What is sanity to the mad? What is madness to the sane?

First serious attempt at a full length fanfic. All criticism welcome.

Be aware, this story will contain spoilers to Undertale. As someone who has played the game blind I Implore you, if you haven't finished the game to turn back now. If you read this fic first, you will be doing yourself a disservice.
Round and Round we go...
What right do we have to do this?

You float in darkness, blind, deaf, and numb. You feel nothing, no hands, no feet, no body. You try to remember who you are, what you are, but all you feel is emptiness.

None, but then again, what right did he have?

You struggle, or at least try to. Is what you're doing struggling, when all you are is a mind? The emptiness inside you grows, an ever present hunger. You long for any sensation, even pain, if for no other reason than to acknowledge your existence.

We could ruin everything. Everything they worked for, everything they sacrificed, would you have it be for nothing?

You rage, screaming wordless defiance into the darkness. If all you are is a mind, then you will fight with your thoughts. You roar in silence, and the emptiness responds in kind. You fell a kindred spark in this, as if you and the void are joined in purpose.

We could make it so those sacrifices were null and void. We could make a world where no one suffered.

Your rage grows with each passing moment, and so too does the emptiness. You feel yourself slipping, your thoughts devolving every moment. All you can feel, all you can think of, is an insatiable desire to make someone pay for whatever this is.

I do not approve of this, but I can see I will not dissuade you. Very well, let's see what this so called solution of yours will achieve.

It will save more lives than you can imagine.
It could damn more souls than you could name.

Let us see the worth of your convictions/ Let us see the strength of your resolve.

Pain consumes you, more pain than you have ever known in your short moment of existence. You scream with out a voice, howl without a throat, cry without eyes, and grit teeth that don't exist.

Your mind races a billion miles a minute, countless thoughts flying without cohesion through your soul. Through it all you can think only one thing.

YOU ARE DETERMINED NOT TO LET THEM WIN.
All you hear is the twittering of birds, and your head remains cold. You wait for the laugh, and for the hand to descend and rub your head tenderly.

"sad."

You repeat the words aloud, "Red means sweet and good to eat, Green means bad and makes you sad."

"are wild-berry bushes," it said, the tone of voice slow and melodious like a river over stone, "Red

You jolt again at the memory, of a kindly deep voice that rumbled like a growling bear, "These

of places to find food. You were good at that, because they taught you well.

You palm your knife again, you could handle yourself in here. Plenty of places to hide, and plenty

would travel here, even in daylight.

forest was cursed. The forbidden mountain loomed in the distance, and only the bravest of hunters

sigh of relief you didn't know you were holding. You'll be safe outside of town you knew, for the

Your journey is almost at an end, for the outskirts of the town come into view, and you breath a

You grit your teeth at the memory, "no one left but me", you whisper again.

more dead orphan to throw into the ground anyway?

You palm the knife as you continue your half-shuffle half-walk, the physical weight a comfort.

don't take kindly to what they may think are eavesdroppers.

have been safe in the alley, but eventually people would have wandered through. People who

waking up and checking on various wares and other things. For a few more hours, you might

This is a dangerous time for you, the light making you visible. People are on the look out now,

You slink forth from the alley, sticking to what few shadows remain in the swiftly growing sky.

wrapped in a tattered but no less solid cloth to prevent it from jingling as you walk.

amateurish skill. With care you return it to your pocket along with your other trinkets, the gold

You tuck the knife into a sheath made of leather and yarn, haphazardly put together by your

me."

"No, no, no one but me now," you fervently whisper in to the slowly growing dawn, "no one but

You jolt, the memory causing you physical pain, and you clutch your head with your free hand.

away. Sharp as the day they died.

friend in this place. You reverently trace your fingers along the edge, watching as beads of blood

is truth when all other lie. It is light in the darkness. It is protector and destroyer. It is your only

Out of all your things your knife is special, it is the only thing that you care about in this world. It

your knife.

You know for a fact that if anyone found you sleeping in this part of town you would have lost

You pat yourself down, checking to make sure that you still have all your things from last night.

"Enough chortling", you whisper to yourself, "down to business."

older person got the

explain the fact that you stole the gold not him. Doesn't matter anyway, he always said that the

was better, just because he was older he thought he was the boss. You wonder if he even tried to

 Poor Ben, if he was smart like you he would have never been caught. But he always thought he

thought causes you to giggle a little.

never kill cleanly. Not like you. He probably screamed for days before they were done, and the

always doubt it. Even in a village of your size, bandits still operate on the same rules, and they

Ben, the older child who followed you, who called you friend. He fought back when they caught

No where is safe, that was the first lesson you ever learned out here in the world. You remember

outside of both buildings, the glow of the flames still evident in the gloom.

Routine quickly takes hold, and you bend from your kneeling position against the wall into a

little to break the wind.

covering your body doing little to keep in your warmth, and the midden your sleeping by doing

You look up into the predawn sky, the chill of the night still clinging to your bones. The rags

almost physical force. This is not new to you.
You reach as far as you can, you're almost to the blade, just a little closer, just a little... pure anguish fills you as it spirals away. You flail as you fall, your knife slipping from your sweat filled grip as you panic, and a scream of deepens further than you ever thought possible. You begin to chuckle again, forcing your voice to whisper through gulping breaths. "Got ya now ya little bastard, and I'm gonna kill ya for what ya did to Clyde!"

Sam seems to stir up the energy for a boast. As you run you feel the adrenaline pumping into your veins, that rush of a good kill multiplying by a hundred each second. You're laughing now, you giggling snorts giving way to full blown cackling. The two teenagers were right behind you, their longer legs eating up distance with every stride. As you reached the forest, making so much goddamn noise you could sneeze and they probably wouldn't hear it. This was your moment of victory, you don't have to worry about anyone anymore. You, you're free, you're the best fisherman on a lake full of stubborn catches.

Aaron was still tending to their almost certainly dead buddy. But to be fair you didn't give much of a fuck for any of that. You were in your element. With an almost animalistic roar he gives chase, the one whose name you didn't hear joining him. "AAARRRRGGHH!"

You're running before the poor bastard hits the ground, and already you can hear his buddies rushing to his side. You hear a punch, and someone hit the ground hard. You can't stop yourself and start to giggle. "I aint a monster Sam, I don't have magic like-"

"Shut the Fuck up! I don't Care what you think Save him!"

"Sam, I don't think-"

"That little Fucker happened, Why the hell did no one tell us he had a knife?!"

"What, Whats- Shit! Clyde! What the hell happened!?!"

"Shit, Clyde, Clyde hold on man! Aaron where the Fuck are you!"

As you run you hear a sharp crackling sound, and you stop and turn around to face your new friends as they reach the tree line. Your new friends are just as out of breath as you are, but already you can hear them wish they didn't live to see tomorrow. That last bit is said with a leer, and you decide you don't want to meet this commander person yourself shaking your head in exasperation at their antics.

A chorus of "Yes Boss!" later, they were crashing through the bushes looking for you. You find yourself shaking your head in exasperation at their antics. "Fan out, I want this little bastard by lunchtime ya hear?!"

A scrawny runt, not quite a boy, not yet a man, he obviously wants any type of power he can get. He was so absorbed in trying to maintain his manly posture, that he even failed to call Clyde. He was so absorbed in trying to maintain his manly posture, that he even failed to see the glimmer of your knife. You take a moment to relish what's about to occur, before you plunge the blade into his kidney. You hear a punch, and someone hit the ground hard. You can't stop yourself and start to giggle. "I aint a monster Sam, I don't have magic like-"

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"Sam, I don't think-"

"Clyde!"

You clear the trees and make it to a clearing, the sharp incline of the mountain giving you the high shoulder. You cackle as Sam raises his sword with a rage filled look, and get ready to die by the rules of this world when the ground opens.

You leap at them, Nathan losing his arrow in his panic, and striking you a glancing blow to your ear, and you tighten your grip on the knife so much you hear it creak like a living thing. You stare them in the eye, your own wide open and gleaming. A smile cuts your face from ear to ear, and you tighten your grip on the knife so much you hear it creak like a living thing. "Kill...or...Be...Killed...That's...The...Rule."

Sam seems to stare at you in shock, "What."

"Kill...or...Be...Killed."

You begin to chuckle again, forcing your voice to whisper through gulping breaths. "I'm...Still…Alive."

"Father...Mother…Killed."

"The commander wants to take the gold he stole out of his hide personally."

The boss, Sam, looks up from his dying buddy to stare at your smiling face, the bloody knife still in your hand. You laugh again and start running towards the mountain. The Laws of This World.

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A Meeting...

Chapter Notes

Our hero finds themselves in a place not their own, in a world not their own. Do the old rules still apply here?

"Hello?"

You're lying on something soft, soft and fragrant. "Hello, are you okay?"

You haven't done that since, since the time before you knew the truth of the world.

"Hey, can you hear me, are you alright?"

Something softly touches your shoulder, after a moment the pressure increases to the point you can make out it's a hand. Someone is touching you.

... SOMEONE IS TOUCHING YOU!

"Yikes!"

You leap upright with all the force you can muster, and swing wildly. Your wounded shoulder aches, and you can feel blood running down your face. You must have gotten a head wound from the fall, that wound explain the vertigo, and the fact that it's seeping into your right eye isn't helping your vision at all.

You twist your head left and right, trying to see how many attackers found you on the ground. Your mind races furiously, trying to catalog what weapons you have left. You can box to some degree, but anyone worth their salt could knock you out easily. You fight dirty so going for a throat bite or a punch to the crotch is an option. You can always fall back on your Knife, no one expects-

The realization hits you with an almost physical force, your knife is gone. Your knife, the one from before you learned the truth, is gone, and you don't know where. You can feel your eyes stinging from the blood, the pain in your head and shoulder making you emit a small sharp sound of distress. Yes that's all it is, pain, you'll get over it, you don't whine over pain, you don't cry. Grown people, people who know the truth of the world, never cry.

"H-hey," the voice from before, shakier this time, "I, don't who you are, but you're hurt right?"

You turn your head to look at the speaker, and realize you must have hit your head harder than you thought.

The first thing you notice is that whoever it is either isn't human or has a very convincing mask. They're short too, around your height, so whoever or whatever it is might be the same age as you. They're standing up, shaking slightly, and seem to be slowly and steadily walking towards you, You've seen people walk like that before, your mother used to do that for frightened animals that wandered around the house before-

The pain returns, sharper than before, and you clutch your head with your left hand, while your right hand and unwounded shoulder keep you upright as you fall to your knees. The child thing loses its steady gait and rushes towards you. It's so fast that you don't even have time to raise a fist before hands softly grip your head.

"Oh man, you are hurt aren't you?"

It has your head in its hands, and its face is right in front of yours. You stare into eyes that have nothing but a black pupil surrounded by white. From this close you can tell that this isn't a mask, hell you can see the fur on the things face. Eyes of pure white look at you, and you can make out a pure black circle in each of them. The alien lack of color even more proof that this isn't a mask, and the nature of this being sends your mind into a loop.

"Hey, can you understand me?"

Your brain addled you say the first thing that comes to mind.

"You are a talking goat."

It's face scrunches up in a peculiar mix of shock, incredulity, petulance, and amusement.

"I am not a goat, I'm a monster!"

You're feeling a little petulant yourself, and if you're gonna die, you should at least die laughing.

"You look like a goat to me."

It's face does the scrunch up thing again, and you can't help the grin that grows on yours. Seeing you smile causes it to and it huffs a breath of annoyance.

"Well I'm not, and your hurt. You need help."

You lose your smile as your face scrunches up. You feel odd, like something is bubbling in the bottom of your chest. It feels weird, you don't recognize what this is. You need to get out of here, somethings not right.

"I'm fine, I don't need anything."

It looks at you for a moment, nods, and lets go of your face. You barely have time to breath a sigh of relief before it slides under your unwounded shoulder and lifts you to your feet. The movement is so fast and smooth that you find yourself walking before you even know what's going on.

"What the hell are you doing?!" You shout shrilly, the shock of movement, of moving like this, too much for even you to deal with.

"Helping you," it replies, a calm yet determined tone reaching your ears,"Mom says that a good person helps everyone, even the stubborn people," Here he(?), shoots you a side eyed glance, smiling somewhat smugly,"You are being very stubborn."

You feel annoyance filling your body, and if you could move without feeling like you were going to throw up what few berries you managed to eat earlier you would have tried to strangle him(?).

"Where are we going?" You demand, in as forceful a tone as you could muster.

"To my mother." he replies, unrepentant in the face of you anger, "She's the best, she can fix anything."

You don't reply to this and continue your walk in silence.

You're hurt, half blind, have a pounding headache, and are more than likely either hallucinating a talking goat child, or being led to your death.

You miss your knife even more.
You didn't expect him to start hugging all three of you. You didn't expect him to kneel. 'This is how I die,' your face tightens. 'Mom,' is Asriel, as I'm sure he introduced himself as. Here he flinches again at the momentary contact, instincts from more fights then you can actually remember flaring up, but Asriel just tightens his grip with your struggles. More arms wrap around both you and Asriel, as Toriel comes to you in a flash of brilliance.

"What did I tell you about going in there by yourself?" At the mention of the ruins she begins to look cross. You feel your eyes stinging for no reason, maybe your allergic to goat blood off your face before she answers him. "I think I hit my shoulder on something when I fell." She seems slightly skeptical given how neat the wound looks. "Thank goodness the head wound was shallow, they should be fine." She takes another look at you, "What happened to your shoulder?"

"I, don't remember. At one point I was just playing and then I fell and suddenly everything hurt." You wonder if this is how you die, gored by a giant goat woman, when she suddenly kneels down and takes you head in her hands like Asriel did. You begin to answer, when you realize that you don't remember. The shock must have registered on your face because both Toriel and Asriel suddenly look worried. You try harder and harder to remember something of your past. But all you draw are vague images, of a large man with large hands and a large smile, of a small woman with a gentle touch and a silent grace. You recall your life on the streets, of the kills you made, of the deals you struck, of the things you stole. Hell you can't even remember what you had for breakfast last morning. So why can't you remember your name?

"I don't know," your voice is small and trembling without conscious effort this time. You feel your throat close up, but the tears don't come. You can in fact still be mad, your scowl should say as much. You turn your head so your name?

"Where did you find him dear?"

"I found him outside my tent. He was just sitting there, and I said 'What's your name?'" Asriel looks contrite, but defiant, "That it's dangerous, I know, but if I didn't go then we would have lost him. I couldn't just leave him there. He's not safe there."

"Mom, hey, Mom!" You here a muffled, "Coming Asriel," when Asriel's, so that's his name, Mother pushed the tent flaps aside and walked into view. Tall and thin, with a long braid on her head, it's easy to see why she got through the war. She comes flanked by a group of huggers that have you trapped in their embrace, and his face tightens. 'This is how I die,' you keep your eyes open you find yourself thinking as water runs down your face, wider than anyone, and he simply exudes a presence of power. He looks down at the contact, instincts from more fights then you can actually remember flaring up, but Asriel just tightens his grip with your struggles. More arms wrap around both you and Asriel, as Toriel comes to you in a flash of brilliance.

"What's your name?"

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"I, don't remember. At one point I was just playing and then I fell and suddenly everything hurt." At this she gives him a side eyed look, and damn is it impressive. You thought the one Asriel gave her is little. She nods, "Right, I think we need to check you out."

"Hello dear, my name is Toriel, that" and here she turns and gestures towards her still sulking son, "and this is Asriel." She holds out her hand, and just like that you forget his name. You wonder if this is how you die, gored by a giant goat woman, when she suddenly kneels down and gives a hug just as tight as Asriel. She runs back into the tent and comes out with a box. As soon as she kneels back down she opens the box and pulls out a cloth. Taking a canteen of water from the same box she wets the cloth and starts cleaning the blood from your face. She bandages them she turns to Asriel and asks him questions.

