiful as you." Sans whispered, making Frisk blush.
"S-Sans..!

Sans just chuckles as he wraps his arm around Frisk's shoulder.

"YOU TWO LOOK SO SWEET TOGETHER!" Papyrus exclaimed.

"Thanks Pap." Frisk says.

"Sans," Asgore began. "we know that you'll take care of Frisk...please do."

"Don't worry Your Majesty." Sans says. "I will."

"Now that you and Frisk are together, you can call us Mom and Dad." Toriel says teasingly.

"Mom!" Frisk whined while Sans felt his soul leap.

*Mission Accomplished!* he thought.

"Why not, my child? You two are in love, are you not?" Toriel says.

Sans looked at Frisk and said, "Yep. I love her a lot."

Frisk giggled and hugged him tightly.

"I love you too." she whispers excitedly.

Toriel, Asgore, and Papyrus were grinning at the sight of the two.

"Might as well give 'em a show." Sans says, and without waiting for a reply, he kisses Frisk on her lips.

Everyone else gasped in awe.

"WOWIE! I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE BOTH OF YOU THIS HAPPY BEFORE, SANS AND HUMAN!" Papyrus says.

Once they pulled away, they shared a laugh on their silly scene.

Sans leaned in closer to whisper to Frisk, "The next time we do that, let's do it somewhere more private."

Frisk rolled her eyes playfully and said, "Maybe next time, bone-boy."

Sans chuckled at the nickname she gave him.

Suddenly, a loud bang shook the ground underneath.

*Crack!*

"D-Did you hear that?" Frisk asked.

*Crack!*

"Sorta."

*CRACK!*
"SANS! LOOK OUT!" Frisk shouted.

But before he knew it, Frisk shoved Sans to the upper side of the mountain, accidentally making his skull hit the base of a rock, knocking him unconscious to the ground.

And then the last thing he heard was Frisk calling out, "Sans!"

...  
...  
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...  

That voice was the only thing keeping him going.

...  
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...  

He heard gasps and screams... but they were calling out, "Frisk!"

...  
...  
...  
...  

Wait... Frisk?
In that second, Sans woke up.

Everyone else stood at the edge of the cliff, looking down.

"Where's...Frisk?" Sans asks weakly, walking towards them.

Toriel, who had tears in her eyes, said, "S-She...fell."

...

"She what?!"

"BROTHER, THE HUMAN HAS FALLEN DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AND IS INJURED REAL BAD!"

Sans looked at the surface below.

Rocks were cracked and were stained by crimson liquid.

It was Frisk's blood.

But Frisk was nowhere to be seen.

Sans stood there in horror.

Tears fell from his eye sockets.

His soul was pounding hard against his sternum.

"We have to find her!" Sans growled.

"We have to return." Asgore says. "Undyne and the K-9 unit will take care of this."

"I'm staying here." Sans spat, his left eye activating with blue AND gold flames.

"B-BROTHER? Are you alright?" Papyrus squeaked.

"Pap, go home, now." Sans ordered.

"O-Of course, S-Sans." Papyrus says, teleporting back to Snowdin.

Once it was just the three of them left, Asgore says, "Sans, we appreciate your concern, but it is too dangerous. You should think about yourself too."

"I am not going back until I find Frisk!" Sans yelled.

And deep inside, Sans was shaking with worry.

Sweetheart...

Please...

...

Don't leave me...

...
Frisk...

...

I love you...

...

But nobody came.

Chapter End Notes

(runs away from the mob of angry readers*)
Chapter Summary

What really happened...

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for 100 kudos! (dodges a spear that an angry reader throws at me) I got an announcement at end notes! (dodges a torch) You'll need it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 16 (Truth Behind Walls)

Chara woke up groggily, finding herself in the secret room at the Waterfall.

And Drake was there.

"Mfmmm...LET ME GO YOU IDIOT!!" Chara shouted, trying to break free from the hard coiled ropes.

"Nice try, traitor, but you won't be able to save your sister." Drake says vehemently.

"I wish you'd burn in HELL!" Chara spat.

"Nah, it's too cramped in there." Drake says amusedly. "We sent you to take control of her soul, and now you're being her SISTER? What happened to the demon child we once knew?"

Chara stared at him with her gleaming red eyes. "Sans and Frisk said that even the worst person could change. And I know I'm less than the worst." she says.


"Liar." Chara snarled.

"Don't worry." Drake says, twirling a knife in his hand. "Gaster will take really good care of her."

Chara gasped.

"You son of a bitch!" she yelled. "If you two hurt Frisk, I swear, the only thing you'll be is burnt dust!"

"Oh yeah?" Drake says cockily. "Then the only thing you'll be is burnt ashes. Burning in the wrath
of your own 'sister' when she finds out what YOU, Sans, and Gaster have been hiding."

"About what? Her not remembering other timelines? Her not remembering that Sans was actually in love with Toriel? Her not remembering that Sans was in love with another woman? If you dare say a syllable about that Drake, I'll curse you to the void!" Chara shouted.

Pure DETERMINATION and HATE consumed Chara's soul.

Drake grinned as he said, "Maybe you will spill the beans for that conflict."

The black consumed Chara, making her cry in pain.

"GAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!"

"I-I won't let you." Chara says, before taking in her true form.

The Mage of Hate was back.

---------------------------------------------------------------

Sans paced back and forth on the top of the mountain with his blue eye flashing brightly.

Undyne and the K-9 Unit were currently searching for Frisk, for she hasn't been found yet.

Sans nearly summoned his attacks when Asgore told him not to go with Undyne.

But Sans didn't summon them, knowing it would get everyone in trouble.

He felt his soul ache of worry.

*What if Frisk can't be found?*

*What if...*

*What if she didn't make it...*

Sans shook his head, in an attempt to stop these thoughts from clouding his mind.

It's been eight hours, and Frisk hasn't been found yet.

"Dogamy and Dogaressa tried to track her scent, but they can't find it." Undyne says.

Sans felt himself shaking uncontrollably.

Blue and gold sparks surrounded him, and the same colored flames grew larger.

Everyone else noticed this and then Asgore ordered, "Get some anti-fire substance to dissipate this magic!"

Sans' whole system was finally surrounded with blue and gold flames.

His magic was at an extremely abnormal rate.

And the only thing on his mind was Frisk's safety.

Sans didn't realize that his soul was cracking.
"Sans! Calm Down!" Undyne yelled.

"Fuck. I can't!" Sans growled.

Asgore has brought a bucket of water and splashed it on Sans.

But the water evaporated before it even hit him.

Suddenly, Greater Dog let out three barks.

Arrf!

Arrf!

Arrf!

"Hey Greater, What Did You Find?" Undyne asks.

Greater Dog barked, motioning everyone to follow him.

"I Think He's Found Something. Go Ahead And Follow Him." Undyne whispered to Sans.

Sans, who was now floating in the air, flames still surrounding him, followed Greater Dog halfway down the mountain and gasped on what they saw.

Frisk laid faceup unconscious, on a tree branch that was about to snap!

The twigs pierced her soft skin, and her body was covered in blood.

Sans ran to her, mouth slightly agape.

Her shoulder looked like it had been stabbed---by a knife!

The flames around Sans dissipated, but the flames in his eyes remained.

His clothes were slightly torn and burnt.

"Frisk..." he murmured.

The girl laid almost lifeless in his arms as he carried her to a safer ground.

Sans checked her stats, to see if there was still hope.

\[
\text{HP 0.0000001/56}
\]

Frisk is about to DIE!

"Hang on, love." Sans whispered. "I'll get you to safety."

Greater Dog barked, motioning Sans to follow him.

Sans chuckled half-heartedly.

He was glad Greater Dog felt the absence of his magic, temporarily disabling him from teleporting.

Sans entwined his phalanges with Frisk's fingers.
"Please hold on..." he murmured. "Please..."

But there was no reply.

And he wasn't expecting one.

Greater Dog just whimpered at the failed attempt.

Sans felt himself shaking while he was carrying Frisk.

She was very fragile at the moment.

One hit and she could die.

Sans suddenly realized, what if Frisk died permanently?

If she can't RESET now...then what about the RELOAD?

Suddenly, Greater Dog barked, snapping Sans back to reality.

Sans then realized that he almost walked into a chasm.

"Heh. Thanks." he managed to say.

After a few minutes, the three of them finally made it back on the top of Mt. Ebott.

"FRISK!" everyone else there shouted, rushing to the badly injured human.

"SANS! IS THE HUMAN DEAD?" Papyrus asks, shaking worriedly.

Sans shook his head and said, "Her HP is extremely low, Pap. She can die with just a punch."

"My child!" Toriel exclaims, rushing towards Frisk. "I'll try to heal her."

"W-Wait!" Alphys squeaked. "F-Frisk's HP i-is t-too l-low! S-She c-can't b-be r--restored t-to f-full h-health!"

"What choice do we have, Alphys?" Asgore asks her.

Alphys fiddled with her claws. "W-Well, t-there i-is o-only o-one w-way...b-but...."

"TELL US ALPHYS!" everyone except Undyne shouted.

The K-9 unit added barks to emphasize their point.

Alphys froze.

"Hey! Don't Scare My Girl Like That!" Undyne growled.

"Frisk needs a soul bond!" Alphys squeaked.

After she realized what she said, the yellow dino hid her snout in embarrassment.

Everyone else gasped.

Even Sans was shocked.
"A soul bond?" Toriel asks. "How could we find a human that is Frisk's soulmate?"

Sans felt his insides go cold.

He can't help but growl at the thought of Frisk having a soulmate that isn't him.

"M-My a-pologies, y-your Majesty...b-but we s-should t-try letting F-Frisk b-bond w-with S-Sans."

Alphys stated shakily.

"SANS?!" everyone else, except Sans, exclaimed.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait, Alph. Me? Seriously?! As much as I wanted to do this, seriously, why me?" Sans asks, shocked. "Plus, Frisk and I aren't even ready for that yet."

"W-Well..." Alphys began. "R-Remember the t-time when y-you a-and F-Frisk w-went to m-me about the S-Soul of L-Love?"

Sans nodded.

"I s-saw that y-you two w-were compatible...!" Alphys blurted out.

"Wait, wha?!"

Sans gaped at Alphys.

"You're not serious, are you?! he almost shouted.

Alphys shook her head.

Sans stood there in shock.

"Alph, I know you ship us and all, but seriously," Sans paused to add, "Are Frisk and I compatible to have a soul bond."

For a second there was complete silence, until Alphys nodded.

Right now, Sans wished he had power over RELOADS and RESETS.

But he knew that wouldn't change the fact that he and Frisk are soulmates.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

"G! What happened?" Drake asks as his boss entered the room.

Gaster sighed and said, "I cannot bare seeing my son upset like that. So, I spared the girl."

"WHAT?!" Drake shouts. "What about our plan? To bring your soul back. The girl has to die!"

"Calm down, Drake." Gaster says firmly. "I stabbed the girl, and I'm sure it will be enough to gradually lower her HP to 0."

Drake looked at him doubtfully.

Gaster sighs and says, "I cannot let Sans and Papyrus feel my presence. It will bring our plan to failure." he pauses then says, "But I also cannot hurt the two, for they are MY sons."
Drake could hear their noises from below the peak of Mt. Ebott.

And Drake HATED pure joy.

He grabbed his spear and smashed it against the surface.

Crack!

"Did you hear that?" Drake heard Frisk ask.

He used his spear against the surface again.

Crack!

He heard a few rocks hit the ground.

"Sorta." Sans replied.

"Hehehe." Drake laughs dryly.

Sans was always Gaster's favorite.

And Drake wants HIS turn.

Then, with all his might, he slammed his spear against the ground above him, just enough to make Frisk fall down Mt. Ebott.

CRACK!!!

"Sans!" Frisk cried out.

But then Drake poked out a hole from his hiding place.

He was just in time to see Frisk fall down and her head hit hard against some rocks and tree branches.

"Perfect." Drake says vehemently.

Gaster was just in time to see Frisk land on a hard surface of Mt. Ebott.

She almost fell down a larger cliff.

Gaster approached her and saw that she was breathing heavily.

"Greetings, Frisk." he said.

Frisk looked up weakly and gasped. "I-It's you! The man in t-the Waterfall."

"Yes." Gaster says, moving closer. "Human, I shall help you."

"S-Sans told me y-you're a bad monster." Frisk choked out.

Blood dripped down from her wounds.

Gaster chuckled darkly then said, "VERY"
Then, grabbing a knife from his hands, he raised it.

But before he lowered it, he used his magic to silence Frisk's cries.

"Goodbye, human." Gaster says as he plunges the knife into Frisk's skin.

Blood dripped down from Frisk's mouth as Gaster pulled the knife out.

Then, Gaster threw Frisk onto a hanging tree branch.

"I apologize, Frisk." Gaster says. "But I want to see my sons again."

Drake snickered and said, "Don't worry, for I have MY plan."

Drake led Gaster to a room where Chara was tied up in.

Gaster smiled wickedly. "Of course! If poor little Frisk cannot supply the DETERMINATION we need..." he paused cackle. "...then her evil sister would! Brilliant idea, Drake!"

Drake smirked and said, "We'll just have to return the HATE in Chara's soul."

"Exactly."

Looking at the hanging human, they smiled.

Soon, her powers would return.

And once they did, she would become the ultimate!

Chara Dreemurr, the Ultra Mage of Determination.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Sans rested his skull on Frisk's bed, his phalanges entwined with her fingers.

"Please...wake up." Sans murmured.

And like a million times before, there was no reply.

For now, he was just waiting for Alphys to fix some syringes and machines before Sans and Frisk could have their souls bonded.

Toriel and Alphys cleaned up Frisk's body and had her changed into a light blue t-shirt and a pair of gray shorts.

Sans could see the visible wounds on Frisk's arms, the scratches on her legs, the stab marks on the upper portion of her chest, the red marks on her head, and the minor cuts on her pale lips.

But to Sans, Frisk still looked beautiful.

Sans thoughts were interrupted when a knock ran through the door.

Asriel walked inside Frisk's room.

"Howdy, Sans." he greeted. "Is she doing alright?"
"I dunno." Sans replied, sitting up.

Asriel sighs and asks, "When are you gonna tell her?"

Sans looked at him, confused. "Whaddaya mean?"

"About your job." Asriel says. "She doesn't know about other timelines, remember?"

All of those memories and timelines came flooding back to Sans like a tidal wave.

"I can't tell her, Asriel. I just can't." he says.

"It's fine." Asriel replied. "But I'm telling you, she'll be really hurt if she suddenly found out that
you're not being honest with her."

"I'm not lying to her." Sans said. "I'm just not telling her anything..."

"Sans, she'll be upset with both." Asriel says. "The least thing she'd need right now is to have her
boyfriend not telling her about his life."

"That's the point." Sans said. "If Frisk and I have our souls bonded, she'd know my memories. She'd
know everything...she'd hate me..."

Asriel patted the Sans' back.

"I'm sure she won't hate you...well, she might be sad, but knowing Frisk, she'll forgive you."

Sans smiled a little and said, "Ya know, maybe you're not so bad after all..."

"That was Flowey, Sans, not me." Asriel laughs. "I'm the Prince who has the ultimate power of
Hyperdeath."

The two of them chuckled.

"You know," Asriel says. "I'll tell you a secret: Chara and I have been shipping you and Frisk since
she was ten."

Sans chuckled nervously. "Really? I didn't know even Chara would ship us."

Asriel laughs and says, "That's because she knows what Frisk feels. She even told me one time that
Frisk wanted to be your girlfriend one day."

"Welp, she is my girlfriend now." Sans smiled glancing up at Frisk, who was still unconscious.

Asriel must've noticed this because he says, "You really love her, huh?"

"With all my heart and soul." Sans replied.

Asriel chuckled and said, "Sans, you don't even have a heart."

Sans grinned and said, "Yeah, sure, I know that, but I don't need a heart to show someone I love
her..." he pauses and adds, "because I got Frisk."

Asriel laughs more and asks, "Sans, did you eat pizza from Grillby's last night?"

"No, why?"
"Because your speech is so cheesy!"

The two of them burst into laughter.

"C'mon, Grillbz doesn't even serve pizza." Sans said.

"It was a joke, Sans." Asriel said.

Suddenly, Alphys bursted into the room.

"S-Sans! Y-You h-have t-to p-prepare n-now f-for t-the s-soul b-bond!" she squeaked.

Sans thought for a moment.

"Alph, isn't there really another way?" Sans asked. "I mean, I love Frisk and all, but...I need her to consider this too."

Alphys checked her notes and shook her head. "S-Sorry, Sans. But there i-isn't any other way."

Sans just sighed, looking back at Frisk.

*I'll do this for you, sweetheart...even if I have to take this fear to my grave.*

Sans carried Frisk and followed Alphys to another room Asgore had just added to the castle.

Once Alphys opened the lights, Sans looked around.

It was basically a big plain white room with faded gray tiles.

Leaning against the wall, from across the door, were beds labelled, **Experiment #X**

Aligned against the left of the room were cabinets containing syringes, chemicals, and some other stuff.

On the right side of the room was a large monitor and other computer panels.

And in the middle was simply a wooden workbench.

"Lay her down there." Alphys says, pointing to the beds.

Sans gently lowered Frisk onto the one of the beds.

"I've already got the materials we need." Alphys says, her claws tapping against the metal keyboard.

"Whoa, wait. Why do we need other materials when Frisk and I are just going to bond our souls?" Sans asks.

"We have to monitor Frisk's soul for any changes. She is a human, after all." Alphys replied. "And this is the first ever interspecies soul bond, so I have to record what happens."

Once Sans heard Alphys' typing stopped and the machines powering up, he knew it was time.

Sans sat on the bed beside the one Frisk was laying down on.
Alphys placed a device on Frisk's back and on Sans' spine.

"O-Kay. So pull out your souls now." Alphys told Sans.

Sans pulled out his soul first, and then he carefully, slowly, pulled out Frisk's.

Frisk's soul was still glowing red, but there was a large leaking black crack in the middle.

"Alph! What the heck is this?!" Sans asks, shocked of what he saw.

Alphys scurried closer and gasped. "Oh no! We have to remove that—uhh—whatever that is."

Sans carefully touched the black crack.

It didn't hurt him.

Sans knew how souls would work.

If one's soul is either

- Related to a monster (family-related)
- Soulmates with another soul

Then no damage will be done if that being touches one's soul.

But if not, it would damage both beings.

This, however, was a black magic that slightly consumed Frisk's soul.

It damaged Frisk real bad, but it didn't bring her HP to 0.0

But when Sans touched it...nothing happened.

Sans gasped.

*Oh shit, he's back.*

Sans pulled out the black magic from Frisk's soul until her soul was full red again.

"Hey Alph, mind getting one of those jars there?" Sans asks, pointing to a shelf of empty glass jars.

"Sure." Alphys says, grabbing one, then hurried back to the couple.

"Thanks." Sans says as he forced the black magic into the jar and sealed it tight.

*I'll make sure G will pay for what he did to you, Frisk.*

"Okay, so you can start now." Alphys says, going back to the monitor.

Sans held Frisk's hand tightly.

She was very pale, like she was already dead.

"Sweetheart, please...hold on a little longer." Sans whispers as he slowly pushed his soul into Frisk's.
Sparks of purple, blue, red, and pink magic bursted from the two souls.

Sans felt warmth consume him, but he had to focus.

He pushed his soul deeper, his left eye now glowing blue.

They were halfway till fused.

Frisk's memories of her childhood till adulthood flashed through Sans' mind, but disappeared quickly.

*Tristine*

*That's not me!*

*Who are you then?*

*I'm Frisk. Frisk Swift.*

*Frisk? Huh. I'm—*
"Sans! Stop!" Alphys called out.

Sans pulled his soul away and pushed it back to his sternum.

"Alph, what's wrong?" Sans asked.

"She's alright now. If you push too much, well, that would have to concern Frisk's decision of being your spouse or whatever." Alphys said.

"Oh, right."

Sans looked back at Frisk.

Her skin has returned its glowing color.

**HP 92/92**

"Wow." Sans said. "Her HP has increased..."

Suddenly...

Frisk's eyes gradually opened.

"S-Sans..?" she says weakly.

"Frisk!" Sans says, hugging Frisk tightly.

Frisk hugged him back.

"Sweetheart, I thought I'd lost you. How did you..." Sans asked.

Frisk shrugged and said, "Determination."

Sans chuckled and said, "Welp, whatever it is, I'm just so glad to have ya back here."

"Me too." Frisk said. "But...how long was I out?"

"About twenty-one hours, so yeah. Almost one day." Sans said. "Do you remember anything while you were out?"

Frisk shook her head. "Only my HP."

Sans just kissed Frisk on her forehead, making her giggle.

"Oh my gosh!"

The couple turned to Alphys who was jumping around the room.

"You two should get your own room!" she squealed.

"Heh. We will." Sans says, winking at Frisk, making her blush.

Damn, did he miss this girl a lot.

"Well...I have the results and..." Alphys paused to look at Frisk.

"Frisk, I'm so sorry but...you've lost your magic."
Frisk gaped at Alphys.


"I'm trying to find out. For now, you have to get some rest." Alphys says.

Sans looked at Frisk, who just forced a smile.

"Well...I guess I'm a normal human now." she says uneasily.

Sans sighed. He didn't want to see Frisk upset.

"Hey, why don't we go see the others? They're worried sick about you." he asks her.

"Okay."

"That's my girl." Sans says, grinning.

He grabbed Frisk by her waist and they teleported off.

Alphys checked her notes again.

- Frisk's magic disappeared because it was beaten up by Sans' magic.
- When Sans pulled away...

Sans pulled his soul away and pushed it back into his sternum.

A small orb of purple light came from both souls and made its way to Frisk's abdomen.

- Frisk's soul now has traces of Sans' magic. She is now part-monster.

Chapter End Notes

Ok...

So, I've started with the prequel of this story and I'm working on it AND this story of course. So, whenever I publish a chapter on this story, a chapter in the prequel will also come out.

I'm also working on the sequel, and to me, it is way better than this one xD

Please check out my Tumblr for more updates! Also if you want to ask questions.
Chapter 17 (Secrets)

Sans and Frisk appeared right in front of Toriel, Asgore, Undyne, Mettaton and Papyrus.

"My child!" Toriel says with tears in her eyes. "I am so happy that you are safe!"

"I'm fine." Frisk managed to say, while her mother hugged her tightly.

"HUMAN! HAS MY BROTHER TAKEN GOOD CARE OF YOU?! IF NOT, THEN I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!" Pap said.

Frisk giggled then said, "He saved me, Pap."

She looked at Sans and saw that his face was flushed in a deep blue.

"Yes, I believe that, my child." Toriel says. "While you were unconscious, Sans was very worried, his magic acted up."

"Oh, so that explains the burn marks." Frisk told Sans.

"Yeah…I kinda got a little out of control..." he replied.

"KINDA? YOU OVERREACTED, SANS!" Papyrus shouted.

"Yeah Punk! Sans Was So Worried, He Almost Cried Like A Baby!" Undyne cackled.

"I did not!" Sans pouted at the two.

Frisk laughed and added to teasing him, "Aww, Sans. You didn't have to do that."

Sans' face flushed deeper.
"Shut up." he mumbled, covering his face with the slightly burnt hood of his jacket.

"Darlings, you are absolutely a cute couple! ~" Mettaton says.

Now it was Frisk's turn to blush.

"Oh My Gosh! They're Blushing! They're Guilty Of It! NGAHAHAHAHA!" Undyne roars.

"MY BROTHER EVEN HIDES PHOTOS OF HIM AND FRISK UNDER HIS BED!" Papyrus added.

"Pap!" Sans shouted.

"WELL SANS, IT IS YOUR FAULT FOR NOT CLEANING YOUR ROOM."

"But—"

"NO 'buts', LAZYBONES! FRISK SHOULD KNOW MORE!" Papyrus says, his smile widening.

"Yeah Sans! You Shouldn't Keep Secrets From Your Own Girlfriend!" Undyne said.

"Uhh, can't I have at least a few percent of privacy?" Sans asked.

"Yeah, Undyne...we all have secrets." Frisk said, feeling something tug at the sleeve of her sweater.

"Let's leave." Sans whispers to Frisk.

She nodded in reply, holding his hand.

"Where are you two going?" Toriel demanded in a surprisingly calm voice.

Before Frisk could reply, Sans beat her to it.

"Secret."

Then off they went.

Swish!

The couple teleported inside Sans' and Papyrus' house in Snowdin.

"Why are we here?" Frisk asks.

"I just wanted to get away from all the tension in there.." Sans said.

There was silence for a few moments until Sans said, "Uhh...I got something for you, by the way. I'll be right back."

Then he dashed off to his room, leaving Frisk alone in the living room.

Frisk looked around the room.

She noticed Sans' joke book was on the end table.
She remembered the time when she first saw it.

Inside was a quantum physics book, and another joke book, and another quantum physics book, and another...

Frisk giggled softly.

She took the quantum physics book from inside the joke book and read the cover.

"Human DETERMINATION and Monster Souls, Volume 1." she muttered.

Looking at the joke book inside the book, she saw it was full of puns.

She read the quantum physics book inside the joke book and it read,

"Human DETERMINATION and Monster Souls, Volume 2: Change in Timelines"

Frisk gasped as she noticed this.

She felt scared.

Was Sans studying her?

What was he planning?

Frisk sighed and set the pile of books back on the end table.

She sat down on the green couch, fiddling with the hem of her blue shirt.

She felt uneasy thoughts enter her mind.

What if Sans had something in mind to do with her DETERMINATION?

...

Does Papyrus know?

...

Why is Sans hiding this?

...

"Sweetheart?"

Frisk looked up and saw Sans staring right at her.

She didn't even hear him go down the stairs!

"I've got something for ya." Sans said, handing her a small box covered in silver wrapping paper and a blue ribbon.

"What's this for?" Frisk asks him.

"Remember I didn't get anything for your birthday?"

Frisk nodded.
"Well...belated happy birthday then, I guess?" Sans chuckled nervously.

Frisk laughed. "Sans! Why'd you give this to me? My birthday was weeks ago!"

"Well, uhh, that's because I was so focused on you, I kinda forgot..." Sans says, rubbing the back of his skull.

Frisk blushed faintly as she unwrapped her gift.

She gasped as she opened the box.

Inside was a silver heart pendant connected to a silver chain.

On the heart was engraved, "You and Me Forever"

Frisk looked at Sans, who was blushing in a deep blue.

"Sans, thank you." she told him, feeling all her worries disappear. "I love it."

Sans chuckled then said, "Aww, Frisk, I thought you loved me more."

Frisk laughed then said, "Of course I do."

The two of them shared a laugh.

"Alright, alright. I love you Sans." Frisk said.

Sans smiled. "You know I love you too, Frisk."

He held the necklace and unclasped the chain.

"Here, lemme help you put it on." he says, putting the necklace on Frisk, fastening the chain.

"There."

Frisk looked down, touching the heart pendant, admiring the way it bends the light.

"I've actually been planning to confess to you that night." Sans admits sheepishly.

"Well, you sorta did." Frisk said. "The night after, when you first kissed me."

Sans chuckled. "You know I'd love to do that again."

Then, he pulls Frisk close, kissing her sweetly.

It felt like an eternity before they pulled away.

"He smelled like ashes, ketchup, and snow." Frisk thought.

Suddenly, a yawn escaped Frisk's mouth.

She quickly covered her mouth in embarrassment.

Sans laughed then said, "Looks like someone's already bone-tired."

"I guess I didn't get much sleep..." Frisk says quietly.

"Because of what happened a few nights ago?" Sans asks teasingly.
Frisk felt her face heat up and quickly said, "Shut up!"

Sans bursted out laughing.

"Wanna do it again?"

"Saaaaannnssssss!!!"

"Aww, come on, sweetheart, I want you to hear you say my name more."

"No!"

"Sweetheart? You're smiling."

"Nope!"

"Please, Frisk-y?"

Suddenly, Frisk bursted out laughing at the nickname.


"Okay, okay." Frisk says. "Can I sleep now?"

Without waiting for a reply, she crashed on the couch.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who says you're sleeping there?" Sans asked.

"I didn't want to intrude." Frisk says, without opening her eyes.

Suddenly, she let out a yelp as she felt something lift her up.

She opened her eyes and saw that Sans was carrying her, bridal style.

"Maybe someday, I'd get to carry you like this." Sans said, grinning.

Frisk blushed as they entered his room.

Sans laid her down on his bed, then he removed his burnt clothes and threw them on a pile of dirty clothes nearby.

Frisk peeked open one eye, staring at her lover with his ribcage exposed.

Sans caught her and chuckled.

"Nice try, sweetheart, but you can't expect me to sleep next to you with ashes." he joked.

Frisk blushed and turned away quickly.

*He doesn't just act like my boyfriend...*

*But he still acts like my best friend...*

*And that makes him better now.*

Suddenly, Frisk felt Sans lay down next to her, snuggling up against her.
Alas, he's wearing a white t-shirt.

Still facing him, Frisk asked, "Hey Sans?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you remember when I was ten?"

Sans crinkled his browbones in confusion.

"You've had lots of memories when you were ten, sweetheart. Which one?"

"When I had a nightmare for the first time..."

Sans smiled at the memory.

"AAAAAAGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Thirteen year old Sans jolted right up.

A high pitched scream came from downstairs.

He dashed out of his room and ran down the stairs, to find out that Frisk was shivering of fear under her blanket.

"Please..! Don't kill me!" she shouted in her sleep.

"Frisk, wake up! Kid, you're having a nightmare!" Sans said, shaking her vigorously.

It wasn't long before the human gasped, like she was brought up from the deepest depths of the ocean.

Her chest was heaving heavily.

And when she saw Sans, she began to cry again.

"Kid, what's wrong?" Sans asked her, placing his hands on her shaking shoulders.

"I-I'm sorry!" Frisk cried.

"Frisk, bud, tell me what's wrong. What were you dreaming about?" Sans asked her.

"I was in this creepy room, and then Flowey, no, Omega Flowey was there, and then you were there, and then he possessed you, and then you killed me over and over and over and over until I passed out from so many RESETS, and then—"

"Whoa, Frisk. Calm down, kiddo, you know I wouldn't do that." Sans told her.

"I guess..." Frisk murmured.

"C'mere."

Frisk hugged Sans tightly, feeling the warmth of his hoodie comfort her.

Suddenly, Sans teleported the two of them to his room.
Swish!

Frisk felt dizzy, trying to balance herself.

"You'll get used to it." Sans says, pulling Frisk along with him, on his bed.

Frisk wasn't sure if this was still a dream, but she was happy to have her best friend and crush beside her.

~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~

"Sleep well, Frisk." Sans whispered in her ear.

"You too, Sans." Frisk says, then drifted off to sleep.

Her childhood best friend, enemy, and crush is now her boyfriend.

And she was very happy.

---------------------------------------------------------------

Sans could hear moans and screams from another room.

He groaned at the noise.

Strangely, he walked to the room and opened the door slightly.

There, he saw two PEOPLE having...ughhh, you know what the fuck it is.

But what shocked Sans was that one of the people is Frisk.

He felt his heart burn of jealousy and envy.

All he knows is that the other person wasn't him.

His heart broke, blue flames now taking over his eye.

Suddenly, HE appeared.

The whole sex scene was removed and then Gaster showed up in front of Sans.

They were in nothing else but pitch black darkness.


"Frisk would never do that to me. She would never betray me!" Sans barked.

Gaster just laughed cruelly.

"she wIlL, beCAusE yOU aRe a MonSteR! I'llKe mE!!"

Evil laughs filled the atmosphere.
Sans felt the whole weight of the world on his shoulders.

"No...no...NO!!" he shouted as he summoned Gaster Blasters into the air and shot them at their creator.

~o~o~o~

Sans jolted straight up, his breaths being cut short.

He turned to his side; Frisk was still there, sleeping peacefully.

He pressed a kiss onto her cheek.

You're mine, sweetheart. And you'll always be.

----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Two Weeks Later

It's been two weeks and Sans still couldn't get over his nightmare.

He's been acting strange and distant towards Frisk.

Every time Frisk would ask a question to him, he would just nod, shake his head, or shrug.

The couple became even more worried when they found out that Chara was missing.

Sans grew even more angry and distant.

It wasn't long before Frisk received a call from Undyne after she showered.

"Hey Punk! We're Going To See The Surface Soon! You Coming?!!"

Frisk sighed and said, "I'll try, Undyne."

"Hey! Why Is My Bestie Sad? You've Got A Problem With Your Boyfriend?"

"Sort of..."

"Explain."

"Well, Sans has been really distant from me and I don't know why." Frisk explained. "He rarely talks to me...only a few times."

"Yeah! Papyrus Told Me That Sans Has Been Acting Weird Too!" Undyne shouted.

"Can I...go with you guys?" Frisk asked.

"Sure Punk!" Undyne roared. "Oh, And Toriel Asked Me To Tell You To Go To The Ruins And Get A Few Things From Her Old House."

"Okay, I'll be there in a few hours." Frisk says as she hung up.

She decided to dress up, feeling a little anxious about meeting the humans.
She wore a turquoise t-shirt and a pair of white jeans and golden shoes.

She styled her hair into soft curls falling onto her shoulders.

Then she added very light makeup on her light, glowing skin.

Lastly, Frisk texted Sans, telling him to meet her at the Ruins.

He just replied,

**Sans ❤
K.**

As usual, the two met in front of the Ruins' door.

They entered the Ruins.

It wasn't locked anymore.

The two of them looked around.

There was not much, basically.

Frisk felt a little bored looking back at the same cracked purple walls that used to be Toriel's home.

Something gave her a pained expression seeing the Ruins.

Suddenly...

A memory flashed through her mind.

...  

*Nine year old Frisk felt sobs build up in her throat.*

*Sans...*  

*And Toriel...*  

*Together...?!*  

"My child, are you alright with this?" Toriel asks her.

"*They're dating, partner. Ouch. I feel bad for you.*"

Frisk forced a smile and said, "*I'm fine.*"

"*Yeah right. You always say, 'I'm fine' even if you aren't. You're really weird, Frisk. Sometimes you just have to be honest..."*  

Sans looked at Toriel, the pinpricks in his eyes beaming with love.

Then, Frisk had an idea.

"*Excuse me.* she says as she ran towards her room.*
Frisk thought for a while.

Then she was back from where she fell down.

"Frisk? Frisk..."

"Huh?" Frisk sputters, snapping back to reality.

Her expression looked pained.

Sans must've noticed this because he says, "Hurry up."

"Fine." Frisk muttered, staring at the pile of red leaves.

Sans, you're hurting me so much... Frisk thought. It hurts a lot.

How did I remember that? I thought I could remember ALL timelines...

I thought it was a dream...but it felt so real.

Is there something messing with me so I can't remember?

What if...

What if there are other timelines I don't even remember?

Frisk shook her head from these thoughts.

Holding Sans' hand, she felt no loving warmth from it.

It was like holding the hand of a dead body.

It wasn't long before Sans let go of her hand slowly.

"So, where do you wanna go today?" Sans asks Frisk, his expression was bored.

"Anywhere, really." she replied. "To be honest, I have no idea where to go. The Underground is still...well...the same."

Sans just shrugged.
Suddenly...

*Beep! Beep!*

**Alphys**
"Uhh, hello Sans! I just wanted to tell you that I'm done with the results of Frisk's condition. You can drop by the Lab...or not.

"Let's go." Sans said gruffly.

Frisk felt that something was off.

She looked at him, confused. "Why?"

"We have to go. I just wanna make sure that you're safe." Sans replied.

Frisk smirked at him. "Aww, you're so sweet."

Sans chuckled darkly and said, "Yeah, yeah. But hey, don't ruin my reputation, 'kay?"

Frisk felt a little hurt by his words.

"Um...sure." she muttered.

Then he started walking without waiting for her.

Frisk walked a little faster to catch up to him.

*Calm down, Frisk. He probably lost his footing or something.*

*But he's been acting like this for weeks!*

Frisk's heart broke.

Did she do anything wrong to him?

"Sans, wait!" she says, running towards him.

Once she got close, she said, "Sans! What did I do?! Why are you acting like this?! What's wrong? Tell me!"

She fought the sobs forming in her throat, but some tears managed to fall from her eyes.

Sans stopped walking.

=================================================================================

*Shit.*

Sans felt guilty for hurting Frisk's feelings.

He was still shocked about his nightmare.

He was also enraged with whoever put her life in danger.

And he was sad because, why would Frisk settle less just for him?
Why did Frisk even love him anyway?

"Sans! Please..!" Frisk cries, her voice shaking with sadness.

Sans looked down, feeling guilty.

"Frisk...I'm sorry." he murmured.

Frisk's worry had calmed down a bit.

"Sans...tell me. Please..."

Sans sighed. "Okay...I was just worrying about ya. I wanted to know who almost killed you. You could've died two weeks ago...I can't lose you, Frisk. You know I can't."

"And I don't want to lose you too, Sans...I love you." Frisk sniffled.

"Sshh...Frisk, it's alright. I've got you, sweetheart. I'm sorry...this is all my fault. Don't cry anymore, please?" Sans whispered soothingly.

Frisk just let out the sobs she's been holding for so long.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I'm really, really, sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I really am a bonehead, huh?" Sans chuckles nervously.

Frisk hugged Sans tightly.

They enjoyed the warmth of each other's embrace, holding each other tightly.

Sans suddenly had an idea to cheer her up.

"I wanted to make it up to ya." he said, tucking away the loose strands of hair covering her face.

"Really? What do you have in mind?" Frisk asked.

Sans smiled nervously. "Well, there is one thing..."

"Huh? Wha—!"

Frisk was cut off when Sans kissed her sweetly.

Her heart fluttered in her chest.

Her heart and soul were beating rapidly, like the first time Sans kissed her.

All her worries from earlier disappeared in an instant.

She kissed him back, pushing him forcefully against the wall.

"Very funny, Sans. You've got me there." she whispered.

Sans chuckled, pulling her in for another kiss.

Frisk could feel Sans' tongue push in between her lips.

Sans pulled Frisk closer to him, making the both of them collapse on the Ruins' floor.
Without getting up, Frisk positioned herself in Sans' lap.

Suddenly, Frisk felt Sans' hands on her back.

She hesitated as he began to lift her shirt up.

They pulled away for a moment.

"Continue?"Sans asked her, his left blue eye now appearing in his left eye socket.

Frisk nodded, her face slightly red.

Then Sans succeededly pulled off Frisk's shirt, and threw it on the lilac floor below.

Frisk was very thankful that all monsters in the Ruins have moved to New Home, in preparation for moving to the surface.

Her thoughts were blocked by reality when Sans kissed her once again.

She felt his hands on her exposed back.

She felt him unhook her bra and threw it in the floor.

"You look so beautiful, Frisk."Sans murmured.

He kissed her again and inhaled her scent.

She smelled sweet.

And something else in her is sweet

Frisk's grip on Sans tightened when she felt him pull her jeans down.

Sans pulled away from her for a moment to whisper, "Now we'll do this with our souls bonded, though it's only halfway."

"What do you mean, soul bond? And what do you mean, halfway?" Frisk asked.

"Oh, yeah. You were unconscious."Sans said. "Well...while you were asleep, Alphys told me to have a soul bond with you...it was the only way to heal you, Frisk."

Frisk's eyes widened.

"Sans...isn't that only for monster soulmates?"

Sans smiled sheepishly. "That's the point, Frisk...you're my soulmate."

Frisk felt her heart thump of joy in her chest.

"You're not joking this time...are you?"she asked, her emotions feeling like they'd burst.

"Nope."

And with that single word, Frisk kissed Sans passionately, happiness flooding through her soul.

Sans pulled her closer to him once again.
And then, Sans' tongue assaulted Frisk's again, but more passionately.

Frisk removed Sans' hoodie and threw it on the floor beside them.

They pulled away very slightly.

"You really want it, huh?" Sans chuckles darkly, making Frisk blush.