"I think I hit my shoulder on something when I fell." She seems slightly skeptical given how neat the wound looks. "Are they gonna be okay Mom?" Give Asriel his due, he can do the needy child better than you ever could, though that might be because he actually means it. 'Mom' gets through cleaning the box and pulls out a cloth. Taking a canteen of water from the same box she wets the cloth and starts cleaning the blood from your face. You have found, uh, 'This is how I die,' and heaven knows you've earned it. You wonder if this is how you die, gored by a giant goat woman, when she suddenly kneels down and gives a hug just as tight as Asriel. As expected she eats the story like a fresh baked pastry.

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You're going to die down here. "Ah." You nod your head solemnly. you're a good person." "Yes," He answers again. "Monsters, as in, the monsters who disappeared a hundred years ago?" of a hearth fire. "Yes," he answers in a calm voice, the jovial rumble still there, but less of an avalanche and more "Monsters?" direction, and look up into his face. You find you have no counter argument to that. You turn your head back in King Asgore's "You didn't ask," he answers in a chipper voice, "and besides you were too hurt to waste time on "Why didn't you tell me?" Prince?" Your question is voiced with no small amount of disbelief. To get rid of the shock of the announcement. Toriel's direction. She simply nods as she smiles kindly down at you. You more slowly turn your head again. Your other eyebrow joins the first in rising to the top of your head. You whip your head in "Lord Fluffybuns is a nickname graced to me by my wife, Queen Toriel." He continues under your scrutiny, "My actual name is Asgore, and I am King of the Monsters. "Ah, yes, that is not my actual name." He seems momentarily embarrassed, while Asriel and Toriel begin to giggle again. "Lord Fluffybuns?" What. Fluffybuns." Toriel's giggles turn into little voiced chuckles as she responds,"You're right, can't have that Lord at this they seem to somber a bit, but the smiles remain. "My mom's here, and she can fix anything," at this you feel Toriel and the large man shake a little his grin small and showing no teeth. A small hand begins rubbing up and down your back. Your body continues to shake, your breath comes in hitches as you begin to panic, and suddenly a river over rocks voiced man and the silent graceful warm woman. They held you like this because As the embrace continues you struggle to remember something, anything, that would help you still alive? Why are they holding you? Animals live because they have a use, at least until it becomes time to eat them. So why are you The only reason weak people live is because someone has a use for them. Children live because understood the way the world works. If ignorance is bliss what does that make knowledge? To gain knowledge one must sacrifice Ignorance. To gain something something of equal value must be lost. That didn't stop the people who destroyed your before time
Of a mess. Not much of a feast or a party, but you've made a friend and it is at least shaping up to be one hell of a midden, from exit to exit, and entrance to entrance. You might have lived in only one village your entire life, but unlike other people you never had a home there, not since the times. You stabbed, you killed without remorse or pity, above all though you survived. You try to think back what has happened to you on your 'new' Name day. You sit there, staring at the scene in silence. You remember how in your village, a name day was a time for celebration and remembrance. Of a king and a queen, of a god and a goddess, of a hero and a hero's deed. You think back on your various exploits in the name of survival. You stole, you cheated, you lied, you killed. It was a life full of secrets and lies, of pain and suffering. You think about how those chances improve if the ruling family is happy to have you alive. You think about your chances of survival in a land full of monsters who more than likely hate you, but you could appreciate the effort, it's what you would have done in his place. Your hesitance to call Asriel is qualified to give advice on names. You're not stupid enough to say that out loud, but you could appreciate the capital letter. While you appreciate the surety that your memory will return in time, you don't think someone called Asriel is qualified to give advice on names. You're not stupid enough to say that out loud, but you could appreciate the capital letter.

"I'm gonna help you think up an awesome name until you remember your real one!"

"Okay, obviously we're going about this the wrong way."

"Also, No, just in case."

"What did you used to do on the surface, maybe we can make a name out of that?"

"There is not a word in the tongue of Men or Monster that encapsulates how much No I feel right now."

"Also No."

"Alright, let's start with Sabriel?"

"Ooh, ooh, how about Sabriel?"

"What exactly," you internally struggle with yourself as you ask this question,"do you have in mind?"

"I think I would like my name to be Wander."

"Okay, okay, let's do that."

"Also No."

"Sa staring at you, he lets his eyes and his fangs gleam in the firelight as he smiles without restraint. The whole thing grants him a certain air of confidence and power. He's the one who suggested "Wander" as a possible name, and you can see in his eyes that he believes in it. "I think I would like my name to be Wander." You nod your head. "You do know what a friend is, yeah?"

"Well then, Friends help each other right?"

"You okay?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well then, Friends help each other right?"

"Yes, yes."

"What exactly," you internally struggle with yourself as you ask this question,"do you have in mind?"

"I think I would like my name to be Wander." You nod your head again.

"You need a name." You realize you've been internally monologuing for the last 30 seconds. You give him your "Okay, obviously we're going about this the wrong way." He stressed the importance of the word friends so hard you could actually hear the capital letter. "Well then, Friends help each other right?"

"You okay?"

"Yes, yes."

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"There is not a word in the tongue of Men or Monster that encapsulates how much No I feel right now."

"Also No."
It's okay if you don't get it now, you're very good at remembering things….

You think you've learned something here, but you're not sure what, and as the walk continues silence.

You hear him snort in amusement, and your journey continues in an almost eerily comfortable surface again, won't we?"

Asgore's reply was soft yet firm, "Then we'll just have to prove them wrong when we get to the knowledge of monsters, who knows what the humans are telling their children about us."

"History is written by the winners," was Toriel's gentle rebuke, "you saw how he reacted to the "It's been a hundred years by Wander's account, maybe even longer."

You hear Toriel's voice hitch a little, "Ah, yes, do you think they changed?"

Here his voice breaks a little, "The possibility of our son growing in a peaceful world."

"See what dear?"

"Hmm?"

You hear Asgore's voice pitch lower, as if to match his wife's, "It does my heart good to see it."

"And yes he is a little excited about his new friend."

"Their name is Wander dear," Toriel gently chastises, her tone soft as if not to wake either you or awake.

"and you're not about to mess up hearing what the adults don't want to talk about when you're up in fact but you don't move, years of foiling night ambushes have taught you that intel is golden, share is better than two half shares, and well, after you dealt with that little bastard, you remember of year, people less likely to discard anything they might be able to squeeze a meal out of. One big allow yourself, ever since the day one of your old 'Friends' tried to steal your knife and stab you

Your face back towards whatever passes for sky in this place. You feel your eyes getting heavy

You settle back into King Asgore's chest, Asriel leaning and nodding off against you, and turn

passivity feels to you.

all that you have to pay for your survival? You'll just have to grin and bear it, as unnatural as is because you 'befriended' him, and if a few touches that you surprisingly don't seem to mind is work you just put into getting him at ease. As far as you can tell the only reason you're alive at all

Whatever the case may be he seems content not to move, and you're not about to fuck up all the

in contact is, is, you don't know how to explain it.

not sure what, and the bubbling, twitching, jolting feeling you get every time the two of you come both end with you dead in a ditch somewhere. You think Asriel wants something too, but you're

or they were trying to get close enough to attack you unawares. Doesn't matter which because

When someone tried to touch you in, what you're starting to remember it as, the True World, it

actually existed. You're not sure how you feel about this, and more importantly you're unnerved

The rest of the trip passed in comfortable silence, though Asriel moved so close that your

index finger and if he's smiling, well, some things are just too much.

heard it, though you won't look up in conformation, because his teeth are each the size of your

heard your conversation, you weren't trying to be subtle after all. You know for a fact the King

Toriel's head snaps forward in your peripheral vision, was she staring at you? Obviously she

your survival is more than likely assured.

You applaud yourself on your abilities of manipulation and turn away, with the prince this happy

Besides you look better when you don't try to hide your teeth."

"Yes, though since you aren't it would be stupid of me to be unnerved," here you stress the word

"Like eat you?" His voice carries an amused tone, as if the thought alone was so absurd it was

"I'm not scared of your teeth, I was unnerved," and here you stress the word, trying to give it

were scared of them."

"Oh," here he looks away in embarrassment, "It's just, when you saw them earlier I thought you

He looks confused, "Do what?"

"You don't have to do that," you reply, your voice steady despite the up and down motion of

tries to keep his teeth covered with his lips, no doubt because of the incident from earlier.

conformation of the friendship between the two of you. Even with his high level of excitement he

You turn your head from the sky, ceiling, thing, that currently makes up the top of this strange

"This is really fun, huh?"

ability to carry it, though you think that was just so he could show off to her.

was also lugging around the Tent Palace from earlier, despite Toriel's comments on her own

enough and  his strength great enough that the two of you were hardly any effort to carry. Hell he

course, was also wrapped up in a blanket and was currently right beside you, his father's arms big

newborn babe in a thick blanket and being carried like a sack of produce. Asriel, at his request of

despite all of your vehement and strongly worded protests, you were currently wrapped up like a

Your travel to the town was uneventful, though considering the fact you were currently being
Asriel is off like an arrow from a bow and you don't think you've ever ran faster in your life. Her hands ignite with magical flames, and you think you see a glimpse of hell.

"Thank you."

"Upstairs, down the hall, first door on the right."

"Where are the baths?"

Bunnywoman were giving you. Asgore on the other hand gave you a grudging nod of manly approval. Apparently it counted for fuck all considering the look of appalled horror Toriel and the Bunnywoman were giving you. Asgore on the other hand gave you a grudging nod of manly approval. Apparently it counted for fuck all considering the look of appalled horror Toriel and the Bunnywoman were giving you.

"Wander," you reply in your best 'I'm totally a good person honest' voice. She seems to buy it, but our son found someone who would appreciate a warm bed more that a drafty tent. At this he pats your shoulder. You're not sure but you think he understands that this knowledge is not a new thing to you. A little miracle worker you are. What with healing and all. You tried a heal spell on yourself then, but your magic was too weak. Only the purest of intentions work, as you discovered to your shame.

If you learn enough magic, hell if you learn any at all, they may decide you're too dangerous and try to kill you. On the other hand however, if you knew magic you chances of survival would increase exponentially, and it might just be enough to save your life. Asgore did kill ten bandits for you, but only because they were trying to steal his crops.

"What have your parents been feeding you?" Toriel asks sternly.

"Maybe tomorrow son, but for right now it's time to get to the inn and get some rest."

"Come along children," she says with slightly forced cheerfulness,"we best get some food in you, because you're both looking a little pale."

Asgore clears his throat to discreetly get Toriel's attention. In which our hero hears a pun, learns about magic, and takes a bath...
Throughout the whole time, softly breathing in sync, the two of you keep holding hands. glowing in the pit of your stomach. The bubbling, churning feeling in your gut settles into a low warmth, and you feel it softly.

You begin your lesson with a simple meditation technique, and Wander follows dutifully behind. "Together now, breathe in slowly, and then breathe out."

Wander down to the floor with you. You settle your back against the wall and you see Wander. "In order to learn how to use magic you first have to learn how to feel it," you begin pulling press on regardless.

You nod your head sagely, or at least try to, Wander's snorting giggle was not encouraging. You "The first part?" they ask, eager for anything you're willing to teach them.

"Lets sit under the window," you say, pulling Wander with you as you walk," it'll help us for the instructions.

After the two of you enter the Library Wander stops and stares at you, waiting for your feeling for hours afterwards. The library was Wander's favorite room in the house, mostly because of the window that allowed you to find Wander in a different spot every day, and the two of you have made a game out of it. If you can find Them in the same spot at any point in three days, they promise to listen to any puns you come up with.

You've asked them about this, but all they tell you is that it's safer. You didn't understand how so but you remain hopeful.

One must wonder how you look to someone else. Ever since you can remember people have been nice to you. This isn't a bad thing, not in the slightest way is it a bad thing, but they weren't being nice to you because they wanted to. The Ever since you can remember people have been nice to you. This isn't a bad thing, not in the slightest way is it a bad thing, but they weren't being nice to you because they wanted to. The

You look towards Wander's room. You still remember the look on their face when mom showed it to them, today. You have to look your best, you're going to be teaching after all! You immediately grab mom, she knows everything after all, if anyone can tell you she can.

You begin your lesson with a simple meditation technique, and Wander follows dutifully behind. "Together now, breathe in slowly, and then breathe out." Wander down to the floor with you. You settle your back against the wall and you see Wander. "In order to learn how to use magic you first have to learn how to feel it," you begin pulling press on regardless. You nod your head sagely, or at least try to, Wander's snorting giggle was not encouraging. You "The first part?" they ask, eager for anything you're willing to teach them. 

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Chapter Notes

"After all the bandages came off and my fur grew back, your mom said yes!" Here he smiles as wide as he can, and you can swear you could taste the happiness from your side eyes as he continues where Toriel left off.

Here she leans in towards the table, and you and Asriel copy her. "The fool boy made a crown of fire to hover over his head, and it was very impressive too." doesn't disappoint you.

You and Asriel shake your heads negatively, eager to hear the continuation of the story. Toriel expendable than find out when he was essential.

"I was flattered I admit, but I wasn't about to just say yes to anybody claiming to be the strongest, "One day this boy walks up to me and says, 'As the strongest monster in the world only the "He was very prideful, that boy, always wanted to be the center of attention."

Asgore froze, and you and Asriel stared at her with undivided interest. Before Asriel could respond Toriel cut in with an odd tone of voice. "This shocks you fiercely and you speak before you can think to stop yourself."

"If you wish to learn magic, you shall do so with adult supervision from now on."

Here he turns towards you and you see a hint of steel in his gaze. "Due to the level of strength we possess, your mother and I both have been expecting this day for point above those of your peers."

You see Asgore nod beside her and he begins to speak. "You really think so?"

"Almost, but not quite."

You hear him stop, then he stomps his foot and huffs a breath of annoyance. "Good Morning Asriel."

"Good Morning Toriel."

"You see Asriel's attempts at silent breathing. He still doesn't have the knack, but he might in a few more 'nights'. Maybe then this little game between the two of you will end."

"By the way, how's your friend fare?"

"He's improving, but not as quickly as we both had hoped."

"If anything, it's been a return to our roots, a chance to take a step back and regain our footing."

"In which Magical Responsibility is Discussed..."
It's gonna be one of those fucking days, you can already tell. You turn to look at her, she looks back, and both of you shrug in unison. Undyne follow him, her with a dumbfounded expression in her one eye, you with your head still. Powerful enough to beat him? What kind of fucked up world is this?!

"Do you want to know how to beat me?"

Undyne at least has the grace to look surprised, or as surprised as one can look in body armor and

"Wander, I seem to recall you promising to 'stay safe'?"

"No, I don't think so"

>ASGORE INTERRUPT!!!

>Fight    >Act    >Item    >Mercy

Amazing stuff!

"Hmph, in your dreams shorty!"

"My name's Wander, and I'll be your asskicker for the evening."

You stand in front of Asgore, look the figure directly in the eye and take your stance. The armored

"You're gonna have to get through me first."

Oh. Hell. No.

"I, Undyne, strongest of all monsters Challenge you."

You see a flash of blue, and a figure descends from a rooftop on the side of the street. Whoever, or

family's good graces. Which is why, of course, a fight decides to come to you.

Your trip continues in relative peace. Asgore engages in polite conversation with whoever decides

walk in silence.

He knows you're lying, you know he knows, and you know he knows you know. You expect

Still raised.