Frisk thought for a comeback, until she suddenly blurted, "I don't want it, you bonehead, I want you!"

Sans stared at her, jaw slightly agape and face blue.

Frisk blushed deeply and turned away.

"Me, huh?" Sans chuckles nervously.

"Well, u-uhh, I didn't mean to s-say that, I-I just..." Frisk stammered, her face now completely red.

Sans fought off the blush and said, "We could do it...if you want. I have no problem with it."

Frisk shifted in her position uncomfortably.

"I guess..." she murmured.

Sans kissed her then said, "Just tell me to stop if you want, okay?"

Frisk nodded.

Sans took deep breaths before standing up.

"Frisk...uhh, you'll have to get on your knees for this..."

"Okay." Frisk said as she positioned herself kneeling before him.

Sans took a deep breath before slowly lowering down his shorts, revealing his glowing, blue, member.

He took Frisk's hand and slowly guided it, making it touch his dick.

Frisk looked up and saw Sans blushing completely.

He covered his mouth with his other hand to muffle his moan.

Frisk's fingers trailed around it slowly.

She could feel it throbbing in her hand.

Every move she made sent shivers down Sans' spine.

Sans took off his hand from Frisk's and placed it behind her head, moving her towards his dick closer.

Frisk's hand squeezed Sans' cock, making him moan loudly.

Soon enough, her hand was rubbing against his member vigorously.
Sans felt waves of heat and pleasure flow through him.

Seeing this, Frisk felt curiosity enter her mind.

Involuntarily, her tongue snaked its way out of her mouth...and touched the tip of Sans' dick.

Sans moaned in surprise.

Heat was pooling in his pelvic bones.

He was doing this for Frisk.

He tried to hold in his orgasm, while Frisk's mouth touched his cock.

Sans guided her head, pushing himself inside of her slowly.

"S-Sweetheart..." he murmured.

Frisk stared at him, silently asking permission if she could continue.

Sans nodded his head.

Frisk was slowly sucking on his dick.

Moans escaped from Sans easily.

His orgasm was starting to break.

He was feeling aroused already.

Until suddenly, he came into Frisk's mouth.

He tastes...sweet.

Frisk could taste Sans' cum in her mouth.

She didn't know why, but she was still sucking on Sans' cock.

Her tongue playing with his core teasingly.

"F-Frisk..."

She looked up, pulling away from him.

"Y-Yeah, why?" she asks, her face heating up as well.

Sans pushed himself down to her and said, "I can't wait anymore."

He pulled her underwear off forcefully and slid them beside their clothes.

He kicked off his slippers and using his bare feet, he slid off Frisk's shoes.

Sans removed his t-shirt and his shorts, then he assaulted Frisk.

He kissed her passionately, his fingers rubbing circles across her breast.
Frisk pulled Sans in closer, sliding her leg in between his.

She felt his tongue push in between her lips again, while he grinds his hips against hers.

"Fuck." he cursed, as Frisk deepened their kiss.

Sans pulled away and trailed passionate kisses along Frisk's jaw.

Frisk let out a soft squeak when Sans bit down on her neck, at the same time rubbing her clit with his other hand.

Using her hands, Frisk pulled Sans closer to her.

She forced herself, lifting her hips up, allowing them to touch Sans' sensitive spot.

"Aaahhh~ Frisk..." Sans moaned. "Y-You surprised me there, sweetheart."

Frisk laughed softly and said, "Expect more surprises, sweetheart."

Her breath tickled the side of Sans' skull.

Sweat trickled down his forehead.

Frisk kissed Sans deeply, her tongue licking the front of his teeth.

Sans moaned into her mouth as he kissed her back.

His tongue came out once again and played with hers fiercely.

After a few minutes of kissing, they pulled away for a while.

Their faces were both flushed from their make out session.

"You ready?" Sans asks Frisk.

"For what?" Frisk asked.

"To go to the—"

"Sans! Don't complete it!"

"Bonezone."

And with that one word, Sans thrust really hard into Frisk without her consent.

"Aaaaahhh~" she moaned. "Sans!"

"Keep making those sounds and I'll make sure we'll have a good time." Sans teased, lust visibly showing in his blue eye.

Frisk held on tightly to Sans, feeling her thighs ache from the sudden assault.

Her face felt really heated while Sans' hips were grinding up against hers.

Sans thrust into her again, pushing in harder with every thrust he made.

"Fuck, you're still tight, huh? Well, I'll try to fix that." he says heatedly, pushing into her once more.
Frisk tried to muffle her moans and cries as she felt Sans' cock inside of her.

Even her screams kept getting louder.

"S-Sans...!" she whined as she gripped onto him tightly.

"Say my name more, sweetheart." Sans said, kissing her deeply.

And all of a sudden, he thrust into her again.

"S-Sans!" she yelped.

Sans tried to push himself into her more, almost letting the both of them reach their climax.

The blue flames in his eye grew larger with every thrust.

"Aaahh~ just a few more, Sans!" Frisk whimpered.

"Almost there, sweetheart." Sans murmured.

And with one final thrust, they came together.

Frisk gasped as she came onto Sans' dick.

Sans collapsed on top of Frisk, the both of them panting hotly from their intense moment.

Their orgasm combined with each other once more.

Frisk felt Sans cum shoot inside of her.

It took a few minutes before Sans could separate himself from her, and once they did, he laid down beside Frisk.

"(huff*) That was, (puff*) well, intense. Second time around, huh?" Sans panted.

"Yeah." Frisk says breathily.

She felt herself gasping for air.

Sans noticed this and asked, "Frisk...did I go too far?"

"No, it's alright, sweetie, I'm fine." Frisk replied, putting a hand to her chest.

Sans didn't really believe her, but he just kissed her quickly, as a silent way of saying, *If you need me, I'm always here.*

Frisk smiled and signed to him, 'On the contrary, I'm starting to feel really tired.'

'Oh, sorry.' Sans signed back.

"I'll get used to it." Frisk says as she stood up and picked up her clothes.

Sans helped Frisk get redressed by handing Frisk her clothes.

"You said that Toriel asked you to get something from the Ruins?" Sans asked, pulling his shorts up.

"Yeah, I think we just passed by her house earlier." Frisk said, wearing her shirt.
"Let's go back then," Sans said, covering himself with his shirt and jacket.

"It will be quick right?"

Frisk shrugged then said, "I dunno. It depends on how long it will take me to find the items she's told me to find."

Sans looked at her then asked, "Frisk, what did Toriel ask you to get, anyway?"

Frisk sighed and said, "Well, it's just a book on fire magic or something..."

"Oh, well, in that case, let's go!" Sans said, holding Frisk's hand.

"Saaaannssss!" Frisk scolded playfully. "My pants aren't even buttoned yet!"

"Oh, uhh, sorry 'bout that." Sans said, rubbing the back of his skull. "Do you want me to—"

"Nope!" Frisk says, a silly smile forming on her face as she buttoned her pants again. "You touched me already, bone boy."

"Heh, this again." Sans chuckled, as the two of them walked down the purple corridor.

"Soon enough, all monsters would be living on the surface." Frisk murmurs. "I just wished Chara could be found soon. I'm getting really worried."

Sans placed a hand on her shoulder. "I hope so, sweetheart."

_I hope so._

Chapter End Notes

(laughs so hard for no reason) ok, ok, I didn't warn you guys about the smut.

(Well, I did in one chapter...13 I think?)

Anyways, for those who fell for the bonezone trap, GET DUNKED ON!

Also, please check out my _Tumblr_ for more updates, speedpaints, and more! You are free to ask my questions there :)}
Gaster and Drake paced back and forth, waiting for Chara's transformation be modified.

"Click!"

"Ah, yes. Finally, after a few weeks, it is done." Gaster says, shutting off the machine.

Chara's body still looked normal, but red tar-like liquid replaced her eyes.

"Greetings. I am Chara." she says with a evil sneer.

Gaster laughed. "Yes, my creation. Find Frisk and bring her to me."

"C'mon, lazybones! It has to be here somewhere!"

Sans just chuckled amusedly at his girlfriend, who wiped a few sweat beads off her forehead.

"It's just a simple book, Frisky. Why would it be hard to find?" Sans asks, tickling Frisk's stomach.

"Ha...ha..! Ha..! Sans stop! I'm ticklish!" Frisk says while laughing, trying to squirm away from Sans' grip.

She felt something inside of her stomach that weighed her down.

Sans laughed as well, dragging Frisk along with him to the floor.
After a few minutes of laughing, Sans and Frisk stared at each other.
The two of them suddenly realized how closer and closer their faces were getting to each other.

"I'm so lucky to have you Frisk." Sans murmurs, tucking away strands of loose hair behind Frisk's ear.

Frisk's cheeks suddenly blushed a light shade of pink.

Sans smiled.

He enjoyed making her blush.

And all of a sudden, Sans kissed Frisk quickly then stood up from their position.

Frisk's heart pounded loudly against her chest.

Sans left her flustered once again.

"L-Let's just find the book." she mutters, standing up as well.

Sans just chuckled, searching through the bookcase.


_Wait._

Sans grabbed the strange looking book.

It was an aqua blue book with strange gold designs.

It had a glowing sapphire blue gem in the middle that was framed by gold.

"Frisk, I think I've found it." Sans says as he handed the book to Frisk.

Frisk gasped as she saw it.

"Sans...this symbol..." she murmured. "I feel like I've seen it before..."

The symbol engraved at the back of the book was a red crystal heart with small diamonds surrounding it.

A golden sun was on the heart.

And it was...locked?

Suddenly, Frisk fell to her knees, clutching her chest tightly.

"Frisk? What's wrong?!" Sans asks, alarmed.

Frisk didn't reply, tightening her hold on her chest.

Sans could hear Frisk's breathing become shallow.

Frisk tried to inhale then exhale her breaths slowly.
But she was already hyperventilating.

"S-Sans...it hurts." she whimpered, trying to ease the pain.

"It's okay, sweetheart. I'll try to heal ya." Sans says as his magic activated again.

Blue magic lit his hand as he says, "Summon your soul."

Frisk pulled out the floating cartoon heart out of her chest weakly.

It was still red, but with streaks of blue wrapped around it.

She gasped as Sans' magic enveloped around her soul.

Waves of heat pulsed through her veins.

She suddenly remembered Sans could somehow feel what she feels.

"Frisk, I think you're sick right now..." Sans stated. "I can feel it myself. You've barely ate, your heart rate is too fast, and you've just been exposed to...uhh...you know..."

Frisk shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

She didn't even know she was sick.

Suddenly, she felt Sans' magic leave her soul.

"Are you feeling better now?" Sans asked her.

"Yes, thank you." Frisk says with a smile on her face.

Sans kissed Frisk one more time.

Frisk felt sparks of love pop in her soul.

Something felt...different.

Once they pulled away to catch their breath, the two of them smiled at each other.

"We better not get carried away again." Frisk giggled.

Sans chuckled then said, "Sweetheart, you always get me carried away."

Frisk looked away with her face red.

"Dork." she mumbled.

Sans just laughed as he grabbed Frisk's waist then teleported the two of them to the Barrier.

_Aswish!_

When the two got there, they saw that Toriel, Asgore, Asriel, Undyne, and Papyrus were waiting for them.
"My child, I believe you have found the book." Toriel says to Frisk.

Frisk nodded, showing her the book.

"Mom, what's in it?" she asks. "I can't seem to open it..."

Toriel smiled then said, "Frisk, dearie, it can only be opened by a magic spell."

"And we know someone who can open it—in fact, we're going to see them right now!" Asgore says joyfully.

Sans looked at them. "A human?"

"Yes, their family has been great friends to us." Asgore replied.

"AND I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD LOVE TO MEET THEM!" Papyrus proclaims.

Sans felt Frisk's hand clutch his' tightly.

"Something wrong, sweetheart?" he asks her.

"Sans...what if I'm different from all the other humans?" she murmured.

"Frisk, you're still a human—well, you were a human mage." Sans replied.

"But what if—"

"Frisk, don't worry. Besides, they wouldn't freak out since you're a human. I ain't sure what their reaction would be when it comes to us monsters." Sans chuckled.

"Worry not, my child." Toriel says. "They have accepted monsters with open arms."

"Yeah Punk! If They Dare Lay A Finger On Any Of Us, I'd Be There To Teach Them A Lesson!" Undyne cackled.

"UNDYNE! THAT IS VERY RUDE!" Papyrus protested.

"Not Unless If They Kill Us, Papyrus." Undyne said.

Asgore sighs then says, "I believe it is time for all of us to proceed."

"Wait!"

Everyone turned around and saw Percy rushing towards us.

"Ah, Perseverance, what has brought you here, young one?" Asgore asks.

"Your Majesty, I really need to go to the surface as well. I have to conduct some research that can be useful to Dr. Alphys." Percy explains.

"Very well." Asgore says. "You can join us then."

"Yippee!"

Everyone else laughed then went through the barrier.
Once they reached the top of Mount Ebott, Sans gripped Frisk's wrist tightly.

"I ain't letting you fall again." Sans muttered.

Frisk giggled then said, "Sans, I already fell—I fell for you."

A tinge of blue dusted Sans' cheekbones, making Frisk laugh in anticipation.

"Hehe. Nice one, kid." he says.

"Wow, I really thought you would never call me that again." Frisk says.

Sans just shrugged and said, "Time flies."

Suddenly, Asriel approached them.

"Hey Sans, can I talk to Frisk for a while?" he asks.

"Sure thing." Sans replied.

"Thanks."

Asriel led Frisk to an open area on top of the mountain.

"Azzy, is there something wrong?" Frisk asked.

"Frisk, I'm worried—about Chara. I can feel that she's in danger." Asriel said.

Frisk felt her soul sink.

She knew Asriel cared a lot for Chara and she hated to see him like this.

"Don't worry, Asriel." Frisk says, hugging her brother. "We'll find her soon."

Suddenly, they heard footsteps run towards them.

"Frisk!" Percy called out.

"Hey Percy, what's wrong?" Frisk asked as Percy tied her glossy black hair into a ponytail.

"Nothing really. But I have to tell you something; I've researched about soul mates and I've found out that only one of a trillion percent of humans get to have a monster soulmate."

"And?"

"I've found a way to return your powers! You have to consult a human mage family—the elders know what to do. And it just so happened that the family we're visiting today has human mage blood!"

Frisk gasped in delight.

"Wow, I never thought I could still get my powers back." Frisk murmured.

"Indeed." Percy replied, playing with sparks of her own purple magic.

"That's good news, Frisk!" Asriel said.
"It can also help you guys track Chara—I can't do it myself. We have to have the same soul type or at least be her soulmate for us to track her." Percy says.

"Oh."

Speaking of which...

"Percy, how do you know who your soulmate is? Other than scientific tests." Frisk asks.

"Well..." Percy began. "In childhood, there are times when you could see visions of your soulmate. You've had visions of Sans before, right?"

"I guess?...but I can't remember. That was practically before I fell." Frisk murmured.

"Well, they say that if you have a soulmate, technically everyone does, you'd get to feel it when...

- Both of your souls are glowing twice as bright
- You constantly feel sparks of joy and love when you think of them
- One or both of you like each other."

"But Sans told be that a soul bond can be broken if the two soulmates hate each other," Frisk says.

"Frisk, a soulmate is something fate and the universe picks—they won't pick a match that isn't compatible. Of course they would choose two beings who can love each other no matter what happens. So basically, a bond is inseparable," Percy explains.

"Uhh, you both know that I'm here, right?" Asriel asks, interrupting the two.

Frisk and Percy giggled. "Oops, sorry about that, your Highness."

The three of them went back to the group.

"Okay, So How Are We Going To Get Down There, Asgore?" Undyne asks.

Asgore thought for a while.

"YOUR MAJESTY, ISN'T THAT WHY I WENT HERE? I CAN HELP ALL OF YOU REACH THE VILLAGE!" Papyrus says.

"Great Idea Papyrus!" Undyne says. "And Maybe Sans Could Help!"

"Sure thing..." Sans says quietly.

Papyrus teleported Asgore, Toriel, and Percy.

Sans teleported Frisk, Asriel, and Undyne.

Swish!

Everyone appeared at a grassy field with a few wooden houses here and there.

Colorful flowers decorated the dirt path and the sunshine bathed the village in a comforting warmth.
Some of the monsters were surprised to see this part of the surface.

"WOW HUMANS, YOU REALLY LIVED HERE BEFORE?!" Papyrus asks Percy and Frisk.

"I guess..." Frisk replied.

"Well I lived in a faraway place from this area. It's called a city, Papyrus." Percy said.

Frisk turned to Sans, who was looking at her worriedly.

"Sans, do you like it here?" she asks.

"Well, yeah, I'm happy to see the surface. But sweetheart, you're my number one priority, so I want to make sure if you're alright." he replied.

Aww! Frisk thought.

She kissed Sans deeply, assuring him that she was fine.

"F-Frisk..." Sans growled under his breath.

They pulled away slightly, their lips barely parted from one another.

"I'm fine, baby." Frisk whispers as she pulls away.

"Uhh..ah, well—if you say so!" Sans stammered, covering his now blue face with the hood of his jacket.

The others laughed at Sans, who was now blushing (and internally screaming)

Even Asgore and Toriel laughed, finally witnessing Frisk kiss Sans.

"Frisk, my child!" Toriel says while laughing. "Sans will become a blueberry if you keep him like that!"

"He looks so cute like that." Frisk teases, poking Sans' skull.

"Oh, so you're the flirt now?" Sans says, his hood muffling his sentence.

Frisk just laughed.

She didn't know that Sans was grinning from inside his hood.

He loved making her laugh.

Anything for his sweetheart.

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"I believe that they live here." Asgore told everyone.

They were walking towards a big house painted in soft pastel yellow, the roof's cobalt blue color blended well with the blue flowers across the yard.

And the symbol on the book Sans found was also engraved on the door of the house.

Frisk gasped.
"That's the symbol on the book!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, my child. That symbol is the **Swiftanian Rune**." Toriel exclaims.

"Peter Swift, a human mage friend of ours, wrote the book and is the head of the Swiftanian clan." Asgore says then he knocks on the door.

A young boy, a little older than Frisk, opened the door, and beside him was a light brown colored dog. (Shitzu)

The tiny dog barked happily and pounced on Frisk, licking her face with its tiny pink tongue.

"Hey, easy there Risktine! Get off the girl now." The boy said.

Frisk laughed as she pet the dog.

"Sorry 'bout that," the boy says nervously, taking the dog off Frisk.

"It's alright." Frisk giggled as Risktine barked again.

The others laughed as well.

Surprisingly, the boy didn't look shocked when he saw the monsters.

"I'm Tristan Swift. This is Risktine. She was named by my sister, who was gone years ago." the boy said.

He had brown eyes, like Frisk had before. He also had the same brown hair as Frisk, but shorter and a little messier, and is wearing a blue shirt and gray shorts.

**Tristan Swift**

Frisk felt her soul beam at the familiarity of the name.

"I'm Tristine." Frisk says. "But you can call me—"

"Frisk?" Tristan asks. "Is that you?"

The other monsters looked shocked, especially Sans.

"You two know each other?" Sans asks.

Tristan replied, "Tristine was the name of my younger sister. We used to call her 'Frisk.' She fell down Mount Ebott eight years ago."

The other monsters gasped.

Even Frisk was shocked.

"I fell down Mount Ebott eight years ago as well, but I never remembered much of my past..." she explained.

Tristan's eyes widened.

"So it is you." he says. "Do you remember our sister?"

"Christine?"
"Yep."

Frisk nodded her head. "She was with me when I fell."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait. You're Frisk's brother? She just doesn't remember?" Sans asks.

"And you are—"

"The name's Sans. Sans Serif. I'm Frisk's boyfriend." Sans says, lifting his hand.

Tristan shook it, and suddenly...

**Fart Sound***

A very shocked Tristan stood in front of Sans.

Seconds later, Tristan began to laugh, making everyone laugh as well.

"The old whoopee cushion in the hand trick." Sans chuckled. "It's ALWAYS funny. Your sister even fell for it."

"Not during the second time!" Frisk protested playfully.

"So you are Peter's grandson, yes?" Asgore asks Tristan.

"Yes, your Majesty." he replied.

"Oh, just call me Asgore, young one." Asgore says with a smile.

"Okay, Asgore."

"WOWIE! SO THE HUMAN HAS A BROTHER!" Papyrus exclaims.

Sans eyed Tristan carefully. "You mentioned that Frisk's name was Tristine?"

"Yeah."

"How'd you guys come up with the nickname?" Sans asked, making Frisk blush.

"Sans!"

"Why? Was it embarrassing?" he asked.

"Nah, not at all...well it was kinda funny." Tristan replied.

"Spill The Beans, Punk!" Undyne roared.

"Well, Frisk was only five that time..."

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"Catch me if you can!" Five year old Tristine shouted.
Six year old Tristan and Eight year old Christine grabbed Tristine.

"Nuuuuuuu!" Tristine whined.

"You can't go to the Mount Ebott yet Tris." Christine says.

"But Tin—"

"Next time when you're a bit older—what if monsters kill you?" Tristan says.

"No!" Tristine pouted.

"It's risky, Tris." Tin says.

Suddenly, Tristine sneezed. "Fwisk!"

Tin and Tristan bursted out laughing.

"Risk, huh?" Tin says. "Make it Frisk."

"Frisk?" Tristine asked.

"Yeah, Frisk. It suits you. For Risks." Tristan joked.

"Frisk." Tristine repeated.

"That's your name then, Frisk."

Sans and everyone else, except Frisk, bursted out laughing.

"Saaaaannnssss!!" Frisk cried.

"Consider it revenge, Frisky." he whispered into her ear.

Frisk pouted and stuck a tongue at him.

Sans just laughed at her childish response.

Tristan stood up then said, "I apologize for my rude manners, I forgot to lead all of you inside. Please, come in. We appreciate having guests at our home."

Everyone entered the house.

Frisk looked around.

Looking at the interior of the house, Frisk felt her soul accept the warmth of the home.

The house itself was simple.

The walls were painted in a mixture of aqua and gold.

The emerald green carpet contrasted perfectly with the walls.

And most of the interior itself was green and gold.
Frisk gazed at the pictures on top of a red shelf.

There were pictures of young versions of Tristan and her, and beside them was a slightly older girl with matching brown hair, but she had blue eyes.

Another picture was Frisk as a seven year old with another girl who had blue hair and somehow tanned skin.

"Who are these?" Frisk asked.

"Oh, the girl beside us in the first photo is Christine, our sister." Tristan explained. "She's at work right now, but she'll be thrilled to see you again."

"And this?" Frisk asks, pointing to the girl with blue hair.

"Oh. That's (y/n). She was your best friend since childhood. She's working with Tin at the moment. She really missed you Frisk. In fact, she was the one who searched for you in Mount Ebott all month."

Frisk felt something tug at her soul.

Like it tore her heart apart.

Facing her monster friends and family, she asked, "Why did we go here again?"

"IT IS FOR US TO RETURN THE BOOK, HUMAN!" Papyrus said.

"Tristan, are these friends of yours?"

Everyone turned around in surprise to see an old man, who was like in their fifties, walk towards them.

"Peter Swift." Asgore says. "It is wonderful to see you, old friend."

"Gorey! Haha, old times, huh?" Peter chuckled.

"We brought someone you've missed." Toriel says, bringing Frisk closer.

Peter looked at Frisk.

"My granddaughter, I thought you were a goner!" Peter says, hugging Frisk.

Frisk hugged him back.

"I don't remember much, but I sure missed you Gramps." she says.

They pulled away, laughing.

"You still call me that until now, eh? You look just like your sister." Peter said.

Everyone else laughed.

"Sir Peter, Frisk is a great sister herself." Asriel said. "She saved all monster-kind."

"Indeed, I have heard." Peter says. "But my granddaughter has been seeking for something— or someone, which is why she climbed Mount Ebott."
"Really Gramps?" Frisk asked. "Can you tell me what it is?"

"Well..." Peter began. "Supposed you know about 'soulmates' yes?"

Frisk nodded.

Peter laughed. "You went there to look for yours, at a young age. Such great DETERMINATION."

Suddenly, Frisk blushed of embarrassment.

Sans looked at her and chuckled nervously.

Peter noticed this and said, "Sans, you are Frisk's soulmate, are you not?"

"Heck Yeah He Is!" Undyne laughed.

"How'd you know my name?" Sans asked.

"Human Mages have some magic as well." Peter says, turning to Percy.

"As for you, young mage, you have went here for a reason?"

Percy nodded. "Frisk's magic seemed to disappear after her soul bond with Sans. We would like to ask about it."

Peter thought for a while then nodded.

"Yes, well, I need the book I've wrote. The old mind of mine cannot focus on everything that is written there." he says.

"It is right here, old friend." Asgore says, handing the book.

Peter grabbed the book and said, "Ah yes. It is locked."

Turning to Frisk, he said, "Come here, my child. You yourself can open this with some magic words. You used to open this a lot before when you were a child. Great curiosity, noh?"

Frisk stared at the book, holding it in her hands.

"I have a hint: Speak your true desire. The true desire of your soul that is connected to love."

Frisk closed her eyes and remembered what the True Echo Flower said to her before.

Then, she recited the following words...

"Your true desire comes from the heart; a love so pure from where it had start. A love where friendship is never lost, but makes the love live for a cause."

Suddenly, the book sparkled then opened.

Everyone gasped.

"Very well, it seems you have remembered the magic words." Peter says amusedly.
"Will I ever get my magic back?" Frisk asks.

"It depends, but I'm sure it will." Peter says as he searched through the pages of the book.

Suddenly the door bursted open.

"Tristan Swift! You better explain what you did to my bag and—"

The girl stopped when she saw the monsters and Frisk in the house.

"What—uh—who...?"

Tristan laughed. "Tin, calm down. I'll explain later. For now, meet our guests."

Tristan paused to add, "And our beloved sister."

Tin's gaze shifted from her brother to Frisk.

"Frisk? Is that really you?" she asks.

Frisk nodded.

"Oh my gosh!" Tin exclaims as she hugged Frisk tightly. "I thought you were dead a long time ago! You had me worried, Tristine Francesca Swift!"

"Uhh, Tin, she can't remember much." Tristan says.

"It's alright." Frisk murmured.

The two sisters pulled away from each other.

"Aww, too bad Frisk. I've brought someone with me today who misses you so much." Tin says as she walked towards the door.

"Did you say 'Frisk'?!" a female voice shouted from outside.

Another girl rushed inside the house and gasped as she saw Frisk.

"Frisk! Don't you remember me? It's me, _______!" _______ says as she tucks loose strands of her dark blue hair behind her ear.

"I guess I could." Frisk says.

"We were best friends, Frisk. We were almost inseparable." _______ said.

_____ suddenly turned around then asked, "Who are these?"

"They're my friends and family too." Frisk says uneasily.

"Oh, well, hello!" _______ greeted.

Sans noticed Frisk's uncomfortableness and walked towards her.

"I think we need a break from all this, huh?" he says.
"Toriel, Asgore, Frisk has to take a break." Sans says to the two, who nodded.

Frisk smiled as Sans teleported them to Mount Ebott.

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Once the two appeared on top of Mount Ebott, Frisk sighs, laying down on top of the grass. It was already sundown and the wind felt cool on her body.

Sans laid down next to her.

"Intense reunion, huh?" Sans asked her.

"Yeah, I felt like I couldn't breathe." Frisk replied.

Sans just chuckled, scooting closer to her.

"I'm happy for ya, sweetheart." he said.

Frisk giggled then said, "You make me happier."

The both of them shared a laugh, holding each other tightly.

"Asgore and Toriel said that we'll be moving to a nearby area soon. They said it would be best if they ruled the kingdom of monsters there." Sans explained.

"Really?" Frisk asks.

"Yeah, and if Chara is found, the both of you will become the princesses of that kingdom and then Asriel will be king someday, and then, well, the usual." Sans chuckled. "They even talked me to be part of the Royal Guard."

Frisk bursted out laughing. "Wow, really? What did you say?"

"Well, since having that opportunity lets me to be by your side 24/7, of course, I accepted it." Sans replied. "I ain't missing a day without you."

Frisk blushed, playfully jabbing Sans in the ribs.

"Ow! Yeesh, well someone's getting frisk-y." Sans laughed, feigning pain.

Frisk laughed again at the pun.

"You silly skele." she mumbled.

Sans just grabbed Frisk by her waist and pulled her in for a kiss.

Frisk held onto Sans tightly, kissing him back.

Her soul leapt for joy as Sans tightens his hold on her, like if he lets go, he would lose her.

It felt sweet and warm at first, but not until Sans deepened the kiss.

He moved on top of Frisk, his body weighing down on her.

Without pulling away, he held her closer to him, his hips grinding against hers forcefully.
Frisk felt heat rush to her cheeks, making her cheeks flushed.

Sweat was falling from her temples.

She tried to control the fast rate of her heartbeat.

Suddenly, she felt Sans' tongue push in between her lips.

She moaned softly into Sans' mouth as his tongue played with the base of her mouth while his grip on her waist tightened.

Frisk tried her best to control the orgasm building up inside of her.

They pulled away for a few seconds, panting.

"Sorry 'bout that, sweetheart. I didn't mean to make ya feel...wet." Sans chuckles nervously.

Frisk blushed as she felt Sans' fingers rub against the fabric of her panties.

"As much as I want to devour you again, let's just say I don't want us to get out of control again." he says.

"You bonehead, my family will kill us both if they caught us." Frisk said.

"Exactly." Sans says with a grin, kissing Frisk once again.

"I love you Frisk, but I think it's time we get back now, don't you think?" he says.

"You're right. I love you too, Sans." Frisk murmured, standing up.

Sans stood up then said, "Uhh, what about...you know."

Frisk looked down at her thighs and noticed white cum dripping from her core.

She looked back at Sans who was blushing a deep blue as well.

"Uhh, since we're near the Underground, I'll just change and then we can go ahead." Frisk says, feeling mortified.

"Okay."

Then Sans teleported them to the castle.

"They don't know what they're getting into."

The girl laughed evilly.

"I've warned them before, but as they say,"

"THING SWON 'TLIVE FOREVER"

"That's right, oh DETERMINED one." Gaster says.

Knife in hand, red eyes full of DETERMINATION.
She was ready to take them down.

Chapter End Notes

Oh and by the way, why don't you guys backread the other chapters? I added my fanarts in the end notes of some chapters and I'm currently doing some for more chapters, including this one.

**UPDATED**
Sorry, I edited this chapter. Jade (Frisk's childhood best friend) will play a very important role in the story ESPECIALLY IN THE SEQUEL. Instead, I'll be changing her as Reader (in a way) to the point that she'll be known as "______"

You get to name her :3
Chapter Summary

First part: Halloween Special
Second part: Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Another long chapter :D

Halloween Special

Sans spotted Frisk browsing through one of her albums.
He looked at the calendar then chuckled.
It was October 31st.
"Hey sweetheart, whatcha doing there?" he asks, taking a seat beside her.
"Just looking at some photos." Frisk replied. "Hey, do you remember our first Halloween together?"
Sans nodded. "Yeah, I was just thinking of that..."
Frisk showed him the album; it had pictures of them in silly costumes.
"I remember that day. We were slightly enemies that time, but I was surprised you still helped me then." Frisk says.
Sans chuckled nervously at her. "Yeah, well...I liked you then, so...yeah, I helped ya."
Frisk giggled, kissing Sans on his cheekbones, making him blush blue.

Ten year old Frisk stared at the empty pumpkin basket in her hands.
Monsters usually celebrated Gyftmas on December, but Frisk decided to show the human tradition of Halloween to monsters as well.
"Well, everyone wears costumes that are spooky, the children knock at the doors of houses and shout, 'Trick or Treat!' and then whoever greets them gives them candy." Frisk explains to Asgore
and Toriel.

Toriel laughed. "My child, I believe there is no need for us monsters to dress up, but that is a really nice tradition."

"There's more." Frisk says. "The decorations usually come in black, purple, green, orange and other creepy colors. And then we put the candy in these..."

Frisk raises her orange pumpkin basket.

She and Papyrus carved it from woods in the Snowdin forest and then painted it orange.

Asgore and Toriel shared a laugh.

"That is very creative of you humans." Asgore says. "We will give it a shot, young one."

"Yay!" Frisk cheers, jumping up and down.

Asriel and Chara bursted into the room.

"I already got a costume!" Chara says, pulling over the mask of her costume.

She was wearing a black robe with a mask that was completely black but was framed by torn tissue paper.

And then she held a plastic scythe that glows red every time she says,

"RISE THY SPIRITS AND FOLLOW ME!"

She was dressed up as the Grim Reaper.

"Nice costume, Chara." Frisk says.

"Thanks partner." Chara says. "Asriel helped me make it."

Frisk turned to Asriel. "What's your costume?"

He was dressed up in all green, but he had yellow 'petals' covering the sides of his head.

"Howdy! I'm Flowey the Flower!" Asriel laughed.

Asgore and Toriel ended up clutching their stomachs from laughing.

"What about you, Frisk? What's your costume?" Asriel asks her.

"I don't have one yet." Frisk says. "I'll make one later after I help Mom and Dad at the Halloween party."

Chara and Asriel looked at her. "Alright, Frisk. Meet us later with the other humans, they'll be wearing costumes too."

"Okay."

And then Chara and Asriel dashed out of the room.

Frisk told Asgore and Toriel that she'd be the one to organize the invitations and give them to every monster in the Underground.
"Alright, young one." Asgore says. "Be back soon."

"I will." Frisk says.

Then she ran towards her room.

Frisk gathered some orange and green colored paper, dark purple envelopes, and some markers and Halloween stickers.

She'd just came from the surface a few minutes ago to buy these supplies.

Using her red scissors, she cut the orange and green paper into halves.

She got a black marker and wrote on each paper,

You are invited to join the first ever Halloween Party of the Underground! Wear your spookiest costume ever! This will be held at King Asgore's castle. Be there at 7pm Surface Time!

Frisk stuck some Halloween stickers of ghosts, pumpkins, and haunted houses to the invitation.

"Perfect!" Frisk cheers as she slid the invitation to the envelope.

But her smile disappeared when she saw the number of invitations she still has to create.

"I am filled with...DETERMINATION" Frisk says as she grabbed her stickers.

With her red magic, red sparks danced on the tips of her fingers.

Suddenly, the stickers started to float effortlessly in the air, surrounded in Frisk's magic.

Frisk placed the stickers onto every invitation.

She smiled in satisfaction.

"And now for the delivering." she says as she slid the invitations into the envelopes.

Frisk was able to deliver all the invitations for New Home, Core, Hotland, and Waterfall, now she just has to deal with Snowdin and the Ruins.

When Frisk saw Sans' and Papyrus' house in the distance, she stopped in her tracks.

Should I? she asks herself.

She felt her sins crawling on her back.

She just slid one for Papyrus.

What about for Sans?

"Maybe later." she mumbled, walking towards the next house.
She slid another envelope underneath it and went to Grillby's.

There were no customers.

"Hi Grillby." Frisk greeted as she walked towards the bartender.

'Hello, little Frisk. How may I help you?' Grillby signs.

Frisk handed him one of the envelopes.

"It's a Halloween Party. We'd really appreciate it if you come." Frisk says.

Grillby nodded and signed, 'I will.'

Then he went back to cleaning his glasses.

Suddenly...

"Hey Grillbz. Mind serving me another bottle of ketchup?"

Frisk froze.


Frisk nearly dropped the envelopes when she heard Sans’ voice.

Frisk quickly ran away from that place and once she was away, she put a hand to her chest.

Her heart was racing fast.

Tears trickled from the corners of her eyes.

She was scared.

She was traumatized.

Frisk took deep breaths before walking again towards a few more houses.

It wasn't long before Frisk finally reached the Ruins.

She gave out invitations to Froggits, Vegetoids, Whimsuns, and Looxs.

After walking out of the Ruins, she slumped down on the snow of Snowdin.

Her body ached for traveling the whole Underground.

In just a few seconds, she fell fast asleep.

Zzzzz....

Zzzzz....

Zzzzz....

Zzzzz....

Zzzzz....
Suddenly...

**BEEP BEEP!**

The sound of Frisk's watch forced out a startled gasp from its owner.

Frisk looked at her watch and saw that it was already 6:32pm!

"Oh no, I haven't prepared my costume yet!" Frisk cried.

Tears fell from her eyes.

She quickly called Papyrus.

"HELLO, HUMAN! IT IS I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS! WHY HAVE YOU CALLED?"

"Pap," Frisk choked out. "I need your help."

"HUMAN! WHY ARE YOU CRYING? WHERE ARE YOU?!" Papyrus asked worriedly.

"I'm in the forest." Frisk sniffled. "I need help."

"FEAR NOT, HUMAN!"

Suddenly, Papyrus appeared right in front of Frisk.

Frisk turned off her phone.

"WHAT IS WRONG, HUMAN?"

Frisk cried as she showed him the invitation (that was meant for Sans)

"OH! THE PARTY! I HAVE RECEIVED ONE, BUT WHY ARE YOU CRYING?"

"I-I don't have a costume... I've been busy delivering the invitations, I-I wasn't able to make my costume for the party." Frisk sobbed.

Papyrus picked Frisk up and placed her on his shoulders.

"FEAR NOT, HUMAN! I KNOW SOMEONE WHO COULD HELP YOU!" Papyrus says, running towards the town of Snowdin.

"R-Really?"

"YES, IN FACT, HE IS THE ONE WHO MADE MY COSTUME!" Papyrus exclaimed.

Suddenly, Papyrus teleported the two of them into his house at Snowdin.
Why are we here? Frisk asks.

"MY BROTHER CAN MAKE YOUR COSTUME, HUMAN!" Papyrus responded.

"Wait...Sans..?"

"YES!" Papyrus says, opening the door. "NOW WHERE IS THAT LAZYBONES?! SANS? SANS!"

"Papyrus wai—"

"SANS! YOU LAZYBONES! GET DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT!"

"Papyrus, it's not—"

"SANS! IT IS AN EMERGENCY!"

"Papyrus..!"

Suddenly, the blue hoodie wearing skeleton appeared right in the living room.

"Yeah bro? What's the—"

Sans stopped talking when he saw Frisk, her eyes puffy and red.

"SANS! YOU HAVE TO HELP THE HUMAN CREATE A HALLOWEEN COSTUME FOR THE PARTY AND WE ONLY HAVE LESS THAN THIRTY MINUTES!" Papyrus shouts.

Sans stared at the both of them, dumbfounded.

"I didn't even know there was a halloween party." Sans replied.

"WELL I GOT AN INVITATION FROM THE HUMAN, BUT SHE WAS SO BUSY, SHE WASN'T ABLE TO CREATE HER OWN COSTUME!"

Frisk hid behind Papyrus.

Sans turned to Frisk.

"Heh. Well kid, looks like we both have to create our costumes, huh?"

Frisk just nodded timidly.

"Welp, whaddaya have in mind?" Sans asks her.

Frisk didn't respond.

She just played with the hem of her yellow blouse.

"SANS! I BELIEVE YOU ONLY HAVE RED AND YELLOW CLOTH LEFT IN YOUR DRAWERS, YES?" Papyrus asked.
"Yeah bro...speaking of which, I'll let the kid decide for a while." Sans replied, grabbing his bottle of ketchup.

"THAT'S IT!" Papyrus exclaims. "BROTHER, YOU HAVE PRESENTED A GREAT IDEA!"

"Huh? What's that?" Sans asks, putting down the bottle.


"I guess...if that's not troubling you." Frisk murmurs.

Sans felt guilt hit his soul.

He wasn't really that mad at Frisk anymore.

"Frisk, can I talk to you for a few minutes?" Sans asks her.

Frisk nodded shakily in response.

The two of them walked into the kitchen.

"Are you still mad at what happened?" Frisk asks.

"Maybe a little...but listen, I want Papyrus to have a good time tonight, so if you would mind, we could pretend to be friends for at least, just this night." Sans suggested.