"It's a goodbye ritual from the surface."

This doesn't lower the eyebrow.

As quick as a flash you're out the door, Asgore already waiting outside, and no doubt looking at

treated to the interesting view of him blushing, you weren't aware white fur could turn red.

With a quick jerk of your head, you press your lips to the side of Asriel's face. He goes still as a

and a short kiss on the cheek from each other. That gives you an idea.

In the corner of your eye you see Toriel and Asgore doing their own goodbye ritual. A quick hug,

and probably read between the lines once or twice. He gives a determined nod of his head, and

told him. He doesn't know much, you've been very closed mouth on the subject, but he's smart

He doesn't look particularly happy to be reminded of your past, or at least the parts of it you've

The pain loses its edge at the words, but the ache remains. Asriel looks at them with a pained and

"We're hoping that if we understand the process we would get to follow Wander to the surface!"

"No, No, nothing like that!

Their faces become visages of shock, then horror. You see Asgore frantically waving his hands

hurt confusion.

You feel something constrict in your chest, the pain unfamiliar to you. You see Asgore and Toriel

would be able to understand and hopefully reverse."

We thought impossible.

never spoke.

"His name is W.D.Gaster, and we're hoping he can figure out how you came to be in the

scientist.

Toriel nods her head, "Yes Wander, today you get to meet a good friend of ours, the royal

"Me?" This was news to you, and no mistake.

"We all have very important things to do today, starting with you Wander."

"Right, my past exploits, which I do not regret in any measure, are not why we're here.

You nod your head.

The wind down raises an eyebrow.

Toriel and Asriel to shoot you knowing looks. Asgore just sends you a deadpan stare, and as you

The fact that you're here disproves that notion.

"We thought that because it kept us down here, it would keep others out.

conversation going on between them. As one they turn back and Asgore speaks.

"It's because of the barrier, I think."

agitation. You turn towards Asriel, and he answers your question before either of his parents.

You find yourself in the odd position of giving comfort. You try your best, and pat him on the

This seems to mollify Asriel to some degree. You know you feel safer with the king of monsters at

with this family the visage still gives you a chill up your spine.

Here he smiles, showing of a mouth full of sharp fangs, and even with all the time you've spent

"I know you're worried son, but don't be, Dr.Gaster is very kind, Wander will be perfectly safe

lessons with your mother."
In which we finally meet the infamous Dr. Gaster, drink some tea, and begin monsters, side by side.

beautiful, the buildings a similar design to Dr. Gaster's home. What catches your eye however is

He waves his hand, the surface of the table changes, a scene emerges, a city. It is tall and

"That is indeed the history we teach young monsters," here his face regains a frown,"but it is not

room.

Dr. Gaster smiles and nods, his hands moving again, somehow causing his voice to appear into

here until the spell wears off."

"One day the humans came to the king of monsters with demands of Fealty, claiming themselves

Credit where it's due, she neither hesitates nor wavers in her answer.

Undyne looks shocked, apparently she didn't expect to be called upon in such a direct manner.

The two of you walk back to the table, Dr. Gaster disappearing the tea set with a gesture, and

"My king, if you would help me?"

"If you would return to the table, I will try to explain."

You see Dr. Gaster's face struggle for a moment, the edges receding, and his eyes returning to

"Gaster calm Yourself!" You hear Asgore shout, his voice a commanding avalanche of fury.

"No, NO, I Refuse this, I wiLL NoT LEt THiS STanD!"

showing sharp edged teeth. He slams his fist on the table, cracking the surface and making the tea

His face forms a scowl, the smooth lines becoming sharp and edged, his eyes flash from white to

"Stories, you mean that there are no veterans of the war to tell you themselves?"

"A hundred years, or at least that's what the stories say."

Suddenly his gaze shoots back up, his hands movements becoming more pronounced.

"Well it was until you informed me of our newest guest."

"Yeah," you answer, not seeing where he's going with this.

The room's interior is, well, grand. Everything about it simply exudes elegance, taste, and

You can see bony hands that click with every twitch. You also notice his ankles that are visible

you're literally hanging in the air, that doesn't mean you don't want some kind of situational

It takes no time at all to reach the end of the corridor, the symbol on the wall pulsating in the same

moment's hesitation. You however are full of hesitation, and if your feet were touching the

this was something that happened with alarming regularity, "so sorry about that, do come in, I'll

days ago."

"Now? But your Highness we agreed three days remember, I've still got experiments to run!"

"But I have a sudden urge..."

"But wait?"

undoubtedly the same one you have, or at least that's what you hope. The door opens, and you

The mask is gone, clipped to her waist, and considering you didn't see a hook it's there by some

and an extremely sullen walking partner.

you're not the only one at fault here.
You see a creature of earth and stone in the shape of a giant
"Hmm."

baby. This will not stand.

She's off as soon as Asgore finishes his sentence, whoops of joy following her wake like loyal

You hear Asgore chuckle, "Alright, Alright, enough of that. Undyne meet us at the castle grounds

headache will allow, while Undyne does the same, only more furiously.

keep up your survival skills unwittingly is one thing, but to be trained by the Old World killer

You look up at Asgore in amazement, while Undyne no doubt does the same. Asriel helping you

to winning every fight, there is only training. Those who have it win over those who don't, and to

"What." Undyne's tone mirrors your own thoughts. Seriously, what the hell.

"The secret to defeating me is," and here he pauses for dramatic effect," training."

With that the door closes, and the three of you turn and walk through your own exit.

You see Dr.Gaster's shoulders sag for a moment, and then firm up like a man facing the gallows.

of the room. It is plain wood, utterly normal and surreal in the glittering rainbow hues of the

You see Dr.Gaster's smile return in full force, and his eyes shine like stars again.

"Be calm my friend, I know how it is when one's passions are raised. Let my wife tell you how I

I ended this meeting."
"Will you put me down now?"

"No, you're still injured, and Tori will have my head on a stick if she sees you walking like this."

Well, looks like this calls for extreme measures.

"Asgore, if you don't put me down, I'll tell Toriel who ate that cinnamon snail pie she was saving for breakfast last night."

"I seem to recall two children helping me eat that pie if I'm not mistaken."

"Yeah, but who's she gonna punish more, the sweet little children who didn't know any better, or the adult who did."

"You play dirty." You can hear the tones of grudging respect in his voice.

"Only way to play." You answer in confidence.

He walks forward for about two more minutes, obviously thinking about the picture you just painted. After that he stops, and slowly lowers you towards the ground. You're dizzy, nauseated, and the only thing keeping you upright is Asgore's hand on your shoulder. As the two of you walk towards the castle you feel your headache building, but the pain feels like winning.

It's the small victories, you remind yourself, it's always the small victories.
You feel the love bursting in your chest and think, no, are certain, that all is right in the world. 

“If I played my cards right you’ll never know.”

“Blackmail,” was his reply. Curious.

his butt, it’s his brain that’s pissing you off right now. 

for the other targets of your ire.

his tale of what the two of them went through that morning. By the end of it you feel your own quietly talking back and forth, you turn towards Asgore. You’ve got questions about this situation, can’t even imagine a day without Wander being a part of your little family.

“They’re awfully cute together aren’t they?”

on the children.

safe here.

defenses. You hope it’s the latter, the poor child needs to trust someone, or they will never feel the pain of their headache is greater than you thought, or your son is worming his way past their “Oh, I know what to do for those,” your son exclaims, his smile returning. He begins “I’m fine it’s just a headache.”

and Asgore keep them aloft. Their grimace of pain changes to one of annoyance and he waves pain and they clutch their head. Asriels by their side in a moment, his smile turned into a frown of “It’s the most amazing thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Do you think?”

Asriel nods, and begins twiddling his fingers in nervousness.”Yeah, mom showed me how. What whisper,”You did this?”

bashfully now. The movement draws Wander’s gaze towards him and you hear them the shock on their face almost palpable. Asriel moves toward them, still smiling but far more Wander stares at the room, their eyes the widest you’ve ever seen them. Their mouth hangs open, one massively shorter than the other. Asgore stands there clapping, the dopiest grin on his face, as you turn startled, and stare at the entrance to the training room. Two figures stand in the doorway.

The two of you dance in sync, the air filling with glittering rainbow stars and pulsating embers. to watch you instead of his own footwork, but soon he begins to feel the inherent rhythm of the art, have reduced it from a highly deadly killing tool into a training exercise. What was that human to be, and you can’t allow your son to fall into that trap either. Asriel is the future of the Kingdom, monster alike, safe. They were lax, lazy and decadent with their power allowing them to become you also have the compulsion to use that power.

you see nothing, then the center of his hands begin to shimmer slightly, glittering motes floating in try to shape it, just let it be.”

shape. In the center you allow a small piece of your flame to manifest, the white fire dancing to center your breathing. You feel it, at your core, your magic, your fire. You feel it glow, hungrily you do you allow a steady stream of magic to feed into your flame. As you hand moves you leave exercise, do you feel you’re ready dear?”

Overwhelming flows through your veins, through the veins of Asgore, and through the veins of would be considered somewhat advanced magic, but your family is special. Your father was a “Elemental Two-step?”

Alright dear, what we’re about to do now is called an ‘Elemental Two-step’.

As you reach the center you turn to face Asriel, keeping a small smile affixed firmly in place. It’s area bare of anything resembling a soft surface, but it is an excellent place to train one’s abilities.

Hook, line, and sinker, you still got it. You smile at your son and direct him to the center of the room.

I wonder how more impressed they’d be if you learned this next lesson. “I wonder how impressed Wander will be when you show them all you’ve learned today. “That’s enough Asriel, time to move on to the next exercise.”

No, you remind yourself, praise later teach now. You’re not the doting mother, but the stern

also increasing. You note their positioning, keeping a keen eye on any fluctuations of speed,

You watch the five stars in orbit around the top of your son’s head tighten their circle, their speed falters.

now, that quiet introspective look would be right at home on Asgore’s face these days. His resolve term. You think it might be prudent to talk to the both of them separately about it soon, but for I wonder how more impressed they’d be if you learned this next lesson. “I wonder how impressed Wander will be when you show them all you’ve learned today. “That’s enough Asriel, time to move on to the next exercise.”

No, you remind yourself, praise later teach now. You’re not the doting mother, but the stern
Naughty naughty.
Well, just a little peek won't hurt.
Don't tell anyone ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Well what did I say, My Experiment is a rousing success.
I wouldn't be so sure, it's acted humane before I hope you recall.
But to this degree, this long, surely you can agree there have been significant changes to its behavioral patterns?
Be that as it may I don't see how this, passing fancy of yours, will create the outcome you crave.
My dear one, surely you don't think me finished yet?
What new damnation have you crafted now, what do you intend to warp this time?
Nothing as dramatic as that my love. Only one small change, one small degree.
You intend me to help in this madness?
Surely you want a success as much as I?
And what would you do if you fail, my 'dear one'?
What I have always done, what you have always done, move on to the next.
You are a monster.
Like calls to like, my heart.
You would hold this world hostage?
Hard to hold something hostage if it has no value.
If it is worthless to you, why the experiment?
Silly question, if we succeed then it will gain value, it will gain worth, it will be unique.
You'd kill them all if I refused wouldn't you?
Wouldn't you?
...I hope there is a hell for things like us.
Oh my silly little love, we're already there.
"Worth a shot."

"It's a moment, Your son hesitated before every strike, this kid, not even a second. They were ready to
in the war, in the last days even. I was there during the breaking, during the
"The kid's killed before."

With a swing of his hammer he sends you flying, landing with a roll to try and limit the damage.

> Fight

Gerson the Hammer of Justice is ready for your attack!

As soon as all three of you made a choice Gerson materializes his own weapon. The weapon
Undyne wastes no time and goes directly for a wooden spear. To your amusement it's even the
"Alright kiddos, pick a weapon, any weapon, and then come back here so we can get started
your advantage should he turn into an enemy. It seems to be a moot point after he points to the
"I'm guessin' it didn't end the way ya planned it, eh girl?"

Undyne begins to fidget, obviously unused to such scrutiny. He relents after a moment, his smile
The turtle man, Gerson, levels an unimpressed look at her. He doesn't bother to talk, just stares.
Undyne puffs out her cheeks in her indignation, being call a brat obviously wounded her pride.
"Really, I should have known you would be the guppy that gets me back in this getup again. I

At a cough from Asgore the figure raises its head, and you get your first look at your teacher's
The first thing you notice is the armor, it's the same black as from the vision yesterday. It's

doors Asgore pushed them open with a flourish and stepped to the side with a bow.

his father by the hand. At one point Asgore was taking so long you and Undyne pushed him from
husband and a hug for the rest of you.
Toriel just sighs, sips her tea, gives you all a look, and shoos you out the door with a kiss for her

Breakfast was a quiet affair, at least to begin with. Undyne was trying her best to be a model
reason you don't comment on her forced smile of passivity after all.
looks like she still has doubts on her position in this training session. Well it is a good idea to stay

"Nothing dear, I just managed to catch these two in a pillow fight."

raised and an indulgent smile on her face. Beside her, wide eyed in apparent shock, is Undyne,

pillow from the head of the bed and arm yourself. The two of you stare into each other's eyes,
take matters into his own hands, paws, grabby things. He grabs the decoy pillow and with a yell

You hear him as he approaches, and you hear the gasp when he notices your decoy. One pillow
especially when you made Asriel shriek like a stabbed girl when you spooked him. When all of

He paces the room slowly, obviously looking for you. He doesn't step often, trying to prevent the
admiration feels like.

world shine like a naked blade. You feel a shiver run up your spine as you remember the power of
Not only did you learn about the secrets of this world, and the one before it, but you witnessed the
bordered on the ludicrous. It wasn't a total loss though, hell you even consider it a victory of sorts.

Yesterday was a trial, on that you can agree no question, and the things you had to put up with
"So Asgore, what exactly will this training entail?"

"Today," he begins, his voice still somewhat scratchy from the forced swallowing he had to do
Asriel, and the thought of that makes the gnawing in your chest increase ten fold. You struggle to

"Well what are we waiting for, I ain't gettin any younger, Let's go already!" Undyne was

"You don't have to call me that you know."

"Undyne, your highness."

In which we greet the day and get an evaluation
be okay, that they don't have to be afraid, that they don't have to kill anymore, that they don't have to worry about the slightly hunched gait of someone about to dash away from a perceived attack. Their breathing seems shallow, as if they're scared of something. Their hands are shaking, as if they have a weapon so long and so young that it might as well be a plush sleeping toy to them. You try not to take notice, but you do. You haven't been here long, but you can see that there is something you can do to put their mind at ease.

Moments later you find yourself in the living room, sitting across from Asriel. He is sitting in a chair, his back straight and his hands resting on his lap. You can see that he is trying to look calm, but there is a tension in his eyes that you can't ignore. You take a deep breath and then speak.

"Mom, can we talk to you about something?" you ask, trying to keep your voice calm.

"Of course, what is it?" she responds, her eyes on you.

You take a deep breath again and then continue.

"I'm going to talk to Wander about it today." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asks, her eyes narrowing.

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important that he knows more about the surface. I think it's important that he knows about the people who live there, the different cultures and ways of life. I think it's important that he knows that there is more to the world than just the Garden. I think it's important that he knows that there is more to life than just fighting monsters." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "What do you think he should know?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think he should know about the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think he should know about the different languages and customs. I think he should know about the different foods and cuisines. I think he should know about the different people and their stories. I think he should know about the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think he should know about the surface?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think he should know about the different people and their stories. I think he should know about the different ways of thinking and believing. I think he should know about the different cultures and ways of life. I think he should know about the different languages and customs. I think he should know about the different foods and cuisines. I think he should know about the different people and their stories. I think he should know about the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to learn?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to learn about the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to learn about the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to learn about the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to learn about the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to learn about the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to know?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to know about the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to know about the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to know about the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to know about the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to know about the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to experience?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to experience the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to experience the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to experience the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to experience the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to experience the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to remember?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to remember the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to remember the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to remember the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to remember the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to remember the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to understand?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to understand the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to understand the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to understand the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to understand the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to understand the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to do?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to do the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to do the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to do the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to do the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to do the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.

"I see," she says, her eyes still on you. "And what do you think is important for him to feel?"

You take another deep breath and then continue.

"I think it's important for him to feel the different cultures and ways of life on the surface. I think it's important for him to feel the different languages and customs. I think it's important for him to feel the different foods and cuisines. I think it's important for him to feel the different people and their stories. I think it's important for him to feel the different ways of thinking and believing." you say, your voice strong and steady.
you have nothing to fear being killed anymore. You ignore it of course, you'll have to rely on your words instead.

"If I was going to judge you on that I would like to think my record is far blacker than your own. Before I became a king I was soldier Wander, I've killed men before. I've killed a lot of people, some probably deserving of it, others simply soldiers like me, trying to stay alive in a world determined to kill itself. I've done things I'm not proud of, things that will haunt me until the day I die. I've seen the horrors of war, what it does to people, how it breaks them.

The fact that you killed people is bad yes, and in a sane and just world you should have never had to deal with any of that. But the world is not sane, it is not just, and the fact that you had to become a killer to survive is a sin of the highest order. I can only do one thing for that now. I can listen.

I became a king not because I was the strongest, or of the highest birth, or some other contrived nonsense you might read in a story. I became king because I chose to take the weight of my people on my shoulders. It's my job to give them hope, to give them light, to guide them to a better tomorrow. Though I admit I want to help you for a slightly more selfish reason.

I want to prove to myself that monsters and humans can live in peace again, that the age of prosperity that we created won't be reduced to myth and legend. I want to prove that my people deserve the sunlight, deserve the sky and the wind and the smell of fresh flowers in the spring. I want to give every child that was born in this world away from the light a chance, a hope, that they will one day see the surface and not only that but be welcomed there.

But most importantly, I want to make my child feel safe in their home. I want them not to feel like they have to sleep with their back to a wall. I want them to live with the knowledge they don't have to be afraid. I want them to know that they are loved.

So Wander, my child, will you talk to me?"

Wander stares at you for a moment, their eyes wide. You wait patiently, and when they begin to talk you feel a load on your soul disappear.

"It began, a long time ago, in the before times,"
“Well, we couldn’t have seen it coming now could we?”

“Mom said not to set anything on fire,” he replies with a raised eyebrow.

“Hey Asriel, do you mind lighting the stove?”

Asriel. I’ve seen him use it, but if Toriel put it in her note, he must be able to. You turn around to look at him, remembering these people have so much more magic compared to humans that things that you would think impossible are常态.

Undyne simply smiles at you mockingly. The, admittedly strong, bitch. You have got to start figuring out who’s got what spells. If you’re going to get a chance to fight someone, you’ve got to know if they even have the basic handful of spells, much less the more advanced things.

You reach to the counter and grab a pair of tongs, hoping you can get the pot that’s still on the stove to the sink. It’s a messy job, and it’s going to be a pain in the ass, but you got to get it done.

In the cabinet itself are a number of cups and bowls. For the sake of expediency you grab a set of four, and Undyne looks at you like you just did something incredibly stupid.

Inside the cabinet you find what can only be described as a cauldron. It’s not particularly big, you think, but it’s going to be a pain to lift. You look around, trying to see if there’s anything that you can use to lift it. You can wrap your arms around it easy and you drag it out of cabinet with little effort. The problem is that it’s too heavy to just lift.

As you stand and

You do know one thing, you’re hungry, and still slightly pissed off by that bastard Gerson. You shake your head, these thoughts were a pain before and they haven’t gotten any easier since.

You eat up the ground with every step, getting closer and closer to Gerson’s armored back.

The four of you leave the training grounds, Gerson splitting off in search of food, while Undyne turns around to head for the dining hall. You’ve got to eat something, you figure.

You really hope he meant that as a euphemism for food, though considering you have to eat snails every meal, it’s not going for a backstab, and you’ve got a plan.

Asriel rushes to your side, helping you out from under the pile. Undyne is too busy laughing at her own joke to notice.

Ah yes, the peanut gallery at work. Undyne and Asriel sit by the wall, their weapons lying on the floor next to them.

Undyne turns around and looks at you. She snorts at that, hands on hips and an evil gleam in her eyes. You have no doubt if Toriel had a working mouth, she’d be talking right now.

“Don’t worry Wander, You can do it!”

You growl, the frustration you’re bottling up needing some kind of vocal release. You stand up and

You hear a soft hiss, then a deep breath, and you feel yourself being held by a powerful arm.

You’re still trying to figure out who’s got what spells, much less the more advanced things.

Your talk with Asgore was confusing. These creatures, no, these people, were an affront to the way you knew the world should be.

You”
You snort, not even giving that a response, and enjoy your snail free soup.

"Whoo the crap tastes awesome! Guess I’m adding master chef to my list of titles!"

It takes some doing to get the bones out of your mouth, and they’re a little bit bigger than last time. It escapes from your mouth around the spoon. Undyne isn’t quite as, restrained.

You look up at the others, and they look as surprised as you are. Asriel starts smiling, little giggles emerging from his mouth. "Good job!"

>HP 15/20
>HP 10/20

Asriel pours soup in a bowl, and Undyne serves herself what she can. You’re doing your best to get the bones out, but you’re not exactly having much luck, and it’s starting to take a toll on your patience.

You look at Undyne singing her praises to the heavens while she stuffs her face. You think about Toriel and how she’d be looking about now, and how she’d be talking about Asgore and the two of you had those few days ago.

You think of Asgore and the look at Asriel, laughing at her and smiling like a fool as he eats. You think about Toriel and how she’d be looking about now, and how she’d be talking about Asgore and the two of you had those few days ago. You think about Toriel and how she’d be looking about now, and how she’d be talking about Asgore and the two of you had those few days ago.

You’ve been away from the surface for so long that it’s starting to feel like a dream more than a memory. You look at Undyne singing her praises to the heavens while she stuffs her face. You think about Toriel and how she’d be looking about now, and how she’d be talking about Asgore and the two of you had those few days ago.

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"Okay, One, Two, Three!"

"Works for me."

"Yeah."

"On the count of three, agreed?"

The three of you stare at each other, until finally you break the silence.

"Hey, that was a pretty good soup. I mean, it was a little bit, um, unorthodox, but still, it was pretty good."

You smile at Asriel, and shrug your shoulders. "Well, do you want to disappoint our, " and here you pause, trying to think of a word that would fit your situation, "guest?"

Undyne looks at you like you’re an idiot, "Why?"

"Because that’s how you make soup, that’s why," you counter, placing your hands on your hips, and glaring back.

"We need a knife to cut these things up," you say, the word knife sending a shiver up your spine. You know they have knives here, but you’ve never seen one laying around. Toriel always puts them somewhere you and Asriel don’t know, supposedly so you don’t play with them. So you can imagine how much you’re dreading the moment when you actually have to use one.

"We don’t need no stinking knife, watch this."

She grabs a tomato, walks over to the pot, and with a squeeze of her hand pulps the thing. To her credit some actually got into the pot, the rest got over everything else. You wipe pieces of tomato out of your hair, and help Ariel get some out of his fur.

"Aha."

You three continue this process, Undyne pulping the plant stuff, Asriel making sure the stove fire doesn’t go out, and you stirring the pot. You’re doing that with the Ham bone sticking out of the pot admittedly, but you do have a spoon on the counter just in case. This goes on for some time, while the fire doesn’t go out, and you stirring the pot. You’re doing that with the Ham bone sticking out of the pot.

A good spread by anyone’s estimation, there is just one problem.

You need green stuff. You know they have it here somewhere, but you can’t see any of it. You look around the kitchen, and you don’t see anything that looks like it could be green stuff. You think about Toriel and how she’d be looking about now, and how she’d be talking about Asgore and the two of you had those few days ago.

"A bone? Why," Asriel asks, genuinely curious. Unfortunately you don’t know the real reason so you just shrug your shoulders and give him your best guess.

"Okay, to make soup the first thing we need is a bone."

You smile, the beauty of your plan coming to the fore.

"That’s extremely convoluted," he says in a deadpan voice, his eyebrow still raised, "and it doesn’t solve the problem of you using the, accident, to cook your lunch."

"It’s the only way."

"Solution, you need a bone."

"That’s not the point."

"Oh, I see."

"No, you don’t."

If you’re trying to get a bone, you need to get it from somewhere. If you’re going to get it from somewhere, you need to know where it is. If you know where it is, you can get it. If you can’t get it, you can’t make soup. If you can’t make soup, you can’t eat. If you can’t eat, you’re up the creek without a paddle, when Undyne surprisingly comes to the rescue.

She grabs a tomato, walks over to the pot, and with a squeeze of her hand pulps the thing. To her credit some actually got into the pot, the rest got over everything else. You wipe pieces of tomato out of your hair, and help Ariel get some out of his fur.

"We don’t need no stinking knife, watch this."

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"Okay, One, Two, Three!"

"Works for me."

"Yeah."

"On the count of three, agreed?"

The three of you stare at each other, until finally you break the silence.

"Okay, One, Two, Three!"

"Works for me."

"Yeah."

"On the count of three, agreed?"
you a knowing wink.

proper. You're covered in soot, burns, and you still have the shakes but at least you're home.

"Hey boss you okay?"

You almost make it to the end when the final walkway falls. You reach out, desperate to grab

Three more walkways deteriorate and fall by the time you finish the shutdown process, and as you

So that's what the problem is.

positioning system was, quite frankly, fucking the hell up. There can't possibly be this many errors

fears were not unfounded, as the magic around the bottom of the chamber begins to go erratic, the

"Sir."

"This is far too dangerous Toasty, stay here. That is a direct order."

walkways over the beating magma heart of the underground, was the machine you were rushing

chamber itself was a doughnut shaped room, the metal walkways and railings forming a ring

The force of the explosion blows the doors clean off, and you make your way inside. The central

might not even have 5 minutes. You summon your Blaster, the skull a bestial, almost draconian,

The doors to the central core chamber loom ahead. Normally you would have to go through about

15 minutes of serious magical security scans to get through. You don't have 15 minutes, hell you

You stand up, make a show of brushing off your pants, and walk towards your door. You think of

"Sure thing Egghead."

"Yes, Sans."

face, "I'll be back in time for lunch!"

"Get that oven hot little brother," You sign, a smile so big it hurts your cheeks plastered to your

sometimes.

ashamed to be shedding tears right now. You're so damn proud of your brothers it hurts

does his best to smile at you reassuringly, one eye closed in a wink. You wipe your eyes, not

"Yeah! And when you save the world I'll make you the Biggest Victory Feast EVER!"

hard, and Sans squeezes your side with one hand, as if that's all the strength he has left to give.

Oath sworn you squeeze your hand and feel your brothers do the same. One by one the light in

When you can have no doubts, when your belief must be stronger than anything else in the world,

You look at Papyrus, you look at Sans, and without a word you nod your head. A Brother

...when he ran to his death to buy you time to run. You hated using it now, but they needed to

Sans closes his eyes at the phrase, and Papyrus goes silent, no doubt remembering your father as

Papyrus is out the door first, already rushing down the, admittedly short, hallway to get to Sans'

back protesting the movement with a sharp lance of pain up your spine. You take a moment to

The Core, SHIT!

In any case, the fact that it's directly about you is particularly worrying.

Since then you and Papyrus have always regarded such feelings with respect, often taking his

practically radiating concern. You know your face mirrors his, and Sans as well come to think of

He hesitates for a moment. He seems to wage some sort of internal battle with himself, and you

"Sans I'm serious open the door, if you can't be bothered to do that then throw something at it. If

The dimensional door right between your brothers rooms, they could reach you without effort. It was

was your kind of place, and follow him. You never understood why Sans decided to move to this

"You don't want to hear it but the path to the living is the death road."

"But this is me! This is my path, my quest, my way to the final battle, my destiny!"

"My way to the final battle, my way to the final battle, my way to the final battle, my way to the final battle!"

"Hehe..."

"Yeah, I know your habit of using the three words, but you're really doing it now."

"I know!"

"But you're going to live!"

"I know!"

"You don't want to hear it but you're going to live!"

"I know!"

"The occasional visit to the Underworld is a price worth paying."

"Yes..."

"Our journeys are not yet over."

"Yes..."

If you made it this far, you're still standing! There's always hope!
Told ya it was the little things, didn't I?
Chapter Notes

Your majesties, as of three weeks ago, the underground is temporally adrift."

"I don’t want to deal with. Either way, it seems your vehement protests of your innocence do not fall
die save for Asriel and his family, but even you can agree that the thought of going up against
for nearly killing everyone and ending the world you at least want to have the fun of doing it first.

"Now hold on," you yell, eager to defend yourself, "I didn’t do jack shit since I got here thank
this ‘place’, this reality we currently exist in. Now normally this was true, that is, until Wander
"A reality," Dr. Gaster begins, his tone level and at the same time oddly chipper when teaching
What.

"I assumed my friend, I assumed when I should have studied, I assumed when I should have been
Well, ain’t that a cheery thought? Asgore and Toriel seem to agree considering they just downed
Dr. Gaster covers his face for a moment, before responding in a muted voice with shaky hands.
"Gaster," Toriel cuts in, her voice wavering only slightly, "how bad would it had been if you
focused into a single pool of pure magical force and then discharged in such a way that it would
problems, it’s what made blackmailing people such a lucrative business. The fact that humanity as
beings different from you than to blame yourself, sorry to say.

Gaster starts to explain what the hell is on going.

Your face. They shoot a glance at each other and with a pinning look from Asgore and Toriel, Dr.
learn what the hell is going on around here, and since you know for a fact that Asgore promised
"We don’t," Asriel pipes in, and you have to restrain yourself with all that you have not to slap
equipment."

You take notice that he didn’t bring any for you when you catch the smell of the stuff. Asgore's
fit to strangle the answers out of Gaster, while you and Asriel watch ‘helplessly’ of course, when
"Gaster I, wait, what the hell do you mean 'Not technically your fault'," Toriel asks, her tone cold
posture, signs a question into existence.

the light, you feel the grip on your sword lighten minutely.

opens fully you notice a humanoid figure wading through the darkness. When it finally appears in
She raises an eyebrow, but apparently likes that you took the effort so let’s your, almost swear,

Dr.Gaster smiles at that, but it’s a wan smile, and it doesn’t reach his eyes, at least you guess it

It takes you no time at all to return to the house, the garden being literally right next door to the
Asgore's ham stashes later on, but you doubt it. The man has caught on to some degree and
It only takes a split second for Asgore to decipher whatever code that was, and come up with the
"Did I, arrive at a bad time, your majesties?"

you hear Asriel shout, "Look out dad!

As this goes on Toriel decides to make her own contribution and steps behind her husband. While
yourself, the alien sensations causing you to convulse. Even as you’re being tickled though, you

"Impressive," Gaster says, "I almost didn’t notice you were here."

You nod your head, it would be impossible for you to forget it. In this place Asgore, the one
back up massaging the back of his head and shooting Toriel a wounded look.

This world is going to drive you mad, if it hasn’t already.

stealthy approach, you hear Asriel shout, “Look out dad!”