"Oh."

Frisk looked down, tugging at her blouse again.

"Well, whaddaya say?"

Frisk couldn't believe this!

Sans was just going to use her for the whole night!

She felt tears sting the back of her eyes.

"Well, whaddaya say?"

"Okay." Frisk mumbled.

But deep inside, Frisk felt hurt.

She liked Sans.

But at the same time, she was scared.

Really scared.

"Welp, let's get to work then." Sans says, taking Frisk's hand as they teleported into his room.
Frisk put a hand to her head.

She felt dizzy from Sans' teleportation.

"I'll grab all the stuff we need. But we have to use our magic at this, 'kay?" Sans says, searching his drawers.

He pulled out rolls of red and yellow cloth.

Sans laid down the rolls flat onto the floor.

"We have to hurry. Do you have something to draw with?" he asks.

Frisk nodded, handing him one of her markers from earlier.

"Now we have to deal with your measurements. I already know mine, I just have to know yours."

Sans says, grabbing a measuring tape.

Frisk hesitated as Sans extends the tape around her waist.

Using his magic, he recorded Frisk's measurements on a piece of paper.

"Can you use your magic to help me out here?" Sans asks.

Frisk froze. "I-I don't know how."

"That's okay, I can do it." Sans replied, using his magic on the markers and drawing a pattern for his and Frisk's costumes.

After about fifteen minutes, the two have finally finished their costumes.

"Welp, I don't think it's *that* bad." Sans chuckled, removing his hoodie.

Frisk pretended not to hear and just put on her costume, facing away from Sans.

It was basically just a thick mustard yellow long sleeved sweater and matching sweatpants with yellow boots underneath.

Frisk just had a piece of white headwear to make it as the cover for her costume.

And then she had to wear a bottle-like costume to finish her ensemble.

Sans was wearing the same, only that his was red.

Frisk did blush furiously while she was changing.

She just had to hide her body from Sans using her costume.

When the two of them were done, the two of them bursted laughing when they saw each other's
costumes.

"It's ridiculous, isn't it?" Frisk asks, hiding her giggles.

"Nah, I could condiment you in that costume." Sans laughed. "You'll just have to ketchup to my level."

Frisk laughed as well.

When she noticed Sans laughing too, she smiled genuinely.

*I missed this...* she thought.

"Trust me kiddo, you look beautiful in that costume either way." Sans told her.

Frisk felt her insides screaming.

"T-Thanks." Frisk stammered, fighting off the blush that crept to her cheeks. "Y-You don't look so bad yourself."

Sans just chuckled.

"Anyway, let's go to the party." he says as he grabs Frisk by her waist then teleports the both of them.

The party itself wasn't so bad.

Frisk couldn't help but feel giddy whenever Sans held her hand.

The way he smiled at her...

It was perfect.

*If only it was real.* Frisk thought.

Mostly everyone said that Sans and Frisk looked cute together and even insisted on them ending up together.

Frisk denied it out loud, but deep inside, she was really, really hoping for it.

For Sans, well, he just laughed it off.

But deep inside...

He wished it would happen as well.

*When the right time comes...* he thought.
Hoi! Don't question my art this time PWEAAASSE ;-;
~ Kate

Chapter 19 (Truth Of The Mages)

The five humans that were left, they sat down in an area at the Waterfall.
"I don't understand, Luna..." Lily whimpers. "I feel like...something about going to the surface would feel all too...weird."

Luna sighed then says, "Yeah. If only we remembered our past, Lil."

"I can't remember mine either." Jeff says.

Lily faced Luna. "Guys, our home was a village right? At least, that's what I remember."

"I think it was...a strange place." Luna says.

"Wait..." Lily says as she closed her eyes.

*Focus Lily. Focus...*

Suddenly...

**ZAP!!!**

"Owww!!" Lily cried. "Okay, I remember! It was in a village of flowers!"

"Lily! Are you alright?" the humans asked in unison.

"I'm alright." Lily murmurs, summoning her light blue soul. "It hurts, but I guess it's nothing."

Josh played with his boxing glove. "Flower Village, huh? Too girly."

"Why can't we remember?!" Luna cried.

"Don't be so surprised, guys." Gabe says. "We've never remembered."

"We died as kids..." Lily says.

"Asgore killed us before we even got out of the barrier." Jeff said.

Luna sighs. "Frisk has always told us before about family...I've always wondered if I even had one before..."

"We all did, Luna." Gabe says assuringly. "We just don't remember."

"And yet, we were all just kids..." Josh says.

Everyone sighed and held onto their own souls.

"I wonder if Frisk found her family..." Lily says.

Frisk is now inside the bathroom connected to her bedroom, clutching her chest tightly.

She felt herself become tight.

She summoned her soul and saw that it was weakening once again.
Something about seeing her real family was really freaking her out.

It was like she felt something was wrong...

Like something was threatening her...

Frisk sighed as she put on her white t-shirt and black shorts.

Then she grabbed a blue jacket, something almost similar to Sans'

"Frisk, are you still gonna take long in there? Everyone might worry." Sans asks from outside the bathroom.

But all of a sudden...

Frisk felt a sharp pain shoot through her stomach.

The burning feeling kept rising to her throat.

She felt her stomach tighten.

She knew what would happen next...

Crouching over the toilet, Frisk vomited, feeling her throat and stomach ache badly.

Suddenly, she felt dizzy.

Very dizzy, in fact, her head ached a lot.

But she wasn't able to control herself from retching again.

"Frisk?"

Sans' voice rang through Frisk's mind, but she wasn't able to respond because she vomited for the third time.

"Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

Frisk still didn't respond.

Suddenly, Sans appeared right inside the room.

When Sans saw Frisk vomiting, he gasped.

He knew what was happening because he took care of Frisk before when she was young, and then the same thing happened.

"Frisk...! Why—what happened? Are you sick?" Sans asks her.

Sans heard Frisk let out soft snuffles.

"Hey, sweetheart, please...tell me what's wrong." Sans whispers to her.

"I don't know..." Frisk whimpered.
Sans helped her stand up and held her tightly.

"Thank you." Frisk says before she opens the faucet then rinses her mouth with water.

While Sans was holding her, he felt Frisk was...warmer than usual.

"Frisk, you're not sick, aren't you?" Sans asks her.

"I don't think so." Frisk mumbled, flushing the toilet. "I think I just ate something..."

"Frisk," Sans began. "you didn't eat anything at all today."

Frisk shrugged, facing Sans. "Maybe it's because of that."

Sans sighed then said, "Frisk, are you sure you can handle going back to the surface?"

"Sans, I'm fine. Really. I was just...I dunno." Frisk replied.

"How about we grab a bite before we go back?" Sans suggests.

"Okay." Frisk says. "I know Mom left some pie in the refrigerator. I can eat it."

"If you say so." Sans says as the two of them walked out of Frisk's room and into the kitchen.

So the two of them ate some of Toriel's famous butterscotch-cinnamon pie.

But Frisk couldn't help but agree to the thoughts in her mind.

She didn't really...feel like at home with her real family.

Because she already considered the monsters as her family.

And she forgot about her real family.

But why does she feel like it's so wrong?

Why does she feel like there's a threat?

Why does she feel...uneasy? Uncomfortable? Alone?

Frisk shook her head from these thoughts.

"Sweetheart, is there something bothering you?" Sans asks.

Frisk smiled inwardly.

She liked it when Sans calls her that.

Sans was her comfort.

And she was thankful for him.

And since she could tell her own boyfriend anything, Frisk nodded.

"What's wrong?"
"It's about the Swift family." Frisk replied.

"Don't you mean, your family?" Sans asks.

Frisk shrugged then said, "I don't know, Sans. I'm so confused. I know they're my real family, but I feel more comfortable with you monsters. I mean, you guys are my family now, but why does it feel so wrong? It's like I'm betraying my own kind."

Sans stared at her for a moment.

"Frisk, don't think about it that way. You can choose who you want to be. I'm sure they're the reason why you climbed Mount Ebott. Isn't that right, sunshine?"

Suddenly...

"Mom, do you promise to stay?"

... "Of course, my sunshine..."

... "Is Christian gonna see you?"

... "Maybe...worry not, little sunshine. My little Frisk. Your twin brother is gone."

... "Will you see him?"

... "It requires death, I'm afraid."

... "Please don't die Mom."

... ... ...

But then...

Beeeeeeeeeeppppppppppppppp!!!
"Get the doctors! The patient is losing consciousness!"

"Prepare CPR!"

Thud!

"Again!"

Thud!

"One more!"

Thud!

Stay...

Thud!

Determined...

Thud!

Your Mom won't live...

Thud!

Frisk...
Thud!

"Time of death: 10/27/20XX"

"No...please..."

"Mom, you promised..."

"Please!"

"No!"

"Frisk? What's wrong? Why are you crying? Did I say something wrong?"

Tears dripped from Frisk's eyes.

"Don't you ever call me that again, Sans!" she shouted.

Sans was taken aback.

"Frisk, what are yo—"

"Don't you ever call me sunshine again!" Frisk yelled. "I hate that nickname! You're just bringing all the pain over and over again!"

Sans hugged Frisk tightly.

"Frisk I'm sorry...! I didn't know it would hurt you. Please don't be mad at me."

Finally, Frisk just sobbed into Sans' arms.

"Sorry..." she sobbed.

"Sshh...Frisk, it's okay. It's okay." Sans murmured. "You kinda shocked me, but hey, it's fine..."

"I'm not mad at you Sans."

"Me neither."

Sans just kissed Frisk softly.

Frisk's soul felt comfort within its soulmate.
"Sweetheart, why'd you react to it? Is there something wrong? You don't have to tell if you don't—"

"My mother." Frisk replied. "I remember her...she died. She calls me 'sunshine' ever since I was just a baby...when my twin brother died."

"You had a twin?"

"Yeah, but I don't really remember much of him." Frisk says. "His name is Christian. But I don't really remember him..."

"I guess both of our mothers died, huh?" Sans chuckled nervously.

"We do have a lot in common though." Frisk says.

Suddenly, she felt Sans' phalanges trace down her neck.

"What are you doing?"

"Sweetheart, where's the necklace I gave ya?" Sans asks, hurt showing in his voice.

"Oh, uhh, sorry. I left it in my room." Frisk mumbled. "Ever since you started being distant from me, no offense."

"It's fine." Sans muttered.

Frisk could feel their bond in her soul.

Sans was actually hurt by that.

"I could wear it now." Frisk says, smiling at him.

"Are you just gonna do this because I'm offended?" Sans asks her.

"Well, do you want me to wear it or not?" Frisk asks.

"Heh. Up to you."

Frisk laughed then she dashed off to her room to get the necklace.

Sans followed after her by teleporting.

Frisk held the silver necklace in her hands.

"Here, lemme put it on ya." Sans says, taking the necklace from Frisk's hands.

And like before, he put it on her, locking the chain behind her neck.

"Thanks." Frisk said.

"For real this time, we really have to go. The others might get suspicious." Sans said, teleporting the two of them to the surface.

Swish!
The two of them appeared at the Swift Family home.

"Frisk! Hurry up!" Asriel shouts from the porch.

"What happened?" Frisk asks as she and Sans got closer.

"It's Percy! She's having a soul attack or something!"

Hearing this, Frisk increased her pace going into the house.

"Percy? What happened?!" she asks as she saw the purple human kneeling down on the floor, hands clutching her chest tightly.

"It hurts, Frisk! I can sense that the other human mages are experiencing this too right now." Percy whimpered.

Frisk sat down beside her.

"How did this happen?" she asks.

"It seems that the powerful six mono-trait mages have been attacked by their own magic." Peter says. "You, Frisk, have multi-traits because of your soul bond and your soul of Love and Determination."

"Yeah, but why is this happening and how to stop it?" Frisk asks.

"You have to defeat who caused this. But we don't know who. For now, we have to return your magic." Peter says.

"Where are the others?" Sans asks, looking around.

"They all went to fix and construct the community," Peter explains.

The five of them sat down in a circle, Frisk was in the middle.


Frisk did as instructed and saw as her multicolored soul summoned right before her.

Her soul was not just red anymore.

It was still red, but blue magic seemed to be consuming it in a small amount, just like frost.

The pink of Frisk's soul formed a curved outline around the small heart.

And purple waves of magic chased around her soul.

In a few seconds, white magic flowed from Asriel, red magic from Peter, and blue magic from Sans.

The waves of green and red magic seemed to stop going into Frisk's soul, but Sans' magic just flowed through effortlessly.

"Ah, seems like the little soul is quite selective, noh?" Peter laughs.

But something about Peter's expression made him serious.

----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Peter has never seen this before!

It seems like Frisk's magic has gone to protect something else inside of her.

Something engulfed in...purple magic?

Peter observed Frisk and saw that there was glowing purple magic in her stomach.

"What's that? I don't feel my magic in it." Percy asks, pointing to Frisk's stomach.

"Ah, that my child, is the structure of Frisk's magic." Peter lied.

He knew what was happening to Frisk.

But how?

How did that happen?

Peter sighs.

He knew Frisk should be the first to know this.

But if she knew...

She'd leave the Swift Family and stay with the monsters.

So Peter decided to keep silent and wait for Frisk to find out herself.

----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Frisk felt Sans' magic tingling across her soul.

Waves of heat and pleasure washed over her.

Sans' strong emotions pulsated within her.

"Now here's the chant I have to recite." Peter says, browsing through a page in his book.

"Sono shoyū-sha ni Meiji to mahō no ritān! Eien'nitsudzuku ketsugō o keisei!"

And in that instant, the magic coming from Sans turned red.

"Whoa, what's happening?!" Sans asks, shocked from what he just saw.

"That is Frisk's DETERMINATION. It will help return her magic to her with the help of your magic." Peter says.

"Heh. Kinda weird, but whatever you say, then." Sans says as his metacarpals played with the red magic.

Frisk gasped as Sans began to exert more magic.

"Sans! You'll get exhausted!" Frisk says, alarmed.
"Sweetheart, don't worry. This is nothing a little nap couldn't fix." Sans chuckled.

Frisk shifted uneasily in her position.

Power consumed her soul and she felt like her magic was returning to her.

Frisk felt Sans' magic push more towards her, making her chest tighten.

"Stop." Peter says firmly.

Sans did as instructed as he deactivated his magic.

Frisk put a hand to her chest, clutching it tightly.

Sans rushed towards her.

"Are you alright? Did I hurt you?" Sans asks softly.

"No no no. It's okay." Frisk murmured.

Sans held Frisk close to him.

"Try it out." Sans murmured into her hair.

Frisk summoned a spark of magic.

It was now red again.

Not pink.

Sans chuckled as he saw the smile plastered on Frisk's face.

"It's back!" Frisk squeals like a four year old. "Thankyouthankyouthankyou!"

"Don't sweat it, kiddo." Sans chuckles, ruffling Frisk's hair.

"Aww, what happened to calling me 'sweetheart'?" Frisk pouted.

The two of them ended up laughing.

"Umm...a little help, please?" Percy asks, interrupting the two.

"Oh, right. Sorry." Frisk says. "Who do you think did this to you?"

"Well, the only ones who are experiencing this are me and the other human mages. Except three mages." Percy says.

"Who?"

"You, Drake, and—"

Suddenly, the door burst open.

"Hello, IDIOTS."
Frisk watched in horror as she saw Chara step into the house.

"Chara! What happened to you?!" Asriel exclaims.

"Shut up, houseplant." Chara snaps.

Dark red tar leaked from her eyes.

Black wings appeared behind her.

And she held a knife that was encrusted with black jewels and glowing red rubies.

"Frisk Swift. The Human Mage of DETERMINATION and LOVE. How disgusting." Chara spat, inching closer to Frisk, who was being pulled back by Sans.

"Oh don't worry, comedian." Chara says with a smirk. "I won't hurt your precious little KILLER."

Sans growled at her, his eye now flashing blue and gold.

"I just need Frisk's soul. Easy, right?"

"Stay away from her, you demon!" Sans shouted, pulling Frisk closer to him. "I don't know how the heck you got back and took control of the Chara we saved, but no matter what it is, I'm not letting you take Frisk's soul."

Chara just cackled, ignoring the threat.

"I'm just following orders, you dummy! Give me Frisk's soul, and you won't ever see me AND her ever again."

"No."

"No? Huh. I thought you were so smart, Sans. Especially when you're Gaster's s—"

"Don't you dare say anything about him!" Sans shouted.

"Sans, calm down. Please." Frisk says, tugging at the sleeve of her lover.

"Frisk, she's going to take your soul!" Sans yelled.

"And do you really think I'll let that happen?" Frisk says vehemently. "Sans, trust me, Chara won't hurt me."

Chara laughed loudly. "Won't hurt you? Where did you get that idea, Frisk? Gosh, you really are an idiot! Did Sans actually bone you too hard that you actually lost your mind?"

Frisk looked down, embarrassment showing on her flushed cheeks.

"See? You're even guilty about it!"

"CHARA SHUT UP!!!" Frisk shouted, rage showing in her voice.

Frisk's eyes turned red and then red magic danced at the tips of her fingers.
Chara smiled. "That's more like it. Although, I prefer the battle to be in an open area, don't you think?"

And all of a sudden, Chara teleported herself, Frisk, Sans, and Asriel to an open space right in front of Mount Ebott.

*Swish!*

"Now the real battle begins."

Chapter End Notes

Say hello to hiatus :(

Check my [Tumblr](https://example.com) for more updates!
Sacrifice

Chapter Summary

The Ultimate Battle begins.

Chapter Notes

Before I enter hiatus, here we are at Chapter 20!
AND I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET THIS STORY OVER WITH BECAUSE I REALLY WANNA WRITE THE SEQUEL!

Don't worry, this won't end yet! Technically, we're extremely far from the end.

I also made MAJOR MAJOR edits to Chapter 1-2 of this story.

I hope you read them because there are important details in them.

Hope you enjoy this chapter!

**Warning:**

Violence and murder

Also fluff! :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Chapter 20 (Sacrifice)**

Frisk, Sans, and Asriel stood right before Chara.

"Why do you guys look so scared? Pfft. Don't tell me you guys are actually *afraid* of me, aren't you? Fight me you idiots!" Chara says with a smirk.

Sans squeezed Frisk's hand tightly.

"Sweetheart, we have to leave, now." Sans whispers to her.

"Sans, I have no choice but to defeat her. Chara's in there somewhere, I know it." Frisk whispered back.

"Frisk..."
Frisk just sighed, walking a few steps towards Chara.

"Oh, so we have a volunteer then? That's nice, Princess Frisk." Chara cackled as she lunged towards Frisk, knife in hand.

Frisk blocked her with a red magical shield of her own.

"You dork! That shield won't last forever!" Chara yelled, throwing black magical knives at Frisk.

Sans stood in the way and blocked the knives before they could hit Frisk.

"Aww, looks like the comedian actually cares for Frisk. Disgusting." Chara spat, preparing another attack.

"Asriel, go get help and warn the others." Frisk ordered.

Asriel nodded then ran off.

Suddenly, Chara surrounded Frisk in a black cloud of magic and lifted her into the air.

"Little do you guys know that these attacks are the weakest attacks I have." Chara snickered.

"If you won't give up your soul, Frisk, then we'll be doing things the hard way." Frisk struggled from Chara's grip.

"I won't let you take my soul." Frisk says.

"Alright then, if you say so." Chara says, tightening her hold on Frisk, making her scream in pain.

"I can easily be dealt with."

"Let go of her!" Sans shouts as he summoned his Gaster Blasters into the air.

He was about to blast them into Chara, when all of a sudden, black swords slashed through the blasters, breaking them into pieces.

"Patience, comedian. You should be enjoying the show! In just a few seconds, your precious little sunshine will have her soul ripped apa—"

"Stop calling me that!" Frisk yelled as she attacked Chara's magic with her red one.

The cloud dissipated into the air, making Frisk fall down from the sky.

Frisk tried to steady herself from falling down, but her magic didn't respond.

Luckily, Sans caught Frisk just in time before she could have any impact on the ground.

"Thank you." Frisk mumbled.

"Don't thank me yet, sweetheart." Sans says, glaring at Chara. "We have a demon to deal with."

Sans put Frisk down and kissed the top of her head.


Frisk summoned an attack of her own and smashed it against Chara's.
Sans used several bone attacks against Chara, but the girl dodged it effortlessly.

Frisk formed a knife of her own with her magic and threw it against Chara.

But Chara just grabbed it and crumbled it into pieces.

"You two really ARE idiots." Chara cackled. "Now it's MY turn."

Suddenly, several knives were summoned into the air.

They were like ten...twenty.....twenty-five....fifty....one hundred....one thousand!

And in just one SNAP! the knives rained down on the couple.

Sans used his Gaster Blasters to blast some of the other knives, while Frisk tried to use her shield.

Unfortunately for Frisk, her shield was weak and some knives pierced into her skin.

Frisk let out a pained scream.

Blood was trickling down from her open wounds on her arms and legs.

"Frisk!"

Sans teleported right to where Frisk was and examined the wounds.

"Sweetheart, you're going to be fine, okay? Just hold on for a sec..."

Frisk felt Sans' magic on her wounds, but stopped him when she saw Chara aiming an attack against them.

"S-Sans, look out!" Frisk shoved the both of them to the side as Chara hurled her attack.

They both landed with a thud as Chara’s dark spear landed just a few inches before them.

"Idiots." Chara says as she hurls another spear.

Just as Frisk was about to get hit, Sans quickly blocked the attack and took the damage for her.

"Sans! No!" Frisk cried as she glared at Chara.

"I-I'm fine, Frisk." Sans says reassuringly.

Chara bursted out laughing.

"Frisk, you dummy! Sans' HP increased and it's already a total of 20! Unfortunately, since I attacked him, he has 1/20 left! And that was just a weak attack from me!"

Frisk sighed in relief and fear.

So basically that attack cost Sans 19 of his HP.

And the attack just grazed his skull.

"I warned you; my attacks are really strong. So don't underestimate my power." Chara boasts.

Frisk growled then shot an attack against Chara.
Chara yelped in pain as the red magical attack shot her arm.

"If you attacks are so strong, what about your magic, huh?" Frisk asks with a smirk.

Chara sneered at her. "**Oh don't get cocky, Frisk. Why not ask bones over there? He knows a lot more than I do—**"

"Shut up!" Sans growls.

Frisk looked over at Sans.

"Is there something—"

"Don't. Ask." Sans snapped.

Suddenly, Chara shot attacks of several dark swords and smashed them against Frisk, leaving her in bloody wounds.

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!" Frisk cried out.

Sans clenched his fists and gritted his teeth.

Blue magic sparked from his left eye.

Without thinking, he summoned his Gaster Blasters then shot them at Chara.

The bright beams of magic damaged Chara's HP only by twelve points.

"**Ha! Hey bonehead, next time teach your girlfriend not to be judgmental.**" Chara laughed, brushing off the magical blue residue that stuck to her arm.

"Please! Just give us Chara back!" Frisk pleaded, coughing out a few drops of blood.

Chara bursted out laughing.

"**Frisk you idiot! I AM Chara! This is me, you little brat!**" she shouted.

Sans looked at Frisk, who just stayed focused on Chara.

"Chara, I know you can change just like before, so please. I know there is still love, not LOVE, in you." Frisk spoke.

"**Pathetic.**" Chara spat. "**The Soul of Love will be useless, Frisk. You only have DETERMINATION left.**"

Frisk looked down in surrender.

Sans was about to approach her, but Chara shot an attack at him.

**Slash!**

Frisk gasped as she turned around.
Sans was... bleeding?
Like in the genocide timeline?
"Sans!" she cried out as she rushed towards him. "Are you okay?"

Sans nodded in reply.

He tried to stand up, but he just fell on Frisk.

"I-It's nothing." Sans sputtered.

His HP was...

0.5/20

Frisk held onto him tightly.

"Please hold on." Frisk says. "I have an idea."

"Oh, don't look so enlightened, Frisk." Chara says, as if she was reading her mind.

"So what? You already know what it is?" Frisk retorted to Chara.

Chara just scoffed.

Frisk turned to Sans.

"Sans, I need you to help me on this one." Frisk says.

"S-Sure, in what way?"

Frisk summoned her soul out of her chest.

Chara ran towards the two, but Sans stopped her using his magic, trapping her in a mist of blue magic.

"HEY! THAT'S NO FAIR!!!" Chara snarls.

"Sweetheart, what are y-you doing?" Sans asks Frisk, ignoring Chara.

Frisk looked at Sans then said, "I want you to absorb my soul."

"Wait, wha—?!"

"Just do it, Sans." Frisk says, pushing the tiny soul closer to him.

"Frisk, I can't—"

"You'll just absorb it."

"Nonononono...Frisk, you don't understand..."

"I don't understand what? It'll just give you more power and—"

"Just don't do it! I know more about souls than you think!"
Chara seemed to be enjoying the argument because she was laughing so hard.

"**You guys look better when you fight!**" Chara laughs.

"Sans, it won't be that bad—"

"Frisk, listen to me, DON'T DO IT!"

Frisk was starting to lose her temper. "Why not?! Everyone's lives are in jeopardy if Chara kills them all!"

"**Yeesh, you're always making me look like the bad guy.**" Chara said.

Ignoring her, Frisk continued, "Sans, trust me in this one."

"No, Frisk. You trust me on this."

"Sans! Why are you—"

"Frisk, IF YOU DO THIS, YOU WILL DIE!" Sans cried out, tears falling down his cheekbones.

Frisk stood silent of shock for a moment.

Tears fell from both of them.

"Sans, we'll all die if we don't do this." Frisk says shakily wiping the tears off Sans' face.

"Frisk, I-I can't lose you! I'm not gonna lose you!" Sans cried.

"Sans...it's the only way..."

"N-No."

Frisk grabbed Sans' hand and held it tightly.

"Sans...if you d-die, I have to RESET to bring you back...but if I-I die, I'll just return to the last SAVE point wherein you will SAVE for me. Y-You can bring me back with Alphys' help." Frisk says.

"F-Frisk..."

Frisk pulled Sans close and kissed him softly.

Once they pulled away, Frisk asks, "Do you promise to do this? For everyone? For Papyrus?...for me?"

Sans stared deeply into Frisk's eyes.

"Please...don't make me do this."

"Sans, do you promise me?" Frisk asks again.

"Frisk...please...I won't let you die all because of me."

Frisk stared at him with hope and assurance.

Sans finally sighs then said, "............I promise, sweetheart."
Frisk hugged Sans before he summoned his soul.

It was still blue, but red magic consumed it slightly, just like Frisk's.

A purple and pink magical string connected Sans' and Frisk's souls.

"I trust you, okay Frisk?" Sans said.

"Will you two hurry up or what?!" Chara growls from Sans' trap.

Sans pushed back his own soul and then placed his hand under Frisk's soul.

Frisk summoned a powerful magical knife of her own and held it close to her chest.

"Bye..." Frisk says before stabbing the knife into herself.

A pained cry rang through the air as Frisk collapsed into Sans' arms.

Blood poured from the wound, its deep red color contrasting against Frisk's pale skin.

"I-I love you..." Frisk whimpers weakly.

"I-I love you too, Frisk." Sans murmured, tears falling from his eye-sockets.

====================================================================================================

Sans watched as life slowly disappeared from Frisk's eyes.

His sweetheart was gone...

Sans felt his soul break.

More tears fell from his eye-sockets.

He hugged Frisk's dead body tightly.

She really was gone...

"Please come back..." Sans whispers.

Suddenly, he saw Frisk's soul float above the girl's dead body.

Sans closed his eyes as he grabbed Frisk's soul before the timeline could RESET.

\[
\text{Ping!}
\]

Sans opened his eyes.

He felt Frisk's presence within him...

He felt comforted...

He felt more powerful...
He felt...DETERMINED.

He did it!

He stared at Frisk's lifeless body in his arms.

"I'll make sure your death is worth this." Sans says as he put her down on the ground.

Glaring at Chara, Sans spoke, "You ready to battle, you freak?"

Chara rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah. Just because your STATS increased by a gigantic amount and you have a costume change, doesn't mean I'll back down."

"Costume change? What are you—"

Chara summoned a mirror of her own right in front of Sans.

Sans grinned at his own reflection.

Instead of having only one magical eye, Sans has another one in his right eye-socket, only this time, it was red.

His blue jacket and white t-shirt were gone and was replaced by a black jacket and blue shirt that matches his soul.

His basketball shorts weren't black anymore. Instead, it was a dark blue color.

And his furry slippers were replaced by black boots with red gems decorating the top.

And the silver heart locket that he gave to Frisk was hanging from his neck.
"Oh don't look so surprised. You should actually be sad for your old clothes." Chara smirks.

"Nah, I got tons of them back at home. A skel-e-TON." Sans laughed darkly as he used his magical energy to make him fly.

Using his magic, it was now purple, he tightened his hold on Chara, lifted her up in the air, then slammed her hard down against the ground repetitively.

_Smash!_
Chara chuckled, wiping a few blood from her mouth.

She summoned glowing red explosives into the air and directed them at Sans.

"Say goodbye, comedian!" Chara cackled.

"Nah, it's nuke problem for me. I can tell ya it's pretty bomb-astic." Sans says, summoning Gaster Blasters and shot them at the bombs.

Chara growled as she prepared another attack.

Sans summoned a new attack of his own: a large, royal blue, shiny and sharp sword with a purple handle.

"Wait, wha—"

Sans used the sword to attack Chara, who kept on blocking it with her magic.

"I can't believe you're failing to demon-strate your best attacks to me." Sans chuckled, succeeding in hurting Chara with the sword.

Slash!

"Idiot!" Chara growls, rubbing at the cut on her arm.

"Heh. It really is knife to meet ya, but I think we should cut this short." Sans says as he summoned white, blue, and finally, red bones in the air.

"Tibia honest, I really think you should just give us back both the princesses, 'kay?" Sans says as he hurled all of the bones against Chara.

Chara managed to avoid some of the white bones, but the red and blue bones pinned her against the ground, making her cry in pain.

"STOP IT YOU IDIOT!" Chara cried out.

"Not until you bring the two Dreemurr princesses back and tell me one thing..."

"Okay, FINE! What do you wanna know?!" Chara asks, raising her arms in surrender.
Sans chuckled darkly then said, "**OKAY, BRAT. NOW TELL ME, WHO WAS THE ONE WHO ORDERED YOU TO KILL FRISK?**"

Chara looked at him incredulously.

"**Really? Nope, not telling.**" she says vehemently.

Sans surrounded her with bones and crushed her tight, making her scream.

"**ANSWER ME. NOW!!!**"

"**No!**" Chara shouts as she glitches herself out of the trap.

"Heh. Real stubborn, huh?" Sans chuckled, hurling more swords against the demon.

Chara dodged the first few of them, but she got hit by the last two swords.

"A little hardheaded now, are we?" Sans says as he lifted Chara up using his magic then slammed her hard against the ground.

"**Not. Talking.**" she spat.

"Oh yeah?! Well we'll make you talk!"

Sans suddenly turned around to find the other six human mages in their combat forms (they just have wings, weapons, and shinier clothing) right behind him.

"What are you guys doing here?" Sans asks them.

"Asriel told us you'd be here with Frisk and that you're against Chara." Lily says.

"Where's Frisk?" Percy asks Sans.

Sans pointed to the dead body below.

The other humans gasped in horror.

"No..." Lily whimpered.

"They...how...what..." Percy's voice cracking at the end.


"**Pfft, yeah right.**" Chara says, rolling her eyes. "**That dork killed herself.**"

"Wait wha—?!"

"It's true." Sans said. "She told me to absorb her soul so we could defeat Chara. She assured me she'd come back to life with my help."

Sans pauses to clutch the locket he gave to Frisk.

"I'll make sure she does or else this demon here will **PAY.**"

"Don't worry, Sans." Jeff says from behind him. "We'll help you defeat Chara."
"Yeah, but we have to find ways to bring back the original Chara. You know, the kind one." Gabe added.

Chara scoffed at them. "Do you really think I would go back to normal? You guys really are dummies!"

Josh was about to attack her, but Lily stopped him.

"Patience, alright Bravery?"

"Fine." Josh mumbled.

"We have to know who ordered Chara to kill Frisk." Sans says. "I have a feeling Chara isn't the only one involved, but the stupid Mage of Darkness as well."

"If that's so..." Jeff's voice trails off.

"ATTACK!!" the human mages shouted as they lunged forward and handled their weapons.

"Bravery, hit her now!" Percy shouts.

Josh used his Tough Glove and did multiple attacks on Chara, knocking her down.

"Ow!"

"Integrity, on your right! Hit her now!" Josh shouts.

Luna used her ballet shoes and kicked Chara back into the air.

"Patience! Attack her now!" Luna shouts.

Lily smiled as she used her Toy Knife and stabbed it against Chara, making her fall to the ground.

"Plastic is a rarity nowadays." Lily smirks. "Justice, shoot her now!"

Jeff laughs as he used his gun and shot Chara with his bullets.

"All fired up!" Jeff cackles. "Hey Kindness! We'll have a demon soul for dinner!"

Gabe laughed as he equipped his Burnt Pan.

He swung it against Chara, making her fly back into the air.

CLANK!

"STOP!"

"My turn!" Percy says as she summoned machines of her own. "My notebook is weak...soo..."

Cogs, metal, and bolts pierced Chara's skin.

She let out a pained cry.
Sans watched the human mages in amusement, as they tossed Chara back and forth.

He could tell Frisk was amused too.

"That's how they are." Frisk murmurs at the back of his mind.

Frisk! Wait, how did you—

"You absorbed my soul, remember?"

I wish I could bring you back.

"Don't worry, love. You will."

Sans snapped back to reality when he saw Lily aiming her magic at Chara.

"Shoot her now, Patience!" Gabe shouts as he bonked Chara with his Burnt Pan.

"STOP IT!" Chara cried out.

"Not until you talk!" Percy says, throwing her Torn Notebook, hitting Chara.

Lily shot her spark of magic.

The light blue spark was glowing brightly and powerful at first.

But when it came a few inches near Chara, it dissipated.

"It's not powerful enough!" Lily whined.

"Then let's all make it powerful! Human Mages, assemble!" Josh shouts as they all gathered in a horizontal line.

"You too, Sans." Jeff says.

Sans stood in the middle while three of the human mages were on each side of him.

"Magic. Now!" Luna shouts.

Everyone activated their magic, powerful sparks floating above their hands.

"Fuse them with Sans' magic." Gabe ordered.

Each of the glowing sparks connected to Sans' spark.

They mixed up and turned into one ultra Powerball!

"Alright, now aim it at Chara." Luna told Sans.

"Sans! You might kill her!" Frisk cried.

What else am I supposed to do, sweetheart?

"...

"Nice try!" Chara says, trying to fly away.
"Where do you think you're going?!!" The human mages snarled in unison.

In just a few seconds, they tied Chara up with their magic.

Rainbow colored magical strings wrapped around her, keeping her in place.

"Get. DUNKED. On." Sans says as he prepared to shoot the Powerball.

"WAIT!!!

Sans stopped and turned to Chara.

"Alright! Fine! It was W.D. Gaster!" Chara whined. "Now please don't hurt me!"

Sans lowered down his hand.

"Sweetheart?"

Yeah Frisky?

"I know how to bring her back."

Sans felt Frisk's pink magic flow through him.

It felt warm and powerful at the same time.

Suddenly, pink sparks appeared from his left hand, forming into a smaller Powerball.

"Fuse them with the big one."

You sure?

"Yes"

And with that phrase, Sans threw the Powerball against Chara, a blinding light flashed right in front of them.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------- 

Gaster face-palmed himself.

"That Dreemurr mage really is a failure." he muttered.

"Well, at least Frisk is dead, right?" Drake asks.

"Sans will bring Frisk back to life soon enough, so we better get moving to get that human's soul." Gaster says as he looked at his new Determination Machine (DT Machine)

"And soon we'll show them the power of DARKNESS." Gaster cackled.

And suddenly, a monkey broke inside the lab and climbed onto Gaster's face.

"Disgusting! Get off me you filthy little creature!" Gaster groans as the monkey jumped off him.

Drake bursted out laughing. "That's what you get for building a Lab in the jungle."
"Well what do you expect? There is not much of an hidden area near Mount Ebott!" Gaster says defensively.

"Yeah sure, the world's biggest game of hide n seek." Drake says sarcastically.

The monkey jumped on buttons on the machine's panel.

"Hey! Don't touch that!"

The monkey blew a raspberry at him and danced on the buttons making screeching animal noises.

Suddenly, the machine fluctuated.

Sparks of electricity shot from the machine.

The monkey screeched as it bounced off the Lab.

And then the machine malfunctioned.

"ARRRGHH! Curses!" Gaster yelled. "We have to move faster if we don't want Sans bringing that human back to life!"

Then they started working.

Chapter End Notes

LOL

I hope you liked my artwork! :)

Oh and about one thing, the red eye belongs to Frisk while the blue one belongs to Sans. So basically she can see what Sans sees (but she was unconscious when Sans saw himself)

So I will write Frisk's reaction when she sees Sans in the next chapters ❤

UPDATED

I changed the plot of the story for the third time...
Chapter Summary

Meet the two new adorable little OCs that will take place in the last part of this story and all throughout the sequel! :3

Chapter 21 (Reaching Out)

Frisk looked around the dark void.
She felt so...alone.
Her powers have decreased when she helped Sans with Chara.
She had released a great amount of pink magic.
A REALLY great amount.
Now she had lost her connection to Sans' sight.
Feeling left out, Frisk decided to use her red magic to reach Sans.
"Sans?" she called out.
His reply was instant.
I'm here sweetheart. What's wrong?
It was so good to hear his voice again.
"Did you bring Chara back?" Frisk asks.
I guess? Wait...I thought you could see what I see. Sans told her.
"My power is weak after releasing a great amount of my magic. The pink one." Frisk explained.
Oh. Uhh, for a sec...
In just a few moments, a bright light flashed right before Frisk.
She shut her eyes, feeling blinded by the light.
"Saaaannnnssss! I can't see!" she cried out.
Sorry..! Wait...I'll fix this...
After a few moments, she opened her eyes.
Gradually, blobs of color swirled around her vision.

"Sans? What's happening?!" she asks, panicked.

_I infused some of my magic to your soul, so you could see._

"Thanks sweetheart." Frisk says.

_Heh. No problem. I think it's best if I show you what happened. Sans said._

"What do you mean?"

_I...couldn't really explain. I guess I'll just have to show ya then._

Suddenly, the blobs of color enhanced, revealing what Sans was currently seeing right now.

_Better?_

"Yes, thank you."

Frisk saw her own lifeless body being held by a pair of boney hands.

Her dead self was covered in blood and bruises.

There were open cuts on her arms and knees.

Her black t-shirt was slightly shredded.

And her body was ghostly pale.

"Wow, now I really do feel like a ghost. Am I really THAT wounded?" Frisk asks, surprised.

_Nah, I still think you look beautiful._

Frisk blushed at the comment, remaining silent for a while.

She can't believe Sans still called her 'beautiful' although she was dead.

Was he just being sarcastic?

Frisk shook her head in response to herself.

She really was alone.

_Sweetheart?_

"Yeah?"

_Why so silent? Cat got your tongue?_

Frisk rolled her eyes.

"I'm alone here, babe." she mumbled.

She could hear Sans chuckle.

_No you're not. You've got me._"
Frisk smirked.

"I wanna see what happened to Chara." she says, changing the subject.

Okay then. Here she is.

Frisk and Sans' vision turned to a figure who was surrounded with blood.

It was Chara.

She looked like her energy was drained real bad.

"Sans, approach her." Frisk says.


"She's still my sister, Sans!" Frisk scolded.

Yeah, your 'sister' is a demon.

Frisk felt her temper rising.

"Fine! You know what? I'll do it myself."

Frisk put a hand to her chest.

She may be soulless for now, but she'll find a way to get herself back.

Frisk tried to summon her soul, just like when she was alive.

"Focus..." she murmurs, closing her eyes.

But nothing happened.

She groaned, stomping her feet in the dark void.

Sorry... Sans murmurs.

Frisk rolled her eyes.

"Is Chara dead?" she asks.

Their vision focused on the unconscious human.

I don't think so? Sans asks.

"...

"Hey! Is that human beat up already?!"

Frisk laughed as Jeff came into view.

"He really is craving for Justice." Frisk giggled.

The same way I want to get you back. Sans added.

The two of them shared silent laughter.
Frisk, how long are y—

Suddenly, their vision went black.

"S-Sans?" Frisk called out.

But there was no reply.

Frisk breath hitched in her throat.

She was alone again.

Fear crawled against the back of her soulless body.

She was starting to panic until suddenly, she saw a bright purple light glow in front of her.

A tiny bluish-purple orb went flying around her.

Frisk took a closer look and realized it was a tiny soul!

"H-How did this..."

Frisk's voice trails off, no longer using her magic.

The tiny soul echoed a laugh—a sweet, childish kind of laugh.

"Who are you?" Frisk asks.

The tiny soul floated around Frisk until it stopped right in front of her stomach.

"S-Sensei..." it echoed. "......sei..."

It sounded like voices of two children.

"Sensei? I thought souls aren't supposed to be here in the void." Frisk says.

The tiny soul glowed brighter and bumped into Frisk's stomach.

"W-What are y—"

Frisk's voice was cut off when the tiny soul tried to say, "...ma.....gie."

Frisk was a little confused, so she asked, "You want me to use my magic?"

The tiny soul jumped in affirmation.

"Okay then." Frisk says as she summoned sparks of red magic.

Pink magic danced on the red sparks while Sans' blue magic (it was an effect of their soul bond) joined the red sparks.

The tiny soul absorbed Frisk's magic, surrounding it with pink, red, and blue colors.

"Tha....nk......y..o..u..."

Then suddenly, it disappeared as a bright light shone before Frisk.
Sweetheart?! Are you alright?! Sorry...! I felt another presence of magic in the void, so I tried my best to bring you back and— Sans' worried voice trails off from Frisk's lack of response.

"I'm fine." Frisk says, using her magic to communicate with him again.

She could hear Sans' sigh of relief inwardly.

Frisk felt relieved too.

For a few moments, she was worried that she would never see Sans' again.

But her mind was wandering of earlier's events.

The tiny soul...how did it get into the void?

Why was it attracted to Frisk?

Sensei? What kind of name was that anyway?

It's Japanese for 'teacher' for crying out loud!

Frisk felt so confused.

Frisk?

Sans' voice snapped her back to reality.

"Yeah?"

About Chara... she's awake. he says, opening their vision once again.

Frisk could see Chara trying to stand up weakly, while the other human mages were in preparation in case of another attack.

Chara was... back?

---

Sans stared at Chara suspiciously.

"TALK NOW, YOU FREAK." he spoke, his eyes flaming with rage.

Chara stood up and spoke weakly, "G-Gaster took c-control of me."

Sans' anger turned from Chara to Gaster.

"What did he want?" Sans asks Chara.

"H-He wanted... F-Frisk's soul." she replied, coughing out blood.

"Tell us more, please." Lily says in a soothing voice.

Chara cleared her throat then said, "Gaster used the power of HATE on me. He injected me with HATE, so I would be out of control."

"I tried to fight it, but it was too much for me to handle. I couldn't escape, so basically I was
possessed."

Chara paused to laugh tiredly. "Now I know what Frisk felt."

Sans could hear Frisk giggle from inside of him.

"Anyways, so Gaster ordered the 'evil me'" Chara says, adding air quotes to her nickname. "to hunt Frisk down and take her soul."

"Unfortunately, Sans absorbed it, so basically, I won while HATE failed." she paused to stick her tongue out at the human mages. "Anndd I habb plenntttii offf Eych Pi soo youurrrrr attakkkssss arrrr yuuuusssslesss.

Everyone bursted out laughing.

Even Frisk.

"Huh. So you do have a sense of humor after all." Sans said as Chara rolled back her tongue.

"Of course I do! I ain't a human without sense of humor." Chara says with a hint of 'duh' in her voice.

Suddenly, a loud explosion bursted from behind them.

**BOOM!!!**

"W-What was that?" Lily asks worriedly.

Fire brought a bright orange glow to the night sky.

"It's coming from the jungle!" Gabe says.

"Let's check it out then." Sans says, leading everyone to the jungle.

"Sans?" Frisk called out to him.

Oh, it's her.

*Yeah?*

"I almost forgot...I'm sorry for snapping at you earlier. Thank you for bringing Chara back...I-I'm sorry." Frisk says, her voice cracking at the end.

Sans felt guilt stab his soul.

*Sweetheart...it's alright. I'll bring you back.* he says.

Sans could feel Frisk's doubt.

*I love you.* he says.

*I love you too.* Frisk replied.
"Look! It's a burning building!"

Sans snapped out of his thoughts and turned his attention back to the fire.

It looked like...a laboratory?

"What kind of idiot would build a laboratory in the middle of the jungle, anyway?" Josh asks, laughing. "Right, Chara? Chara?"

Chara stood there, silent.

"Gaster," she says vehemently.

Red and cyan flames shot out from Sans' eyes.

"That son of a—"

"Sans, calm down!" Frisk tries to say.

"Where is he?!" Sans demanded angrily. "He was the one who tried to kill Frisk!!!"

Chara pointed to the Lab.

"Let's get him!" Jeff shouts.

"You ALWAYS choose FIGHT, Jeff." Percy says, rolling her eyes.

"JUSTICE SHALL BE SERVED!!!" Jeff says, using his wings to fly into the air.

Suddenly, his wings got stuck in a tree branch.

"AWW COME ON!!!" he shouts.

"Eh, he'll be alright." Josh says, walking towards the burning Lab.

"Can someone help me?! PLEASE!!!" Jeff shouts.

"Nah, use your magic, dummy." Lily says, joining Josh.

"WHAT THE HECK?!"

Percy, Luna, Gabe, and Chara couldn't help but snicker.

Sans rolled his eyes then used his magic to bring Jeff out of the hold of the branch.

"There. Now, use your damn weapon to help us kill that stupid scientist." Sans says, dropping a cringing Jeff on the ground.

"Y-Yeah, o-okay." Jeff says, scampering towards the other humans.

Sans was pretty scary at this point.

"Let's go." Chara says, leading everyone right in front of the burning Lab.

Suddenly, a monkey popped out of the roof of the Lab.

It screeched as it landed right in front of Sans.
"What is that thing?" Luna asks.

"I forgot." Lily says.

"Don't ask me." Gabe says.

"It looks weird." Jeff commented.

"Percy, don't you know what that is?" Josh asks.

"Why are you asking me? I dunno." Percy replied.

"Will all of you just shut up already?" Sans snarls.

The humans went silent.

"Sans! That's rude!" Frisk scolded.

*Sorry, sweetie. But that guy tried to kill you!* Sans explained.

"We should still be kind to those who've hurt us. They'll get the payback anyway. And Gaster is still your father—"

*Can't you see?! He is anything but my father!!! Now stop telling me what to do!* Sans yelled inwardly.

Frisk stood silent for a while, probably shocked from Sans' outburst.

Sans suddenly realized what he did and cursed himself for letting his anger out on his sweetheart.

His *dead* sweetheart.

He felt more and more guilt rushing to his soul.

*Frisk, I—*


It was obvious that she was crying.

Sans tried to use his magic to reach out to her, but the connection was gone.

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Frisk stared at her surroundings.

Still pitch black.

Nothing has changed.

She sniffled, feeling hurt from Sans' words.

He's never been so angry before.

What Gaster did was probably something that had a major impact against Sans.
Suddenly, another flash of purple light struck Frisk through her stomach.

"What's with all the lights in this void?!" she shouted.

It was them again.

The tiny purple soul.

"Oh...hey there little fella." Frisk says, approaching the bouncing soul.

"Sen......sei........." it echoed.

Frisk stroked the tiny soul, making it glow brighter.

"I......he.....lp.....you....." it says.

Frisk crinkled her eyebrows in confusion.

"What kind of help?" she asks.

"A.....li.....vvve? Wan...tttt......tooooo........livvvvee....?" the soul asks.

"Yes." Frisk replied.

"Maaa....gggiiiiiccccc.....onnnn......ussss....." the soul says, bouncing around for emphasis.

"Ab...sorrrrrbbbbb......ussss....."

Frisk was hesitant to touch the soul at first with her magic.

Sans has mentioned it would give an electrical shock if not compatible.

But she had to live...

Frisk inhaled then exhaled.

"Okay." she says as she summoned sparks of her magic.

Slowly, she reached out her fingers to the tiny soul.

The tiny soul flew around Frisk's hand.

Until the soul was stuck to Frisk's magic like paper and glue.

Frisk, however, was surprised.

Shocked even.

The soul didn't hurt her.

"H-How did—"

"Bo...nnd..." the tiny soul replied.

Suddenly, the tiny soul split into two.

Frisk gasped watching them glow brightly and changed in color, yet they didn't change in size.
The first soul was violet, but more on the red side.
It was red-violet, in short.
The second soul was purple, but more on the blue side.
It was in a periwinkle color.
The two souls flew around Frisk.
"Magic! Magic!" the two souls shouted clearly.
The first one sounded like a two year old boy.
The second one sounded like a two year old girl.
"What are your names?" Frisk asks.
"Avenir" the first soul said.
"Iris" the second soul said.
"Alright, Avenir and Iris. How can I go back?" Frisk asks them.
"We want to go back too." Iris echoes.
"We can bring the three of us back. Soulmate can help." Avenir suggests.
"You mean Sans?" Frisk asks, her heart starting to break all over again.
"Yes!" Avenir and Iris replied at once, their souls glowing brighter.
"Okay then..." Frisk murmurs. "How can he help?"
"He should DIE!!" the souls shouted, their souls glowing black.
Frisk cringed in fear.
"W-What?" she asks shakily.
The two souls said, "We're sorry, Sensei. But he has to die. No choice."
"Will he live as well?" Frisk asks.
"We don't think so."
Frisk felt a gaping pain in her heart.
She fell down to her knees, sobbing silently.
"P-Please, isn't there any other w-way?" she asks, tears falling from her eyes.
The least thing she wanted was for Sans to die as well.
"Sorry...no..." the souls say.
Frisk felt her magic growing stronger.
Suddenly, she heard an explosion from inside the void,

**BOOM!!!**

Avenir and Iris screamed in fear.

Their souls turned into shades of light gray.

Souls of FEAR.

"Sshh...calm down. It's okay..." Frisk murmurs into the two souls, stroking each of them gently.

"H-He's back..." the two souls whimpered.

"Who?" Frisk asks.

"M-Mage of...DARKNESS." the two souls mumbled.

Anger and fear built up in Frisk's system.

"Drake." she spat.

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"You want to talk? Now TALK." Sans snarls.

"I have nothing to explain." Gaster says firmly.

Sans used his magic against Gaster and slammed him against the wall.

"EXPLAIN. NOW!" Sans yelled. "Why did you try to kill Frisk?!"

Gaster rolled his eyes.

"I saved her from falling down from Mount Ebott. Well, maybe a little." he says.

The flames in Sans' eyes grew larger.

"So you knew about that, huh?" Sans dashed closer to his father. "Now listen, I have seen a black piece of magic in Frisk's soul and automatically, I knew it had something to do with you. So if you don't tell me why you tried to kill her, I swear, I'll rip your stupid little mind out of its place!"

Gaster sighs then says, "Sans, I will explain but—"

Sans slammed Gaster against the wall again using his magic.

"No 'buts' this time. **TELL ME WHY YOU WANTED FRISK DEAD!?**" Sans yelled. "Or else..."

"Or else what?" Gaster scoffs. "I know you, Sans. I know every little move you make."

Sans smirked. "Oh no you don't. Not when I have Frisk's soul within me."
He paused to point at the human mages behind him.

They were growling at Gaster.

"You see those mages right there?" Gaster nodded. "They'll **KILL** you in one shot."

"Heck yeah we will!" Josh shouts, summoning ten of his magical Tough Gloves into the air, his weapons formed into a fist.

"You'll pay for what you did to Frisk and me, Gaster." Chara snarled, gripping onto her knife tightly.

Gaster raises his arms in surrender.

"Alright, alright. I'll talk. But first..."

Suddenly, black magical attacks wrapped around the human mages, making them yelp in shock.

"There. Now we won't have to do things the hard way, now don't we, right Sans?" Gaster says with a dark chuckle.

Sans felt shock painted on his face, leaving his jaw slightly agape.

He clenched his teeth and fist tightly.

"I wouldn't say that if I were you, G." he says as he summons white, red, and blue bones in the air.

He shot them straight at Gaster, who teleported away, leaving the bones attacking the plain metal wall.

"Wha—arrgghhhh!"

Sans felt a burning pain slice through his ribcage.

Gaster was right behind him, a magical black weapon that looks like a blade in hand.

The blade was struck through Sans' chest, making him groan in pain.

And then he fell unconscious to the ground.

"**SANS! NO!**" Frisk cried out.

Suddenly, a purple, red, and pink colored figure grabbed Sans and attacked Gaster.

"Ugghhh! Not you again!" Gaster shouts at the figure, who just ran to Sans.

"Sans, are you okay?! Sans please! Talk to me!" the figure cries, shaking Sans vigorously.

Sans opened his eye sockets and came face to face with...

"Frisk!" Sans cried out, hugging his sweetheart tightly.

Her brown hair was red at its tips.

Her faint lavender wings were stuck behind her and her black t-shirt and jeans were repaired.

This time, she had pink magic dancing at her fingertips and purple flames from her left eye.
"How did y—"

"No time, sweetie." Frisk says. "I can't stay alive for too long. Two tiny souls can't supply the life I need."

Sans suddenly realized Frisk's body was glitch-ing.

"Frisk...I'm sorry for what happened earlier—"

"I know. But there's really no time." Frisk says, lifting Sans' white shirt a little, just enough for the crack in his ribcage to be exposed.

"F-Frisk, what are you doing?" Sans asks, feeling a blue blush spread across his cheekbones.

"AHEM! PDA warning!" Gabe shouts from behind, eliciting a fit of hysteria from his other friends who are also trapped in Gaster's attack.

Frisk placed her hand over Sans' wound.

Suddenly, pink magic bursted from her hand and onto Sans' wound.

Seconds later, the cracks in his bones were no more.

"How did you learn that? Sweetheart, I'm impressed." Sans says, as Frisk's magic dissipates.

"I had help from a few friends." Frisk says with a smile.

Sans hugged Frisk tightly, who gladly returned the hug.

"AHEM! Get a room you two!" Chara shouts, making the other human mages laugh again.

The couple pulled away, giggling softly, as Sans fixed his disarrayed shirt.

"Ughh"

The couple turned around to see Gaster standing up from Frisk's attack.

He had purple bones stuck to him.

No wonder he was out cold.

"Nice try, you filthy little human." Gaster spat. "But I am way stronger than all of you."

"Think again." Frisk says, then suddenly, she disappeared from Sans' arms.

"What the—"

Gaster and Sans looked around trying to find Frisk.

Suddenly, Frisk appeared in front of the human mages.

"You can teleport?!" everyone asks her, still in shock.

"I guess?" Frisk replies, summoning seven bones in the air. "Maybe it's because of my magic? I dunno."

Then the bones broke the trap of the human mages into pieces.
"Freedom!" Lily shouts as she flew around the air, giggling happily.

"Now DIE!" Jeff shouts as he and the human mages strangled Gaster.

"Get off me you idiots!—Drake! Help!" Gaster shouts, trying to get out of the human's magic.

Sans turned to Frisk, who was looking at him as well.

"It's your choice, sweetie. You can do whatever you want." Frisk says, smiling at him.

Sans turned back to Gaster, who was suffering from the human mages' attacks.

Then he turned back to Frisk.

"Fine. Maybe I'll give him a chance. But only because I want to know why he tried to kill you. No one should EVER mess with my sweetheart." Sans says.

Frisk giggled, scooting closer to Sans.

"By the way, you look great in those new clothes." she says as she kissed his cheekbones.

"F-Frisk...!" Sans mumbled, another blue blush covering his face.

Frisk just giggled, but she was actually blushing as well.

Sans really did look good in those new clothes.

At least he was wearing something other than blue.

Sans walked over to Gaster, who was still struggling.

"Take that!" Percy shouts, slamming her cardboard notebooks against Gaster.

"And that!" Chara shouts, digging her knife into Gaster's arm.

"And this!" Josh says, punching Gaster right in the face.

"And THIS!!" Jeff shouts, shooting Gaster with different kinds of bullets.

Sans sighs, using his magic to lift the human mages up into the air, disabling them from attacking.

"You kids better stop right now. We can't get the truth outta him if he's dead." Sans says, dropping the humans down to the floor.

"OW!" they yelped.

Sans turned back to Frisk, who was smiling at him.

"You did the right thing, Sans." she says, hugging him.

Sans hugged her back, breathing in her scent.

She still smelled good.

Fruits and flowers and all.

But then...
"DIE!

Before Sans and Frisk could even see who shouted that, a sharp powerful blade shot them right through their souls.

The two of them collapsed onto the floor, their bodies pressed up against each other.

"F-Frisk..." Sans murmured weakly.

He could see blood dripping from Frisk's mouth.

He felt wet crimson liquid seep through his clothes.

Sans was slowly turning to dust, while Frisk's was turning pale.

They were dying.

Only because of a magical blade.

"S-Sans..." Frisk coughed.

"S e e Y o u"

Then the both of them disappeared, life leaving their bodies, leaving no trace of life left.
Chapter Summary

Frisk tells Sans how she truly feels about him.

Sans, however, is guilty for his sins.

Chapter 22 (Ain't It Humerus?)

Asriel can't help but eye _______ suspiciously.

He felt like he has seen her before, but in another timeline that Frisk couldn't even remember.

Only Chara, Gaster, Sans, and himself did.

Well, he wouldn't really be sure if Sans remembered it.

"So _______, how was Frisk when she was a child? Do you know a lot about her personality?"

Asriel heard Toriel ask _______/you.

Asriel used his magic to read _______'s mind.

Ugh, what is it that makes Frisk so special? She's always number one! Maybe I'll show her how it's like to be second best by stealing her boyfriend!

Asriel gasped inwardly.

Now he remembers.

_______ has met Sans before.

They were in a romantic relationship together.

But they never kissed or anything...

Just held hands and hugs.

But Frisk...

She RESET.

Just like what happened with Toriel.

Asriel sighs.

He knew Chara remembered every single timeline.
No wonder she was acting fake to Sans...but she can't stay mad forever. Asriel thought.

He turned his attention back to _______.

But despite _______’s bitter thoughts, she replied politely, "She is very active. She loves singing and she is really good with children."

Well, those were true enough.

Frisk really is good with children.

Asriel kept his laughter in his mind, imagining Frisk and Sans being parents holding a tiny baby in their arms.

He, Chara, and a lot more monsters ship them a lot.

Including the human mages.

I wonder what they'll name their baby...FRANS? Frisk and Sans? That's weird. Asriel thought.

He had always seen the chemistry in between Frisk and Sans ever since the two of them were young.

And Asriel knew exactly how Sans reacted when Frisk had to leave for the surface years ago.

Everyone was gathered in the room before the barrier.

Asgore gave a little farewell speech before Frisk and Toriel stepped out of the Underground.

But Asgore knew that he would just visit the both of them when there are important business to discuss.

Asriel looked at Sans, who's skeletal hands were formed into a fist.

Asriel could feel the tension and stress coming from Sans.

He was not doing okay with Frisk's leaving.

Suddenly, Toriel walked inside the room with ten year old Frisk in tow.

Sans straightened up in his seat as he saw Frisk walk in.

She was wearing her usual blue and magenta striped sweater and brown pants.

Chara snickered from beside Asriel, watching Sans' expression.

Sans growled and punched Chara on the arm.

Chara just stuck her tongue out at Sans.

"Yeesh you guys, cut it out." Eleven year old Asriel says, pushing his arms in between them. "You guys did nothing but fight."

"He started it!" Chara shouted, stomping her feet, making everyone turn abruptly to her.

"Chara, behavior, please." Toriel says.
"Sorry." Chara muttered.

Sans smirked at his victory.

Chara rolled her eyes then said, "You're just in L. O. V. E. with Fri—"

"Shut up..!" Sans growls, pulling his hood over himself.

Chara bursted out laughing while Asriel can't help but laugh softly.

Frisk turned to them, wondering what the commotion was about.

"Hey Frisk! Bonehead here has a confession for you!" Chara shouts, laughing hysterically.

"Chara!" Toriel scolds her.

Asgore looked directly at Sans, making Sans slump down in his seat.

Frisk took a very quick glance at Sans, then looked away, blushing of embarrassment.

She knew Chara was just joking her.

Asriel, however, turned to Sans.

Sans was blushing blue.

"Sans, if you really liked Frisk, why don't you just tell her?" Asriel asks him softly.

Sans took a peek at him then said, "I like her a lot...it's just that she'll never forgive me for that I've done to her."

~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~o~

Asriel smiled at the memory.

"Frisk has always wanted to find her soulmate. But even if she is with someone else, she loves flirting with a lot of guys. She's a hopeless romantic!"

_____’s voice snapped Asriel back to reality.

"But She's With Sans!" Undyne snarls.

"Frisk would never do such a thing!" Toriel says.

"THE HUMAN WOULD NEVER HURT SANS!" Papyrus says.

"Frisk is faithful to Sans and I highly disagree that she would commit such a thing." Asgore added.

And then, Asriel spoke.

"Frisk loves Sans with all her heart and soul. I've known her and Sans since we were kids." Asriel says, glaring at _____. "And I know Sans loves her too, so don't tell us that Frisk is just going to let go of Sans just because of another guy."

_____ just shrugged then said, "Excuse me, but I've known Frisk since we were tykes. And when she was eight, damn, was she a flirt."
Asriel was starting to lose his temper.

If Sans were here, he'd rip this girl's head off.

"_______, stop." Tristan says firmly to his friend.

But _______ continued, "Frisk ALWAYS has everything! She has the perfect life and I'll always be number two! I'm tired of this life! She's such a bitch!"

Tristan and Tin gasped in horror.

"How dare you."

"Frisk is my sister, _______." Tin says, grabbing _______ by the collar. "And if you say a word about her, consider this friendship done."

The monsters backed away from the humans.

Asriel held his golden locket tightly in his hands.

Using his magic, he connected himself to his soulmate.

*Chara, you have to RESET now*

Asriel waited for a few moments before Chara's soul responded.

*We're stuck in the void, Azzy*

Suddenly, the world around Asriel began to turn blurry.

Then it turned pixelated.

Everything and everyone around him froze in time.

Asriel watched in horror as they all turned into glitches, then disappeared.

He felt scared.

*CHARA! WHAT DID YOU DO?!*

Chara didn't respond.

Asriel's breath hitched in his throat.

"Mommy! Daddy! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" he cried out like a five year old.

And soon enough, he looked down on his paws.

They were turning to pixels as well.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

The world around him slowly turned from color to gray.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Asriel fell to his knees, whimpering, "Nononopleasenojustmeouttaherenoo...."
Suddenly, everything turned black.

"HELP! HELP! HELP!
WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!
Asriel stopped crying and looked up.

He saw Chara glaring at him with an annoyed expression.

Behind her was Sans holding Frisk tightly.

"Uhh..."

Asriel's face turned to a deep shade of red.

"Explain." Chara says, her eyes gleaming red.

"I—umm..." Asriel paused to clear his throat and stood up. "I apologize for my outburst. It was very immature of me to do so."

"Very." Chara says, her lips twitching into an amused smile.

Sans and Frisk tried hard not to laugh.

Asriel looked at the three of them, mortified.

"I'll only accept your apology, Prince Dreemurr..." Chara says. "If you do it again in front of my camera and then I'll show it to Mom and Dad."

"CHARA!!!"

Chara, Sans, and Frisk bursted out laughing.
"C'mon, your Highness." Sans says. "Princess was just kidding around."

"That was stupid!" Frisk laughs, punching her lover playfully in the ribs.

Asriel groaned, face-palming himself.

*I'll try hard not to do that next time.* Asriel thought to himself.

Once everybody has settled down, Frisk says, "Alright, alright. Are we going to CONTINUE yet?"

Asriel turned to Sans, his expression changing from mortified to serious.

"Frisk, I have to talk with Sans for a bit." Asriel says.

Sans knew that something about Asriel's sudden change in expression meant that whatever he had to discuss with him was urgent.

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"So, whaddaya want to talk about?" Sans asks, once he and Asriel were far away from Chara and Frisk.

Asriel sighs then says, "Frisk is starting to remember the timelines."

Sans scratched the back of his skull. "I thought she could remember all timelines—"

"No, not the original timelines, like this one. The *broken* ones." Asriel explains.

The lights in Sans' eye sockets suddenly went out.

"You mean the glitches and stuff? The timelines she can't remember?" Sans asks.

Asriel nodded.

Sans' hands shook nervously.

If Frisk remembered all of the broken timelines, she'd hate him forever...

"You have to fix this...she'd side with the humans if she ever found out." Asriel says.

Sans nodded in agreement.

"I'll just have to force the formulas right out of my father, then I could ERASE the broken timelines. Unfortunately, it will take weeks." he says.

"Take all the time you need." Asriel says. "Just don't make it obvious for Frisk."

"Why not?" Sans asks.

"Because once she experiences something almost similar to the events from the broken timelines..." Asriel says quietly. "...she'll remember that certain event."

Sans just stood there, silent.

Asriel just sighs then says, "Look, we have to escape this void now. I'll go ahead."
Then he walked off into the darkness.

Sans shoved his hands into the pockets of his jacket.

How could he explain to Frisk about being gone for weeks?

She'll remember the time when he was dating Toriel!

Well, Sans just forced himself to be with Toriel just to make Frisk jealous...

*But if Frisk remembers more, she'll break down.*

And Sans hated to see Frisk cry.

Especially when he is the reason.

"Sans! There you are!"

Frisk's voice snapped Sans back to reality.

He turned around to find his sweetheart standing about 14 feet away from him.

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Frisk ran towards Sans at full speed and stopped a few inches away from him.

"Are you ready to go?" she asks.

Her lover's expression remained stoic.

She looked at him, confused, then asked, "Hey, are you alright?"

Suddenly, Sans' arms enveloped around her, pulling her into a tight hug.

Though confused, Frisk just returned the hug.

"Sweetheart, please, don't you ever kill yourself ever again." Sans murmured.

Frisk replied, "Don't worry, I won't..."

Just when she was about to pull away, Sans kissed her on the lips.

His hands gripped onto her thin body tightly, like he was gonna lose her at the second he'd let go.

Frisk felt a bit surprised at Sans' sudden assault, but she just let him do his thing.

She understood that Sans was worried about her, especially after what happened.

Suddenly, Frisk felt Sans deepened the kiss, kissing her passionately. He let out an animalistic growl into her mouth as his phalanges dug deep into her skin.

Frisk whimpered softly at the harsh contact, feeling that later there would be red, painful marks on her back.

She felt heat consume her whole body at Sans' kiss.
It felt so...protective and loving at the same time.

However, Frisk's thoughts were interrupted when the two of them pulled away from each other, panting from the sudden move.

Suddenly, they heard a cough from behind them.

Asriel was trying hard not to laugh at them while Chara was glaring at Sans.

*Oh, so it's their turn to laugh.* Frisk thought.

"If you two want to make out, you better do it somewhere where no one can sense your presence." Chara says, smirking at the couple.

Frisk and Sans blushed from embarrassment.

They knew that Chara had heard them while they were having sex a few weeks ago.

But Frisk and Sans were both glad that Chara didn't bring up the topic now, or else they'd have to face the wrath of the Dreemurr family.

"C-Can we just go now?" Frisk stammers, embarrassed.

Asriel scoffs then says, "Yeah, sure."

Then, Frisk summoned the **board of options**.

The usual options were floating right in front of her:

**CONTINUE**

**SAVE**

and...

**RESET**

"What does the SAVE do?" Asriel asks.

"It helps you view the last time where you SAVED, and then it lets you SAVE at the last point where you died." Frisk explains.

**LAST SAVE POINT:**

Bottom of Mount Ebott

Chara bursted out laughing when she saw this.

"What's so funny?" Asriel asks.

"I couldn't find anything *humerus* about it." Sans says.

Frisk knew exactly the answer.

"Nothing! Sorry! HAHAAAHA!!!" Chara says, still laughing.

'Bottom' also meant 'butt' in human language.
"She's drunk. Deal with it." Asriel says.

Frisk giggled along with them.

Then her hand slowly pressed the **CONTINUE** button.

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The four of them appeared at the foot of Mount Ebott, where Frisk **SAVED** before she and Sans fought Chara.

"So, here we are." Frisk says, brushing off the dust from her sweater.

Suddenly, she realized her necklace was missing.

"Where's my—"

"Looking for this?" Sans asks as he raises the silver locket in between his phalanges.

"Sans!" Frisk giggled, lunging forward to grab the necklace.

But Sans just dodged her and chuckled.

"Hey! Give it back you bonehead!" Frisk laughed, trying to reach for her necklace.

But Sans just kept dodging every move she made.

"And the Dodging Frisk game begins." Sans laughs.

Unexpectedly, Frisk activated her magic, her hand glowing red.

Suddenly, magical red sparks surrounded the necklace.

"Frisky! That's cheating!" Sans says as he activated his magic as well.

Frisk gasped as Sans lifted her into the air.

"Now we're even." Sans says, winking at her.

"Bonehead." Frisk says, trying to use her magic to snatch the necklace from Sans.

"You two do realize that both of your precious little magic are weakened, right?" Chara says, interrupting their little game.

Sans let go of Frisk and caught her in his arms.

The both of them turned to Chara and asked, "What do you mean?"

"You seriously don't know?!" Chara asks, gaping at them. "Man, you two really are oblivious."

Frisk grabbed the locket from Sans' hand and then got down.

"Chara, what are you talking about?" she asks.

Chara just sighed then said, "Nevermind. I don't think it could be possible, either way."
"What couldn't be possible?" Sans asks.

"I TOLD YOU, NEVERMIND ABOUT IT!" Chara snapped.

Suddenly, the human mages arrived.

"Whirly winding of—(hic*)—RESETs~" Jeff says lightheadedly, stumbling onto the ground.

"What happened to you guys?" Frisk asks.

"We werrrreee—(hic*)—dizzyy~" Lily hiccuped.

Percy seemed to be the only one not affected.

"They're not used to RESETs yet." Percy says. "It felt like going on a very fast carousel ride."

"You could—(hic*)—say that again." Luna says, putting a hand to her forehead.

"I shall—(hic*)—be BRAVE!!!" Josh shouts, but ends up stumbling onto the ground with Jeff.

"Darkness in the—(hic*)—world! WHOOO!!!" Gabe cheers.

Chara, Asriel, Sans, and Frisk bursted out laughing.

Percy giggled as well.

"Okay, okay, can somebody hand me mah beer? I wanna see if I'm drunk like those guys." Chara says, pointing to the groggy human mages.

Sans chuckled, turning to Frisk, saying, "Ya know, sweetheart, you were actually like that when you were drunk as heck on your birthday."

Frisk punched Sans playfully, hiding her flushed face.

Chara bursted out laughing. "Heck yeah, partner! You were so drunk, I actually left you and Sans in the room aloooottt!!!~"

Now it was also Sans' turn to blush.

"Chara! That's very inappropriate of you! Frisk is just seventeen!" Asriel scolded.

"Yeah, I know." Chara says, then mutters, "Only if you knew what I just saw a few nights ago."

Frisk asked Sans, "D-Did I say something humiliating while I was drunk?"

Sans snickered then nodded.

"Saaannss! What did I say?" Frisk whined.

Sans leaned in and whispered to her, "Kiddo, you actually do love me, huh?"

Frisk pushed Sans away, making him laugh.

"Sans! Of course I do! But what did I say to give that away?" she asks, pouting.

"When you were about to tell me those special three words of yours," Sans explains. "you threw up on my jacket."
Chara, Asriel, and Percy bursted out laughing.

Frisk felt heat rush to her body, covering her in a deep red blush.

Sans pulled Frisk into a tight hug.

"Wanna know more?" he asks, murmuring into her ear.

"W-What else happened that n-night?" Frisk stammers, embarrassed.

Sans replied, "You mentioned that I would get mad and that I wouldn't understand if you told me about your feelings...Frisky, in reality, I wouldn't do,that."

"You also mentioned that I would stay away from you. Why would I do that? I'm the one who's practically trying to get your attention ever since we were kids. Heck, I was the first one who actually had the nerve to kiss you..."

"I am the one who's madly in love over my best friend, and that girl is you, Frisk. I love you so much Frisk Dreemurr."

Asriel, Percy, and the other human mages 'aww'ed at them.

Chara, however, faked a cough, not willing to admit that she actually ships the couple.

"Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!" the human mages cheered them on.

Frisk blushed profusely with embarrassment and shyness as Sans kissed her sweetly.

Everyone squealed in delight, even Chara, as the couple kissed RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM!

Though experienced, Frisk still couldn't help but blush and feel giddy whenever Sans kisses her.

Once the two pulled away, Frisk also noticed Sans blushing.

"How long have you guys been doing that?!"

Everyone turned around to see the monsters, along with Frisk's family, gaping at them.

"Since the day Sans first kissed her." Chara replied with a fake smile.

Chara despised humans.

Sans, however, stood in horror.

The Swift human family was glaring at the both of them.

Frisk felt Sans' arm wrap around her waist protectively.

"Sans..." she murmured, squeezing his hand tightly, trying to calm him down.

"A monster?" Tin asks incredulously. "Of all things to be involved with romantically, it had to be a monster?!"

"Christine Swift, tone of voice, please." Tristan warns.

But Tin ignored her brother.
"Tristine Swift, have you actually hit your head too hard on Mount Ebott that you actually had the nerve to date a monster?" she shouts.

Frisk stayed quiet, staring at them with a blank expression.

However, Sans could feel her emotions were made up of pure fear and sadness.

But Frisk was just trying hard not to let it show.

Sans could feel Frisk's hand shaking in his own.

To comfort her, he squeezed her hand as a signal to let her know that he was there for her.

Suddenly...

"Hey! Stop Insulting My Friend! If You Insult Her, You Insult Us All Monsters!" Undyne growled.

"It is true, you naive little child." Toriel says firmly. "If you think that a monster is not worthy of a human's love, then you have insulted the character of us monsters, especially when you spoke lowly of your sister's lover, who is actually a monster."

Frisk and Sans were both surprised that Toriel and Undyne stood up for Frisk.

But they were not as surprised as the Swift family.

They were shocked!

Frisk decided to stand up for herself as well.

"Why can't you guys just get along? We all know that there was war before, but we also know that there was also peace in between humans and monsters. Yes, some humans may be freaked out that I chose to be with a monster, but won't you do the same thing for someone you truly love?"

Tin replied, "I won't be doing the same thing. I would never choose a monster."

Frisk rolled her eyes then said, "What I meant was, when you finally meet the love of your life, would you do anything just to be with that person, even if it means to give up everything you have—including your life?"

Frisk didn't wait for a response, because she continued, "I-I know what it feels like because that's exactly what I'm doing right now...I sacrificed myself for S-Sans so many times already, that I barely even thought of what others would t-think of me."

She paused, suddenly noticing that she was crying.

Everyone stood in shock because of her speech.

Including Sans.

Frisk sniffled then continued, "People may t-think that I'm a flirt or a hopeless r-romantic, but what I'm saying is true. When there is true love, you'd do anything for it. And the fact that I'm willing to give up my own life for Sans is the best way I could possibly think of, just to show him that I love him. I've never felt this way about anyone before and I've never been so happy in all my life..."

The Swift family looked at Frisk with guilt.
Undyne was trying to fight off tears, while Toriel smiled affectionately at Frisk with teary eyes.

Asriel, Chara, Papyrus, and the other human mages were trying to hide their smiles.

Asgore tried to stay strong without breaking down in front of everyone.

Lastly, Sans felt mixed emotions in his soul.

One, he was very happy that Frisk actually loves him.

Two, well, he was...guilty.

After everything he had done to his precious sweetheart, she still chose to love a monster like him.

And he was very grateful for her.

It wasn't long before Frisk continued.

But this time, she cried out, "And if you're really my family, you shouldn't take something that makes me happy from me! The monsters are my family now, and you can't take my happiness away and you never will!"

Everyone gasped at Frisk's sudden outburst.

Sans noticed some pink and red sparks lighting up around Frisk's hand, illuminating the dark area around them.

The Swift family moved backwards, their bodies quivering with fear.

Sans placed his hand on Frisk's shoulder, trying to comfort her so she would stop crying.

"Frisk...don't let them get to you, okay sweetheart? I love you too." he told her softly.

Frisk let out soft sniffles as she fell to her knees, kneeling on the ground as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Sans knelt down beside her.

"Do you wanna go back to the Underground for a while?" he whispered to her ear.

Frisk nodded in reply.

Sans helped her stand up as he told his monster friends and family, "She needs to take a break from all...um...this."

Asgore nodded in agreement.

So Sans teleported himself and Frisk to his and Papyrus' house in Snowdin.

Swish!
The couple landed on the green couch with a *flop!*

Sans looked at Frisk, who was still crying.

He scooted closer to her and pulled her into a tight hug.

That's when Frisk sobbed into his jacket, hugging him back as well.

Sans patted her back softly, just like what he always did when Frisk was crying when she was a child.

"It's gonna be alright, Frisk. I'm here for you, sweetheart. I'm here." Sans murmured.

"I-I love you s-so much, S-Sans..." Frisk sniffled.

Sans felt his soul explode from those words.

True it is that Frisk said those words multiple times to him before...

But after what she just said earlier, she showed Sans how much she truly loved him.

"I-I love you too, Frisk." Sans says, planting a kiss on her head. "I love you so much that it hurts me to see you like this..."

"I wish I could show you how much I love you..." he added.

Frisk looked up at him, her eyes were pinkish from crying.

"In what way?" she asks softly.

Their souls both knew exactly what they wanted.

Without any hesitation, Sans kissed Frisk deeply, pinning her down against the sofa. Frisk's crying seemed to lessen. The feeling of Sans' mouth pressed up against hers...

It fills her with DETERMINATION.

Sans could feel Frisk's aching need to be with him right within his soul. There was no doubt he felt the same way too.

The both of them pulled away to catch their breath.

"Wanna take this party upstairs?" Sans asks in between pants.

Lust and love filled his soul when Frisk nodded in agreement.

So Sans teleported himself and Frisk to his room.
Runaway

Chapter Summary

Sans couldn't hold back any longer.

Frisk couldn't either.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I took so long! Also, great guessing Yuki_Akiba! I luv ma little Faith xD

So this Chapter has 6K+ words because my friends and I took turns in writing this chapter. Enjoy the smut sinners!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 23 (Runaway)

The monsters and the human mages went back to Mount Ebott, in preparation for whatever may happen next.

They are all gathered in the castle at New Home.

They were still going to continue their plan to live on the surface. They just have to fix the personal issues in between them and the Swift family regarding Frisk and Sans' romantic relationship.

But they all knew that the Swift family wouldn't agree much.

While the residents of Mount Ebott cleared their thoughts inside of New Home, Chara, however, was feeling utterly...weird.

Sweat formed on her temples, her cheeks became redder.

_Oh no, not again._ she groaned inwardly.

Suddenly, she felt an overwhelming, yet slightly pleasurable, heat wash over her soul.

Chara fell to her knees, clutching her chest tightly.

She knew that Frisk was doing something with Sans.

And for Chara it was **pleasurable** gross.

"Of all the time in the world, why do they have to do their intimacy now?" she muttered, silently
cursing Sans and Frisk.