As this goes on Toriel decides to make her own contribution and steps behind her husband. While
yourself, the alien sensations causing you to convulse. Even as you’re being tickled though, you

you go down in a pile of struggling limbs, each of you determined to best the other. With a roar of

With exaggerated slowness you move your hands to the side of his face. Gently you touch the fur

the appearance of the dragon’s scales in the garden is a turmoil of sound and light. The scene
wouldn’t be the plants we brought from the surface, you see? These plants were kept in this state
school, things.

"Couldn't you just use magic," you ask tilting your head to the side. I can’t be that difficult for
order to survive, so to keep the whole of the garden vibrant and strong we have to constantly

"Do you remember when I first brought you here and explained the significance of this place?
front of the hole and he begins to explain himself.

shaded spot.

action as you did earlier and dig up a flower with red petals. Beside him Toriel smiles as she digs
"Very good Wander, now for the next step."

You dig your fingers into the dirt, the moist soil cool against your hands. Slowly you feel around

"Ladies and gentlemen of Hotlands, it is my great honor to present to you the greatest mineral in

"This is the mineral that is the source of all our wealth in Hotlands. Without it, our economy would
be one of the leading industries in our country."

"But what is it that makes this mineral so valuable?"

"It’s an ore known as "Imperial Sapphire," and it has unique properties that make it desirable for

"But why do we have such a large reserve of this mineral?"

"It was discovered in the Hotlands during the mid-1800s, and since then, we’ve been able to mine

"Despite its value, the mining of Imperial Sapphire has been a controversial topic among the locals.

"I’ve heard about the environmental concerns regarding mining. What’s being done to address

"It’s something we take very seriously. The Hotlands Mining Company has invested in the latest

"But what about the health effects of mining this mineral?"

"The company ensures that all safety measures are in place to protect the health of workers.

"I’ve read about the reports of respiratory problems and other health issues among miners.

"We take these concerns very seriously. We have implemented strict regulations and training for

"But how do you ensure these regulations are being followed?"

"Our company takes responsibility for the health and safety of our workers. We have a zero-tolerance policy for any violations.

"This is encouraging. It’s important that mining companies prioritize the health and safety of their workers.

"Thank you for your time today. I look forward to the continued success of Hotlands Mining Company.

"We are committed to sustainable mining practices and the conservation of our precious resources.

"It’s a pleasure. I wish you great success in your endeavors.

"Thank you. We value our relationship with the community and will continue to work towards a

"I believe the Hotlands Mining Company is making a positive impact on the Hotlands.

"I agree. Let’s make sure we continue to protect our environment and promote sustainable practices.

"Thank you so much for joining us today."

"My pleasure. I look forward to continuing this conversation with you in the future.

"I appreciate it. Good day."
The adults look even more shocked than before, and after a moment you watch as Toriel groans and places her head in her hands.

"Gaster, when we said 'you have unlimited funding to solve the problem' that didn't mean break everything, including the fabric of time and space, in order to find an answer!"

"Your highness," Dr. Gaster exclaims, his face the very definition of wounded pride, "I did not 'break' the fabric of space and time! If I did anything it was slightly stretch it, extremely slightly at that."

"The fact remains," Asgore cuts in, his tone heavy like stone, "my kingdom and people are in danger Gaster. What does this mean, and what dangers will it cause?"

Dr. Gaster responds quickly, obviously understanding the severity of Asgore's tone and the depth of his worry, or at least you think so. He might have been simply trying to save himself and cover his own ass.

"What it means sire, is that when the barrier breaks, either through our own efforts or through simple erosion in time, we might not emerge on the surface in the future. Or to put it more simply, I simply don't know when we'll be by the time we break free. We could be in the far future, or we could emerge in the far flung past. We might emerge during the War, or perhaps even before the golden age itself. I simply don't know."

Asgore sighs, and the air around the table becomes heavy with fear and dread. Toriel looks like she was carved from stone, no doubt remembering the death of the old world, and Asgore sits stoic and still, his eyes covered by his hair and his mouth in a severe frown. Dr. Gaster isn't any better, his eyes two black pits into some unknown void, and his hands clasped so tightly together you can hear them creaking.

Asriel grabs your hand for comfort and you find yourself tightening your fingers around his for the same.

"Gaster," Toriel calls out, her voice almost whisper quiet with the force of her repressed emotions. "Yes my Queen?"

"Fix this, I don't care how, and I don't care what equipment you need, fix this. I won't go through that war again. I will not allow my children to suffer through that time, do you understand me?"

"Crystal, ma'am." "Good."

"Wander," Dr. Gaster turns his gaze towards you, his eyes filled with his pupils again.

"Yeah?"

"I would like to ask you for your help in this endeavor."

"What the hell do you need from me?"

"Your body was a catalyst for or at the very least, very nearby, the source of this disturbance. I was hoping you would allow me to scan you in order to test some theories I have of the phenomena. All you would have to do is stand still for a period of ten minutes each day for about a week, then, Sun and Stars permitting, we'll have some kind of idea of what is going on here."

You look at the adults at the table. Asgore looks tired, like the very idea of facing the war that killed the old world would destroy him. Toriel seems carved from stone, the only thing keeping her composure being her Iron will. Dr. Gaster stares at you slightly pleading, no doubt counting on your help to save his hide. As for Asriel, he just holds your hand tighter, trying to give you some support.

And it started off as such a nice day too.

"Dammit, fine. I better get something out of this."

"I'll give you access to one of my ham stashes," Asgore cuts in, his tone lightening up to some semblance of jovility.

"Done."

Well, at least something good came out of this mess. You decide to look on the bright side of this little arrangement, and give Asriel a smile to help calm him down. At least it you don't have to deal with those assholes back on the surface world anymore.

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

You awaken in a bed of yellow flowers, the scent soft and fragrant.

You sit up, tying your hair back into it's ponytail with your ribbon. It was your favorite ribbon, soft and red like a sunset, the one mommy gave to you before she left.

Before she never came back.

You shake your head, you don't care about any of that stuff. You came to the mountain for a reason. This was the magic mountain, the older girls at the orphanage said so, and if you climbed to the very top you would get your wish.

You had to be brave, you had to be strong, you had to be a hero.

It's the only way you'll ever get to wish your mommy back.

Chapter End Notes

THE FIRST, SHE NEVER WAS AS GOOD AS ME WITH A KNIFE, BUT SHE TRIED.

SHE CRIED WHEN SHE DIED, GORED BY THAT BEAUTIFUL TRIDENT.

I WONDER IF SHE'LL CRY THIS TIME?

(...╹◡╹)
ritual he speaks up, cutting the both of you off. "You are ONE finger taller then me, ONE."

You hate yourself a little when you realize that you're smiling, but you can't seem to help yourself. You look back at her to assess the damage but all you seem to have did is make her stumble a moment and kick out at her, aiming for her torso, and twisting your body loosen her grip on your fingers. "Uh, right, okay. You gonna get up anytime soon?"

Asriel comes up behind you, far more calm and generally happy. He sits next to you with a smile and thinks you're mad about something, just plops against you and suddenly all you can think about is the wooden feet beneath the boat as they slam against the surface of the river. If that wasn't enough, you hear the sounds of the legs below signal the end to this hellish experience. When the boat finally stops you and wish for this ride to stop.

"Wander be nice, we're guests to Undyne and her friend." You hear Undyne howling with delight at the speed at which the boat is traveling, and you decide that it probably was a good thing you agreed to this, even as the boat stops. "One, that is incredibly racist and you can bet your ass I'm gonna beat you up for that later, and you know each other for years." And as for you, the black void where its face should be all but swallowing the face in his chest. You feel his hand in your hair as he tries to calm you down with scratching.

Essentially you were not an expert on the practicalities of boat travel, but you were pretty damn sure that the Riverperson's claim of being able to carry a boatload of people and still glide along on the water seemed far more likely than actually having the strength to lift all those people off the surface of the river. "You might if I was blind and missing both arms." you think to yourself. Asriel thought you were mad, but you didn't hear him.

Asriel thinks you're mad about something, but every other time he's pulled this stunt you can't help but get a little perturbed. "Thinks you're mad about something, just plops against you and suddenly all you can think about is the chest in a gesture of thanks. You keep your eyes closed even as you hear the subtle crashing of the water as the boat slows down. He giggles at this and keeps his head against yours, and you sigh as you feel the anger that it usually brings.

You try to stay mad, you really do, but like every other time he's pulled this stunt you can't help but find it endearing. Asriel doesn't realize it, but you love him for what he is, a lovable idiot that will always bungle the best of intentions, but they still mean well. "Ooh! Even more people I can give a ride, oh Undyne you do give the sweetest gifts!"

"She's our friend, stop being so paranoid," he whispers back, turning his head slightly in your direction. "Yep, and I even brought a few friends along." You hear him hum above you, your view blocked by his hand for the moment, as he contemplates something, possibly about the ride. The only reason we got out of that situation alive is because Asgore really liked the soup and the cat was able to talk to him. "Fine, but only because I'm really fucking bored." Asriel is truly a strange fellow.

"You are ONE finger taller then me, ONE." Those were the last words you heard the voice say before you were thrown against the wall and the boat and the Riverperson came to a stop. You wish for this ride to stop.

"Jeez, you're practically a cat aren't you," Undyne sneers from her new sitting up position across from you. "You've been so quiet you've almost forgotten you're alive."

You hear the sound of her boots scraping the floor as she walks away, and then there's silence. You wish for this ride to stop. Asriel thinks you're mad about something, but every other time he's pulled this stunt you can't help but get a little perturbed. "Asriel, I'm not sure about the cooking part," he says after a few moments thought, his tone somewhat muffled. "But it sounds like you're doing a good job of it, I can hear the steam coming from the kitchen and can smell the findings of the soup."

You try to stay mad, you really do, but like every other time he's pulled this stunt you can't help but find it endearing. Asriel doesn't realize it, but you love him for what he is, a lovable idiot that will always bungle the best of intentions, but they still mean well. "Findings? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I know, I know, it's not the word I used. I meant to say 'findings'."

Asriel was a bit of a pain in the ass, but you couldn't help but love him. "What are you doing here?"

"I just thought you might want to see the..." He pauses, "...findings."

"Findings? Why didn't you tell me?"

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"I know, I know, it's not the word I used. I meant to say 'findings'."
It's going to be so nice to kill again. A grin you haven't felt or used in a long time. You grip your sword tighter, turning towards the ruins with a grin on your face. Bastards from the surface wanted to take it? Here? You don't know, nor do you care. These people were yours, this world was yours, and if these people were so soft. Dammit all they were so soft and the surface world was so damn far more important than making it sound pleasant. There was another human here after all.

When Undyne joined him you started to panic a bit. It is thankfully short, but you're still somewhat in shock by the time it's over. What you see is not encouraging, or even remotely possible. At least you don't think it's possible, you've never seen a pissed off bed sheet before.

You feel your blood run cold. No, no it couldn't be, it had to be a mistake. You had to know, you absolutely had to know. The bastard even attacked my cousin!

You turn your gaze to look at the source of the voice that you can only assume is addressed to you. Hey asshole, Yeah I'm Talkin' to You!

You feel water running down your face. It must be from the ceiling, this place drips obscenely. That's fine, that's perfectly fine, you already know the solution to this problem. The rage is eclipsed by the pain her grip causes you, because for fucks sake this fish is strong as an ox. No Asriel, I already lost my home once, I refuse to lose it again. I'm not losing this place, I'm not losing this world.

You gesture to the floating sheet thing that's still looking at you angrily, "to lead me back to the palace and tell Asgore what's going on. As for me I'll get our new friend here," and here you mean someone that you know the rules for this of course, even if the monsters down here were too soft to know what they show up and try to be kind to it. Well Asgore might, no, even he would show it mercy, better to just ignore it. To the chosen corridor. While Asriel tries to peer into the gloom you start massaging your hand, the chosen corridor. While Asriel tries to peer into the gloom you start massaging your hand, the chosen corridor.

"No. This is your land, your world, your HOME, you will suffer no trespassers. This human, THIS HUMAN, will die, and with that your world will be safe again. Simple, so very simple, just KILL THEM ALL."

"No. The chosen corridor. While Asriel tries to peer into the gloom you start massaging your hand, the chosen corridor.

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The rage is eclipsed by the pain her grip causes you, because for fucks sake this fish is strong as an ox. No Asriel, I already lost my home once, I refuse to lose it again. I'm not losing this place, I'm not losing this world.
Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!

"Yes, it's in waterfall. It's the same place I got my flower from.

WISHING ROOM?!

This seems to perplex them, as if the knowledge of the magical wish was unknown to them.

...Gonna stop you. There is something you need to ask Nika though.

Only that but with a real life fairy to boot. Oh man if those girls at the orphanage could see you.

The fairy, Nika, smiles at you, and you feel unbelievably happy. You just made a friend, and not

"Um, my name is, Nika."

"Um, I think you said your name was Sara?"

"Hi!"

It looks at you sheepish for a moment, before flying back towards you a little. It seems to take a

"Oh."

"It's just a saying! It means I promised."

That seemed to give it pause, and after a moment it slowly slips from behind the pillar. It stares at

"..."

"Please, don't hurt me…"

It peeks its head out from behind the pillar and with a short "Eek," pulls it right back behind it.

"What's the matter?"

That's not a good sign. Was it something you said? You can't go around making

"Eek!"

and you have got to say hi to it. You waste no time in running straight at it and try to introduce

It bobs in the air like a butterfly, but it's far too large for that. It's the wrong shape too, like a

That is the end of your quest. You have saved the world from the evil sorcerer. Now you can go back

"Long live the king!"

and you boldly set out.

Bravery is many things.
This is going to be your best adventure ever!

Is this what having a friend feels like? Your smile seems to try and fail to accommodate your happiness as it stretches even wider.

You watch as their face becomes conflicted. You can't really tell, never having seen a fairy before, but you think that their struggling really hard with their thoughts. You give their hands a squeeze and feel the gentle vibration of their small fingers. "So what do you say Nika, want to go on an adventure?"

"But don't you have to go f-far away for an adventure?" They ask, their voice shaking with fear.

"You did the right thing even though you didn't have to, that makes you a hero. Since you're a hero you go on adventures. That's what heroes do after all!"

"Okay, the ruins are very large and very wide, but there is a very direct route if someone wants to leave. The problem with that is the path leads directly to the old palace. Because of that the entire way is filled with traps. I-if you still w-want me to help."

"Okay, so, how do we get out of here?"

You nod knowingly, despite the fact you have no idea what 'thematic' means. It doesn't matter though, you're going to get your mom back. Besides you've got more important things to do, like reassure your fairy friend that they are a hero.

"That's a load of crap! I'm not a hero, I-I'm to scared to be one…"

"Yes, this used to be the old capital, when everyone left we renamed it the ruins."

"Ruins," you ask, tilting your head to one side.

"Okay, t-the ruins are very large and very wide, but there is a very direct route if someone wants to leave. The problem with that is the path leads directly to the old palace. Because of that the entire way is filled with traps. If you still want me to help."

At the mention of the word hero Nika's face falls. Their gaze focuses on the floor. You feel the weight of their body increase as they seem to drift downwards in their melancholy.

At this their face becomes one of incredulity, as if what you suggested was impossible. Their mouth is open in a perfect circle and their eyes are so wide they look like ovals. They almost fall out of the sky but catch themselves before you have to help. They shakily flutter for a few moments before attempting to gain some altitude. Their face is one of confusion.

"Hey Nika, do you want to go on an adventure?"

"B-Because that isn't R-right!" You reply, "Why not?"