Obviously, this is one of the times Chara hated the most because her soul is connected to Frisk’s.

That's how she knows when her sister is doing dirty things with her boyfriend.

*This is only temporary...it only lasts for a few seconds and—*

Suddenly, a moan escaped her mouth.

Chara quickly clamped her hand over her mouth and placed the other one on top of her stomach, faking a belly ache.

"Chara, are you alright?" Toriel asks her calmly.

"Yes. I am completely fine." Chara replied. "I'm just having a stomachache."

"Oh...are you in need of medical assistance?" Toriel asks her.

Chara could see images of Sans teasing Frisk with his—

"Nope...!" she squeaked.

"Okay then." Toriel says. "If you need anything, I'll be nearby."

Chara sighed softly in relief once Toriel walked back to Asgore.

*I'll kill those two once I get there...*

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The blue bedsheets were greatly in a big mess.

The white pillows were scattered across the floor.

Blue magic illuminated the room.

While the couple kept quiet behind the doors.

Their shoes were on the floor, and soon enough, all of their clothes would join them as well.

Sans was on top of Frisk, his body hovering only a few millimeters above her.

His boney hands rested on top of her shoulders, keeping the both of them in place.

"Just forget about the humans for a while...okay?" Sans murmured to Frisk.

Before Frisk could even respond, Sans planted a kiss on her lips.

Surprisingly, Frisk easily caved in to his affection.

Her human instincts kicked in.

Her arms are now wrapped around his clavicle, while Sans' boney hands roamed around her back.

Frisk could feel her own heat radiating back against her.
Once they pulled away, Sans stared deeply into Frisk's eyes.

Her blue eyes sparkled with love for him, yet they showed loneliness and confusion.

Like she was lost.

He couldn't blame her for he knew it was because of her biological family.

To cheer her up, Sans closed up the distance between him and Frisk once again, kissing her sweetly.

Frisk jumped a little at the sudden move, but relaxed once she felt Sans' hand in her hair.

But Sans didn't sustain the kiss for too long.

And eventually, he pulled away as well.

Frisk was about to ask why, until Sans said, "Frisk...I love you, okay? I'm here for you, sweetheart."

Frisk was a little confused but she still said, "I love you too Sans..."

Sans nuzzled her face affectionately, making Frisk giggle softly.

He placed a pair of boney fingers on Frisk's cheek and pinched it.

"You're so cute, Frisk. Until now." he compliments, making her blush, adding a tint of pink to her cheeks.

"So...you actually thought I was cute when I was young?" Frisk asks him.

"Definitely." he replied. "And even if I only have one magical eye, you never fail to be the apple of my eye."

"Sans..!" Frisk whined, blushing even harder. "Plus, you just rhymed eye with eye."

"Aww, come on, Frisk. You love my puns the same way you love me." Sans continued to tease her.

"Shut up!" Frisk says, blushing furiously, covering her face with one of the pillows.

"I love you." Sans told her.

"Aaawuvvuuutooo." Frisk replies, her voice being muffled by the pillow.


He could hear Frisk groaning into the pillow.

Sans just chuckled, but suddenly, he didn't realize the words that came tumbling out of his mouth, "Maybe when we have our own kids someday, they'll be as cute as you."

The two of them looked at each other with flushed and shocked expressions.

Sans rubbed the back of his skull nervously.

Manifested sweat was dripping down his skull.

"Uhh...I—um..."
"Sans, have you actually been thinking of that?" Frisk asks him calmly.

She didn't seem mad or anything.

But it was obvious that she had her poker face on.

And she was really great on putting it.

So Sans just replied, "Well...yeah, sorta..."

And there was a heavy silence in between them for a while.

Mixed emotions filled their souls.

They didn't know how to react to what they've just heard.

After a few seconds, Frisk eventually broke the ice.

"Sans...I know I've asked this before...but i want to know how do monsters do it." she says.

Sans looked at her in surprise and slight confusion.

"Why'd ya ask?"

"Because..." Frisk's voice trails off. "because..."

Sans felt his soul ache.

He could sense Frisk's fear.

Without thinking twice, he asked, "Frisk, why are you always asking of what monsters do? Why not, 'what monsters AND humans could do'? Sweetie, it's just like you're forcing yourself to become something you're not. You're trying to be a monster, but you know that's impossible—"

"I know and I hate it!" Frisk cried out.

Tears formed in Frisk's eyes, but she tried all she could to fight them off.

She didn't want to break down in front of Sans...not like this.

"Frisk..." Sans murmured.

"W-Why am I even a human?" Frisk asked shakily. "Why can't I just be a monster like you guys?"

"Frisk—"

"Why do you guys have to be so perfect?" Frisk continues, not letting Sans finish. "Why do you have to be so perfect?"

A tear rolled down Frisk's cheek.

And then another.

And another...

Until she started to cry, unable to hold back her tears.
Sans brushed Frisk's tears off her cheek with his thumb.

He pressed the top of his skull against Frisk's forehead.

"Frisk...sweetheart..." he began softly. "I'm not perfect, Frisk. I've made so many mistakes in my life, in fact, you were the one who changed me, Frisk. You are my sunshine. My sweetheart. My soulmate. My Frisky."

Frisk began to cry even harder.

"And no matter what happens, just like what I always say, I'll love you no matter what happens. I love you for who you are, Frisk. You're a human, and not just an ordinary human. You're Frisk Dreemurr, right? And you'll always be Frisk Dreemurr—the human girl that I am so deeply in love with. And even if you cry for a million times in a lifetime—I'll always be here to tell you that I love you so much."

Sans kissed Frisk softly on the lips then pulled away again, saying, "So please stop crying...and also, to answer your question earlier, I honestly don't know how interspecies do it, but maybe if I could just combine what we all do, maybe..."

He kissed her again then said, "I'll show you just how much I love you."

A pink blush made its way to Frisk's cheeks while her cries turned into soft sniffles.

"T-Thank you, S-Sans." she sniffled. "T-Thank you for everything...e-especially for being patient with me..."

Sans leaned in closer to her face once again.

"I. Love. You." he says in between kisses.

Frisk smiled with tears in her eyes then kissed Sans back sweetly.

Sans' soul leapt for joy, feeling sparks of love and affection connect him to Frisk.

There was no doubt that Frisk is feeling it too.

Once they pulled away, Frisk says, "I love you too, my Legendary Fartmaster."

Sans almost bursted out laughing as he heard the nickname Frisk gave him.

He put his hand on Frisk's cheek, massaging it gently, while he tried to balance himself with only one arm as he rested his head on his hand.

"Legendary Fartmaster." Sans repeated with a chuckle. "You still remember that?"

"Y-Yeah..." Frisk says, blushing deeply.

Sans grinned at her then said, "Not bad, actually, it's great. Credits to the whoopee cushion hand trick."

Frisk finally laughed along with him.

Sans smiled at the sight of Frisk laughing, making him laugh along as well.

Damn, her laughter was so cute!
He could actually listen to her laugh all night.

But there was something he had to do for tonight...

"Sweetheart?"

"Yeah?"

"About your question earlier...do you wanna try?"

Suddenly, Frisk's face turned blazing red while Sans blushed blue as well.

"T-Try what?" Frisk asks, feigning confusion.

Sans sighs then says, "Frisk, you know exactly what I mean...I-I want to know how, but only if it's alright with you. You're my sweetheart above all things, but this is forever..."

Frisk stayed silent for a while.

She didn't know what to say.

She wanted to do it so much with him!

But what if she actually got impregnated?

And their relationship has only been a month...

Sans decided to add, "Maybe we could hold back from its effects?"

"Hold back?"

"Yeah."

Frisk seemed to agree with the idea, so she nodded.

"I'll hold back, just for you, Frisky." Sans says as he kissed Frisk's cheek.

Suddenly, Frisk let out a yelp as Sans bit onto the upper band of her sweater's collar.

His skull was dangerously close to her, making it difficult for Frisk to see what Sans was doing.

Soon enough, she could feel him nibbling onto the cotton, slightly pulling the collar down.

The bottom part of Frisk's neck was no longer covered by her sweater.

On the other hand, Frisk could also feel Sans' boney hand sneaking its way up behind her back.

His fingers felt cold and smooth against her skin.

Sans pulled down the collar with his teeth.

The upper portion of Frisk's breasts were revealed.

"S-Slow..." Frisk mumbled.

Sans raised a browbone at her.
His teeth let go of the collar, making it spring back into place.

A mischievous smile was plastered onto Sans' face.

"Slow, eh? We haven't even started yet. Does my little kitten want it rough?" he purred.

Frisk bit on her lip, her face turning as red as a tomato.

Sans grinned, using his hand to lift up Frisk's shirt.

But he didn't pull it over her head yet.

Instead, he pressed his skull to her stomach and pulled the fabric over his head.

Frisk could feel something wet touch her stomach, making her yelp in surprise.

She looked down, realizing a blue glow coming from under the fabric.

It was Sans' tongue!

While curiously watching her lover tease her with his tongue rubbing against the sensitive skin of her stomach, Frisk grabbed a nearby blanket and gripped it tightly.

Sans paused to look at her and noticed the blanket she was holding.

He told her, "Don't worry, babe. It's just you and me alone tonight."

"But what if—"

"Sshh..." Sans murmurs, lifting her shirt up higher. "They won't know we're here."

Frisk shifted uncomfortably in her position.

She felt Sans' tongue slide against her stomach, making her gasp in surprise.

"S-Sans..." she says. "I-I'm sensitive there..."

Sans looked up at her then grinned.

"Looks like I found another one of your sweet spots, sweetheart...I wonder when I could get a taste of your other one—"

"Sans!" Frisk says, blushing harder than ever.

Sans chuckled darkly at her then said, "Oh, I know you want it. I'm sure you even loved it."

Frisk watched as Sans lifted her shirt over her head.

She helped him take it off my shaking the shirt off her arms and shoulders.

Then, she threw it onto the floor.

Sans' gaze moved towards her bra.

"Hmm...so the RESETS also have an effect on the color, huh? You actually look sexy in black." Sans says, playing with the strap of Frisk's bra.
Frisk blushed deeply while she bit the inside of her cheek.

She felt so helpless right now.

Sans, however, seemed to be enjoying it.

He kissed her passionately, holding her head closer to him with one hand, and stroking her skin with the other.

Frisk could feel a tingling sensation from where Sans is touching her.

Her skin tensed whenever Sans' fingers brushed against them.

Their souls were beating at a rapid rate.

Suddenly, they pulled away gasping for air.

Frisk grabbed a hold of Sans' jacket and tried to slide it off him.

Sans chuckled at her attempt but took it off as well.

Then he threw it to the ground where Frisk's sweater was.

And soon enough, all of their clothes would be there.

Frisk laughed as she pushed Sans backwards.

Now it was his turn to be pinned to the bed.

Sans' eye sockets widened as Frisk kissed him.

Her lips felt so soft against his own that were made of flexible bones.

*She's a damn good kisser.* he thought to himself.

Suddenly, she pulled away with a mischievous smile on her face.

*Uh oh.*

"F-Frisk?" Sans chuckled nervously, but also liked the way how Frisk was trying to seduce him.

"Yes, Sansy?" she asks, her smile not leaving her face.

Sans' face was now blushing blue as he stared up at his lover, who giggled as she slid a hand beneath his shirt.

Sans could feel Frisk's hand roaming around every bone in his ribcage.

He lets out a loud moan every time Frisk touches the bones near his clavicle or the ones near his pelvis.

Hearing this, Frisk decided to go further.

She kissed Sans once again, while her hand slid down Sans' shorts as it went roaming down his pelvic bones, where she could feel his member materializing.

She stroked his bones, summoning sparks of magic of her own.
Her red magic combined with Sans' member, making him pant heavily from the heat he's feeling.

Her fingers played with the inside of his pelvis, making him moan loudly into her mouth.

And Sans was getting more and more aroused with every touch Frisk made.

He pulled away slightly, just enough space for him to say, "Sweetheart, if you keep doing that, there's chance I won't be able to hold myself back..."

"Then don't hold back, Sans." Frisk murmured. "We haven't even started yet."

Sans chuckled slightly at her comeback by repeating his words from earlier.

And with that, Sans leaned his head upwards then kissed her.

His hands were now firmly pressed against her back, trying to unclasp her black bra.

When he finally managed to unhook her bra, he threw it to the floor as well.

Frisk groaned into his mouth.

*Oh, right.*

He pulls away from her as she gasps for air.

Her cheeks were flushed in a deep red color.

Sans was starting to worry about her.

"You alright, Frisk?" he asks her. "Your face has been red for the past minutes and—"

"I'm alright." Frisk replied, clutching her bare stomach. "I couldn't really sustain my breath for a long time."

"Heh, that's because I always take your breath away." Sans joked.

Frisk covered her mouth with her hands, trying hard not to laugh.

"That was stupid!" she laughs.

Sans chuckled then he said, "Frisky, we were in the middle of something."

Frisk giggled then Sans pulled her in for another kiss.

She could feel Sans' tongue part in between her lips, snaking its way into her mouth.

Sans grinds his hips against hers, their underwear being the only barrier blocking their intimate spots from touching, while his feet pull down the garter of her shorts.

While Frisk's hands slid into Sans' white shirt as she caressed his spine, making him moan loudly into her mouth.

She played with the bones on Sans' sternum, stroking each one adoringly.

Sans, however, couldn't really stop himself from feeling more and more aroused as his blue eye flashed brighter.
Frisk could feel Sans' hand slide inside her shorts and panties, touching her rear.
She yelped as he squeezed it hard, unable to sustain the kiss.

"A little sensitive there too, eh?" Sans told her, strings of blue saliva connecting their mouths.
Frisk didn't reply because Sans slid his hand deeper until he touched Frisk's clit.
His fingers rubbed against it, eliciting a moan from Frisk.

"You're so wet already, Frisky." he murmured.
Frisk gasped as Sans suddenly thrust his finger inside of her entrance.
She could feel his finger wiggling inside of her.
It wasn't long before he slid another finger inside of her.
Frisk could feel the tension on her pelvis and stomach ache even more.
Sans' fingers dug deeper into her pussy, making her feel more and more aroused.
Her orgasm was starting to break.

"Sans...I'm gonna cum already..." she says in between breaths.
Sans slowly removed his fingers from hearing this.
Frisk was about to ask why, but then he says, "I ain't letting you cum without me."
Suddenly, Sans pulled off Frisk's shorts, leaving her wet panties exposed.
"We'll save that for later, sweetheart. For now..."
Sans pulled Frisk into a deep kiss, grabbing her waist tightly.
Frisk slowly lifted up Sans' shirt, leaving the bottom of his ribs exposed.
When his shirt reached the upper half of his body, Sans pulled away from the kiss for a while.
He sat up then removed his white shirt then threw it on the ground, leaving his exposed ribcage.
Although they just RESET, Frisk could still see the marks where Chara struck Sans earlier.
There were a few small cracks in his bones, but they didn't look too damaged.

"Sans what happened?" Frisk asked softly.
Sans rubbed the back of his skull nervously as he said, "Your sister basically attacked me a skeleton of times earlier, sweetie."
Frisk gasps, but before she could say anything, Sans interrupted her, "Frisk, it's nothing serious. Really."
Frisk had a small idea at the back of her mind and decided to put it into action.
Her fingers traced the small cracked bones of Sans' sternum.
Her lover watched her with eagerness as her face moved closer to inspect it.

Then, she planted a kiss on the crack.

Looking up, she saw Sans' face turning blue.

"You like it when I do that?" she asks with a playful smirk on her face.

"Y-Yeah, keep going." Sans stammers, blushing even deeper.

Frisk kissed his clavicle, making him shudder.

"Sensitive." she teased him.

"Dangerous." he mumbled.

Frisk continued to trail kisses down from Sans' jaw to his sternum.

Her tongue snaked out of her mouth as it brushed against the surface of Sans' bones, making him hiss underneath his breath.

"F-Frisk..." he moaned softly.

Frisk looked up at him, drawing into his attention.

"I-I can't hold it in anymore." Sans says, pulling her closer.

He felt so lost just staring at Frisk's eyes.

"I already told you earlier, Sans." Frisk says as she gave him a quick peck on the mouth. "Don't hold back, sweetie."

Before Sans could reply, Frisk pulled him in for another kiss.

Her legs were now wrapped around his'.

And the only thing dividing Sans' intimate spot from Frisk's was both of their underwear.

Yet, he could feel the need of having himself inside of her.

Suddenly, Frisk's feet pulled down Sans' shorts slowly.

The both of them pulled away from the kiss for a while, prepared to do what's next.

Frisk teased him a bit by stopping when his shorts were close to falling from his hips, but when Sans decided to grab Frisk's underwear, prepared to pull it down, Frisk decided to continue pulling her lover's shorts down revealing his glowing, blue member.

Sans chuckled darkly as he said, "Now it's your turn, Frisky."

He pulled Frisk's panties down slightly, exposing her intimate spot as her panties just stayed very near her entrance, binding her thighs closer together.

"Damnit." Sans curses as he leans his head closer to Frisk's underwear.

"Sans what are y—"
Suddenly, Sans bit down on Frisk's panties, his mouth touching her clt through the fabric, making her moan in surprise.

Hearing this, Sans decided to tease her some more.

He let go of her panties then shoved his face dangerously close to her pussy.

His tongue snaked its way out of his mouth as he began to taste Frisk's sweet spot.

"S-Sans..!" she squeaked.

Sans buried his head deeper until he was able to taste her completely.

Frisk could feel Sans' boney mouth pressed up against her entrance while his tongue roamed deep inside of her, making her moan loudly with every touch he makes.

Her body grew warmer and warmer from both pleasure and arousal.

Sans' tongue brushed against the sensitive skin of her entrance, sending shivers down her spine.

The orgasm forming inside of her was about to break.

Sans finally stopped teasing her then chuckled.

Frisk scowled at him playfully.

Sans bit down on Frisk's panties once again then pulled them down as they slid down her legs and all the way to her ankles.

Sans could feel Frisk's breathing heavily against him.

He pushed her, making her back face flat against the bed, while he climbed on top of her.

His eye was flashing brighter.

Frisk smiled, pulling him in closer for another kiss.

Sans groaned into her mouth, his soul bursting with love for her.

Speaking of souls...

Suddenly, Frisk's red soul pushed its way out of her chest.

It's bright red color showed off its DETERMINATION.

Frisk's soul bumped into Sans' sternum.

She could feel her soul calling out to something.

But something was not right...

"What happened to your soul? It's not pink or purple anymore." Sans observes.

"I don't know..." Frisk replied, watching as Sans' blue soul came out as well.

His soul bumped against hers, sending a shiver down both their spines.
Their souls glew brighter at the contact and a flash of pink color swirled around the two souls.

Sans' face turned completely blue.

Frisk watched with curiosity as the souls raced each other around in circles.

"That's an effect of the soul bond." Sans explains, as if he was reading Frisk's mind. "It...uh..."

"It does what?" Frisk asks.

Sans blushed even deeper.

Frisk giggled.

It was so cute to see him flustered like this.

Then, Sans said, "Remember what you were asking for earlier?"

"Yeah, about how monsters reproduce." Frisk replied.

"Well..." Sans says. "this has something to do with it..."

Frisk's eyes widened from hearing this.

"What do you mean?" Frisk asks.

"Frisk, I—"

Suddenly, her soul changed color.
From its bright red color, it turned to a dull gray color.

Frisk's body was shaking slightly.
Her skin paled a little and her lips were quivering.

She felt...

"Soul of Fear." Sans murmurs.

He held her hand and squeezed it tightly.

"Frisk, I won't do anything, I promise." he assured her.

But he could still feel her shaking of fear.

"Sweetheart..." he murmured.

Frisk felt comfort within his small touch, but like a single match in a snowy atmosphere, it wasn't enough to soothe her.

Sans felt his soul break.

Suddenly....

The both of them gasped once they saw his soul also changed.
From its beautiful blue color, it turned into a plain white color and his soul turned upside down.

Like a normal monster's soul.

*But isn't Sans a monster?* Frisk thought.

She put her hand on top of Sans' making him look back at her.

"Sans..."

"Are you okay now?" Sans asks her. "I'm sorry if I shocked you, I can be quite careless with my words sometimes and—"

"I'm okay now, thank you." Frisk says, putting a finger to his mouth, shushing him. "Worry about yourself..! Your s—"

"I know what you're thinking." he blurted out. "It's about my soul, isn't it?"

"Yeah." Frisk replied. "Why is your soul blue? Why are the souls of other monsters different?"

Sans sighs, looking away again.

"Is it a bad story?" Frisk asks him.

"No, sweetheart." Sans replied turning back to her. "It's one of the best stories I've always wanted to tell you."

Frisk felt her fear slowly go away.

"Can I hear it?" she asks Sans.

Sans smiled then he told his story.

"It happened when I was ten. Whenever a monster turns a decade year old, their souls already know about their soulmate. That's why souls react differently when they are near their soulmate." Sans explained.

"Only the soul could know, not the monster themselves." he continued. "Tibia honest, I was always looking forward to meet my soulmate...but when I turned ten, my soul was completely different."

"Alphys told me that if a monster's soul turns into something like the human souls, then that means their soulmate is a human."

Frisk's soul flashed red for a few moments.

"Which is why I promised Tori to protect any human that came into the Underground. Well...I was...hoping that my soulmate would fall down..."

Suddenly, Frisk interrupted him accidentally by laughing, "Pfft!!! Really? Wasn't there any other way for me to meet you without having to fall from more than 100 feet off the surface?"

Sans chuckled, continuing with his life story, "My soul trait is Integrity, just like Luna. But my soul didn't react to her...she was too jumpy. But when I met you Frisk..."

"My soul was attracted to you, like I knew I could trust you. I've never met anyone so wonderful. You were the only one who actually laughed at that whoopee cushion trick and your laughter was..."
beautiful. The pacifist child who never failed to show MERCY in the end...and the only human girl who makes me smile and the girl whom I've actually learned to love after all these years. Frisk...I..."

Frisk's eyes were shining with tears.

Her soul turned into a bright pink color and so did Sans'

"I love you so much, Frisk." Sans says, pulling her in for a kiss.

Frisk wasn't able to hold in her tears as she let out soft sniffles.

A few tears also fell from Sans' eye sockets.

Suddenly, their souls flashed so bright that it almost blinded them.

Frisk's soul was a bright pink color while a red ring surrounded it.

Sans' soul was also the same, but the ring around his soul was blue.

The couple pulled away from the kiss, smiling at each other happily.

"You wanted to know how monsters reproduce, right?" Sans asks Frisk all of a sudden.

Without waiting for a reply, he continued, "Well...do you want to try it out? I mean...if that's okay with you..."

"Yes...please?" Frisk asks. "But..."

Sans smiled at her then said, "Don't worry. I will do my best not to get you impregnated or something. Just tell me the word and I'll stop."

Frisk could feel herself crying from his kindness.

"Thank you so much, Sans." she says, kissing him on his cheekbones. "I love you too."

And with that, Sans trailed his fingers down Frisk's soul, sending shivers down her spine.

Magical sparks burst from his phalanges while the flames in his eye grew larger.

The flames and his magic were no longer cyan, but pink.

Frisk's eyes also turned pink.

It was the effect from their souls, but sooner or later, they'd revert back to their original forms.

Sans pushed himself against Frisk, kissing her passionately.

His glowing pink cock rubbed against her wet pussy while their hips ground against each other.

Also, his now glowing pink tongue made its way inside of his lover's mouth, assaulting her tongue fiercely.

He could feel her tongue brush against his'

While doing these, his hand touched Frisk's soul, making her moan loudly into his mouth.

He squeezed her soul tight, making her gasp, pulling away from the kiss.
Frisk, on the other hand, enjoyed being touched by her soulmate.

And she loved every moment of it.

"Frisky, this won't work if you're not joining in as well." Sans told her.

"I don't know what to do." she confesses.

Sans pinched her cheeks as his cock lunged into her pussy's tight entrance, making her moan in surprise.

Damn, did he love this girl so much.

"You're so adorable. It's simple though. You just simply touch the soul." Sans explained, grabbing her right hand.

He pulled it toward his soul, bracing himself for what he was about to feel.

Frisk summoned magical sparks of her own, which are also pink.

Her fingers caressed Sans' soul, heat pooling down in his pelvis.

"Keep going." Sans told her.

It was just like from earlier morning when she first touched him.

And now they'll be touching the very essence of their beings.

Frisk's hands roamed deeper into Sans' soul, brushing its surface with her thumb.

Pleasure washed over her lover.

"Can't. Wait." Sans says through gritted teeth.

"Don't hold back?" Frisk asks him.

Sans felt guilt weighing on his neck...

"Frisk..." he mumbled. "I can't, I'm sorry."

"Sans, please? Please..." Frisk pleaded. "I need you Sans."

Sans let his lust take over.

"If you want this so bad, kitten," he growls into her ear. "we're gonna have a good time."

Frisk's pink eyes sparkled with hunger.

Sans pushed their souls in between them.

His tongue touched Frisk's soul, giving it a strong hard lick.

Frisk moaned loudly at the contact, but Sans was showing her no mercy.

And at the same time, Frisk's hands squeezee Sans' soul making him let out a surprised moan.

Filled with LOVE, Sans pinned Frisk against the wall using his pink magic.
Pink magic wrapped Frisk's wrists tightly together, preventing her to escape while her arms were raised up high.

She didn't dare complain, in fact, she smiled mischievously at Sans.

Sans smirked then he kissed her passionately.

His cock was pressed up hardly against Frisk's entrance.

Once they pulled away, Frisk pouted at him in annoyance.

"Patience, Frisky." Sans teased her.

Before Frisk could respond, their souls came floating beside them.

Frisk rolled her eyes then used her magic to pull Sans close then kissed him deeply.

Her tongue automatically assaulted his tongue while Sans' hands roamed around her mid-section.

Frisk deepened the kiss, leaning her head closer to Sans.

Sans' grip on her waist tightened.

Frisk's heart was beating rapidly.

Beads of sweat began to form on the sides of her head.

The two of them pulled away, panting and gasping for air.

Sans inched closer to her.

"I think it's time I show you how this really works." he says, removing the magic wrapped around Frisk's wrists.

He shoved her onto the bed then joined her after.

He crawled on top of her, his cock pressed up tightly against his lover's intimate spot.

"I'm sorry..." Sans murmured to Frisk as he pulled their souls closer to them.

Frisk didn't say a word.

Sans used his magic, controlling his soul while he was positioning himself and Frisk.

Before he was about to do anything, he looked at Frisk then asked, "Are you really sure about this? I love you so much, but...Frisk, this is forever. Once we do this...there's no more turning back. You'll be completely mine."

Frisk planted a gentle kiss on his cheekbones.

"Yes." she says.

And with that word, Sans thrust his cock into her tight pussy. Frisk bit her lip to prevent from moaning.

And at the same time, Sans' soul was melding into Frisk's.
The both of them could feel a tight squeeze in their chests.

"Don't...hold...back..." Frisk says weakly.

Sans thrusted into her again, trying to squeeze his way in. He moved and squirmed just to get his cock to fit in her again.

Frisk could feel her orgasm twist inside her stomach. She was about to breakdown soon.

To help muffle her moans, Sans kissed Frisk deeply, his tongue filling in her open mouth.

Then he thrusted into her again, making Frisk moan loudly into his mouth.

Sparks of pink, blue, red, and purple magic bursted around their souls.

Sans moaned as Frisk bucked her hips upward, pushing his cock a little more inside of her.

"Fas...ter..." she mumbles, gasping for air.

Sans nodded, holding onto Frisk tightly.

He thrusted repeatedly into her, eliciting explicit moans from his lover.

The bed below them started to creak along with every thrust Sans made.

He was feeling more and more aroused as his orgasm was about to break as well.

He could feel Frisk's soul shaking while the tightening feeling in their chests grew.

Frisk tried hard not to bite Sans' tongue, but she failed at some times.

Her body was pressed up against Sans' as he thrusted into her vigorously.

Pleasure got the best of them.

Sans kept thrusting and thrusting into her hardly, feeling himself get closer.

"Almost there..." Sans says after pulling away from the kiss.

"S-Saaaaaaannnssss!!" Frisk cried out as her lover thrusted into her painfully.

The pain of her soul tightening, her orgasm about to break, and every thrust Sans did to her made her see stars.

Her head was spinning as she slowly gave in to the exhausted and pained cries of her body.

"Just a little more, sweetheart." Sans says in between gasps.

Their hips were grinding against each other.

Their souls were almost fused into one.

The pain from every thrust gradually turned into pleasure.

"F-Frisk...." Sans groaned.

Frisk's fingers dug into Sans' shoulder blades while his phalanges gripped her feet tightly.
He squeezed his cock inside of her, trying to fit in her tight size.

"You want more, Frisky?" Sans murmured as he thrust into her.

"Aaaahhh~ Saaaaaaannssss! Yes! Please!" Frisk cried out in pleasure.

Sans buried his face into her neck, his tongue licking her sensitive skin.

Arousal was pooling in their pelvis.

The both of them might cum soon.

Frisk let out series of moans while Sans pumped his cock into her, his soul melding with hers, and his tongue touching her skin.

His teeth dug into the skin of her neck, making his lover moan sharply.

Frisk could feel him getting closer.

His glowing cock touched the sensitive walls of her inner core, stretching her wider than she had ever been.

Until suddenly...

"Saaaaaaaaaaaaannssssss!!!!!!" Frisk screamed when Sans finally thrusted into her, his cock breaking the coils of their orgasm and while their souls finally fused.

Frisk felt a heavy wave of sexual pleasure wash over her.

Having Sans inside of her was just...amazing.

Sans also felt the same way.

But having their souls combined was much more pleasurable.

The two have never been so filled with cum, lust, and love before.

Bright pink cum dripped from both their intimate spots.

Frisk panted heavily, sweat trickling down her forehead.

Sans panted as well, collapsing on top of Frisk, his skull resting on the left side beside her head.

Their pink magic deactivated while their souls turned back to normal then returned to their rightful owners.

Frisk's eyes turned back to their normal grayish-blue color.

While Sans' magic turned back to its beautiful bright cyan color.

He turned his face to the left.

"I love you so much, Frisk." he whispered.

Frisk faced him then said, "I love you too, Sans. I love you, I love you, I love you."

Sans chuckled, then put his hand on Frisk's cheek then kissed her sweetly.
Frisk giggled once they pulled away.

Sans' cock was still inside of her, and pink cum was starting to spread across the bedsheets.

"Papyrus will start questioning us if we don't clean up this mess we've made." Sans says without pulling away from Frisk.

"We have to get.....um...detached first?" Frisk asks, blushing deeply.

Sans noticed this.

He smirked then leaned his face closer to Frisk.

"Oh I don't want to, sweetheart. At least, not yet..." he says, sending a shiver down Frisk's spine.

"Sans, we have to get some rest already." Frisk told him, averting his gaze.

"Love now, rest later, 'kay?" Sans says.

And without waiting for a reply, he kissed Frisk passionately.

She was surprised at the sudden assault and was slightly complaining for not getting any sleep after having sex.

Sans still didn't pull away from her intimate spot.

He, on the other hand, was enjoying this moment.

Frisk's lips felt so soft and kissable, which is why he wanted to stay up a little but longer.

It wasn't long before Frisk kissed him back as well.

Her arms wrapped tightly around his clavicle while her legs surrounded each side of his pelvic bones.

Sans pushed his cock deeper inside of her, making his Frisky cringe in surprise.

His cock was so deep inside of her already, it would take long before they could pull away.

But Sans didn't care a single bit.

Instead, while kissing Frisk, his cock was pumping more cum into her.

Frisk groaned under her breath.

Sans could feel Frisk's gasps grow heavier, so he pulled away from her.

"Sorry sweetheart..." he murmured. "I-I can't hold back from you."

"It's okay." Frisk says, nuzzling his skull.

Sans' face blushed blue, making Frisk giggle.

"Now can we sleep?" Frisk asks, yawning for emphasis.

"Not yet, we have to 'detach' remember?" Sans says.
"Oh, right."

It took the couple several minutes before they finally pulled themselves away from each other, since it was mostly Sans' fault.

Once they were separated, with pink and blue cum still dripping from them, they snuggled up to each other's arms and pulled the blanket over their exposed bodies.

"Thank you so much for tonight, Sans." Frisk murmured.

Sans chuckled softly then kissed the top of Frisk's head.

"Anything for you, sweetheart."

And just when they were about to close their eyes...

The door of the room slammed open.

_Uh oh._

_Busted._

Chapter End Notes

Thank you KatKatKatina for the idea!
Chapter Summary

Frisk and Sans get caught by their friends and family...
Later...
Sans' worst fear had finally come true...
Will his bond with Frisk be strong enough to surpass it?

Chapter Notes

Paces around saying "I'm sorry!" for one million times*

ALSO

Special Appearance from Frisk, Roman, and Calibri from Return to The Underground by LoneWolf223

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24 (Remembering The Forgotten)

Frisk stared at everyone else, her face flushed in a deep red.
Sans' face was also drowned in a deep blue blush.
All of their friends and family were standing in the doorway with smirks on their faces.
"Are we interrupting something?" Toriel asks calmly.
"Um—"
"Darlings! You should've told us you reached this level!" Mettaton exclaimed.
Frisk blushed even deeper as she shifted uncomfortably in her position.
Everyone poured into the room.
"The next time you do that," Undyne laughs. "make sure the doors are locked real tight."
"A-And s-soundproof!" Alphys squeaked, unable to contain her excitement any longer.
Frisk and Sans looked down, guilt plastered on their faces.

"A-Are you mad at us?" Frisk asks Toriel and Asgore.

Toriel and Asgore looked at them and smiled.

"My child, humans are different from monsters. We are not strict when it comes to that topic, especially when you are with your soulmate." Toriel says.

"We were only strict for once because this is the first time a human has ever been in a relationship with a monster." Asgore added.

"Especially Frisk. She's only seventeen." Chara jumps in.

Frisk still couldn't ignore the fact that she and Sans were naked and only covered by a blanket and they were actually right in front of their friends and family!

She could feel Sans' boney hand rest on top of hers.

"Well, We Have To Let These Two Change!" Undyne says. "Not Unless If You Two Have Other Plans In Mind..."

"Nope!" Sans and Frisk replied automatically.

Undyne guffawed at them.

"Yeah Sure! We'll Leave You Two To Your Love Making!" she teased.

"U-Undyne! T-That's r-rude!" Alphys says playfully.

"Though, we are concerned on one thing..." Toriel began. "May we see your souls?"

"Umm...sure?" Frisk replied pulling out her own.

Sans pulled out his own anxiously.

The two souls were different.

Sans' soul was in its deep blue color as usual...

But Frisk's...

Her soul was changing colors in a flashing transition.

It flashed pink, then red, then blue, then purple, then gray, then pink again.

"My child, what happened to your soul?!" Toriel asks frantically.

"I dunno." Frisk replied. "Is it bad?"

"I'm afraid it is..." Toriel says, making Frisk's soul turn gray.

"Fear not, my child. I can fix that." Toriel says, reaching out for Frisk's soul.

Gentle fire magic burst from her paws and into her daughter's soul, rearranging the colors.

Frisk could feel a squeeze in her chest, but she didn't dare complain.
Instead, she just closed her eyes.

Sans could sense his girlfriend's uncomfortableness, so, he sent a small blue spark of magic into her soul.

Frisk felt her nerves calm down a little.

Once Toriel was done, she said, "Frisk dear, you can open your eyes now."

Frisk gasped once she saw her new soul.

The colors were arranged in an orderly manner, her soul acting like a vessel.

"Why is my soul like that?" she asks.

Toriel looks at her then sighs, "I believe it is because your soul cannot adapt to the sudden change. Your soul bond with Sans is too powerful, causing your soul to react based on your emotions."

Sans looked down guiltily, playing with his phalanges.

"Sorry." he muttered.

Asgore sighs then says, "I believe it is time we left the both of you alone. The both of you are currently not in...proper conditions."

Then they closed the door.

Sans flopped down onto the bed, dragging Frisk along with him.

The two of them remained silent for a while, holding each other close.

Frisk felt very uncomfortable with the awkward atmosphere.

Sans faced her then said, "Frisk, I'm sorry—"

"It's okay." Frisk murmured, putting a hand to his cheekbone.

Sans chuckled tiredly, pulling the blanket over their exposed bodies.

"We better get some sleep. What we've done earlier could cause worse side effects." he says.

"Sans..." Frisk spoke quietly.

"Yeah?"

Frisk mustered all of her courage, and tried to stop blushing, then asked, "W-What side effect are you talking about?"

Sans sighs then kissed her cheek, but his face was blazing blue.

"We'll cross the bridge when we get there, Frisky." he murmured, nuzzling his lover's face affectionately.

"Sans..!" Frisk pouted.

"Fine, you've got me." Sans says in surrender.
"So, what is it?" Frisk asks, although she felt like she had an idea.

Sans placed a hand on his lover's mid-section, massaging it gently.

"This might actually be our 'happy accident'...if it was actually possible." he says, smiling at her.

"Wha—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Sans kissed her quickly then said, "Go to sleep, Frisky."

Frisk rolled her eyes then drifted off to sleep.

But the fear of what might happen haunted her.

Frisk stared out into the darkness.

There was nothing else but pitch black.

"F-Frisk?"

Frisk whipped around, but she saw nothing.

"Over here!" the voice shouted.

Frisk looked down and saw two ghastly children looking up at her.

They looked human, but in a ghostly purple color.

"Umm...who are you?" Frisk asks.

"I'm Roman, and this is my sister, Calibri." Roman says. "we're only talking to you through your dream."

"And someone else wants to see you." Calibri added.

Suddenly, a flash of red light covered the darkness.

A figure walked towards the three of them.

"Mom!" Roman and Calibri exclaimed, rushing to the figure.

The figure giggled, hugging the two.

Frisk felt a wave of familiarity wash over her.

The figure pulled away from her children then approached Frisk.

The figure had Frisk's matching brown hair, but she had brown eyes and peach skin, and she was taller than Frisk.

"You're Frisk, right?" the figure asks.

Frisk nodded, speechless.

The figure giggled.
"I know you won't believe this...but I'm you from the future." Future Frisk says.

Frisk shot her a look of disbelief.

"It's true!" Roman says. "We used our magic to communicate with you."

"Remember when you were in the void when you died? We tried to talk to you...but we never appeared." Calibri added.

Frisk turned to Future Frisk.

"So you're saying, you're me from the future? And these two are my children in the future?" Frisk asks.

"Kind of...We're from another universe. We didn't SAVE the human mages, cause there were none. All of us are already on the surface, and Sans and I are already married." Future Frisk replied.

Frisk started to feel lightheaded.

Future Frisk smiled then said, "These two don't really have any resemblance from Sans on the outside, if you see their true forms. They're ghosts for now here in the void. But I can assure you, these two are Sans'."

"So...you and Future Sans lasted together?" Frisk asks Future Frisk.

Future Frisk sighs.

Something about her expression made Frisk's heart sink.

"Yes...but I came here to warn you, Frisk." Future Frisk says, taking Frisk's hands within her's.

"Why? Is it because of the humans?" Frisk asks.

"It's because...of you and Sans. You do not know what might happen." Future Frisk says.

Frisk's heart broke.

"W-Why?" she asks.

Future Frisk continued, "Like you, I also have the abilities to go through timelines. I am forbidden to say what and when this tragic event would happen, but Frisk, listen...You should never give in to your FEAR. No matter what happens."

Frisk looked at her future self, confused.


"Don't worry, your family is safe." Future Frisk says. "But beware, a human around your area is willing to backstab you. I can't mention who...but that human will kill you emotionally."

Roman and Calibri nodded.

Suddenly, the future forms were starting to glitch.

Frisk was about to ask more, but Future Frisk interrupted her, "We have to go. Our magic can't sustain this void any longer. Just follow what I said."
Then they disappeared.

Frisk woke up with a startled gasp.

Her heart was beating at a very rapid rate.

She pulled out her soul and whimpered.

It was already in a pure gray color.

"You should never give in to your FEAR"

But Frisk's soul was shaking!

"Frisk?"

Frisk's gaze darted towards Sans, who was staring at her with concern.

"Sorry...did I wake you?" Frisk asks guiltily.

"I-I...I felt the fear in your soul. We're connected, remember?" Sans explained.

Frisk's soul shook even more.

Without thinking twice, Sans pulled her into a tight hug.

It felt a little uncomfortable because they were both...undressed.

Frisk gave in to the tears she'd been holding back.

She hugged Sans more tightly, afraid that he'd disappear if she let go.

"It's okay, Frisk...it's okay...I'm here." Sans murmured soothingly.

"S-Sans...I'm scared..." Frisk sniffled.

"Scared of what, sweetheart?" Sans asks her.

"If I tell you...would you trust me?" Frisk asks him.

Sans' expression went blank.

Frisk could sense the guilt on his expression.

Then, he spoke, "O-Of course."

Then...

Frisk saw them together, hand-in-hand.

They laughed at each other's bad jokes and puns.

And just when he was about to kiss her...
"You're the best, Tori." Frisk heard Sans say.

Toriel responded with a giggle.

"No..." Frisk murmured.

"This can't be..."

"I warned you, partner."

"THEY WILL JUST HURT YOU."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!"

And with one slam of a hand...

RESET

"Frisk?" Sans calls out, snapping her back to reality.

Frisk didn't reply, traumatized from what she just saw.

And then...

Sans was breathing heavily, sweat trickling down his skull.

He had Frisk pinned onto the wall of his Lab with his magic.

The timeline had been so familiar...

But this time, Frisk and Sans were both adults.

Frisk, however, was a little...naive.

She didn't really...SAVE them all this time.

And here she was, trapped in the timeline.

"S-Sans?" she squeaked. "W-What are y-you doing?"

"Sorry kiddo," Sans replied, inching his face closer to her. "I really can't help it..."

Frisk could feel her breathing become more and more shallow as Sans trailed his fingers across her stomach.

She could feel him breathing down on her neck.

Every touch he made sent shivers down her spine, making her shudder.

Her heart was beating fast.

Her soul was terrified.
Sans pulled Frisk closer to him, as his tongue snaked out of his mouth.

His tongue ran across the sensitive skin of her flesh, making her whine softly.

Frisk wasn't tempted at all to kiss him.

She liked him when she was young before...

But after confessing to him, here she was, in the depths of danger.

"Partner, get out of there, NOW!" Chara ordered.

Frisk whimpered as Sans' face was getting closer and closer to her own.

With all her strength, Frisk summoned her soul out of her chest.

With her DETERMINATION, she managed to get herself out of this place and into the void.

"Frisky...sweetheart? Are you alright? You've been staring at the ground for too long..." Sans says worriedly.

There was still no reply.

Sans nearly raped me then? That's...so not like him. Frisk thought worriedly.

Then...

"Here we are. The Last Corridor." Chara said in an undertone.

Frisk looked around and admired the golden walls and designs.

But something about the hall she had walked through for so many times felt...bad.

She continued walking forward and saw what she expected.

Sans was waiting there for her.

"What did you do?" he snarled.

Frisk was taken aback.

"I-I...what do y-you mean?" she asks, whimpering.

"That."

Frisk looked down on her dust covered clothes.

"Sans..."

"I trusted you, Frisk! I can't believe...I-I..." Sans paused to wipe his tears away.

Frisk felt guilty seeing Sans cry right in front of her for the first time.
"You killed Papyrus and everyone else!" he shouted.

"Nah, he's wrong. I killed them all." Chara muttered.

"Sans, I didn't—"

"Yes. You. DID." Sans interjects.

Frisk took a few steps back, afraid of her own best friend.

"Chara, why?"

"He was fucking with our mother, remember?! I. I HATE HIM! I HATE THEM!!"

"Chara..."

"And he hurt you, Frisk. He hurt you by breaking your heart. And now? Your soul isn't that DETERMINED anymore either." Chara snapped.

Suddenly, Sans took a step forward and summoned some bones in the air, like what Papyrus does.

He had a cyan blue eye glowing in his left eye socket, and matching blue flames were bursting from it.

"You dirty brother killer." he spat, hurling the bones directly...at Frisk!

Frisk was about to beg for MERCY, but the attacks already dug deep into her skin, eliciting a pained cry from her.

"S-Sans...please..." she coughed out.

Blood dripped from her mouth as she spoke.

"I trusted you..." Sans growled. "but you broke that trust the same way you broke me."

Frisk collapsed onto the floor, sobbing and begging for MERCY.

"Frisk get out of the way!"

"Huh?"

When Frisk looked up, a blinding blue beam shot her, turning her to ashes.

Frisk's soul turned into a black color as it returned to her.

Her breathing became more shallow.

Anger and betrayal was building up in her system.

She pulled away from Sans abruptly then got off the bed in a haste.

"Frisk? Where are you going? Sweetheart, what's wrong?"

"DON'T YOU EVER CALL ME THAT EVER AGAIN!!" Frisk shouted as she picked up her
She quickly put on her underwear, leaving the bra behind since she was in a hurry, then she pulled up her shorts then covered her torso with her sweater.

"Frisk, what did I do?!" Sans asks, his body was slightly shaking of worry.

But Frisk's HATRED kicked in.

"Leave. Me. ALONE."

Sans was taken aback, tears forming in his eye sockets.

When Frisk ran towards the door, she glared back at Sans then spat, "Dirty Mother Fucker."

Then Frisk stormed off.

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Sans sat there in horror.

He felt hurt from Frisk's harsh words.

Then he suddenly realized...

"The timelines," he muttered.

He grabbed his clothes then dressed himself.

Then he bolted out of the door to search for Frisk.

He dashed down the stairs and then approached the table next to the couch.

He searched for his quantum physics book, but it was nowhere to be found.

And so was Frisk.

Holding the silver key to his Lab, (good thing he kept it in the pocket of his hoodie), he rushed outside of the house.

Sans gasped as he saw footprints, human footprints, leading to his Lab.

He sighed.

Frisk was bound to be there.

Sans dashed towards the door of his Lab.

Yep, just like what he expected, the door's unlocked.

He opened the door and walked inside.

Frisk was standing there, completely still, as she read the pages and blueprints of Sans' book.

"'Broken Timeline'? 'Memories erased'?!" Frisk says, her voice cracking at the end. "You were hiding this from me the whole time?!"
"Frisk, listen, I'm sorry!"

"JUST STOP!!!" Frisk shouted, slamming the book and the blueprints on the floor as she turned around.

Frisk locked eyes with Sans.

"So tell me, who was the one who cursed me with the spell?" Frisk asks.

"What spell?" Sans asks, trying to distract her.

"STOP BEING A NUMBSKULL, SANS!!! ONE OF YOU RECITED THE SPELL FOR THE BROKEN TIMELINES, AND FORCED ME NOT TO REMEMBER!!!" Frisk yelled, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Sans stood there, tears falling from his eye sockets as well.

"It was Chara." he spoke, trying hard not to break down in front of Frisk.

Frisk's eyes were no longer blue...but RED.

"Second question: Explain why you were hiding the truth from me. You were dating Toriel and you chose to hide it from me. Why? Is it because you're guilty of something?" she spat bitterly.

Flames sparked from her eye, full of HATE.

Her sweater was flashing color, from blue and pink, to red and black.

"Frisk..."

"EXPLAIN!!!"

"I was using Toriel to make you fall in love with me!!!!!" Sans blurted out.

Frisk's flames slowly dissipated.

"W-What?"

"There, I said it. I loved you for almost my whole life, Frisk. And I wanted you to be mine." Sans says firmly. "But you threw my feelings away."

"No, Sans." Frisk said. "You threw my feelings away."

There was a heavy silence for a while.

"Frisk...please don't do this. I love you." Sans says simply, but truely.

"STOP LYING TO ME SANS!!!" Frisk sobbed. "I don't know if I could trust you anymore!"

Sans clenched his fists together, trying all he could to hold back sobs.

"I"m sorry..." he says, wiping the tears that fell from his eye sockets.

Frisk summoned an attack of her own.

Another sharp red knife.
Sans took a few steps back, but then Frisk said, "I can't believe I was so stupid...I fell directly into your trap."

"Frisk...!"

The machine behind Frisk was glowing red.

Uh oh.

Sans' Timeline Machine.

Sans shouted, "Frisk, get out of there right now! If your magic is too strong, the machine will—"

"Stop." Frisk says, interrupting him.

The machine began to glow brighter.

Sans quickly wrapped his arms around Frisk, his back facing the machine.

Then the machine exploded with a loud bang!

Shards of sharp glass and steel cut through Frisk's skin and Sans' bones.

Sans was hurt, but he was more worried about Frisk.

She won't be able to tolerate the pain of magical material.

And with that, she let out a pained cry.

The shards dug deep into her skin.

Blood gashed from the wounds.

Sans, however, was wounded as well.

He had a few cracks on the back of his skull.

His jacket had a few rips in it.

But he managed to deal with the pain.

His attention turned back to Frisk when he saw her wounded.

Her mouth was slightly agape as blood dripped from it.

Sans quickly caught her as Frisk collapsed into his arms, unconscious.

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Sans had enough magic to teleport Frisk and himself to his room.

He would have to explain the explosion to Papyrus though...

He laid Frisk down on the bed then he grabbed some cotton, a container of water, and some monster food.
Sans dipped the cotton into the water and brushed it against Frisk's bloody wounds.

The harsh contact of the water to the blood jolted Frisk awake.

She winced in pain.

"Sorry..." Sans murmurs, throwing away the now-red cotton into the trash. "These wounds are a lot worse from your attempted suicide when you were ten."

"Why am I still here? You could've just left me there to die." Frisk says.

*Leave her there to die? Is she crazy?*

"Frisk, why would I do that to you? I love you and I can't bring you back to the castle looking like that." Sans replied, grabbing a new fluff of cotton.

Frisk averted his gaze for a moment.

Sans sighs then he says, "I know what I did was wrong, hiding the truth from my own soulmate, but I did it to protect you..."

"Protect me from what?!" Frisk snaps, standing up.

"Frisk, listen..."

"No, Sans." Frisk snarled. "You weren't being honest to me the whole time! Wasn't that the point of our relationship?!"

"Frisk I'm sorry!" Sans cried, kneeling before her. "I'm sorry..."

Tears fell from his eye sockets.

His soul felt like shattering into a million pieces.

"Sorry? YOU HID EVERYTHING FROM ME SANS!" Frisk growled.

Sans kept on saying, "F-Frisk, you know that I love you. I love you so much...sweetheart, please don't break our relationship because of this...we've been through so much together..."

"But you couldn't even be honest to me and tell the truth." Frisk interjects. "What's next? Was this whole 'I love you' thing a lie? Was saving me a lie? Was this whole relationship a lie?!"

"Frisk that's not true! I love you!"

Frisk felt her soul ache for him, but before she knew it, she spoke, "If you can't even be honest to me, Sans..."

"Then consider this relationship **done.**"

Sans stared at her, shock washing over his system.

He sat still, his jaw slightly agape.

Until he finally gave in to the tears.

"Frisk, no! Please! Frisk, don't do this to me...please...I love you..." he sobbed. "Frisk...please...please...."
Frisk was trying hard to fight off tears while she spoke, "If you really loved me, Sans, you wouldn't do this to me."

"Frisk, please...don't..." Sans could feel his soul being smashed into pieces.

It hurt more than the wounds on his bones.

Frisk continued, "I can't believe I actually fell for you, Sans. I can't believe I was so stupid."

"Frisk, don't do this..."

Frisk's eyes turned more of gray than blue.

Her soul was no longer pink or red...but gray.

Frisk grabbed the locket from her neck and took it off.

"T-This promise you made me?" she paused to throw the locket onto the floor, making a clattering sound. "I-It's useless. No w-wonder you hate making promises."

"F-Frisk..." Sans cried. "I-I love you..."

He could see tears falling from her eyes.

"G-Goodbye Sans." Frisk sniffles as she walks out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Sans could feel his sobs grow heavier.

He hugged his boney knees to his sternum, just hoping for the pain to go away.

Tears were streaming endlessly.

He grabbed a pillow from his bed then shouted into it.

Sadness and grief flooded his soul.

He could feel a tight squeeze on his soul.

Until suddenly, he collapsed onto the floor, his consciousness drifting into the darkness.

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Frisk bolted out from Sans' and Papyrus' house, finally giving in to the tears she had been holding back.

She ran from that place and straight into nowhere.

The cold wind froze the tears blurring her vision and the fresh blood on her wounds.

She felt her heart and soul break.

She just earned her first heartbreak from her first boyfriend.

Frisk just ran and ran into whatever direction she was heading to.

Tears streamed down her reddish cheeks.
She kept murmuring Sans’ name while sobs formed in her throat.

While she was running, she could feel the cold air slowly dying down.

A mild warmth enveloped her frozen body.

She wiped her tears off her eyes and found herself in the entrance to the Waterfall.

She decided to keep on walking.

From the corner of her eye, Frisk could see Sans' sentry station beside an echo flower.

She felt like tearing up again, but she felt like she's drained all of her tear supply.

She sighs then continues to walk further into the Waterfall.

"SANS? BROTHER! GET OUT OF YOUR ROOM THIS INSTANT!" Papyrus orders while standing outside of Sans' room.

But there was no reply.

"SANS, YOU LAZYBONES, YOU FORGOT TO PICK UP YOUR SOCK!"

No reply.

"SANS?" Papyrus calls out as he opened the door to his brother's room.

Papyrus gasped as he found Sans sprawled on the floor.

Some of his bones were cracked and his clothes were slightly ripped.

"SANS!!! WHAT HAPPENED??!!?" Papyrus cried out as he picked up his older brother. "I HAVE TO GET DR. ALPHYS."

Papyrus reached for his phone then dialed Alphys.

"Hey Papyrus! What can I do for you?"

"DR. ALPHYS! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH SANS AND I NEED YOUR HELP!" Papyrus explained.

"W-What?! O-Okay j-just bring him h-here."

Papyrus quickly teleported to the Lab.

Swish!

The two brothers appeared right before Alphys.

"Oh my gosh! W-What happened to him?!" Alphys squeaked.
"I WALKED INTO HIS ROOM AND THEN I SAW HIM NAPPING ON THE FLOOR! BUT HE WON'T WAKE UP!" Papyrus explained.

"I don't think he's napping, Papyrus." Alphys says. "I think he's unconscious..."

Alphys paused for a moment then asked, "Was Frisk there?"

"I'M AFRAID NOT!"

Alphys gaped at him.

"W-What?! But they were together earlier...."

"THE HUMAN WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND." Papyrus says.

Alphys quickly rushed to her monitor and turned on the cameras.

"Frisk is bound to be here somewhere...oh! She's in the Waterfall! But she's...crying?"

"THE HUMAN? CRYING?! IMPOSSIBLE!" Papyrus shouted.

"Well...I better call her and ask what happened to Sans..." Alphys says, grabbing her phone then dialed Frisk.

Alphys watched at the screen as Frisk grab her cellphone.

But Frisk just glanced at it then turned off her phone.

"She's not answering." Alphys says, putting back her phone.

"TRY CALLING HER AGAIN!"

Alphys dialed Frisk's number again.

But like before, Frisk didn't answer it.

Alphys sighs.

Suddenly, a bright light came from the screen.

Alphys and Papyrus gasped as they watched the screen.

Something happened to Frisk.

Then she shouted, "YOU THINK I DIDN'T EVEN THINK OF THAT?! I KNEW WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED AND IT DID!"

"WHO IS THE HUMAN TALKING TO?" Papyrus asks.

"I-I don't know! I've checked the s-surveillance cameras around the area, b-but I dont see anything." Alphys says.

The human mages appeared right before Frisk.
"Uh oh, princess here is going hysterical." Josh says.

"Look behind you, dumbass." Jeff says, pointing behind him.

A girl that looked exactly like Frisk, except for the clothes, eyes, and she had silver highlights in her hair, was standing right behind them.

"Oh, of course, it's Fear." Lily said. "Hey Fear-risk!"

"Stop calling me that!" Felice scolded Lily. "My name is Felice, not Fear-isk."

"But you look like Frisk, though." Luna commented.

Felice sighed then pointed to Frisk.

"Her soul has become stronger than mine." Felice explained.

"Huh?" the human mages asked in unison. "What do you mean? Frisk's soul is the strongest of us all."

Felice rolled her eyes.

"Okay, let me explain," she began. "I'm the Soul and Mage of Fear, and Frisk is the Soul and Mage of Determination, right?"

The human mages nodded.

"If Frisk has fear in her soul, we basically have the same trait." Felice added. "But if her fear exceeds mine, then she will overtake my power."

"Ohhhhh!"

Felice turned to Frisk, who was clutching her chest tightly.

Her brown hair was dyed red at its ends.

Her sweater was no longer blue and pink, but pink, blue, and purple.

She had a matching blue skirt, purple tights, silver boots, and gray eyes.

"Her soul is in a dangerous state." Percy says, as if she was reading Felice's mind.

"We have to change her back." Felice agrees. "Her soul has too much content, and if it stays like that, it will crack."

"In the worst case scenario, kill her." Percy added.

Frisk didn't speak.

Her soul was shaking from trauma, fear, betrayal, and many more emotions.

"We have to tell Chara." Gabe suggests.

Frisk stood up, shaking her arms wildly in disagreement.

"I think she doesn't like your idea, Gabe." Lily says.
"Frisk, she has to know." Jeff told Frisk.

But Frisk raised her fist in the air as a threat of soon punching him in the face.

"Okay, okay! We won't tell Chara!" Jeff says, raising his arms in surrender.

Felice put her hands on Frisk's shoulders, steadying her.

"It's gonna be alright, Frisk." she assured her. "I'll do you a favor, I'll take your fear away."

Frisk looked up at her then nodded.

"But we have to know what happened to your soul—we have to turn you back to DETERMINATION." Percy says.

"Any ideas?" Felice asks everyone else.

Everyone just shrugged.

But then...

"Bring me to Gaster. I'll ask him. If not..."

"I'LL KILL HIM"

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I'll talk.

I was focusing on animating the Soultales AU for FOUR weeks and I had to finish some art for Amino (don't ask)

I know you'll probably be upset with me for this chapter, but don't worry! As Christmas gifts, I'll talk.

Sans and Frisk didn't actually "breakup"

They just needed time and space.

AND

I just wrote a FRANS one-shot! (shrugs*)
It's called Friend of Mine and you can check it out in my works!

AND

C'mon guys, I'm so lonely here: http://aminoapps.com/c/soultales-au

AND

On the Amino above, there IS an EASTER EGG (hidden spoiler) in the art I made, which is related to this chapter and the last chapters of this story.
Chapter Summary

Sans tries to help Frisk
But the both of them try to be stoic

Chapter Notes

I didn't realized that Chapter 24-25 reached 4K+ words
See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25 (Soul Spells)

FEW WEEKS LATER...

"I've got it!" Percy shouts as she slams a gigantic stack of books onto the floor of the house.
The human mages stayed with the Swift family for several days on the surface, so that they could
learn more on how to fix Frisk's soul.
The monsters showed up most of the time because they already started constructing the homes for the
other monsters.
And they're currently doing more construction of homes.
Tristan, Peter, and _______ are with them.
Frisk...remained distant from Toriel and Chara...
They were probably worried sick about her now, because none of the monsters knew that Frisk had
teleported to the surface.
Either way, everyone has gotten along so far.......well, almost everyone.
"Hmm...'Different Types of Human Souls', 'Magical Spells for Souls', 'Monster and Human
War'...wait, why is this last book here?" Tin asks Percy.
"Our ancestors, the other Human Mages, have made the barrier remember?" Percy says with a smirk.
"They must have the spells about souls and magic."
"But those spells are probably outdated!" Tin countered.

"Says the one who doesn't even have magic!"

"ENOUGH!" Felice shouted, slamming her fists against the table. "Would you guys *puh-lease* cooperate?"

"Soul of Fear is mad." Jeff muttered.

Frisk just stared at them in disbelief.

She was glad enough that she was able to talk again...

But seeing everyone fighting here...

It was just making her twice as annoyed than before.

And she hasn't been physically healthy lately...

These past few weeks, she'd experience nausea, dizziness, fainting...she could actually list down more, like abdominal and back pains.

Frisk didn't actually want to have a check-up...she kept thinking, 'what's the point?'

But something in her soul was actually worried, like it had a knowing feeling of what's happening to her.

She wasn't doing well either from her fight with Sans...

She had been worrying about him ever since.

But something that took over her soul kept pulling her away from him.

She felt like she was...possessed by something.

But it felt...different.

"I heard that souls are mostly based on what they are made of. Some souls are actually artificial." Luna says, interrupting them.

"Artificial?" everyone except Luna and Frisk asked in unison.

"Yep. Some of the **Corrupted Souls** are an example." Luna explained.

Felice quickly grabbed the book of the story of the barrier.

She flipped through the pages, her eyes squinted at every page.

Until she finally stopped turning the pages then gasped.

"Oh no." she muttered.

"What is it?" Frisk asks her.

"Read it." Felice replied, handing the book to Frisk.

The girl read it and on the page was,
**Corrupted Souls** - any being who owns a soul like this can either be artificially made or the soul has transplanted into them or CORRUPTION was infused into a normal soul.

This is one of the most powerful souls that are artificially made.

Corrupted souls look like any other soul BUT with the trace of **HATE** (the black liquid that drips from the soul)

The List of some Corrupted Souls:

Normal Soul:
BRAVERY

Corrupted Soul:
FEAR

Normal Soul:
JUSTICE

Corrupted Soul:
INJUSTICE

Normal Soul:
KINDNESS

Corrupted Soul:
ANIMOSITY

Normal Soul:
PATIENCE

Corrupted Soul:
IMPATIENCE

Normal Soul:
INTEGRITY

Corrupted Soul:
DISHONESTY

Normal Soul:
PERSEVERANCE

Corrupted Soul:
STUBBORNNESS
""HATE. That's..."

"Whoever holds the Soul of HATE is difficult to find out. And about the part of me being the Soul of FEAR, I know that." Felice interjects. "But you didn't read the last part yet."

Frisk looked down at the page and read the following:

**CORRUPTED SOULS** may look like they're nice, but their sole purpose is to DESTROY the relationships between monster and humanity.

The Soul of FEAR, however, is different.

Whoever holds the Soul of FEAR has a purpose of helping the Soul of LOVE.

For they have a shared connection to destroy all corrupted souls and that FEAR has the only half of the power to destroy HATE.

"Huh. Weird. For that moment, I actually thought you were evil." Percy told Felice.

"Why do you think Frisk and I look alike?" Felice replied with a giggle. "Soul of LOVE is still the most powerful soul in the universe."

"Really?" Frisk asks.

"Yep. Like they say, Love is the most powerful force in the world. I'm actually surprised it was true. Good Love and Evil L O V E." Felice replied.

"Evil L O V E? Level of Violence?" Jeff asks.

"Exactly."

"Chara's the number one at that." Josh chuckles.

Everyone, except Frisk, laughed.

Frisk just sighed softly and listened to the faint beat of her soul.
Life...actually went slowly and dull without love...

The love that isn't her soul trait...

Obviously, Frisk wasn't happy without love...

Without Sans...

"H-He's waking up!"

"Finally! After How Many Weeks!"

"SANS! BROTHER! PLEASE WAKE UP!"

Sans slowly opened his eye sockets to find Alphys, Undyne, and Papyrus staring at him with concern.

He groaned in pain as he asked, "W-What happened?"

"You Were Out For A Whole Month! We Almost Thought You'd Turn To Dust! What The Heck Happened To You?!" Undyne yelled.

Then everything came back to him.

Frisk remembering the forgotten timelines...

...her anger sparked up...

...he tried apologizing to her...

But she was gravely consumed with fear, hate, betrayal...

And then...

Sans tried to take in slow breaths to keep himself from passing out again.

"BROTHER? IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?" Papyrus asks worriedly.

"F-Frisk...where is she?" Sans asks, looking around.

Unfortunately, a sharp pain hit his skull.

He put a boney hand to his skull as he let out a soft hiss.

The pain settled in to his skull, making it difficult for him to focus.

"S-She's b-been m-missing s-since y-you w-were u-unconscious." Alphys stammered.

"W-Wait, what?!"

Alphys let out a surprised squeak.

"We've Been Trying To Find Her, But She Just Disappeared Out Of Nowhere." Undyne explained.
Sans was filled with shock.

Frisk was missing...because of him.

Thoughts of Frisk getting into trouble, possibly even danger, came running around his mind.

What if she got hurt? What if the humans hunt her down? What if...

Sans felt another sharp pain hit his skull, making his thoughts feel blocked.

"SANS, I'VE BEEN WONDERING, WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED TO YOU AND THE HUMAN?" Papyrus asks Sans.

Sans gripped the bottom of his jacket to keep control of himself.

"Pap, I don't think it would be a great idea to say." he says.

"THEN HOW WOULD WE FIND THE HUMAN IF WE DO NOT EVEN KNOW WHY SHE RAN AWAY?!"

"We've...had a fight." Sans confessed.

"SERIOUSLY?! After The Both Of You Were...Intimate With Each Other?!" Undyne says.

Sans rubbed his eye sockets.

He felt really stressed out from those events.

"Can I at least take a break from all this?" he asks.

Without waiting for a reply, he teleported directly into New Home.

Swish!

Sans arrived in front of the door of the Castle.

The area was kinda...silent, though.

He knocked on the door to see if anyone was home.

Suddenly...

"What do you mean she's missing?!" a voice yelled from inside.

Chara?

"You mean they are missing." another voice replied.

After a few seconds, Sans came face-to-face with Asriel.

"Oh. Hey Sans. If you're looking for Frisk...well, she's not here." Asriel greeted.

"I've heard," Sans mumbled then added, "I actually came to talk to you and Chara."
Asriel shifted uncomfortably in his position then said, "Sure...come on in."

Sans walked inside the house and found Chara pacing back and forth on the wooden floors.

"Damnit, damnit, damnit, d a m n i t!" she grumbled as she kept walking around.

"Chara calm down!" Asriel tried.

"No, Asriel." Chara glowered at him and Sans. "Frisk has been missing for a whole month, and those stupid human mages only told us now."

"It's my fault, I'm sorry." Sans explained. "But we have to find her and explain because she already knows about the Forgotten Timelines."

Chara looked at him in shock.

"WHAT?!?!?!"

"Chara!"

But Chara ignored Asriel and glowered at Sans.

"Y O U T O L D H E R E V E R Y T H I N G ? !" the human demanded, her eyes gleaming red with anger.

"I didn't tell her everything, but we have to tell her now or else she'll hate us for good!" Sans countered.

"Well wasn't it your fault? What did you tell her?" Chara snarled.

"I didn't say anything. She found out herself. I told you that she can remember by herself." Sans retorted.

"Chara, the spell you've put on her wasn't strong enough. She's probably breaking down by now." Asriel says.

Chara sighed in disbelief and frustration, then she punched the wall near her, leaving a small crack.

"Find her. NOW." she growls as she summoned a void and jumped into it.

Asriel stared at the space, dumbfounded.

"She can teleport?" he asks Sans.

"No doubt, we just saw it." Sans replied with a shrug.

Asriel looked away then said, "Anyways, we have to follow her."

Then off they went.

"This looks like an interesting story." Luna says, handing the book to Felice.

Felice looked at the book and smiled.
"Yep. We'll need this." she says.

"So you guys can learn the other magic spells?" Gabe asks them.

"Yep." the girls replied in unison.

Frisk turned a page then read...

Long ago, humans and monsters lived in peace.

There were two pairs of leaders; one pair is the monster king and queen, while the other was the human king and queen.

The Human Leaders were actually the Human Mages of Determination and Love.

The four leaders have cooperated well to maintain the peace among the human and monster races.

Until one day...

The Human King and Queen had three children, two girls and one boy.

The three of them had the Soul of Determination, but one of the girls had a mix of the Soul of Love.

But one day, the boy was very ill, then died.

Determination and Love were full of grief, that they went hysterical over the death of their son.

Knowing that the monsters had magic, they accused the Monster Leaders of murder and the Human Leaders have called upon the Seven Human Mages, including themselves.

However, Love wanted to keep the peace in between humans and monsters.

But her husband disagreed.

So Determination, Bravery, Justice, Kindness, Integrity, Patience, and Perseverance sealed all of the monsters underground with a barrier.

The two girls of the Human King and Queen were upset with this.

After a few years...

The older of the two girls had set forth into Mount Ebott.

After a few days, she had never returned and was reported as the first child who got lost in Mount Ebott.

Love had died of grief, mourning over the loss of her daughter.

Knowing her magic was slowly dying, she had sacrificed her soul to infuse the remains into her youngest daughter, enclosing it with a magic spell,

"Your true desire comes from the heart; a love so pure from where it had start. A love where friendship is never lost, but makes the love live for a cause."

The youngest girl was devastated from the death of her mother, remembering her last words,
“Maybe...worry not, little sunshine. My little ksirf, your twin brother is gone...”

“It requires death, I'm afraid.”

But deep inside, the youngest girl felt something in her soul. A strong feeling for one of the monsters sealed underground. A feeling that she wanted to save them all...

“Love.” she murmured to herself.

The girl had told her father about the feeling she holds. Her father, however, was disgusted.

“A monster? Trist, have you never learned from this?!” Determination yelled at her.

The girl was upset, but she had to stay determined. Time after time, news were reported that more and more children were assumed to be dead...

Seven children were reported that they climbed Mount Ebott then disappeared.

A few days later, her father came home with another woman.

The woman had a deep blue soul and had a few black dripping from it. With the woman were two children, an older boy and a girl who seemed to be the eldest. The youngest daughter knew that the woman was the former wife of her father. The two children he had with her were her two older biological half-siblings. However, the child felt something stir inside of her. Never part of the trait she had earned.

"Papa, who is this?" she asked, her voice trying not to sound bitter.

"Your new mother." Determination says with a smile.

The girl can see his soul. Red with black dripping from it.

The girl was about to ask, until suddenly...

The woman leaned in to her father, then kissed him.

The little girl felt...hate.

The three siblings spent years of friendship together...

But when the little girl turned nine, she knew it was time to leave.
She had hated her stepmother and the feeling she had for a monster never disappeared.

So one day, she and the older half-sister set forth to Mount Ebott.

But when the eldest girl returned...

The little girl was nowhere to be found.

Frisk felt something wet on her cheeks.

Yes, her tears.

Tin noticed this then quickly snatched up the book.

"You shouldn't be reading that." she says.

Felice squinted her eyes at the book then gasped.

"This...this isn't...Frisk, you're the little girl!" she exclaimed.

"Enough...!" Tin hissed, throwing the book into the fireplace.

Frisk gasped in shock.

"You...you didn't tell me about this!" she yelled at Tin.

"Enough, Frisk." Tin says firmly.

"Why?" Frisk kept on going. "What did I do to you?! You knew about the Corrupted Souls the whole time?!"

"It's because of Drake, Frisk!" Felice shouted.

Tin growled then shoved Felice to the floor.

"You better keep quiet, Elle." Tin growls, a bright green flame with black outlines bursting from her hand. "I'm doing this for my family."

"Don't hurt her!" Gabe shouts, shielding Felice with his magic.

"Then keep your mouth shut!" Tin yelled at Felice.

"Well you better keep yours open to explain!" Frisk shouted back defensively.

"Guys, stop this now!" Percy shouted.

Frisk summoned her magic and smashed Tin to the wall.

"You better start explaining." Frisk growled. "Or else your life will end."

Tin tried to break free, but Frisk's hold on her was real tight.

But then...

The door slammed open, revealing a girl in a green and yellow striped sweater.
"Frisk!!! Where were you?! We were worried sick about you!!" Chara yelled.

Frisk's glare turned to her.

Chara gasped once she saw Frisk.

Her worry was replaced with fear.

"Chara Dreemurr, explain yourself. The Forgotten Timelines spell. You were the one who cast it on me, am I correct?" Frisk spat.

"Yes, I know, but Frisk, listen—"

"ENOUGH!!!" Frisk yelled.

Black tar-like liquid stained her fingers.

Everyone gasped.

"Soul of..."

"It's not a soul!" Percy shouted. "It's a consumer. CORRUPTION will make your powers stronger if you have it in your soul. It's the main component of a corrupted soul. Right now, the CORRUPTION is turning her soul into the opposite of it, which is the Soul of HATE."

Jeff, Josh, and Gabe glared at her.

"You HAD to say it." the boys said vehemently.

Frisk's eye started flickering a dark pink.

Darkness crept up her arm, covering it in black.

"Frisk..."

She whipped around and saw...

Sans was watching her with worry and concern.

Frisk's soul leapt in her chest, but HATE crushed down the bubbling love and hope that she had.

The human's gaze darted over to Sans.

He looked...tired.

There were dark circles under his eye sockets, like he hadn't slept at all.

She almost caved in to her pity for him...

But her rage stopped her.

Her HATE stopped her.

"Leave. Now." she said vehemently. "Not unless if it's a FIGHT you are looking for."

"Frisk, I'm not gonna hurt you, but please, just stop this mess." Sans pleaded.
Frisk glared at him, her eyes glowing red.

"In case you're forgetting, comedian, you were the one who started all this." she spat.

Comedian?

Why the heck would Frisk call him that?

Felice's gaze turned to Frisk's arm.

It was covered in HATE.

Percy crawled over to Felice and whispered, "To change the main essence of your soul; an extremely dangerous and forbidden spell."

"What does that mean?" Felice whispered back.

Instead of whispering back, Percy said audible enough for Frisk to hear, "Soul bonds and magic affect the soul. There can only be TWO things in a human soul. One is your main trait. Two is the soul bond. And, it's not the magic that causes Frisk's soul to act like that..."

"It's the Soul of Love." Felice says, turning to Frisk. "Since it was only infused into your soul, it acts like a foreign object, especially if it's not your trait."

Sans turned to Frisk, who slowly put Chara and Tin down.

Frisk felt something in her mid-section, like something was calling out to her.

She closed her eyes, and watched as her soul tried connecting itself to what the message was.

"Please SPARE. Please..."

"I cannot." Frisk replied.

Then she opened her eyes.

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Sans felt his soul break.

It was all his fault and now, he had to pay for all his sins.

The girl in front of him...didn't seem like the girl he fell in love with.

"Frisk...please..." Sans pleaded.

But every time Frisk hears those same words over and over again...

"Would you just STOP?!?!" she yelled.

Sans grabbed her arm using his cyan magic and pulled her close to him.

"I'm not gonna stop until I get you back." he says vehemently, doing all he can to hide the worry and sadness in his voice.
But Frisk didn't seem threatened at all.

"Oh really?" she scoffs. "You're the one who keeps telling me to give up!"

Sans just stared at her blankly, although he was slightly impressed with her comeback.

HATE was consuming Frisk's body.

But Sans was hearing something else.

"Sans?...Can you hear me..?"

Was that...

"Sans! Listen to me! That's not me!!!" Frisk's voice called out to his soul.

Sans' eye sockets widened in horror.

"You're not Frisk..." he told the figure in front of him.

'Frisk' just cackled at him then shouted, "AND YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN!!!"

Felice let out a startled gasp.

"It's them," she says, "they're taking control over her body."

"Who?" Sans asks her.

Felice opened her mouth to speak, but then, a black blade shot through her chest.

Everyone gasped in shock.

Blood dripped down from Felice's mouth.

"NO!!!!"

Everyone turned to where the voice came from.

Frisk had regained control over her body.

Her grayish blue eyes were full of grief and sadness.

Turning to Sans, she spoke, "Sans, I-I can fix this. But if there's no other way to stop HATE, then you just have to kill me."

Sans gaped at her.

"What?! No! I'm not going to kill you! You don't have to apologize for what happened, Frisk. It's my fault. But please! Don't make me kill you!" he cried out.

Frisk stared at him, whimpering, "There's no other way..."

"Frisk...!"

Suddenly, she let out another scream as the Corrupted Souls took control of Frisk.

"Yeesh, that girl is some piece of worthless trash." HATE spoke through Frisk.
Sans could feel his anger rising.

Suddenly, the door burst open.

Drake walked in while fuming.

"Yo! I was the one supposed to possess that human! Not you idiots!" he shouted at HATE.

"But she was the easiest target, boss! Can't blame us!" HATE retorted.

"Yeesh, you're making it harder for me to get on Gaster's good side," he paused to glare at Sans, "especially if he keeps that promise to protect his sons."

Sans huffed at Drake.

"If you wanna get on his good side, pal," Sans spat, stressing the word out bitterly, "well too bad, cause that shit of a father he is had been gone for way too long!"

The human mages cringed at Sans' threatening appearance.

Felice coughed out more blood while Gabe and Lily tried to heal her.

"Stop being a numbskull, Sans." Drake says vehemently.

Sans scoffed at him.

"Because there's a one hundred percent chance that I'd kill you right now." Drake says with a smirk.

Suddenly, HATE felt a sharp pain against their stomach.

"OWWWW!!! WHAT THE—"

The human mages gasped as they saw crimson red liquid drip down HATE/Frisk's legs.

Percy observed for a while until she suddenly realized what's going on.

Gabe seemed to know what was happening as well.

"HATE," he began, "if you don't wanna feel that shit of pain, just, let go of Frisk's body so we can...fix it?"

HATE squinted their eyes at Gabe until they finally gave in.

"But if you don't fix this, I'll kill you." they grumbled.

"Sure, why not?" Gabe says with a smirk.

Slowly, HATE's appearance started to shift from their's to Frisk's.

Before Frisk could say anything, Lily cut her off, "OKAY! WeHaveAnIdeaOfWhat'sHappeningToYouSoYouBetterCalmDownOrElseItWillBeBadForThe—"

"I-I don't k-know what you're talking about." Frisk says, wincing in pain.

Percy and Luna put their hands over Frisk's mid-section and then a bright glow emanated from their hands according to the color of their magic.
Suddenly, a small purple soul was pulled out from Frisk's stomach.

Frisk couldn't see what was happening because her eyes were focused on Sans.

Sans was eyeing her with concern, but he too, cannot see what Percy and Luna were doing.

"Frisk, don't make me kill you and don't kill yourself. Please. That's all I'm asking for now." Sans pleaded.

"Sans—"

"I know I've made many mistakes, but please, Frisk, please, please." Sans says, kneeling down before her.

Frisk just stared at him blankly.

"But what if it's the only way?" she asks.

"You're not even sure yet." Sans says. "There's still a chance for you to beat HATE."

"Corruption is something that can't be defeated." Lily jumps in. "It's something that has to be separated from its host."

Suddenly, Frisk felt a tight squeeze in her stomach.

"Annndddd we're done." Percy says, secretly hiding the purple soul in a small glass container with magic infused into it.

"So, how'd you separate HATE from their host?" Sans asks.

"Well...it's a very...complicated solution." Jeff says.

"For you, of course." Percy told Jeff.

Turning to Sans, she said, "There are certain chemical and magic formulas and experiments that can be useful to help you. Unfortunately, we're sure that Gaster has them all."

Sans turned to Frisk, who was staring at the ground blankly.

Even if her expression remained stoic, Sans could feel her soul shaking.

He sighed then said, "I guess I could talk to him."

The human mages smiled in satisfaction.

But Sans added, "Only if I couldn't find the vials I have. And I'm only doing this for Frisk."

"Wait...what?" Frisk asks, facing Sans.

"I said I'm doing this for you," Sans repeated.

Frisk could feel her breath hitch in her throat.

"It's okay, Sans, you don't have to do this for me—"

"I need to get you back." Sans interjected.
"But Sans—"

"All of this happened because of me, and I'm going to set things right." Sans says firmly, cutting her off.

"Sans, this isn't your fault. Stop blaming yourself." Frisk told him.