"N-no I couldn't!" You say, "You could have left. You could have hid, or even lied to me and then run."

"I-it was the right thing to…" You reply, "Did you need to agree to help me?"

"D-did you need to do that?"

"Y-yes."

"Then we'll come back after we're done exploring!"

"I like it here though?"

"No buts, we're going to get my wish, and then we're going to get out of here!"

"B-but,"

"That's not what I asked. Did you need to agree to help me?"

"I-it was the right thing to…"

"No, that's not what I asked. Did you need to agree to help me?"

"Y-yes."

"You're a hero now, Nika. You made the right decision."

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"Okay, so, how do we get out of here?"
MAGIC: PRETTY DARN GOOD IN HIS OPINION.

DEF?

HOPPY THE FROGGIT HAS temporarily

"Meow," Hoppy replies, with a rather unimpressed look.

"You have my sympathy."

"He said his parents weren't very imaginative and wanted to settle on an 'accomplished ancestral

"Meow ribbit croak."" "Ribbit croak croak ribbit ribbit?"

"Ribbit ribbit."

Besides you've got far more important things to do that play kissy face with some boy.

"Fur? Oh, right you forgot, fairy kingdom. For all you know all royalty has to be fuzzy for some

"With a final croak Nika turns back to look at you, their face somewhat triumphant.

Then it hits you.

"It's my destiny to after all. So to seal this pact shall we share our names?"

"'You'll also need some kind of protection, and I so happen to be a very accomplished magician.

Of traps, and that seems to be the one you're going down anyway."

"He s-said, 'Not that I mind waterfall, but to get there you have to pass through snowdin, and you

"H-he want's to know what kind of adventure we're going on."

"N-not normally no, but s-some do get the hang of it. I can ask him."

"Do froggits understand plainspeak?"

"It's a very efficient language."

"That's a froggit, he was saying hello to us."

"In any case you're hard pressed to think of

"With great care you place the candy in a pouch on your dress. You make sure to pat it after you

"n-a each other, no, no."

"Then it hits you.

"Enough to give some to the orphanage from time to time, though they never lasted long. A cookie

"Nika I promise and swear on a stack of Mrs. Butterworth's cookies, I will only take one piece of

"T-the Candy is free because you n-

"B-because it takes a lot of effort t-to make monster c-candy," Nika explains, their voice growing

"The obvious," you add after a moment's thought. After all free candy is free candy, and you know

"I'm not sure where y-you're

"The Candy is free because you n-

"Ow, what, what is it!"

"ripped out."

You jerk back mid-leap, the sudden movement causing you to fall on your butt with a painful

The two of you traverse the darkness and enter the room beyond. Like the rest of these 'ruins' the

"Nika JOINED YOUR PARTY!"
You can’t tell from here but you think the creature is considering your words. After a moment it
“Wait, what can I do to prove I’m not with, whoever them is?”
“Don’t play dumb with me, you’re with them aren’t you?!”
“You bastards aren’t getting me this time!” is your only response before you have to fade through

doesn’t fill you with confidence. You decide to eat a few leftover vegetables to comfort yourself
“Um, I’m not sure of the translation but it sounded like, ‘diplomancy’?”

“Nika?”
“What did you do,” you ask, your tone full of questioning wonder.

It goes on for some time before the other Froggits shoot an apologetic look at you and bow.

The two of you begin giggling together, the sheer happiness you’re feeling unable to be contained

With a yelp of fear you fade, not that it does you much good. The entire area you occupy is filled
of angry yowling noises and swarms of magic flies.

Harder than you thought. Never let it be said you’re a quitter though, because you came up with

“Hello, my name is Sara, would you be so kind as to move so my friends and I can get past you?”

You begin walking forwards, to the horrified look of Hoppy and clear your throat to get the other

of them like a pot simmering on a stove. You’ve never seen a group of Froggits before, at least,

4 HP 14/20

have to solidify every few seconds. The moment you do the pain increases as the flies collide with

With a howl of pain you fade, the magic of them searing your soul. It takes all you have to stay faded, but even so you

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of angry yowling noises and swarms of magic flies.

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“Hey!”

“I accept your apology and I’m sorry for calling you and ungrateful brat, even if you do have poor

A hero must be humble as well as courageous. You also might have hurt their feelings so it’s only

It was really that good. When the Vegetoid makes another you waste no time at

you can even really make it. With his stony glare answering your question, and not to mention the

face, it would probably involve a bad word you technically aren’t supposed to know yet. With a

Maybe you should get Nika to teach you one of thes-

It falls back with a howl of pain and lands on what you can only consider it’s back. As it lies back

“Argh!”

empty hand, and smack the bully full in it’s planty face!

sudden acceleration. You grit your teeth to the pain, it doesn’t matter now, the only thing that

as they pass through your ‘body’. You smile and as you do you feel your soul begin to pulse with

fact that you could do this with anyone you could never ask.

by a longshot, but it’s far too useful not to use, even if it feels like a thousand knives are scraping

The pain is the first thing you notice, it’s always the first thing you notice. Fading isn’t easy, not

there was of course angry trees, usually black and gnarly and twisted by evil magic. Though on

“Ungrateful little brats. All you jerks running around, eating Candy of all things, Candy! That

“Meow Ribbit!”

didn’t understand a word of what he just said.
steps closer allowing you to get a look at its outline in the gloom. It looks like a ball, if a ball
suddenly sprouted arms and legs and horns. It only had one eye, but that's okay because it's a
very big eye. So big in fact that it's practically the person's whole body. Said eye squints at you
before the creature begins to talk directly to you.

"You want to prove you're not one of them? Well then you got to swear."

"Swear?"

"Yeah, you got to swear a Loox promise!"

You stare at the creature in confusion, what the heck is a Loox promise. You turn your head to
stare at Nika and Hoppy, which both have returned from their makeshift cover, and silently ask
them that same question. Nika merely shrugs their shoulders, obviously as lost as you are, but
Hoppy seems to know what to say.

"Croak Ribbit Ribbit Hop Croak."

You turn a deadpan stare over to Nika. You really need to learn frog one of these days, this is
getting annoying. Nika probably thinks so too, but they're probably too nice to show it.

"He said that a Loox Promise is a magical contract that Loox make to work with other people."

"Okay, but what do I have to do?"

Hoppy raises one of his hands to point at the Loox, who just looks at you and grins. It's a really
impressive grin, especially considering that it's mouth practically lines it's whole face. It holds out
a clawed hand, the red skin of it sparkling with the remnants of its magical attacks. This feels like
a bad idea, but what the heck you've made friends on shakier ground than this. Besides, even if
they act like a jerk now, there's always a chance they'll change. You grab their hand with a smile,
and you feel the tingle of the magic travel up your arm.

"My name is Sara, me and my friends are going to the wishing room."

"My name is Peepers, and if you laugh I'm gonna make you pay for it."

"Not gonna laugh," you mean it too, you've met people with a lot weirder names than peepers.
Besides Peepers seems fitting, with the whole giant eye thing.

"Ribbit Ribbit."

Peepers looks at Hoppy and you feel an unspoken kinship form in front of you. You lean back,
making your head level with Nika's and whispers into where you think their ear is.

"What's going on here."

"Hoppy said he too understands the pain of parents with no imagination and said his name to
Peepers."

"Ah."

PEEPERS HAS somewhat forcefully in your opinion JOINED YOUR PARTY

ATK ?
DEF ?
ALWAYS HAS THEIR EYE ON YOU.

Chapter End Notes

GATHER AS MANY IDIOTS AS YOU WANT LITTLE GIRL.
ONE OR A THOUSAND IT MATTERS NOT, THEY WON'T SAVE YOU.
NOT FROM ME.
"I'm not gonna like this am I?"

"That's okay," you say trying to hide your disappointment. It was bound to happen eventually. You turn your gaze towards Napstablook again. All you're missing is the scolding and the loss of dessert for playing knights and dragons.

Peepers' antics, and hops off. You swear he acts more like a matron every hour you spend with the exit… that's right behind me…. just go through the house… that's how I get in…"

"you don't need to do that…. I mean I was in the way…."

about to open your mouth to speak when they cut you off. Straighten up again and angle yourself towards Napstablook and make the same bow. You're oh you don't like the sound of that, but you are in the wrong here. You place your hands to the gentle yet firm, and you can see a core of strength that you didn't think was there before. Peepers your stare and looks at Peepers again.

the ground and see Peepers begin to push their way into a sitting position. Napstablook follows callous, well no they can be, but that way lies curses and other unspeakable things.

bouncing around in your ears.

"Hi my name is Sara," you shout at the top of your lungs, trying to be as nice as possible. You not as bad as trying to decipher Hoppy's frog head, but it's a close second.

anything. Well mostly anything, when Mrs. Flannery caught you reading her books nothing

Not wanting to be rude, well rude than you've been already at any rate, you wave your hand back hollow echo, and it's creeping you out.

like a frog to be honest. Heck even Peepers' voice cackles like a fire when they talk, and there's

You can't imagine how bad it might be when your entire face is probably an eyeball.

from the leaves behind them knocks them off balance. As they fall on their face you can't help but

Okay, I'll admit, that probably wasn't one of my best ideas," you begin saying, trying your
disapproving looks.

hallway, and as you turn to gaze at Nika and Hoppy you are filled with shame at their

With a blast of unfocused magic, Peepers shoots downwards, landing directly on the sleeping Hoppy's frog head tilts to the side, obviously in thought. The three of you wait with baited breath

at the exit?"

previous line of inquiry.

accurate.

birth you would defend that name too, even if you personally think calling them fairies is more

Maybe it's because he studies magic all the time, something like that probably doesn't allow a lot

Hoppy's voice cuts over the argument like the crack of a whip, and all three of you cringe in

"She's not being nice, she's being a blind idiot-"

stick up for you after all these years alone.

on your behalf. It gives you a warm feeling in your stomach to know that someone is willing to

"I'm right and you know it," Peepers starts to say, their voice full of smug self satisfied pride.

humans were

you might be considered a monster in their kingdom was a bitter thing to swallow. Humans were

"And what's that supposed to mean." asks Peepers, their tone going from caustic to straight up

"Um, Sara that might work for you but what about Peepers." Nika asks, their voice still somewhat

"No, at least no one thinks so," Peepers replies, their eye blinking slowly as they think of their

showing up around here a few days ago."

Okay first things first, that monster's not a guy, at least no one around here thinks so. Secondly

Peepers, hoping against hope that they might know who this guy is. At first Peepers looks

"Um, he said that the monster resting on the leaves is blocking the way to the exit."

His expression resolves into one of annoyance once more and turned his head toward Nika. His

Okay, so why did you point to, whatever that thing is?"

"Ribbit Croak."
As you follow behind Hoppy to the strange square-like house in the distance you can't help but feel that Peepers' prediction was entirely accurate. "Slower, You're jostling me too much."

"Yes oh Grandmaster Peepers."

"Ah ah ah, full title."

You sigh as you carry Peepers in front of you like some large demented stuffed teddy bear. At least they weren't heavy. Nika's giggling isn't helping matters though.

"Yes oh Grandmaster, All see-er, They with the True sight, Lord of Monsterkind, They with the most rotund eyeball, The most attractive monster in the world."

"Thank you, servant for the day."

The things you do for friendship...

Chapter End Notes

I SMELL YOU GIRL.
I SMELL YOUR BLOOD.
YOUR HUMANITY.
YOU ARE A BLIGHT ON MY WORLD AND I WILL CLEANSE YOU.
BE PATIENT.
I AM ALMOST THERE.
they try to get the taste of it. The Wolf, who you can only assume is Volf, nods approvingly and 

"Not appreciated mind, but I'm forced to agree that it's pretty clever."

You, but honestly you're more amazed with Wander's reaction more than anything. Sans looks back placidly, sipping on a bottle of red liquid. On closer 

"Oh you BASTARD."

Looking above the racks of drinks. You follow their gaze and see a sign made up of what you can

"Before these two get started, again, do you know anywhere a girl can get warm," your stomach

"Ah, I think I know a place."

"I thought you always say that nothing's fair in a fight?" Asriel's tone is smug, and you don't have

"I am not a traitor, and I couldn't let the two of you fight could I? It's like Undyne said, what

Unfortunately it seems it does for Wander too. You make ready to step in and defend, uh, what's

"Don't care, too cold," you reply and with a wave of your spear dismiss the Soul Lock.

"I am a bit restless," you say, your tone solid and unwavering in the face of Wander's glare, "The only reason

"The only reason you did this?"

"Rescuing knight if it looks like you snapped or something stupid like that. You could take him

"Easy, but that's not why you did this.

"Are you really going to let a human have the upper hand just because he's better at your skills, but that's not very helpful right now.

"They want a fight true enough, but there's such a thing called strategy and if

Or not, it looks like. Once again Asriel has a firm grip in Wander's hair and is doing the usual

Wander's an ass, logical to be sure and you're a little flattered that they think that you could take a

"I'd say it's about time you turn around and begin walking towards the village again, as you do you can hear the conversation

And his face is marred by a frown. You have to think for a moment before it hits you, he's gonna

"Those problems will still be there when you're done...

"But a little rest never hurt anyone."

"Interlude: Musings of a hero in training"
Chapter End Notes

Strike them down. because they had power they had the right to do whatever they wanted. Well the Underground
You'll show them around the underground, let them meet the King and Queen, help them get
be an innocent human who got lost, trying to find a way out of the underground. There's no way
Wander's simply increases in volume from before. Volf joins in as well, their voice a harmonious
This was one line too many and you burst out with a cackle. Asriel's laughter joins yours and
“We do have something special,” Grillby replies his back still turned, “Today it's the fries.”
hint of laughter in his tone. His expression is smiling again, even though he's still blushing.
“Aw Grillby, I thought we had something special.” Sans' voice is pleading, but you can hear a
“That's because it's your bill. Now stop being a bonehead and pay your tab.”
Grillby keeps smiling, leans down, and places a hand on Sans' cheek.
the socket. He just blushes even harder before breathing in and out again to calm down.
“Hey there hot stuff, you're really on fire today aren't ya?”
They stay stock still for a moment, just staring at the bitten burger in their hands. Then with almost
Asriel, who gives them a smile and a nod, eat it. They chew for a few minutes and then swallow.
look at them, then at the plate. With hesitant fingers they take the bone out of their mouth and put
“It's a burger, try it.” The cackling voice of the fire person snaps Wander out of their doze. They
the heck were humans doing on the surface anyway.
trying to see what's the matter with it.
“Wander what's wrong?” Asriel's tone of voice is confused and they stare at Wander's plate too,
you slow down too, but don't stop. You haven't eaten all day and you'll be damned if you stop
They stay stock still for a moment, just staring at the bitten burger in their hands. Then with almost
Asriel, who gives them a smile and a nod, eat it. They chew for a few minutes and then swallow.

I THINK I WOULD LIKE THAT....
brisk pace, Nika floating alongside you. Another step, and then another, and then another. Soon you were walking down the corridor at a

tortured thing. You disregard the sounds, pushing harder, and you see out of the corner of your.

You consider the idea of the magic doors and their tests, but you know you have no chance of passing. You still have a lot of work to do today, and you need to get moving.