"Not my fault?" Sans scoffs, "Frisk, everything that happened IS my fault."

"Sans, I know you have your reasons for hiding the truth from me," Frisk says calmly, "I should've respected that. This is mostly my fault. I won't stop you if you're going to help me, but I'm telling you not to overexert yourself, because you've done nothing wrong."

Sans tried to remain stoic as well.

He crushed down all the worry and sadness that built up in his soul.

"Frisk, listen to me, you're not gonna do anything except keep that demon from possessing you." he says vehemently.

Frisk looked down then nodded meekly.

Sans couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt in his soul.

But what's important right now is that he gets his Frisk back.

"I'm sorry..." Frisk whimpered softly before dashing towards the stairs.

Then the sound of the door slamming shut echoed through the room.

Frisk let out the tears and sobs she'd been hiding for too long.

Being HATE's puppet wasn't a great experience.

Frisk knew Sans would normally have a few thoughts of resentment against her.

But her soul ached every time she thought of all of those harsh words she said to him.

Her anger had gotten the best of her.

And now her soul felt like...it didn't want to feel anything anymore.

She looked around at the walls painted in a soft yellow.

Red ribbons surrounded the bed with a red mattress.

Pictures of her and the Swift family were on top of the white dresser beside her bed.

Frisk sighed, knowing that this was her room from when she was young.

Suddenly, a soft knock vibrated through the door.

She secretly hoped that it would be Sans.
To her dismay, it was her extremely patient friend.

"Frisk?" Lily's voice spoke from the other side of the wooden door. "Can I talk to you for a while?"

Frisk stood up and opened the door.

Just like what she expected, Lily was standing there, waiting for her.

"Sure...come on in." Frisk replied quietly.

She led Lily inside the room as she closed the door.

The both of them sat on the floor.

"I know things between you and Sans aren't really on good terms right now." Lily spoke softly.

Her voice was so soothing, it actually calmed some of Frisk's nerves.

"It's complicated, actually." Frisk said.

"Well, yeah, I've heard..." Lily paused to add, "But there's something important I have to tell you about."

Frisk nodded, silently telling her to proceed.

"I recommend that you shouldn't get stressed too much. You shouldn't perform any strenuous activity, eat anything unhealthy, and anything that would put you in a bad mood." Lily says. "Also, if you vomit, that's fine. Nothing serious about it."

Frisk shot her a confused look.

"What are all those for?" she asks Lily.

"Just do it. No questions." Lily says, playing with sparks of her bright cyan magic.

Frisk giggled softly then said, "Okay, okay, fine."

Lily smiled warmly at her then said, "I'm sure you and Sans will get back together. The universe is never wrong when it chooses two beings that are truly soulmates."

Then Lily stood up from the bed.

"Well, I have to help heal Felice. I still can't believe that she actually returned." she says.

"Yeah..." was all Frisk said.

Then Lily exited the room.

Frisk laid down on the bed, her head resting against the soft pillow.

And slowly, her eyes began to close, letting her drift into a peaceful dreamless sleep.

And little did she know, that the HATE that consumed her arm from earlier was replaced with a bright pink substance.

And then it disappeared, healing Frisk completely free from the consumers.
"So, are you really going to spend a lot of time on finding the vials that you need?" Josh asks, forming a small structure with the books on the table.

"If that's the only way to heal Frisk without having to go to Gaster, then it's settled." Sans replied.

Jeff shuddered in fear.

"I don't think I'd go back to that creep again." he said.

Josh snickered at Jeff's expression then joked, "Where's the JUSTICE in that? I thought you weren't afraid of anything, Mage of JUSTICE."

Jeff rolled his eyes.


Sans couldn't help but smile at the mages' bickering.

Something in his soul gave him HOPE.

HOPE that he would get his Frisk back to normal.

Chapter End Notes

Some are asking how many stories would this series be.

Well, to answer your question, I'll write 4 books:

- Thinking Of You
- Past Friends Present Lovers (main fic)
- The Soul Mate
- A Start With You (depends on ending of The Soul Mate)
- Soultale AU (the animation story)

Also, free to come here for more info and art:
http://aminoapps.com/c/soultale-au

And

katetgp.tumblr.com
Chapter Summary

Sans would do everything for Frisk.

Frisk doesn't know what to do anymore.

Chapter Notes

I'm sick ;-;

Anyways, I already know how to end this story! It might be around 80 chapters, but don't worry! The sequel will be more interesting than this trash of mine xD

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 26 (Everything For Her)

Sans had been searching around his Lab for almost forty minutes.

He had to find the DETERMINATION vials to save Frisk before it's too late!

"Where the heck are those?" he grumbles under his breath as he searched through his drawers.

Suddenly, his phone began to ring.

Sans groaned as he stood up then snatched his phone from his desk.

It was Papyrus.

After answering the phone, he spoke before Papyrus could say anything.

"Pap, not now, please. I'm busy right now."

"OH REALLY? MY LAZY BROTHER...IS WORKING?! WELL IN THAT CASE, SANS, I DON'T THINK YOU CARE THAT I HAVE CALLED TO TELL YOU THAT DOCTOR ALPHYS HAS FOUND SOME BOOKS TO HELP SAVE THE HUMAN!"

"Wait wha—?!"

"I SUPPOSE YOU DO NOT NEED THOSE INFORMATION ANYMORE...RIGHT?"

The worried skeleton was stunned.
"Pap wait! I-I need those. I'll be there in a sec. Thanks." he said then hung up.

Sans' gaze landed on the broken DT Machine.

The memories of Frisk's anger came flowing back into his mind.

His soul felt a pang of guilt and longing.

He'll do everything to make it up to Frisk.

And he'll do all he could to get her back...

Because no matter how many times Frisk would push him away...

Sans would always show her how much he loves her.

But for now, he had to save her.

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You looked up at Mount Ebott.

"So that was where Frisk fell." You thought to yourself.

From the monster-human community you're currently helping to build, it actually had a great view of the legendary Mount Ebott.

"Hey ______! You dozing off again?"

You scowled at the guy who said that.

"I was just thinking, Tristan. Besides, I'm taking a break for a while. I have been hammering those planks for quite a while now." You replied.

Tristan chuckled at you then said, "It's actually kinda nice to see monsters use their magic."

He paused for a while then turned back to you.

"You didn't...tell Frisk yet...right?" he asks.

"About what?" You ask him.

"Come on, ______." Tristan says, pouting, "you know exactly what I'm talking about."

You sighed then focused your gaze on anything else but him.

"I haven't told her anything. But I have to be honest.....I still feel overprotective of her. She's like my little sibling." You said without looking at him.

You could feel Tristan's eyes on you.

"She was like your younger sibling. But face it ______. She's changed a lot. Believe me, I didn't know what to expect when she brought in her boyfriend. But I know she has a heart and soul for monsters...like her other whole-blooded siblings." Tristan explained.

You were silent for a while.
A spark of recognition registers in your mind.

The girl in the green and yellow sweater earlier...

Could she be?

"Hey Tristan, I wanted to ask you something." You told your friend.

"Sure ______, lay it on me." Tristan replied.

"The girl from earlier...the one wearing a green and yellow striped sweater...she looks familiar. She looks a lot like Frisk, except that she has red eyes and lighter hair." You told him.

Tristan furrowed his eyebrows for a moment.

"You know, you do have a point. She does look like the first human reported missing, except in an older version." he said.

"But wasn't that child reported dead?" You ask.

"_______, if magic could exist, I'm sure some person brought that child back to life." Tristan said.

"Touché."

Tristan chuckled then said, "But I still believe that the girl is Chara. You know, my stepsister. From the description Frisk gave me when she was young, she mentioned that Chara was way more evil than her. But Chara still has a golden heart. She just doesn't want to show it."

You tugged at the hem of your sweater anxiously.

"A golden heart? Kindness?" You ask.

"Well, yeah. You already know what kindness is, right? I mean, you obviously asked it." Tristan replied.

You remained silent for a while.

A small memory that you don't clearly remember, plays at the back of your mind...

"Hey ______, do you think that even the worst person could change?"

"You stared at the deep darkness that you both consider as his eyes."

"Y-Yeah, why'd you ask?" You ask him.

He chuckles then says, "If that's so...do you think I could change?"

You tried to hide your laughter.

"Of course you can! You're not even the worst being in the world!" You assured him.

His face blushes deeply.

You giggled at his expression.
He looks so cute all flustered and that.

"You make me laugh and smile all the time...what more could anyone ask for from you?" You told him.

He forced a smile then replied, "There's this girl I love deeply...I've hurt her so much, and all I wanted to do is make her smile again...but...she probably hates me, you know?"

You placed a hand on his.

"Whoever that girl is, it's her loss anyway." You told him.

Before you even knew it, words came tumbling out of your mouth, "I actually like you. You're the only guy who made me feel this way...I've never been this happy before."

His gaze was fixated on you.

"Really?"

"Really." You said with a proud smile, while a bright blush coated your cheeks.

His smile widened and looked more genuine now.

He looked really...happy.

"I guess it's time I move on as well, huh?" he says. "I actually like you too."

Your heart thumped loudly in your chest.

The world seemed to stop, just leaving the both of you there.

His face was leaning slowly towards yours.

Yours was also involuntarily moving towards his.

Just as he was about to kiss you, the world around you was enveloped in darkness, leaving you with no trace of memory of what happened.

You felt something wet stain your face.

"_______? You alright?" Tristan asks you.

You suddenly realize that a few tears fell from your eyes.

"Oh...uh...yeah. I'm fine." You mumbled in reply.

Changing the topic, you asked, "Can we go back to building? I guess I'm in perfect condition now."

"Sure." Tristan replied.

While you followed Tristan to help the monsters in building, you can't help but feel a pang of sadness and longing in your chest from the faded memory.
Asriel felt something trigger his mind.

Other than Frisk, he felt someone else remembering a forgotten timeline.

Chara was staring at him suspiciously.

"Asriel Dreemurr, I know something is not right. I can feel it too." she says as if she was reading his mind.

The prince nodded slightly.

Chara sighs, standing up from her seat.

"Something in this timeline is clearly messed up." she observes. "Frisk suddenly remembered most of the forgotten timelines, her soul had a weird change, and now someone else is able to recall some parts of the forgotten timelines?"

"We have to trace which timelines this person is remembering." Asriel suggests.

"Yeah, but we have to find out who is starting to remember these timelines first." Chara says.

The human mages walked into the room.

"Sorry to interrupt, but we heard what you said." Gabe confessed.

"It's fine, go ahead." Chara assured them.

"W-Well...I think there's nothing wrong with this timeline..." Lily says meekly.

"Nothing wrong?!" Chara and Asriel exclaimed in unison. "How is THIS not wrong?!"

"That's just what we assume." Luna says calmly, making the Dreemurr buddies calm down.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we saw something in Frisk's soul...and...we're not sure if it was even possible but..."

"We're still working on it." Percy says, cutting Luna off.

Chara squinted her eyes at them in suspicion.

"We'll try running a few tests before we conclude the results." Josh says after noticing Chara's expression.

Chara's face grew grim and her red eyes began to glow.

"Y O U B E T T E R."

Jeff squeaked.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!! CREEPYCHARAFACE!!!!" he screamed then ran out of the room.

But not before bumping into the wall dividing the kitchen from the living room.

The other human mages bursted out laughing.
"Are you sure he's the Mage of Justice?" Asriel asks the human mages.

"Yep. He can be a coward after being put into shock. Like the one from Sans." Percy explained.

"Yeesh, was I really that creepy?" Chara asks, her expression softening.

"You'll get used to it." Gabe commented.

"So, what exactly did you see?" Asriel asks.

"Well, if I'm not mistaken, it looked like a tiny purple soul." Percy replied.

"A tiny purple soul?" Chara and Asriel asked simultaneously.

"Yeah, it looks like a baby soul or something." Lily added.

Chara and Asriel exchanged glances.

"What do you think?" Asriel asked Chara through telepathic communication.

"This better not be what I think it is." Chara replied.

"Is she—?"

"Don't say it Azzy. We have to test it first."

Suddenly, Felice walked into the room, her hand over her bandaged wound.

"Elle! You need to rest! HATE did a lot of damage to you." Lily told her.

"I'm fine, okay? I also found something that you guys might wanna see." Felice replied.

"Ugh, I've never read so much books in my life! This might be even worse than school or whatever that stuff you call it." Josh groaned.

Felice smirked at this.

"Oh really? Well, too bad, because this surprise is for ALL of us." she says.

"Wait, what?!"

"Peter Swift wanted to show us something. It's really valuable." Felice explained.

"Really?" Jeff asks, appearing inside the room.

"Yep."

Asriel looked at the mages in confusion.

Felice noticed this then said, "It's something we have to use for self-defense."

"I know, but...where's Frisk?" Asriel asks.

"Oh! She's sleeping right now." Lily chimed in.

"You sure? I just checked her room and she's not in there." Felice said.
"Wait, what?!"

"Where did HATE take her this time?" Chara asks.

"Mount Ebott." Felice replied.

"Frisk? Frisk wake up."

The human opened her eyes and found herself laying on a bed of golden flowers.

Her eyes widened in shock as she looked around her surroundings.

She was in the Underground.

HATE was standing in front of her.

Their true appearance was creepier now.

Black hair with red highlights framing their pale face while their red eyes glowed with evil.

Some drops of HATE liquid were dripping from their arms, mouth, eyes, and legs, staining their clothes.

"Why am I here? What happened?" Frisk asks.

She pinched herself to see if she was asleep.

But she was still Underground.

"You idiot, you're not dreaming. I brought you here." HATE replied.

Frisk shot them a confused look.

"Why?"

"Look, I'm only doing this because you don't deserve to be killed by Gaster. I'm hiding you here." HATE answered.

Frisk smiled.

"Thank you." she told them.

"Yeah, yeah. Now listen, in any moment, you'll turn into a complete monster. The HATE that we both have is starting to consume you." they said.

"Wait, what?"

"Uhh, I thought you already know that." HATE says.

Frisk stared at them blankly.

HATE groaned.
"Now don't give me that look. I already know what that means." they said vehemently. "You Dreemurr twins are number one at poker faces."

Frisk didn’t say anything.

"Okay, you know what? You're really creeping me out." HATE spat.

"I'm not doing anything." Frisk says innocently.

"Ugh...FINE! I'll get ya outta here. Now stop doing that shit."

Frisk smiled in satisfaction.

But before the both of them could leave, HATE transformed, a pair of black wings popping from their back.

Frisk looked at them in astonishment.

HATE noticed this then smirked as they said, "All mages have wings, Frisk. You just need magic to summon them."

"But Sans was the only one who summoned and hid my wings..." Frisk says.

"That's because he has magic. You, however, are half-human. But you're mostly human, since your magic was only infused into you." HATE replied.

Frisk felt even more confused than ever.

"I thought I already had magic since I was born as a mage." she said.

"Do you really want me to explain things clearly to you?"

Frisk nodded.

HATE began, "Sans was mostly lying to you. I know he was trying to protect you, but still, he lied. Now, about me, I've been watching you since you were born. Call me a guardian angel, but I ain't anything like that, Frisk."

"About your magic," HATE continued, "you and Chara were purely born with the Soul of Determination. But you, Frisk, held a very special part in your soul that let your mother infuse LOVE into you, which is my enemy and ally."

"You can choose to either KILL or SPARE. But with that great power of yours, your soul bond with Sans, the FEAR you hold, and the HATE building up inside of you, they're feeding off your Determination." HATE finished.

Frisk was shocked.

"So...that's what's making me die faster?" she asked.

HATE nodded.

Frisk felt like she was gonna faint sooner or later.
She suddenly felt lightheaded.

"Let me get this straight. The traits that my soul has right now is feeding off my original trait, which is Determination. Right?"

"Yep."

Frisk didn't know how to respond.

HATE grabbed her arm then said, "Let's get you outta here."

And then they flew to the top of the mountain.

But before they reached the top, HATE commented, "Some nasty fall you've been through. This mountain is more than a hundred feet tall!"

Frisk didn't reply.

And then they reached the top.

Frisk stared at the surface that laid beneath Mount Ebott.

The sun was about to set, radiating a warm pink and orange glow to the sky.

The calming wind soothed Frisk's nerves despite her current state.

HATE sat beside her.

"You like staring at this stuff? That's stupid AND weird of you." HATE commented rudely.

But Frisk remained calm.

"You shouldn't be expecting much from a girl who fell into the Underground and hit her head real hard—hard enough for her not to remember much of her home." she says.

HATE squinted their eyes at Frisk, observing her keenly.

Until they finally have an answer.

"AHA! You're literally just hiding your feelings! I knew that you're still in love with that bonehead of yours!" HATE laughed.

"..."

The human felt her soul weaken.

HATE was already feeding off the other soul traits that Frisk gained.

They were pretty strong for a corrupted soul.

"Listen Frisk, your life is more corrupted than the corruption I am made out of. Maybe you should just RESET. I mean, come on, Sans betrayed your trust for eight years! He just had to be honest with you. But look at what he'd done. He lied to you Frisk. He was hiding something from you. He BETRAYED you."
"Stop." Frisk says vehemently.

"Well then, if that's your choice, then I won't interfere with that." HATE said. "But when he hurts you, don't say that I didn't warn you."

Frisk looked at them then said, "I don't know what to do anymore. Sans has been my best friend for who knows how long. And we actually got together as a couple. But now..."

"I don't know what I'd do without him by my side."

HATE nodded grimly then got something from their pocket.

"Here, you'll need this when you face Gaster." they said, handing Frisk a glowing pink knife.

"Where did you get thi—"

"That's a part of your mother's weapon. I'm not sure where your grandpa keeps the other weapons of the human mages, but I found that knife in your room." HATE interjects.

"You were snooping around my room?" Frisk accused.

HATE raised their arms in surrender.

"Maybe." they said with a smirk.

Suddenly, something from HATE's pocket began to beep.

"Oh, uhh, I gotta go now. When you transform into something creepier than me, just tell me when so I can get my popcorn to see you guys FIGHT." HATE chuckles.

"Rude." Frisk commented.

And then HATE disappeared from Frisk's sight.

Holding the glowing pink knife in her pocket, Frisk felt a wave of power flow through her veins.

Her grip on the knife felt so natural, as if she was handling it for years.

The smooth and sharp edges of the blade gave her fingers a tingling sensation.

Just by holding it, her hands were itching to feel monster dust on her palms...

"No." she thought, putting the knife aside. "Not again. I've worked so hard to get this Pacifist timeline, and I'm not gonna risk it all because of my hatred."

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"So you're saying I have to supply the Determination that Frisk is losing right now using the vials?" Sans asks Alphys.

"Exactly! Unfortunately, the vials are with—"

"Don't. Say. The. Name." Sans threatened, his eye sockets turning completely black.

Alphys squeaked in fear.
"BROTHER! THAT IS NO WAY TO TALK TO FRIENDS!" Papyrus scolded.

"If You Scare Her One More Time, You'll Pay For What You Did." Undyne interjects.

The lights in the older skeleton's eye sockets returned.

"Sorry 'bout that. I'm just...I'm really worried about Frisk, ya know?" Sans says.

"I-It's fine, Sans," Alphys says, "you must really love her, huh?"

"With everything I have and hold." Sans says with a proud grin.

"So, When Are You Guys Gonna Get Hitched?" Undyne asks with a smirk.

"DOES THAT MEAN THAT, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL HAVE A NEW SISTER?!" Papyrus asks excitedly.

Sans blushed deeply of embarrassment.

"I-I haven't really thought about it much yet." he says, playing with the hem of his jacket.

"So you're saying you would?" Alphys asks, unable to contain her excitement.

"If Frisk and I are back together, I hope so." Sans replied quietly.

"AND WHEN THE BOTH OF YOU ARE MARRIED, AM I GONNA BE AN UNCLE?!" Papyrus asks, with stars literally shining in his eye sockets.

Sans blushed even harder.

"W-What..? I-I...u-uhh..."

Alphys and Undyne bursted out laughing.

"Papyrus Has A Point Though. We Did Catch The Both Of You In Your Dirty Acts." Undyne laughs.

Sans' face was completely blue now.

"He's blushing real hard!" Alphys pointed out.

Suddenly, the door burst open.

"Did I just hear some juicy gossip about my OTP?" Mettaton asks, strutting into the room.

"Heck Yeah!" Undyne replied.

"C-Come on y-you guys, stop." Sans says, pulling his hood over his head to hide his completely blue face.

"WE WERE TALKING ABOUT SANS AND FRISK'S POSSIBLE FUTURE!" Papyrus says.

"Oh! A human and monster couple getting married AND having a baby? That is just delightful!" Mettaton exclaims.

"Stop." Sans mumbled.
"I tried doing some research on hybrid babies, but it's kinda hard to see how they'd look like at birth." Alphys explained.

"F-Frisk and I don't really expect those stuff!" Sans protested.

"WELL BROTHER, YOU DO LOVE THE HUMAN, RIGHT?"

Sans nodded.

"THEN YOU SHOULD DO EVERYTHING TO SHOW HER HOW MUCH YOU LOVE HER!"

Sans actually agreed to this.

"You know what, Paps? You're right." he told Papyrus. "I never knew what love was until I met Frisk."

"And I'll do everything for her, even if I have to sacrifice my personal problems."

Undyne, Alphys, Mettaton, and Papyrus 'aww'ed at Sans' small speech.

Suddenly, Alphys' phone began to ring.

"O-Oh! I better take this." she says, answering her phone.

"Hello?....Yeah....wait what?!....okay, okay, can you tell us where she is?.....she's being what?!....okay....we'll be there soon!"

Then she hung up.

"What Was It, Alph?" Undyne asks her.

Alphys looked at them nervously.

"It's Frisk."

Chapter End Notes

The part where Sans said, "I never knew what love was until I met Frisk," was inspired by the song Till I Met You - Angeline Quinto

Now...about the cliffhanger...

;)}
Before the party started...

"Hey Chara, can I ask you something?" Frisk asks her sister.

Chara looked at her then replied, "Uhh, yeah, why?"

"Umm...have you noticed Sans' actions lately? He's been acting weird." Frisk says, fumbling with her fingers.

"I don't see anything weird in his actions so far." Chara says, without looking up from her drawing.

She wasn't really concentrating on her drawing, instead, she was now focused on Frisk's question.

Why on earth would she ask about...

Suddenly, something hit her.

Chara knew that Frisk only asks those kind of questions when she has a secret...

Chara smirked then asked Frisk, "Nice try Frisk, but you can't fool me. Now tell me, what's going on in your mind?"

Frisk blushed a bright shade of pink.

"Umm...I was just thinking about Sans...and...well..."

"You and your silly crush." Chara says, rolling her eyes.

"But Chara...I can't help but think...does Sans...like me?" Frisk asks, looking into the mirror.

Chara glanced at Frisk from the corner of her eye.

"You're helpless, Frisk." Chara says, snickering.
"Oh come on, Chara! I actually think Sans likes me." Frisk sighs dreamily, brushing her hair.

"How'd you know for sure?" Chara asks vehemently.

"I just know it. I can feel it in my soul." Frisk says, smiling brightly.

"But Frisk, you're not even sure if he actually loves you. No offense, but that guy could barely show his emotions for anyone!" Chara says, folding her drawing.

Frisk was silent for a while.

Chara sighs, walking over towards her.

"Hey, I know you love him. I know you're scared that he might not return your feelings. But there's one thing I'm sure of. And that's when Sans ever breaks your heart and soul, you know who to call, Frisk." she says, fixing Frisk's crown.

Frisk smiled at her then said, "Thanks Chara. It's just a shame that I won't ever know if Sans actually likes me. If the universe ever gave me a sign, that would be more than enough."

Chara thought for a moment, until an idea struck her mind.

"Okay, let's have a bet." she told Frisk.


"If Sans dances with you tonight, he's in love with you, end of story." Chara says with a proud grin on her face.

Frisk bit the inside of her cheek, trying to suppress the blush on her cheeks.

"O-Okay..." she murmurs.

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Sans paced around his room trying to think of a gift for Frisk.

Of course he would never forget Frisk's birthday! It was actually the day he's been looking forward to happen!

He wanted to confess his feelings to her so badly..!

But he always chickens out!

"Oh kiddo, what have you done to me..?" Sans sighs, looking at Frisk's picture.

He smiled at her photo.

"You've grown so much from when you were so little. I know I did too, and I wanted to tell you so badly that I...I..."

Sans groaned, hitting himself with a pillow.

"I'll never get a chance with her. She probably loves someone else, a human maybe, and I'm just a jerk who broke her heart in the first place." he mumbled.
He looked back at Frisk's photo.

Sighing, he says, "Maybe I just have to let her go..."

He paused then added, "Besides, who would love a skele like me? I'm just a lazy bag of bones. And Frisk deserves someone better, someone like a human...yeah, a human. Of all beings in the world, she should choose someone else, not me."

"Even if I get hurt..."

Suddenly, his phone began to ring.

He answered it, "Hello?"

"Hey bonehead, I need a quick favor from you. Please."

Sans grumbled under his breath.

"What do you want, Chara?"

"I'm only doing this for Frisk, so listen to me."

Sans' soul leaped in surprise as he heard Frisk's name through the line. Was destiny trying to stop him from forgetting Frisk?

"Uhh sure, tell me what to do. You know I'd do anything for Frisk."

"Heh, I know. Same goes for me. So, I was hoping...will you dance with Frisk tonight? Please? To make her happy."

His smile turned into a frown.

"Dance with her? Chara, you know I don't dance."

"And you'd rather go breaking the love of your life's heart? Geez, comedian. I thought you said you'd do anything for Frisk."

"I just want to know why, okay?"

"Simple. That's all she ever wanted on her birthday. To dance with her best friend."

Sans felt his soul sink at the word 'best friend'. But...he had to make Frisk happy, right? After all, he did want her to fall in love with someone else. So he shouldn't be hurt, right?

"Okay, I'll do it..."

"I know you would." Chara chuckled from the other side of the line.

"But hey, do you actually...love her?"

Sans froze.
Did he?

Was he really strong enough to tell Chara that he's in love with her sister?

So, he replied, "I love her as a friend and I'd do anything to make her happy."

Chara sighed from the other side of the phone.

"Well, I tried. Anyways, see you at the party!"

"Sure..."

Then she hung up.

Sans automatically flopped down on his bed.

Frisk wanted to dance...with him.

The thought of it made him so happy that he'd get to dance with her!

Even if Sans didn't really like dancing.

But just thinking about how happy it would make Frisk on her birthday...

The way she'd smile at him...

It more than enough for Sans not to say no to this opportunity.

"I just hope this plan works..." he mumbled.

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"Whew, that was easy!" Chara laughs, flopping down onto her bed.

Luckily, Frisk was in the living room while Chara was talking to Sans.

"Now time to get ready for this...party..." her voice trailed off when something caught her eye.

Some pictures of her and Frisk as kids caught her attention.

Chara smiled softly at them as she picked up a photo.

"How time flies. Until now you still love that comedian." she says, chuckling quietly.

Her eyes darted over to a picture of Sans hugging Frisk tightly.

The tiny human had snow covering her hair with cheeks flushed due to the cold.

That moment was taken during a snowball fight after Frisk's tenth birthday party.

"Well would you look at that, looks like comedian does have the hots for you." Chara sighs, looking at Sans' expression in the photo.

He looked so...happy...

With Frisk.
"I know I used to be that happy before..." Chara thought sadly.

She remembered the times whenever Sans and Frisk played together, they would always look so happy, like life has never been better!

Chara also felt the same with Asriel before.

But when the timeline suddenly had an error and Chara had forced Frisk's mindset to GENOCIDE...

That tore Sans apart.

And he was forced to kill the love of his life.

Chara knew it was a selfish act, to break Sans apart because of her anger.

But when she saw the look on Frisk's face when she battled Sans, her heart broke.

That's when she felt Frisk's sadness, fear, and love for the skeleton and the same way Sans felt for Frisk.

And Chara knew just what to do.

Fortunately, when Chara and Frisk regained control over the timeline and the SAVE files, they got the true pacifist routes and now here they are.

But she knew that Sans would be happier with Frisk.

And Frisk would be happier with Sans.

And Chara would always put Frisk's happiness before her own.

"Anything for you, Frisk..." she murmured, a few tears falling from her eyes.

"I'll always protect you from anyone that would want to harm you...even if I have to give up my own life or take someone else' to do it."

"Besides, what kind of sibling would I be if I ain't looking out for my own twin?"

Chapter 27 (Danger)

"Mmphh! Let go of me you bastard!!" Frisk yelled, struggling and shifting in her position, trying to break free.

Her wrists were tied up to the base of the bed, where she is currently attached to right now.

The cloth used to gag her was now hanging loosely around her neck.

Drake had her trapped with his dark red magic, making sure that she won't escape.
"Now you'll see how that skeleton soulmate of yours won't be able to save you now." he says with a smirk.

Frisk was completely terrified!

She had to find a way out before she gets into more danger.

"Just let go of me!" she shouted.

"No can do, Ms. Swift. You have to deal with it for quite a while." Drake says, opening one of the drawers in the bedroom.

He pulled out something black.

It looked like a weapon.

Frisk gasped when she saw it.

She couldn't remember what it was exactly, but something about the weapon made her shake in fear.

It looked like the weapon that Jeff had.

He never really told Frisk about it. He just mentioned that it was a shooter.

Chara helped her use it before when they were both little.

That was actually during the Genocide run, when they killed Mettaton.

Drake saw her expression then said, "Do you remember this? This is the weapon that your friend holds. A gun."

"Oh so that's what it was."

"And this is the same weapon that killed your mother."  

"Excuse me?" Frisk asks, trembling, "We read that my Mom died from grief..."

"Are you really that stupid?" Drake asks, laughing, "People don't die of grief! It only happens when they kill themselves! But your Mom...Oh that was true murder."

"What happened?" Frisk asks, in preparation to defend herself.

Drake walked closer to her.

"Someone you know killed her." he spat.

Frisk looked at him in terror.

"I don't believe you." she spoke.

"Fine, then don't. Because I have evidence." Drake says with a smirk.

No matter what Drake said, Frisk made sure that her expression won't show that she actually believed him.

She barely knew about the human-monster war.
But somewhere in her mind, she could remember the very, very, faint memory of her mother's death.

"So you know at least a very small amount of the memory?" Drake asks her.

Frisk just nodded her head.

Then she added, "The only things dangerous that I remember about her are her weapons and her powers. Nothing else."

Drake sighed and shook his head.

"Tristine Francesca Swift, Princess of the Swiftanian Clan, you really don't remember anything anymore do you?"

"You mean, Tristine Elizabeth Swift."

The both of them turned around and saw HATE standing right in front of them.

The door didn't even open!

"How the fu—"

"Wall's made out of the old barrier's material. I ain't magic or human so I passed through."

HATE says as if it was no big deal.

"The old barrier's material? Why on earth would they surround the room with the barrier's material?" Frisk asks in her thoughts.

She suddenly felt like something wrong was going to happen.

"Elizabeth Swift?" she asks HATE.

"Boss and Gaster here got the wrong file of Chara's birth information. Not surprising."

HATE says dryly.

"Why on earth would they need Chara's biological information?" Frisk asks them.

"Well, they did capture her once before. So they needed it. He ALWAYS gets confused between you and Chara."

HATE snickers.

"Not always, HATE. You seven better shut up before I split all of you soul by soul." Drake threatens.

"Yeah, yeah, sure. Obviously not liking the idea at all." HATE says, rolling their eyes,

"Anyways, you're not Tristine Francesca Swift. You're obviously Tristine Elizabeth Swift, in other names from your past life, Eliza."

"Then who's Tristine Francesca Swift?" Frisk asks HATE.

"That would be your sister, Chara." they replied.

"Wait, so that means..."

"She has the Soul of L O V E. Level of Violence. No doubt." HATE answers for Frisk.
"I'm so confused." Frisk says, rubbing her temples. "There are two souls of love?"

"Yours is pure love. Chara's is Level of Violence. Since your mother was basically the Mage of Love, and it was possible that parts of her soul have been passed on to you and your sister. But Chara's intentions were the opposite of what her trait is destined for her to do. That basically made the 'love' portion of her soul into a corrupted soul..."

"...And once a NORMAL soul trait is mixed with an incompatible, or shall I say, Corrupted Souls, then it's goodbye soul-bond for them."

"You're explaining it too much, HATE." Drake grumbled.

HATE rolled their eyes and replied, "You should try having seven corrupted souls in one body. THEN you'd know how it feels to be me."

Turning to Frisk, they asked, "Did Sans explain to you about Soul incompatibility?"

"Well, yeah, sort of..." Frisk mumbled.

"Soulmates are bound to be together forever. No fights can separate them. Unfortunately, your biological parents weren't actually 'soulmates' since they were still broken in the end." HATE continued, "Remember, Frisk. Your father had turned to DARKNESS. That's why their bond as soulmates have been torn."

"Are you saying—"

"Once you and your love interest fall in love, you're in love. There's somehow an invisible bond forming between you two, But if you're not soulmates and you somehow broke up, that 'invisible bond' gets broken, meaning those two soul traits aren't compatible anymore." Drake cuts in. "Now can you two stop?"

"One more question?" Frisk pleaded to HATE.

"Sure, ask away."

"If for example, Sans and I aren't soulmates and we actually 'broke up'..." Frisk gulped, "Is there anyway to make his soul trait compatible to mine again?"

"Well, yeah, if you RESET. I mean, in your current situation, I don't see a problem because you and Sans are bonded. And, you and Sans are soulma—"

"Shut up, Wisp. We have to get the plan into action." Drake snarls.

And in just that second, HATE's expression darkened.

A flash of grief burned through their eyes, like they were remembering something painful.

HATE glared at Drake for a few seconds.


Frisk was surprised at their change of tone.

It looked like they were facing some serious trouble.
HATE walked towards the wall then said, "I'll leave the both of you for now."

Then they phased through the wall, leaving Frisk and Drake alone.

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Sans teleported straight towards the Swift Family's house.

"Where is she?!" he asks frantically.

"She's not here, Sans. ______ told us what happened and we're trying to find her using our magic." Percy explains.

"It'll take a while...our magic is not that powerful yet..." Lily says meekly.

"But we have to find her now!" Sans cried.

The humans looked at each other in worry.

"How can we find her that fast?" Gabe asks.

Then, Peter walked into the room.

"What is all of this trouble about?" he asked.

"Frisk was kidnapped by the Mage of Darkness." Lily explained.

Peter's eyes widened in shock, but he chose to remain calm.

"I think I could help you with that one, young ones." he says, motioning for them to follow him.

He led them to a room that was locked and looked like it hadn't been used for several years.

"Uhh, what's a door gonna do to help us?" Josh asks.

Jeff whacked him in the head with his pistol.

"Oww!!! What the heck was that for?!" Josh asks, wincing in pain.

"A warning to tell you to shut up and avoid using your common sense when not needed." Jeff replied dryly.

"He's right, Josh. We don't know what's inside the room yet." Luna says, turning her attention back to the room.

Sans looked at Peter questioningly.

The old man sighs then says, "In this room lay the weapons used by the powerful human mages, Frisk's parents included."

Peter turned to the human mages then added, "And by your ancestors, or relatives, or maybe your parents."

"My dad was a human mage." Percy mumbled.

"So was my mom." Josh says, tugging at his shirt.
Sans looked at them then asked, "What happened to them?"

The human mages were silent.

Sans quickly realized his mistake then silently cursed himself.

Lily broke the ice by saying, "W-Well...they didn't make it..."

"If I remember correctly, the other humans and monsters killed them." Luna elaborated.

"Wait, humans also kill other humans?" Sans asks.

"True," Peter replied, "humans sometimes kill each other due to crime or maybe kill each other because they hate each other. Who knows? But one thing I know for sure is that..."

"My son, Frisk's father, died because of his second wife."

"WHAT?!?!" everyone else in the room exclaimed.

"Enough questions. It's time that we get you prepared." Peter says, then unlocked the door.

The human mages gasped once they saw what was inside.

Sparkling weapons according to the color of each soul were arranged neatly by color and placed on a special pedestal.

There were a few pictures of the human mages with their families near their weapons.

Scrolls were piled neatly beside each pedestal.

"Mom and Dad's weapons!" Lily says, rushing over to the case which was labeled with an cyan colored heart and blue colored heart.

"Don't touch tha—!"

But before Peter's words sunk into Lily's mind, her fingers phased safely through the magical barrier protecting the weapons.

"It tickles!" Liky giggled.

Luna tried hard not to laugh.

Percy smirked then faced Peter and said, "My dad told me that if your soul matches the weapon, you can pass through that barrier with no harm at all."

"Oh really?" Gabe challenges, approaching the barrier where Lily was, "What happens if I touch th —"

He was cut off when a flash of bright light shot through him.

Everyone gasped.

Peter sighed, then shook his head in disappointment.

"Will he be alright?" Jeff asks Peter.

"Yes, the shock just nullified his powers temporarily." he replied as he commanded Gabe to stand
The human insisted that he'd crawl for a while.

While the humans were busy with their conversation, something caught Sans' attention.

On the pedestal of the Determination Soul Weapon, there laid a glowing red sword and an exquisitely shaped knife.

The supporting base of each weapon had a red heart in the middle and a dangling angel charm with wings and a golden halo.

The knife had dark red wings on it, while the sword had white wings on it.

There was something unique about the sword.

There were pink gems that decorated its blade with purple and blue curvilinear designs on the handle.

The knife had a black outline on the blade with a golden heart encrusted on the blade.

And on the pedestal was a picture.

A woman who looked like in her twenties, brown hair and eyes, stood in the photo wearing a pink dress.

Beside her was a man who looked almost the same age but slightly taller than her.

His skin was almost a perfect white and his dark hair was styled to perfection.

His hand was on her shoulder while his other one was on the child in front of him.

Two almost identical children stood in front of the man and woman.

They were both girls, from what Sans could see.

The girl in front of the woman was slightly taller than her sister.

Her red eyes beaming with joy and mischief.

She was wearing a red sweater with a green stripe in the middle.

Her sister, however, was a little shorter than her.

Her eyes were brown and her hair was darker and more brown that her sister's.

Her kind and warm smile made Sans' soul feel a pang of nostalgia.

And she was wearing a blue and magenta striped sweater...

"That's Frisk."

Sans almost jumped when he heard the voice, but as he turned around, he saw Chara looking at the photo as well.

"I'm the child beside her, obviously. Then behind me was our Mom and behind Frisk was our Dad." Chara says, her tone becoming sadder.
Sans sort of felt sorry for Chara.

He knew how it feels like to lose both parents.

"How did you know they died?" he asks Chara.

"Well...when Frisk knew that I was her sister, she told me everything," the girl replied, trying to force her sobs down her throat, "I was hurt, of course, but I knew I had to move on. That's how I started to hate humanity even more because of their selfishness. And to hate monsters even more because the ones who killed my parents were monsters."

The human mages turned to where the conversation was happening, but they stayed quiet.

A few tears escaped Chara's eyes.

"Do you even know who killed both my parents?" she asks Sans in a pained and angered tone.
"That's the only thing Frisk didn't tell me because she didn't know."

"Chara what are you talking about?" Sans asks.

"This, is the reason why I didn't want Frisk to know." Chara spoke darkly.

She inhaled deeply, then pulled off a cloth off a large portrait beside the pedestal.

Everyone except Chara and Peter gasped.

On the portrait was Gaster and Arial.

Sharp silver knives stuck to the portrait, tearing some parts of the cloth.

Sans didn't know what to say.

His own parents...killed the parents of the girl he loved the most?

That explained everything.

The way how Chara was silent when Asgore explained about how Arial died.

Or how her anger rises when Gaster is mentioned.

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't know," Sans says quietly.

Chara scoffed then said, "Of course you don't. And why would I care?"

Sans was about to speak until Chara cut him off and added, "The only thing I care about now is my family's happiness. Especially Frisk's happiness. And if I see her upset or sad," she paused to chuckle darkly, "Simple. You'll be earning yourself a mortal enemy."

Sans knew he couldn't blame Chara.

He had to admit that he also wants to see Frisk happy.

He hated it whenever he saw her crying or sad, or not even sharing her problems.

But this was different.

This time, Sans was the reason why Frisk wasn't happy.
"I understand how you feel, Chara," he says, "and I'm sorry—"

"Don't apologize to me," Chara spoke vehemently, "it's Frisk you owe an apology to. But don't worry, cause I also owe an apology to her as well."

"What do you mean?"

"I was the one who cast the forgotten timeline spell on her, remember?" Chara replied sadly, "and I did it for a selfish reason."

Sans was confused by this.

"I don't see anything wrong in your intentions. You said you did it because you wanted to protect her..."

"That's the point!" Chara cried, "I didn't cast it on her to protect her, I did that to protect her AND make her forget you!!!"

A few tears escaped her eyes.

Her body trembled from guilt and fear.

The only sound heard in the room was Chara's soft sobs.

Sans, however, didn't know how to feel.

He knew he was supposed to be angry at Chara's attempt to make Frisk forget about him.

But something deep inside tells him to forgive her.

"I-I understand if y-you can't forgive me..." she sniffled, "but I'm sorry...I'm sorry for killing your brother, I'm sorry for hurting the people you love, and I'm sorry for trying to take Frisk away from you..."

Sans' attention turned to her.

She's...sorry?

Well that was new.

Without even controlling himself, he said, "I forgive you."

Chara looked up at him in surprise.

"Y-You do? After everything I've done to you and to your family?" she asks.

"Yep, besides, everyone deserves forgiveness...even if the situation is helpless." Sans says to her.

"Yeah Chara, it's better if you just forgive." Lily jumps in.

"And I understand why you did it for her," Sans added, "You were just trying to protect her Chara. You were just being her sister—"

"Sibling, Sans." Chara corrected him, "My gender changes in some timelines due to the errors."

"But, as it is, maybe Frisk really did change you," Chara added, facing Sans, "she deserves to be with you, Sans. And I know you'd want to be with her too."
"Thanks Chara, but I don't think she'll ever forgive me..." Sans replied.

"Nah, it was just the HATE talk. I'll explain everything to Frisk, don't worry." Chara says with a smile.

Turning to the human mages, she asked, "Okay, what's the plan?"

The human mages smirked then said, "We have an idea."

"Let's hear it."

Frisk held her knees close to her chest.

She was shaking out of fear.

She wished that Sans was there to save her.

But after everything that she said to him, it seemed really impossible for him to forgive her and save her.

Instead, she just buried her face in her arms then sobbed.

"Ya miss that bag of bones?" Drake chuckled darkly, "Well, he ain't coming. Cause he doesn't love you anymore."

Frisk clenched her fists tightly.

She could feel anger surge through her veins.

Drake inched closer to her then spat, "And it's all because of you."

Without warning, Frisk punched Drake with both her tied fists real hard in the face.

He was taken aback, but he didn't complain.

Instead, he smirked then said, "Idiot, did you seriously think I'd get damaged by one stupid little punch?"

Frisk groaned inwardly.

"Of course, he's a mage! I have to try harder, damnit!"

"But since you look so determined..." Drake says with a sinister grin, "Maybe I could spare you, dollface."

"Instead of killing you," he continued, "I just have to take something...physical from you."

Frisk's eyes hid her fear.

She had a bad feeling of what's going to happen.

Drake grabbed a knife from the pocket of his jeans.

Frisk cringed at the sight of it.
She was going to be killed? Sliced? Or whatever he might do to her, it sure is dangerous.
The evil mage walked towards her then raised the knife in the air, in preparation to attack.
Frisk covered her face with her tied wrists and closed her eyes, bracing for the impact.
She could hear Drake swing the knife through the air and—
The sound of cloth being torn apart rang through her ears.
She could feel her mouth be slowly uncovered.
"Open your eyes, you coward." Drake says amusedly.
Frisk opened her eyes and saw that the cloth used to cover her mouth was now laying on her shirt, torn in half.
Drake...freed her?
"W-What..?" she murmurs in confusion.
Her throat felt dry from screaming when she got captured.
"Don't look so happy about that, Frisk." Drake says with a smirk, "there are other plans waiting for you."
"That is, if you agree." he says.
Frisk raised an eyebrow at him.
"And if not?" she asks.
Drake chuckled darkly then replied, *Or you'll face the worst moment of your life.*
The girl froze in her position.
Her eyes stared into Drake's to see if he was joking.
But there wasn't any hints of humor in his eyes.
There was only pure sadistic attitude and arrogance.
Suddenly, he lunged at her and placed himself on top of her.
Frisk whimpered in surprise.
He kept her wrists pinned to the bed with his hands.
"W-What are y-you doing?" she asks shakily.
Drake smirked then asked, "Don't you love this? To be fucked? Isn't that what you always do with that bonehead of yours?"
Frisk's eyes widened in shock.
She tried to push Drake off her, but he kept her still.
"Nice try, but if you refuse, you know what's gonna happen." he hissed.

Using his right hand, he slapped Frisk across the face.

The girl cried from the pain.

"Bad girls get their punishment," Drake laughs, "you don't wanna be like them, right?"

Frisk shook her head.

"Then give in."

She laid frozen in her position as Drake buried his face into her hair.

What would Sans think? How would he react if—

Frisk knew what she had to do.

Closing her eyes, her mind went into an empty void.

With all her determination, she tried to reach out for the RESET button.

"Focus, Frisk...Focus..."

At a very small rate, she could see the corrupted RESET button standing right in front of her.

Just as when she was about to press it, something stopped her.

She knew that she promised Sans not to RESET.

But didn't he break his promise to her as well? That he wouldn't lie to her?

And this was an emergency.

She could feel her fingertips reach the button.

"Almost...there..."

Ping!

Frisk gasped in surprise.

She did it.

The RESET activated!

At least, that's what she thinks.

Opening her eyes, she hoped to be back in the Underground.

Her mind decided to form ideas on how to explain all of this to Sans.

But when her eyes flew open, things were still the same.

"Wait...what?!"

Drake laughed at her confused expression.
"Trying to Reset, eh?" he says with a dark laugh, "The Reset button is too corrupted to Reset the WHOLE timeline."

"And since you were trying to escape," he added, "you deserve a punishment."

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"Okay...this is the worst plan I've ever thought..." Jeff says.

"The bushes? Really?" Luna scolds him.

"Why are we here again?" Lily asks.

"This is where Drake took Frisk." Chara explains to her.

"When are we gonna get in?" Sans asks impatiently.

"Patience. We can't strike when there are many guards in there." Chara replied.

"But Frisk might be—"

"Sans, I understand that you care for Frisk, but they're too powerful. You won't be able to defeat them alone." Chara says.

"Then I'll teleport in there myself." Sans grumbles.

"No, Chara's right," Felice interjects, "It's too dangerous. We'll have to take them out together."

Josh puts on his weapons then says, "So? What are we waiting for? Let's go get 'em!"

"Shhh!" they hissed.

Chara groaned then said, "Fine, let's break in."

The human mages prepared their weapons.

Those were the weapons they got from their ancestors.

Peter let them use them, since this was an emergency case.

"But Sans can only be the one to save Frisk while we guard." she added, turning to Sans.

"No problem, let's go." Sans says.

All of them ran towards the gate of the house.

"Why on earth would Drake put Frisk in a house?" Lily asks.

"We dunno, but it's not good." Percy replied, breaking the gate with her weapon.

The gate produced a loud noise while it was being broken.

"Let's go." Felice says, leading everyone to the door.

They tiptoed across the wooden steps, to make sure they won't get caught.
A few of them pressed their ears against the door to check for any guard.

"Hmm...no one so far," Chara says, "let's go in."

She opened the door and was surprised to see the hallway empty.

"Huh, that's weird..." Jeff says.

"Prepare your attacks." Sans orders.

Everyone poured into the house.

They looked around, to make sure there was no one there to attack them.

All of the visible corridors were empty with no signs of any traps or ambushes.

"Search for any door that might be locked or whatever," Josh says.

Suddenly, they heard a loud scream from one of the corridors.

As if they were reading each other's minds, they ran towards the same corridor.

"Not. So. Fast."

They all turned around.

A child with dark purple hair wearing a white sweater stood before them.

They had one bright blue eye and one bright pink eye.

"One more step," they said softly, "and you'll die."

"Look, Wisp, we have no more time for your games." Felice hissed.

Suddenly, Wisp's appearance changed into HATE's.

"This useless pathetic pacifist child?" HATE cackled, "Stupid mage of darkness brought back this stupid kid."

Felice didn't seem one bit threatened.

And with one snap of a finger, gray smoke emitted from her hand.

"Kill them."

And with that command, everyone else lunged at HATE.

HATE raised their hand, and suddenly, black goo-like material shot from it.

The 'glob' attacked Lily first.

But she blocked it with her Toy Knife.

"Nice try," she says, pressing a button on her weapon, "but this is no ordinary plastic knife."

Suddenly, the knife magically turned into a pair of nunchucks.
"ATTACK WITH YOUR MAGE WEAPONS AND MAKE OUR ANCESTORS PROUD!!!"

she yelled as everyone else activated their weapons.

Turning to Sans, she said, "Go get Frisk!"

Sans nodded, then dashed off to the opposite corridor.

"Stop it!" Frisk screamed as she tried to get Drake off her.

In a swift movement, his fist landed a punch against her stomach, making her cry out in pain.

"You better shut your mouth up before I tear you into pieces." he hissed.

Frisk could feel his nails dig into the fabric of her shirt.

She whimpered as his nails dug deeper and deeper into her skin, making it swollen red with visible marks.

Until he tore a few scraps of cloth off her shirt.

Frisk cringed, feeling the cold air seep into her fresh wounds.

A few drops of blood stained the remaining cloth of her shirt.

Suddenly, Drake smashed her head against the wall loudly, making her scream.

Her throat felt raw from all the screaming, wishing all of this would just end.

Her head felt like the world was spinning around her.

Drake laughed as he punched Frisk repeatedly.

The girl felt so helpless, like she was wishing to die any moment!

Her lip was bleeding real bad and her body was covered in bruises.

Drops of blood slowly trickled from her head.

"S-Stop..." was all she could cough out.

Drake rolled his eyes then said, "That would be no fun."

With that, he slammed Frisk against the wall again, making her head crash against the wall with a loud thud.

A pained cry shot out of her mouth.

Suddenly, Drake shoved her off the bed like a rag doll.

Her knees got scraped against the hard wood floor.

"Time to finish you off," Drake says as he pressed a button on the wall.

Then he disappeared using his magic.
Frisk was left there for a few minutes.

But the atmosphere in the air made her feel like suffocating.

She could feel her body getting weaker and weaker.

A heavy pressure of pain hit Frisk's system.

She swore she could hear someone knocking on the door repeatedly.

She heard a familiar voice calling after her.

She was just about to go to the door and open it.

But then, everything went black.

"Frisk! Are you in there?!” Sans shouted, hitting the door with several bones.

He was starting to panic.

He couldn't use his blasters against the door, knowing that if someone was inside, they'd get seriously injured.

He continuously threw his attack bones against the door.

But it never worked.

He even tried to teleport inside...

But it didn't work either.

Sighing, he slumped back down in a sitting position.

His hand brushed against the door.

Suddenly, sparks of cyan magic burst from his hand.

"What the—"

But before he could even finish his sentence, the door opened.

Sans walked into the room, searching for Frisk.

But when his gaze finally fell on her, he gasped when he saw her laying unconsciously on the floor.

There was blood all over her forehead.

Her skin was pale and she was laying unconsciously on the floor.

She had many cuts and wounds all over her fragile body.

"Frisk!!” Sans cried out, running towards her.

He knelt down before her.
His hand cupped her cheek, wiping away the fresh blood from her cheeks.

"W-Who...who did this to you?" he asks, trying hard not to break down in front of her.

But there was no reply and the girl was barely breathing.

Her chest wasn't rising or falling, meaning that she wasn't breathing.

Her mouth was shut tight, but blood seemed to drip from it.

Her eyes were closed while bloody tears managed to stain her face.

Sans was suddenly filled with fear.

He quickly activated his magic.

He placed a hand over her wounds.

Then, bright cyan sparks glowed from his hand.

His magic seeped into Frisk's wounds, slowly healing them in the process.

But the cuts only closed and her skin was reddish from the dried blood.

Sans got even more worried.

He pressed his skull against her chest.

He listened if there were any signs of life emanating from Frisk...

...

"Come on...come on...Frisk don't leave me...please..."

...

Nothing...

...

There...

...

Wasn't...

...

A...

...

Single...

...

Heartbeat...
Tears were starting to form in the corners of his eye sockets.

"Nonononono...Frisk, you can't die...baby, please wake up...!" his thoughts kept invading his mind.

His whole body felt heavy, like it was being weighed down to the center of the earth.

He shook Frisk in an attempt to wake her up.

But nothing happened.

Sans could feel himself losing hope and be replaced with fear.

"F-Frisk...please...no..." he says, with more tears falling from his eye sockets.

But Frisk didn't respond.

Not even a breath of air was forced out of her lungs.

Not even a single heartbeat was heard nor felt from her.

Not even her eyes were open to see how Sans was hoping for her to stay alive.

None.

That's when Sans broke down.

He held Frisk close to himself, his arms wrapped around her tightly.

His tears kept falling like no end.

His soul felt like being ripped apart and burnt to ashes.

"P-Please...stay...Frisk...s-sweetheart, please, don't go. D-Don't leave me. I'm sorry for e-everything. Please...Just stay alive, Frisk. S-Stay determined...Frisk, we need you...I-I need you. I-I can't live without y-you, please..." he sobbed.

But just like before, the girl didn't move.

Frisk was just stuck like that, lifeless in Sans' arms, while he held onto her, using every ounce of strength and hope to pray for her to be alive.

He wanted her back.

He would do all he can to bring her back.

He loved her so much that he couldn't stand the fact of being alive without Frisk by his side.

He wouldn't even see her anymore!

He wouldn't be able to see her smile anymore whenever they wake up in the morning..

Or hear her beautiful laugh whenever he made bad puns and jokes...

Or hold her warm body close to his, just being thankful for the love that they had...
Or stare into her beautiful blue eyes, letting her know how much he loves her...

Or even...

...if he could gain her forgiveness for everything that he'd done to her.

With that thought, Sans hated himself for hurting the one and only woman he loved the most.

All he could think of right now is Frisk.

For the first time in his life, he had never felt so terrified.

Terrified of losing the only girl he treasured and loved in his whole life.

He'd do anything to bring his girl back.

Sans held Frisk's limp body close to him.

"Frisk...stay with me...please..."

His soul ached so much, and all he wanted was to see Frisk alive...even if she's mad at him, he wouldn't care.

"I-I don't know what to d-do anymore...please...please...please...!" Sans sobbed.

His phalanges intertwined with her cold, pale fingers.

He just wanted her alive and well.

"I love you..." he murmurs shakily, letting more tears fall.

Suddenly, a bright red glow emanated from Frisk's chest.

Then slowly, a floating red heart rose from it.

It was her soul!

But Sans noticed something different about it.

It was just pure red.

But a thin glowing purple line was attached to it and seemed to be going to Sans' chest.

The skeleton summoned his own soul and noticed that his observations were right; their soul bond was weakened!

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"Should we burst in?" Josh asks.

"No, we better wait for Sans' signal." Chara hissed.

"But Gaster might be here any moment to destroy the both of them—!"

"SSHHH!!!" the others shushed her.
"We're hiding in the hallway, Lily..!" Percy whisper-shouted, "What's the purpose of hiding when you're just gonna get us caught..?!!"

"Sorry..." Lily mumbled.

"Enough distractions, I can feel HATE closing in on us near this area," Felice says vehemently.

The humans slowly raised their heads to see if there was anyone else in the area.

"No one so far," Gabe says.

"Good, now let's try sneaking a peek at the window," Felice says.

"But Sans said—"

"He's too slow, Chara. Something must be going on in there," Felice interjects.

Chara was silent for a moment then sighed as she nodded in agreement.

"Okay, let's go." she says.

But as the human mages walked forward, something behind them grabbed all of them at once.

"What the heck?!! "Who did that?!"
"Who's holding me?!! "Is this...red?"
"Who's there?! "Show yourself!!"
"Let go of me!! "Let us go or we'll kill you!!"

Suddenly, a cackle rang through the air.

HATE was standing behind them, their red eyes filled with amusement.

"You guys are AWFUL at hiding. Do you know how many cameras we've set up around here? Of course we wouldn't let ANY intruder in our area."

The human mages simultaneously said, "We're doomed. Again."

__________________________________________________________

Sans knew that what he's gonna do is gonna be risky.

Especially for a human-monster bond.

He knew some information about monsters using their bond to help heal each other.

But he wasn't sure if it was also effective to humans.

His thoughts were jumbled up because all he could think of right now is to save Frisk.

Without any other complaints, he summoned his soul.

It was just a deep blue color with the same purple string connecting his soul to Frisk's red soul.

Sans took a deep breath then pushed his soul slowly into Frisk's.

He could feel the familiar tightening in his soul, but he ignored it for his sweetheart.
"Frisk, I know you're in there somewhere..."

"Please open your eyes..."

"I want to see you smile again..."

"I can't let things between us end like this..."

"Because..."

"I love you with all my life, Frisk."

"Please wake up..."

Suddenly, Sans could feel something slam against him hard in the front of his skull, making him yelp in pain and fall on his rear.

"Oww! What the—"

He stopped talking when he opened his eye sockets.

Frisk was trying to balance herself with her hands as she tried to crawl over to Sans.

Her whole body was weak and wounded and her eyes were filled with fear and relief.

"S-Sans..." she called out weakly, "I-I..."

He didn't waste any second more.

Sans ran towards Frisk, quickly hugging her in the process.

"Frisk! I'm so glad you're alive! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry..." he kept saying quickly, unable to contain all of the emotions he's feeling right now.

He could feel Frisk's fingers intertwine with his.

"S-Sans...h-help..." she sniffled.

Oh, right.

"Are you alright? What happened? What did he do to you?" Sans asks shakily, pulling away to
check her for more injuries.

Tears began flooding in Frisk's eyes,

"H-He a-attacked me...!" she sobbed. "H-He also t-ried to r-rape me, h-he beat m-me up so h-hard, a-and I-I c-couldn't e-escape...!"

Sans' eye sockets widened in surprise.

"Frisk, I'm s—"

To Sans' surprise, Frisk hugged him tightly, cutting off his sentence.

She was shaking of fright...

"P-Please...h-help me..." she whimpered breathlessly.

"Don't worry, I'll teach that guy a lesson. Because nobody should touch my girl other than me."

Sans told her.

Frisk's past anger towards him slowly faded away.

"I-I'm sorry for everything..." she told him.

Sans pressed his skull against her head then said, "We'll talk about this later. I'll fix this mess I've gotten us into, okay?"

Frisk nodded, holding onto Sans tightly.

"Let's get outta here." Sans says, then prepared to teleport the both of them.

But then, a bright flash of light shone from behind them.

An electric shock shot through the both of them, making them cry out in pain.

The shock seemed to nullify their powers.

They felt a great pressure of weakness seep through their bodies.

Sans managed to recover bit by bit, but Frisk's body shook as she tried to balance her herself.

Her body turned pale, her eyes traumatized from fear.

Sans gripped her hand tightly, trying to keep her stable.

"Well, well, well," Drake said as he marched over to the couple, "looks like the hero decided to show up after all."

Turning to Frisk, he said, "You weren't wrong about him being there for you."

"S-Stay away!" she spat, shaking in Sans' arms.

Drake laughed at her fearful expression.

"Where's the Frisk that saved the Underground seven years ago? The oh-so Determined girl who also DESTROYED the whole world?!" he snarled.
Sans could feel Frisk's breathing go shallow.

Oh crap she was gonna pass out again.

Laying Frisk down on the floor, he whispered to her, "I'll take care of him. Stay here."

Her eyes widened in fear.

"N-No...S-Sans...d-don't..." she coughed out.

"I'll be alright, I promise. I can't risk getting you hurt again when you're already damaged. Just, don't go after me, 'kay?" he says with a small smile.

"I-I—"

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed across the room, making the two of them cringe in surprise.

Only a few inches away from Frisk, a small black hole made its mark on the wall she was leaning on.

"Gunshot." she recalled silently.

Her fearful eyes looked up at Sans.

He was looking back at her, concern, fear, and determination visible in his expression.

"Stay alive." he murmured.

He turned back to Drake, shooting him a sharp glare, with pure anger flashing in his left eye.

Sans marched over to Drake as he shoved him to the floor.

His usual bright cyan eye flamed up in his left eye socket.

"You son of a bitch!" he yelled, summoning five of his attacks in the air.

Drake didn't seem one bit threatened.

"Go ahead! Attack me!" he cackled, challenging the skeleton.

Sans could feel his anger grow and grow.

"Gaster never really cared about you." Drake added with a smirk.

Frisk shook her head at Sans to get his attention.

Once his gaze landed on her, Frisk raised her hands.

"That's not true." she signed to him.

Drake followed Sans’ gaze, and when his eyes landed on Frisk, he laughed.

"Stupid fool," he says as he used his magic on Frisk, slamming her against the wall.

The girl let out a pained cry as her head hit the wall.

Blood spilled from her mouth.
"When will this routine stop?" she thought weakly.

Sans used the opportunity to hit Drake in the head.

But he blocked the skeleton's attack just in time, then smashed him against the wall beside Frisk.

"Sans!" Frisk cried, trying to reach out for her soulmate.

But Drake blocked her by making a sharp red blade spike up right in front of her.

"Don't even think about escaping." he says then walks away.

Sans tiptoed towards Frisk.

The human pulled him into a hug once he got close enough.

"A-Are you okay?" he asks her softly.

Frisk shook her head, hugging Sans even tighter.

"I-I'm so scared..." she sniffled.

"Me too, sweetie. But listen, we have to get you outta here before they start hurting you or even worse." Sans says, gently lifting Frisk up.

But as he lifted her up, her knees shook wildly, making her fall back down to the floor.

She hissed in pain, examining what caused the discomfort.

Sans noticed this and quickly look down at her knees.

They were full of cuts and bruises, and her right knee was actually bleeding.

"Oh fuc—what the heck happened to you?" he asks worriedly.

"It's still part of the wounds that I got when Drake beat me..." Frisk explains softly.

Sans muttered a soft apology.

Frisk nodded, too weak to reply.

After a few seconds of silence, Sans spoke, "We better get going."

He stood up and walked to the door.

The silence in the room still lingered.

As he turned around, Frisk didn't even move one bit.

Her fingers kept playing with the pocket of her shorts.

"Frisk, is everything alright?" he asks her.

She didn't reply.

Instead she took out a small white bottle from her pocket.
Sans walked towards her then grabbed the bottle to inspect it.

"Sans! Give it back!" Frisk yelled defensively as she pushed him, making him trip and lose his balance as he fell onto the floor, letting out a groan.

"What the hec—" he was cut off when Frisk lunged at him then grabbed the bottle.

"This is none of your business." she scolded as she tried to open the bottle.

But her fingers kept slipping and the cap won't just come off.

"Stupid childproof caps!" she whined as she struggled to open the bottle.

Sans crawled over towards her and read the bottle label.

"'Sleeping Pills'? What the—Frisk what are you doing?!" he demanded, looking up at her, meeting her eyes.

Frisk's fingers tensed a little.

She avoided his gaze as she continued to try and open the bottle.

Suddenly, bright cyan magic surrounded the bottle.

"I'm not letting you have that so easily." Sans says, bringing the bottle towards him.

"Sans! Stop it!"

"No, you should stop acting so immature," Sans retorted, "you're trying to kill yourself, Frisk! Why? So that another RESET could happen? Tell me Frisk!"

"Give it back, Sans!" Frisk shouted, "I know what I'm doing!"

"After what I did to save you, you're just gonna kill yourself?!" Sans yelled, "Why are you making me suffer so much, Frisk?! We almost died trying to save you!"

Frisk cringed at the angry tone of his voice.

The white bottle fell from her shaking fingers.

Sans looked at her frightened form, making him suddenly feel guilty for shouting at her.

He spoke quieter this time, "Just tell me why—"

"I JUST WANT TO DISAPPEAR!!!" Frisk cried out, hugging her wounded knees to her chest, letting the tears fall.

The whole room went into a heavy silence, except for Frisk's sobs.

Sans' soul ached at the sight of his sweetheart crying.

Their bond made him know why she wanted to RESET.

It's because she's desperately wishing that she'd never been the one who had control over the timelines.

She just wanted to be a normal human, living the life of normal teenagers like her.
But she had no escape from having control over timelines.

Sighing, Sans said, "Frisk, I know you want to live a normal life without problems..."

"But that’s not how life works, sweetheart," he continued, "even humans at your age are having problems. Everyone has. Including me..."

Frisk sobbed reduced to sniffles.

Sans took her hand in his, making her look at him with puffy eyes.

"We can't be happy all the time. There would always be a day where you have to face problems in life. And sometimes, you have to face them on your own."

"B-But why do I-I have to take control o-over time?" Frisk choked out. "W-What did I do to deserve this?"

"You did nothing wrong. There's no life that's perfect, Frisk. But here's some advice; let no one judge you for who you are because you know who you are, Frisk Dreemurr," he says, pressing his forehead against hers, "because there's always someone who truly cares about you."

"I'm sorry for shouting at you, sweetie...you know I didn't mean those words, right?" he added, planting a kiss on her forehead.

Frisk threw her arms around Sans, pulling him into a hug.

Sans was a little surprised at first, but then he eventually hugged back.

"I love you Frisk..." he told her softly.

Frisk smiled softly as her gaze met Sans'.

"I love you too Sans."

"Why did we agree to do this again?"

"It's because one of us was completely stupid." Josh replied to Gabe, glaring directly at Jeff.

"I thought we already clarified that thirty minutes ago." Jeff says, attacking another HATE Blob.

"These blobs are getting under my skin," Felice growled, "like literally."

The other human mages turned to her and saw a blob slowly disappearing into her skin.

"Ewww..!" they exclaimed.

"Yeesh you guys, those aren't poisonous." HATE said, as if they were offended.

HATE was stuck inside a magic cage like a pet, guarded by the other human mages, who were trying to get the 'blobs' off their skin.

"What's your real name again?" Percy asks HATE.
"Wisp." they replied.

"I can turn them back to their 'not-corrupted-form', but they really just piss me off." Felice grumbled.

"You should try having seven dead corrupted souls forced into one alive and healthy body. It sucks." HATE suggested sarcastically.

"Why can't you just turn them back so they can be happy?" Lily asks Felice.

Felice glared at HATE as she replied, "Their soul trait used to be Love. But only Frisk and Chara's mother can be the Mage of Love if she was still alive."

"So you're saying anybody can have the same soul trait, but only one can be the mage of it?" Percy asks.

"Exactly, and all eleven of us our mages. HATE is, well, the Mage of HATE. Drake is the Mage of Darkness. And I'm the Mage of Fear. Chara's is different from Frisk's because Chara is the Mage of Determination WITH Level of Violence. Frisk is the Mage of Determination WITH Love. That's what happens when your parents have different traits but they're soulmates." Felice explained.

"That means if Frisk and Sans have a child, the child would be a mage of their soul trait, as long as their trait is something new. But if the child only has a Determination trait, then it won't be a mage at all." HATE added.

"ARE YOU TRYING TO IMPLY THAT MY SISTER AND SANS ARE GOING TO HAVE A CHILD?!?!!" Chara yelled, rage beaming in her red eyes.

"Whoa, Chara, chill out." a voice boomed behind them.

They all turned around, finding Asriel standing in the center of the hallway.

"Asriel! What are you doing here?!" Chara shrieked.

"What else would you be thinking? Our sister is in danger and did you actually think that I was just gonna sit around, admire the flowers, when I, the ultimate God of Hyperdeath, should be protecting our baby sister?!" Asriel protests, sounding offended.

"Dude, Frisk is only a few minutes younger than me and you're not out biological bro."

".....ouch. BUT STILL! I am not letting any of you guys go out here unarmed!" Asriel retorted.

Lily smirked then said, "We ARE armed, Asriel."

The Dreemurr prince's face suddenly flushed in a bright shade of red.

"I-I, uhh...."

"Your Highness, if you don't mind me asking, what's the real reason why you've decided to go to us?" Jeff asks with a cheeky grin.

The other humans' gaze darted over to Chara.

Chara didn't seem to know what's happening, but Asriel sure isn't taking his embarrassment well.
"Can't you teleport us?" Frisk asks Sans as he grabbed her hand, leading her faraway from where Drake took her.

"Something about what Drake attacked us with somehow nullified my teleportation powers. It might be a while before I could get us outta here." Sans explained.

Darkness began to take over the sky.

The two of them kept running as they were entering a dark forest.

"Hey Sans?"

"Yeah?"

"This may sound a bit weird, but, why is it that you can't pick up your own sock when you can actually manage to run this far?" Frisk asked as a red blush covered her cheeks.

Sans let out a breathless chuckle.

"I can pick it up, Frisky. But I was just too lazy to do it that time. You know me." he replied, making Frisk giggle.

Suddenly, they heard a loud bang, making them jump in surprise.

"W-What was that?" Frisk asks fearfully.

That noise.

It sounded very VERY familiar.

In a threatening way...

Sans' grip on Frisk tightened.

"We have to go, NOW."

He started leading Frisk into the forest, their feet running for how many minutes.

But then a louder bang filled the air.

It meant that whoever was making that sound was getting closer.

Frisk could feel the tears rising.

Her heart started beating abnormally.

She was so scared.

The two of them stopped at a nearby tree.

"Are you okay?" Sans asks breathlessly.

Frisk shook her head in response.

Suddenly, another bang filled the air.
But then something else happened.

Right in between Frisk and Sans, the same black hole from earlier appeared on the trunk of the tree.

"Someone's trying to shoot us!" Frisk whimpered.

"That's right."

Sans instinctively pulled Frisk close to him, turning to whoever spoke.

A figure walked closer to them.

Once Sans recognized who it was, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

Drake smirked then said, "I warned you two not to escape. But, oh well, you have to face the consequences."

"D-Don't hurt us..!" Frisk spat.

Drake faced Frisk then laughed.

"I'm not going to hurt you at all, Frisk." he said then turned to Sans, "in fact, I think he will."

"I'm never going to hurt Frisk." Sans barked.

Drake just smiled at him.

"We'll see about that."

And in one flick of a hand, Sans and Frisk were enveloped in complete darkness.

A burning sensation pierced through their forms.

"Sans! Where are you?!!" Frisk tried to call out.

But nobody came.

"It's time to face my ultimate power; the power of DARKNESS." Drake's voice echoed across the void.

Frisk could see her clothes changing.

Her blue and magenta striped sweater was replaced with a mix of light lavender, pink, and blue in her sweater and had one magenta stripe on it.

Her black shorts and white shoes remained.

But she couldn't shake off the feeling of dread on her shoulders.

Suddenly, the darkness was gone and she was now on top of Mount Ebott.

"Wait...wha—"

She was cut off when she saw Sans standing a few feet from her.

He was wearing a black jacket, blue shirt, navy blue shorts, and black boots.
"Sans!" Frisk called out, running towards him.

But something unexpected happened.

He raised his hand as a giant blue knife appeared in it.

Turning to Frisk, he shot her an icy cold stare.

Frisk stopped in her tracks.

Wasn't Sans happy to see her?

"Sans?"

The skeleton summoned his blaster in the air, his red eye and blue eye flashing.

Then he recited the following,

"It's a beautiful day outside..."

"What's happening?!" Frisk exclaimed in her mind.

"Birds are singing, flowers are blooming..."

"Is Sans trying to..."

"On days like these, kids like you..."

"Get ready Frisk, for the battle has just begun." Drake whispers then fades away.

"Should be burning in hell."

Chapter End Notes

Special shoutout to Star Soul as a thank you for everything! ❤
Here's the speedpaint she made for this AU Series:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z7pFc-ykiiQ

And for those who LOVE spoilers, here's a special fic for Mother's Day:
http://archiveofourown.org/works/10911135

Also I'm REWRITING Thinking of You
Chapter 28 (Replay)

Frisk could feel a cold shiver seep down her spine.

“No..no..no...NO! I can't let THIS happen again!” she thought frantically.

Her heart felt like it was racing back and forth.

"A little piece of info, Frisk." Drake whispered.

"Where are you?” Frisk muttered softly.

"Taking over this skeleton of yours, just like how your sister took control over you. I'm surprised. Sans has more HATE than I thought he would."

“What do you mean?”

“His HATE controls his feelings,” Drake explains, his voice turning back to normal, “and he has a lot of dark feelings too.”

---

The other human mages gasped.

"Attack while you can." Josh grumbled under his breath.

"Don't, Bravery." Chara told him firmly, "I have faith in Frisk."

"But what if she gets hurt?” Luna asks Chara.

"She and Sans have fought for more than four hundred times. This one more battle is nothing." Chara replied.

"Correction: you and Sans fought for more than a MILLION times." Percy says, rolling her eyes.

"Chara, listen to me, Frisk is different now." Asriel told Chara, "she loves Sans even more and she's sure that he loves her back. We can't let this happen, because she'll be more than hurt right now. Whatever Sans may do or say to her at the battle will completely devastate her. She'll be damaged, Chara. For life."

Chara looked at her sister then back at Asriel.

Heaving a sigh, she asked, "What do you have in mind?"

The prince smiled as he handed her a dusty old book.
"Father told me that this is where the Human Mages keep the information about their magic." he explained.

The other mages leaned in closer to take a look.

"Should we open it?" Gabe asks.

Luna laughed as she replied, "That's why he brought it here!"

---

Two souls.

A human and a monster.

They were meant to be together.

But they were also meant to destroy each other in the end.

"Remember this feeling, Frisk?" Sans asks, chuckling darkly, "The feeling of your sins crawling on your back?"

Frisk kept a straight face.

No matter how much she's breaking down inside, she shouldn't let it show.

But the more she would look straight into Sans' flaming cyan and red eyes, the more her heart broke seeing what she had done to him.

And the more she broke down, the more Drake would gain control over her soul.

Looking at Sans' eyes, there were no signs of remorse or sadness of what he was doing.

He was right.

It felt like the familiar bitter cold feeling that shoots through her soul in every timeline they fight in the Judgement Hall/Last Corridor.

"You look bored, pal," he continued, "first, you were bored of the timelines. And now? It seems like you're bored of our relationship."

"Sans, you know that's not true." Frisk spoke, trying to approach him.

"Well, I don't know what's true from false, pal."

"Should we save them..?"

"Not yet, Sari."

"Sans, do you remember? Do you remember how I saved the Underground? How I set all of you
free?" Frisk asks shakily, but she brushed off her tears to stay strong.

"I remember you killing everyone," Sans spoke coldly, "I remember you killing Asgore, Toriel, Undyne...Papyrus...and me."

"Sans, I'm here," Frisk continued, "Sans, please, remember...I-I...I want my best friend back..."

But every passing second made her weaker.

For Frisk, it hurt so much to see the skeleton she loved repeating every single bad memory of their past.

Her soul was slowly breaking into pieces.

"S-Sans...what happened to those days? Those timelines? T-Those moments of laughter, friendship...and love?" she asked, "Where's the Sans that I've known for so long..?"

She walked a few steps towards Sans, who was ready to attack her, his hand engulfed in black flames.

But Frisk didn't seem to mind.

Her soul was too hurt from losing the Sans she had loved for so many timelines back and forth.

She wanted Sans back.

She wanted her Sans back.

"A few hours ago..." Frisk began, "y-you told me that you would protect me. You told me that you loved me, Sans. You were there when I almost died—"

"That's why I'm finishing the job now." Sans growled, summoning a blaster in the air.

"Humans like you shouldn't be messing with the timelines or with any of my friends," he spoke darkly, "I've been suffering every single timeline you've put me through! And now? It's best if we all end it right at this very moment."

Frisk forced a sad smile, a few more tears sliding down her cheeks.

Walking towards Sans, she spoke, "C-Can I ask you a favor?"

Sans slowly lowered his hand.

"..."

Without waiting for a reply, Frisk walked towards Sans and hugged him tightly.

"T-This isn't you..." she cried, "Y-You're pushing me away...y-you're not yourself, Sans, you're not!"

"What makes you think that I'm still him?" Sans spoke, pushing Frisk off him.

And it hurt her real bad.

"I never wanted to fall completely for you, Frisk!" he yelled, "Because all I know is that one day, it's all going to be RESET, no matter what promise you make up! That's why everyday I have to be
careful with I'm with you! That's why I never wanted to tell you anything about the timelines because I know you'll just mess with them even more!"

Frisk could feel her soul stop, like a knife had just struck her real bad.

It really hurts.

And little did she know that deep inside...

A crack has formed in the center of her soul.

"Keep running!" Josh shouted.

The human mages were on their feet, ignoring the pain of running towards their destination.

They stopped when they saw Frisk staring at the ground while Sans held his knife in the air.

He was gonna attack her!

"Frisk look out!" Chara shouted.

And that's when it happened.

A loud cracking sound rang through the air as a bone cut through Frisk's soul, flesh, and blood.

The bone hit her directly at her lower abdomen.

Her eyes widened in horror as she saw how Sans deliberately depleted her energy and HP.

Blood trickled from her wounds.

But something else was off.

Inside of her, Frisk could feel two lives die out like a flame.

Two lives that were neither hers nor Sans.

But two lives that had a part of them in them.

“Fix the timeline.”

“Okay...?”

“NOW!”

“Okay, okay! Geez!”

The purple soul with a more blue appearance reached out to her save file.

SARI
Age: 9
“Fast forward?” she asks her companion.

He nodded.

Then they both went off.

Frisk looked around and saw nothing but pitch black darkness.

Sans killed her.

Again.

She didn’t know how to react to that.

Sure she could understand that Drake possessed him, but those words...

It hurt her like hell.

“You’re Frisk right..?”

She turned around to see two kids walking towards her.

“Who are you?” Frisk asks them.

They were two beings; both purple but the boy had more red while the girl had more blue.

They were in the form of souls.

Frisk didn’t know why, but her soul came out as well.

Its glow reached the two smaller souls, transforming them into human-like beings.

“That’s better,” the boy says, laughing while the girl laughed as well, “Now to introduce ourselves...”

“Hi Mom.”

Chapter End Notes

THERE WE GO! NOW THAT I’VE GOT OUT OF THAT HELLHOLE I CAN WRITE PROPERLY NOW!
OMG IM NOT DEAD BUT

HEY PEOPLE I AM NOT DEAD YET!!! Why am I taking so long? IT'S BECAUSE I CAN'T WRITE BATTLE SCENES AND I AM SUFFERING!!! ;-;

Also I'm working on a project on which the deadline is next year March. It's an original story/revised version of my old story. It's just as long as PFPL in a way but I'm also currently writing it. It's not associated with any fandom or anything since it's an original fiction story. But if you don't mind reading it, you can go ahead and check it out here:

AO3 Link:
The Gangster Princess - KateTGP

I used to post its original versions on Wattpad but like, I deleted it. And that's the new version on AO3 and on Quotev.

I'm still working on Soultales (this AU PFPL is based off on) so don't worry! You may not see it here, but we release updates and stuff on our Tumblr. We are working on the Magic Book for this story which will heavily influence Frisk's relationship with Sans. Cause like Asriel gives Chara the Magic Book and she does whatever witchcrafty shit with it as a mage. And we're also working on the character reference sheets.

If you wanna see the sneak peek for the next chapter (Chapter 28) GOOD LUCK FINDING IT ON AMINO/TUMBLR/GOOGLE/DEVIENTART

Hint: *It's a drawing*

End Notes

Feel free to check out the following for more updates and stuff:

katetgp.tumblr.com

soultales-au.tumblr.com

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!