In which a brave girl says goodbye to her new friends and meets an old 

To alter fate one must decide where to cut, and what to save. The tapestry of destiny is made of many threads, twisting, turning, bobbing, and 

Fading
scatterbrained, focus, you need to talk to the probably king. You open your mouth to speak but are
least they are eager to talk. Either way works for you to be honest.
worse still it's making Nika worry. Besides it's not like you're not used to pain, the orphanage
dragon or a golem or something. It's never been just pain in someone's head, that feels like
doesn't exist. You smile feeling the black carapace covering your eyes bite into your cheeks, not that you care in
Like your shield it too possesses an eye, which turns onto your enemies with a baleful glare. With
In your world of darkness you swing your free hand blindly, hoping to connect with a shield
It flies from your mouth in a torrent of black, the liquid cutting through the bugs with ease. You
"....Ribbit."
"Y-yeah, she's our friend, we won't let you hurt her."
them, you try to understand, and you pay for that mistake. With a silent strike from behind the girl
prepares her escape attempt, only to be shocked when the two balls veer off course and detonate
flesh, and then you'll tear out her heart and F
The girl, weak and foolish as she might be, sees through your ruse and fades again before you
little thing, this human who thought to kill you with such a pathetic stab. Well far be it from you to
The shining soul speeds away down the corridor you watched them enter from earlier and you
"O-oh, Right!"
and aim another stab at their soul.
"SARA!"
wouldn't work at first, but they can't keep up that little fading trick forever. They'll slip up, they'll
laugh even harder now, this is far far more entertaining. With you remaining eye you train your
They throw another knife the moment you turn in their direction, this one lodging itself into your
You gurgle a laugh around the blood and the blade, your grin wide and ugly on your inhuman
your limbs, the aura surrounding your body increasing in strength and the tendrils of white fire
She's moving more fluidly than you remember, though how you can remember something you've
absorbed. You can see the souls of the monsters in this realm, S
his soul, something you've never seen but know as intimately as your own. You desire that
the village. They didn't even have a chance to shout before you were moving, the magic burning
It didn't take you long to get here, just a moment of magic to leave Asriel and Undyne behind in

WE ARE ABSOLUTION
WE ARE REDEMPTION
WE ARE
what am i
what are we
i don't understand
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
KILL
help me
help me
help me
help me
help me
help me
heheheheheheheheheehehehe
make this stuff normally? Wander's doing it right now sure, but they also have a sword for a hand.

They exchange another flurry of rapid fire blows, each one faster than the last. After a few seconds, Sara flies back, the explosion sending them through the air, and you can hear a hiss of pain in their lungs before detonating in a thunderous blast. The sound is eerily familiar and you're reminded of the first time you heard that noise.

Knife is not idle either. It meets Wander's sword blade for blade, the strange material it's made of striking against steel. The sound is discordant, a clash of two different worlds colliding.

"Yeah, why?"

"No, that's new."

"Who's that?"

You stare at your friend, and the longer you do the more, angry and confused and scared and, just,owski. You shrink away from your best friend, ashamed and angry at yourself for being afraid of your best friend, but at the same time, you can't help but feel a sense of powerlessness.

The explosion ripples through the air, sending you flying like a leaf in a gale and crashing against the side of a nearby building. You cough and spit out a mouthful of dust, feeling the weight of the world on your shoulders.

"What the fuck."

Undyne's voice is one of incredulity and horror, her eyes wide with shock. She grips her spear even tighter, and you begin to see cracks in the wood due to the sheer force of the explosion.

You glance at the other combatant, and feel your soul clench with dread. You can see the faint outlines of their soul, almost like a sick inverted mirror to that one, manic cheerfulness and a certain sort of... 

[continuation of the story]
It's too much, you can't stop yourself, you begin laughing too. All of you laugh, your chuckles they hover closely beside Sara.

"Asriel," Their voice cuts through your nascent rant, destroying it before it could begin to build, "I"

"No it wasn't you idiot, why the hell would you-"

"How, how can you say that, your eyes are gone!"

You continue to stare down at them, your eyes drawn to where their eyes used to be. They've others though is worry, worry for your friend who just lost their fucking eyes.

"Wander, what, what happened to you?" Your voice is a horrified whisper, the anger from before

I made a promise, and I'm going to see it through.

"The hell I ain't! If you can help so can I!"

Thankfully you don't have to do this part, which is good considering you pretty much blinded

A thing, like magic gone sour. If you could compare it to anything it's like rotting flowers, as if the

They open their mouth wider, and even though you were warned by Hoppy and Peepers you still

T is a scraping thing. It almost sounds like a knife running over silk, Wander's natural scratchy voice

"Now," you whisper, trying to convey all of the training Gerson has given you on calling out

"I have the ability to summon swarms of short lived fly constructs, I have completed that school of

difficult, talk Wander out of violence without head scratches. May the stars have mercy.

"The hell I ain't! If you can help so can I!"

It's too much, you can't stop yourself, you begin laughing too. All of you laugh, your chuckles they hover closely beside Sara.

You've got to think of a way to separate them, but how?

You've got to think of a way to separate them, but how?

You've got to think of a way to separate them, but how?

You've got to think of a way to separate them, but how?

You've got to think of a way to separate them, but how?
he's had to face such creatures in the past and the thought of them simply growing from regular
"Whoa whoa whoa, back the fuck up. How the hell is someone born with the potential to be
thoughts on the matter quiet.
Asgore once more stands as straight and still as a statue, doing his best to be someone she can lean
Well a bit crude in your opinion, but Gerson wasn't alone in his disbelief. King Asgore and
mask of rage restrained only by the fact that you weren't her target, "Who?"

"Yes, creating a Chosen is a long and dangerous process, and doing so to children, to beings that
had little to no chance of surviving the procedure makes no sense. That's why I didn't say that
when you were a child, ripped the proverbial band-aid off in one go.
The relief that sweeps through the rooms is palpable, Toriel giving a gasp of joy, while Asgore
of, if not respect, then at least acknowledgement. He was an adventurer through and through, so
example of terrified parents, and considering the circumstances you can understand that fear
hope. His own posture is one of ramrod straight parade rest, baring the arm he has extended for his
occupants turn their heads towards the two of you. You don't even have time to talk before Queen
Best to get on with things.

"In which the adults deal with the Aftermath"

"I don't understand how you can stand this, this, Bean Water." Asgore's voice rings out through
hesitation, but pause at Asgore's, giving him a silent questioning look. He nods, a grimace of

"You know, the black goop stuff, they've stopped dripping it everywhere."
You're going to need a hell of a lot more. Some of the most powerful magic of the Golden days twisted into a form you can barely recognize. You're going to have to design the armor, seal the children within it, find a way to undo the paralysis of your own soul. You silently summon your mug, grab the coffee pot, and pour yourself your umpteenth refill of coffee. All of you salute with pinpoint accuracy and a resounding shout of “YES MA'AM!” She stares at you coldly, and with a mixture of annoyance and resignation, some things are better left unsaid, and continue like you were doing nothing.

“Do not make me repeat myself again!”

The solution for them will involve encasing their torso in armor to limit the movement of their arms and legs. Hopefully that will allow them the ability to manipulate the limbs in a similar manner to their natural state. The inner workings of these suits were your pride and joy, many of the discoveries you made creating them helping you when you designed the Core. Once again some of your earliest work would come to your aid.

“Wander on the other hand,” and here you have to repress the urge to say ‘of course’, “is a special case. Their body is still flesh, even the bits trying to turn into...” another glare in Gerson's direction, “a ghost. We'll encase her in armor until the magic around her soul solidifies into ectoplasm, then we'll give her the option of either removing the armor or possessing it completely. The downside of this I would think the sooner the better.”

You turn to look at Gerson, his question hanging in the air like smoke from a fire. He has a point, since the children came here. Nika rests on the top of the chamber, as if in parody of Asriel, their one eye closed and their mouth in the same worried frown they've had the day. The Loox Peepers, their one eye closed and their mouth in the same worried frown they've had the day, have also been placed here. Sara rests in a machine with a glass lid, her form too ethereal to trust to the bed. Wander rests in a similar apparatus, their injuries also too severe to risk a regular bed in case their condition changes while they sleep. The damage of their fight was so extensive that both limbs were nothing but that strange black fluid. Their eyes are open, but that was less from the fact that they were awake and more because they didn't have any eyelids anymore in which to close them. It was a moot point in any case due to the lack of eyes, the sockets being filled with the same black substance that their arms were once covered in.

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You know that no matter the answer he gives, since the children came here. Nika rests on the top of the chamber, as if in parody of Asriel, their one eye closed and their mouth in the same worried frown they’ve had the day. The Loox Peepers, their one eye closed and their mouth in the same worried frown they’ve had the day, have also been placed here. Sara rests in a machine with a glass lid, her form too ethereal to trust to the bed. Wander rests in a similar apparatus, their injuries also too severe to risk a regular bed in case their condition changes while they sleep. The damage of their fight was so extensive that both limbs were nothing but that strange black fluid. Their eyes are open, but that was less from the fact that they were awake and more because they didn’t have any eyelids anymore in which to close them. It was a moot point in any case due to the lack of eyes, the sockets being filled with the same black substance that their arms were once covered in.

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Chapter Notes

turns a hopeful face towards Gerson, an accomplishment considering how the blank mask of her thought of a chosen. room look at her in surprise, although Asgore seems to gain a somewhat dopey look on his face reason for doing so, or so help me," Toriel growls out, her voice a rumbling furnace of rage. It's "Gaster, that was hardly appropriate to show these children, and you better have a damn good glowing white hot due to the strength of the magic boiling within it. fireplace. You look up and seen a miniature fireball begin to coalesce over your head, the flames "Th-those were chosen," Sara asked, shuddering in mute horror, "That's what we're turning figure out how to make this inevitable transformation into something you can use to protect him.

handed your ass to you proves that he isn't soft, he's, hmm, naive would probably be the best kingdom he fought for and a pair of underpants, for propriety's sake if nothing else. He was

sharpening his blade, a smooth stone gently going over the edges of the massive weapon, almost neatly in two, the strike so fast that he didn't even have time to scream, and his halves fall in

serrated in teeth, while a tongue as long as your forearm slithers out from the sea of spikes to wrap young to be a man, begins to pick up foods and move them towards her mouth. She smiles and

She had no eyes, not even any sockets, for where they were supposed to be was nothing but milky
to challenge her, now however you can get a closer look at what her concealed face was hiding,

With a flick of his fingers the scene changes again, zooming in close to one of the armies, and you

Sara's question is a valid one, in fact you can see it silently reflected in the faces of Asriel and the

breathing out a sigh, he continues again. "We thought such things were locked in the past, that

shoulder. He looks at it in surprise, before giving a grateful smile to Gerson, who returns it, and

stilling for a brief moment, before he regains his composure and starts talking again, "Rarely is the truth such 'common knowledge' makes you sick with rage when you bother to think about it.

"What," Assas- no, Sara, asks, her tone full of genuine confusion. "I wanted to wait until the both

people of your new world, before you dismiss the thought and continue your original plan of

Undyne seems to manage is a partial slump in imitation. Still it's good to know she's there, if shit

remains silent throughout all of this, but you can tell by its bottom face it's damn near apoplectic

"You almost kill

"You're saying sorry after what you did," the Loox seethes out, gnashing their teeth in their anger. 

But that's not for a while yet, time enough to heal I hope.

You feel your body move without your control, jolting this way and that wildly. It takes you a

more, you've lived long enough to learn that being horizontal for any length of time is a death

You feel your body move without your control, jolting this way and that wildly. It takes you a

itch, as if ants are crawling along the surface. You shudder at the sensation, Asriel gripping you

You turn your head towards it, still blind- no, not blind. You feel the inner socket of your right eye

But that's not for a while yet, time enough to heal I hope.

In which the children wake up and things are discussed...
armor was devoid of everything but eyes, the tiny sun above your head began to dim. You suspect that Gaster noticed too considering how he immediately began to assuage the fear no doubt festering in the minds of everyone in the room. Well everyone except you of course, you don’t get scared, you merely become, hesitant, about certain things.

“No no of course not! That’s what the armor is for after all, to prevent the transformation from occurring. In fact ever since you put on that armor the chance of the two of you turning into chosen basically became zero. I assure you, no transformations will occur, I swear on the sun and stars.” He holds up one of his hands, the other placed over his heart, or where you guess his heart would be, and you watch as Sara seems to deflate in relief. Personally you’re a bit disappointed with the lack of a power boost, but considering the last time you changed your body you lost both your fucking arms, you think you can make do.

“What, now,” you ask again, your voice still painfully raspy. You really hope this shit will heal soon, cause you can’t take much more of speaking like a simple fool with a limited vocabulary. You might not be educated like all of those rich bastards from the village but you’ve been in the library with Asriel when he’s had his homework lessons for months now. You would like to think some of that residual learning has sunk in after a while.

“For now the two of you rest,” Asgore says, his voice full of tired relief, “and as for your friends Sara, they need to return home. They promised to do so after it was sure you would recover.”

“But,” Nika begins to say, before they are cut off by Toriel. “No dear. You were worried about your friend, and that’s all well and good, but your parents are worried about the three of you. You can visit her tomorrow, after you all get a good night’s rest understand?” Toriel’s tone brooked no argument and the Whimsun looked downcast, at least until Sara gave them a hug from behind.

“It’s okay, I’ll be fine here,” she pulls back, giving all three of her friends the best attempt at a smile that she could considering the circumstances, “besides we still have to finish our quest remember.” At this Nika looks startled for a moment, before giving a resolute nod, a nod that the Loox and the Froggit mirror, “R-right, well definitely finish your quest with you Sara.”

“Dam-uh, darn right,” the Loox exclaims, pausing for a moment to modify their speech at Toriel’s quelling glare.

“Indeed, it would be fortuitous to help you in your endeavors,” the Froggit replies after the Loox, giving them an amused glance, to the anger of the injured party.

“Wait, was that Hoppy?!” Sara looks at him, eyes so wide in surprise they basically shine like stars in the night sky. She immediately leans down over the edge of the bed, pushing her face in his direction. “Oh my god I understood what you said, how did I understand what you said?”

“I, um, had installed translation spells into the helm of your armor of course,” Gaster replies, his voice quietly amused. “It’s what allows the magic of your soul to communicate to everyone here, seeing as your body lacks the necessary mass to talk normally.”

“Oh,” Sara replies briefly, before swiftly turning her gaze away from him to stare at Hoppy again.

“So Hoppy I’ve been meaning to ask, what does ‘meow’ mean?”

“Um.”

“Yes dear,” Toriel says, her tone smooth as steel and just as cold, “Why don’t you tell everyone what ‘Meow’ means in frog?”

The ensuing stammered explanations make you laugh so hard you nearly pass out, leaning against Asriel to stay upright. You start to chuckle softer now, leaning your face into the fur on Asriel’s, feeling the crusted parts dig into your skin even as you breathe in his scent. The smell of salt, cinnamon, embers, and something that just registers as Asriel flow into your nostrils and you feel yourself start to get sleepy again.

“Wander,” he says, his voice pitched soft so only you could hear it under the various voices raised in laughter, indignation, wounded innocence, and simply confused ignorance.

“Hm?” Your own voice is just as soft, the edges of your vision blurring as you begin to close your one working eye.

“If you ever do something that stupid again, or make me worry like that again, I’m setting you on fire.”

“Get, Head, Scratch, After?”

“Of course, I’m not heartless you know.”

You smile as your vision goes dark, the scent of your, your something that transcends words, that goes beyond anything you can remember or name, filling your lungs and lulling you to slumber. Even now you don’t regret it, the price you paid to protect this, this world that gave you someone like Asriel, someone a person like you should never have. You lean closer to him, snuggling your face into the crook of his neck, still smiling like a damn fool.

“Deal.”
In which a girl completes her quest, a discussion is had, a leap is made, and partnerships on far shakier back on the surface, though those people could be easily sorted out; they are the two of you. You and Asriel make your way down the path, your feet shuffling along the grass, the sound of your feet creating a rhythm that you can only half hear.

The two of you continue to travel through the grass in comfortable silence, the rasping of the noise grating in your ears. You notice the strangely tall grass that marked the exit to this area. That much at least you do somewhat from your examination of Hoppy and Peepers; startled, so intent were you on them you failed to notice the girl. She's the one that you were supposed to be tracking down.

"I think I'm gonna cover you in flies."

"Are you going to stop doing that?"

"It takes two to fight sister, and I don't remember you pulling any punches in that little scrap of resentment to stay between the two of you, and if carrying a sack full of who knows what a few minutes ago."

"Okay, I'll admit some of the," here Hoppy adopts an expression of extreme internal agony, "less disciplined, practitioners of the art might, at one point, quite possibly-" "Oh, this is it, you know."

"It doesn't look that bad to me."

"Asriel's face to see it filled with a grin, whether it was born of joy or fear you couldn't begin to imagine."

"Well, you know, there's also the fact that if you weren't staring at a literally two-faced frog you might have thought he was a nobleman."

"What does that mean?"

"You too were unfamiliar with the route your group was currently taking, your eye roving right to left in the gloom. The movement is less a sign of cowardice then one of caution in your opinion, probably only needed about ten, but you needed to calm down and petting him helps dammit. You sudden change in altitude as well as the lingering unease you feel for some reason. Honestly you wonder if you're actually even capable of feeling unease."

"Who is this," you ask Undyne, who's staring at you with a genuine smile this time. "We don't have a lot of company around here, and I doubt you'll find them anywhere else, so you're basically a soul encased in armor quite well all things considered. You personally find her a bit less 'physically gifted'," here she does the actual finger quotations in the air, "of us get along."

"Heh, me too."

"I'm considering a new badge of honor, it's posture not unlike that of a young hunter getting praised for a kill he just got."

"Hmm."

"You catch up with the rest of the group, the five of them clustered at a small lake of water. Against your better judgment you agreed to help Sara's quest, to travel to the Wishing room, not the other side of the continent. For that matter why are we even going to the wishing room, not the other side of the continent. For that matter why are we even here?"

"You shudder again, this time in recollection of the experiments he had you under to test your memory."

"Oh, but you're not the only one to deal with now, flashes of memories that you never had before. Asgore and Toriel are worried of you too."

"You do have a few secrets to hide, after all."

"The man you called Undyne, to your personal amazement, actually took the bird up on their offer, grabbing one of them one look, said "No thank you, I'll make my own way good fowl," jumped about three feet high, until he starts to rise as well. "Hey wait a minute," he exclaims, suddenly grabbing your grip on Asriel's hand. It works for a time, his added weight keeping you from going too far up in the air."

"You turn your head to glare at the bird, but you can already see it's airborne, coming back with Peepers parody of the birds wings, her arms glistening in the unnatural glow of the water as she passes by."

"Next comes Sara, floating through the air similar to the way you did, the bird perched upon her head."

"Of course you can't help but smile at her."

"The girl you're looking for, Undyne, is up there somewhere, her eyes, pointing at you, and pantomiming a knife running over your throat. She turns towards you, her hugging a small bird like a child with a straw doll was just too ridiculous to stand."

"She sighs happily and turns around to glare at you."

"Don't worry about it, I'm just trying to show you up, but you got to hold Asriel's hand for your trip so you figure things even out in your pack."
Another sandwich, this one's almost gone.

"It was nothing."

wished for Asriel or your life down here, a peaceful existence something you couldn't even begin in hand. You never cared for wishing, always thinking it's nothing more than a waste of time that

"Gee, thanks."

position giving you a clear view of both the exit and the other entrance of this chamber. It's an old Asriel towards a quiet corner of the room. You take a seat on the smaller side of the room, you

Nika passes your sandwiches to you and you both move away from the pack, the others closing in can go hang, they didn't carry that heavy pack or get lugged around like a sack of meat.

"Um," Nika swiftly flies over and then into the pack, rummaging around. "She packed, muffins, packed supplies we might need too."

"Well not just lunch," Nika hurries to explain, no doubt seeing the murderous expression on your

"What the hell is even in this damn thing anyway."

drop the pack with a sigh. You begin to rotate your shoulders, the strange ball joints making your
get rid of this damn thing, in case you assholes have forgotten it's heavy."

"Yes yes this is all very informative," you say, the 'stars' spell on you broken, "but can I finally

This is of course a well known fact," Hoppy states, and for some reason you get the strange
confusion, "why?"

"Your own star," Sara asks confused, and you're disappointed in yourself that you share that
stars all over Waterfall of course, but this is the place where you can find your own to wish on."

really close." Here he waves his hand, the movement indicating the entire room," This is why so
beside you, your shared hand grip almost forgotten.
nature of the place."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA"

even try to stop yourself from screaming.

serpent, and you fully expect Undyne to trip and fall into the water at any moment, sealing your
she picks up even more speed you can see where the structure bends left and right, twisting like a
wood to squeal with the strain. Miraculously they hold, and she raises you aloft like a prize trophy,

"Pfft, shows what you know," Undyne says, a smug look on her face. Behind her trails the rest of

"This is it?"

which makes you somewhat disappointed when you finally see it for yourself.

contact. "Yep, the wishing room is right through this door." He begins to slightly pull on your

her arms not even straining while she does so. You would be amazed at her accomplishment if

wood to squeal with the strain. Miraculously they hold, and she raises you aloft like a prize trophy,

"Alright fine you big baby, would it help if I showed you an alternative route?" She says this with

"Yes, yes, very impressive," you manage to squeak out, your voice muffled by your knees," now

her hands on her hips, her eyes flashing with barely contained malice. She was probably insulted
before yes," you state slowly, like you were talking to an idiot child, "but that was when I wasn't

"I'm not getting on that thing."

someone with a heavy ass pack, to find alternative routes.

underneath it you might never find the body. Probably best for anyone who can't swim, like say

"It's a boardwalk," Undyne says, her voice unimpressed with Sara's ignorance. "It was built for

noise of the plants begin to die away you become aware of the sound of rushing water and the soft
blades of grass
In which an intrepid traveler of the world reminisces on his past and meets an impenetrable mountain, some things are just too grand to hope for.

"This Volf fellow, doesn't happen to have any rum on hand does he?"

"Swinging back and forth in the air like a pendulum. "Right this way Adam, we'll be there in no establishment?"

"A tavern called Volf's den, if you just want to, top off as it were, that's the place you want to maybe it's a woman thing they learn after time. "Well there is a place you might be interested in."

"Is that alcohol, are you even old enough to drink that?"

"Oh my apologies, I didn't mean to startle you."

Your eyes snap open, and you quickly start looking all around you to find the source of the voice.

"Whispering Depths, and I will have my vengeance."

"Your crew man their cannons, you will get your revenge."

"Where you're going, no idea what you're searching for, and almost no chance of getting the gold sea and the darkness of the abyss. Hopefully the souls of your brethren rest in the Coral Court."

"Heh, good to hear," he turns towards another member of his crew, a scrawny looking fellow.

"Mom's dead and dad was a lyin bastard. Ain't nobody gonna miss me."

"And if I am boyo?"

Ultimately you decided that honesty was the better part of valor, and besides even if you ran from genuine enjoyment. "Do ye know what this symbol represents?"

"Good man, and do ye know what this ship is considered boyo when I'm wearin me fancy badge then we'll have to get all political like. You remember the Treaty lad?"

"That's right boyo, leave, because if ye don't this will be considered a breach of the Treaty and "N-no sir."

"Because if they don't-"

"You don't know what this symbol represents?"

"Heh, good to hear," he turns towards another member of his crew, a scrawny looking fellow.

"What in the depths of the thirteen hells are you doing here," you remember a voice asking you, a pretty you would at least have been worth a few coins, a bed partner to some rich snob, or if you days aboard the Fanged Maw. You got on when you were just a pup, a brat from the gutter on the

"You're somewhat annoyed at someone. Would you like to talk about it?"

"Sorry, not interested."

"And if I am boyo?"

"W-well there is a place you might be interested in."

"Is that alcohol, are you even old enough to drink that?"

"Oh my apologies, I didn't mean to startle you."

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OKAY WHAT THE SHIT
This, This isn't right. What's going on. breaks in the pattern errors across everything this is what happens when you disobey
FUCK YOU, AND THIS BASTARD WAS NEVER A PIRATE, AND WHAT
THE FUCK IS A TURNED
Seems to be one now, And I think they might be, us.
doesn't matter what he is he will die like everyone else
Chapter Notes

Think I would have to entertain a guest as well. This seems to be a situation he's been in before, she said she was doing homework, Antolas replies, his voice full of sheer unadorned tiredness, and her tail lashes back and forth in her annoyance.

I thought you said you were watching her. Meleth's glare at her husband could have boiled steel and annoyance.

Source is far more enriching.

While a book would give the required information, at this point he gestures around the room on the top of her head and listen to a twenty foot winged lizard with jaws large enough to swallow waste of valuable gunpowder, cannon ball, grapeshot, or general goods space.

Big cannons, and a lot of space reserved for ammunition. A comfy chair would be considered a standard enlarging room spell. Not the fanciest I'll admit, but it gets the job done and gives the tired are you that you don't even bother to look around. After a few seconds of simply basking, stepping through yourself.

Without a hint of trouble, her tail sliding in behind her like a noodle being slurped up from a soup maybe a melding of the two. Regardless of the truth of the matter she gets into the doorway fancier sort of folk. Last thing you want to do is be rude to someone who went out of her way to first, you say, trying to remember all the rules that captain taught you on how to deal with the at you, and his face is full of straight white teeth, sharp too from the looks of it.

The first thing you notice about him is his clothing, or rather the strangeness of it. You've seen you washed up on a beach near some fort, it's no business of theirs how you got there and you you asked questions, not like you threw me in a brig.

It is no problem Adam, she replies gently, obviously sensing your mood, in fact I believe I you more homesick.

You take a deep breath, trying your best to calm your nerves, then breathe out again. When that like. You haven't stopped walking, but she's definitely slowed and you can see her posture become give her the benefit of the doubt, but if she starts to pull some kind of fae crap you're ready to Spirits were a pain in the ass to deal with in the best of times, let alone when you're stranded on an "You're bloody spirits then," you quietly exclaim, somewhat outraged too you're willing to admit.

There might be something else to it though, and you need answers if you're going to figure out yours is, tingling, just a tad. Something's making you uneasy fair enough, but you just wrote it off true.

High in the sky, that little whispering voice that says whether or not a harbor is safe or a parley is the feel of the wind, that nagging sensation when something's trailing you beneath the waters or...
and from the looks of it more times than he would like. Your aura slowly dies away, the orange silhouette becoming fainter and fainter as you become more relaxed, and no small amount of confused. What in the name of the deepest pit of the abyss is homework, and why does it seem to fill you with an unnatural and instinctual sense of dread?

While you stand around like an idiot, and the spouses who welcomed you into their home bicker a shelf to your right seems to sink into the wall and with a sound of gears it slides to the side to reveal a doorway. You hear a shuffling sound, like someone in a dress trying to run quickly without raising the fabric above ground, when a figure emerges from the darkness. Squat and low to the ground it nevertheless moves quickly, an excited air to its endeavors permeating the area around it.

"Dad it worked it worked! I told you it would work!"

"Alphys Mericia Skyscale, What did I say about volatile experiments in the house?"

Meleth's outraged bellow seems to stop this Alphys cold, and you watch with a small amount of sympathy as she freezes up to look at her mother as if noticing her for the first time. "O-oh, hi mom, I didn't know you got back."

"Yes, just got home a minute ago, seems to me it was also in the nick of time," here she looks at Antolas, who is wisely choosing to admire the disheveled room around him. She gives a snort of amusement as he continues this little routine for a good 30 seconds, and turns back towards Alphys. "While I was out I met someone new, just came into town if he's to be believed, which I do after a bit of thought. Alphys meet Adam, Adam this is my budding scientist of a daughter Alphys."

Alphys turns to look at you, as if just realizing you existed, and you're very unsettled by the sparkle in her eye. The sudden grin she's sporting also doesn't help put you at ease, and the way she's subtly vibrating in place is really making you wish you didn't take Meleth up on her offer. She approaches you with a giddy jump to her step and looks up at you with unmasked glee.

"Hi I'm Alphys, want to help me with an experiment?"

You look down at her orange scaled face in confusion, staring blankly at her bespectacled eyes. You have no idea what the hell an experiment is, or for that matter why she wants you to help with one. You look up at Antolas and Meleth, for the first time noticing just how similar she looks like to the two of them, when she coughs politely. You turn back to look at her, still somewhat dumbfounded, and decide that honesty is the better part of valor in this instance.

"What in the name of a leviathan's crusty tail fin is an experiment?"

"You don't know what an experiment is? Oh my stars, this is perfect, an untainted viewpoint! Come on, Come on, we got to get to my lab, there is work to be done!"

"Leave that door open!" Antolas' shout rings out behind you as Alphys grabs your hand and drags you toward her 'lab'. You're not sure what you're in for, but the ringing laughter of Meleth behind you does not herald nice things. As Alphys begins talking in a rapid fire stream of babble you can't even begin to comprehend you reflect on the choices that brought you to this moment, and the promise of booze that has yet to come to fruition.

You have really got to get more rum, sobriety is not doing you any favors.

Chapter End Notes
ALPHYS, OH YOU CLEVER LITTLE THING, NOT AS GOOD AS GASTER OF COURSE, BUT YOU TRIED, OH HOW YOU TRIED.

You gave him a false sun, a false hope, a false light. I hate you for that, I hate that you brought him back. How dare you, how dare you. If not for you they could not have replaced me, he would have still loved me. He would have only loved me. you poke and prod at things you don't understand you came close too close to making their same mistake again I do not need another mother we do not need another genesis keep your hands away from the things of gods
In which an intrepid explorer makes a friend, sets a goal, and finally travels

toward booze
"It's a map," Alphys asks, looking at it confused and yet still slightly awed.

"It's not just any map," you say with no small amount of reverence, "It was the captain's own map. Silverskin gave it to me when he promoted me to Navigator." You feel a burn in the back of your throat but you ignore it, this is far more important. "Can I trust you with it?"

"Of course," Alphys says with renewed confidence and vigor, "Dad's the best librarian in the entire Underground, if anyone can take care of a map it's him, and I'll make sure he does, right dad?"

"No doubt about that little flame," Antolas replies, slightly distracted, "my word how fascinating. I take it this is a world map?"

"Aye sir, from sea to sea," you remark with no small amount of pride. "The captain made it himself, he did, and got it blessed by the queen to boot. Wherever the seas may exist, and wherever they touched she knew, and wherever water touched the ground she could sense. That may be the best map any sailor will ever know good sir."

"Oh my, how astonishing, but it is unlabeled?"

"Of course, can't let any two bit bilgerat read it! Only someone who was taught by the captain himself can tell what's what on that piece of art, and that's me."

"What an amazing security measure," Antolas remarks intrigued, "ancient in origin yet still effective to this day. If I may be so bold, would you be willing to pass on this knowledge?"

You have to stop your reflexive answer to scream no at the top of your lungs at his request. What he just asked of you was tantamount to heresy, nay Mutiny! To share the captain's secrets with anyone save himself or your successor was a violation of every rule you swore to uphold as his navigation officer, but he was dead. Your captain was dead, and when you die, everything he taught you, everything he shared with you, will be gone from this world as well. He left no daughters or sons, that he knew of, and he had no heir. His first mate was dead alongside him, as was the rest of his crew, and his journals and books were destroyed with his ship. The only legacy he has left rests in your memories, in your mind, and when that's gone, so is he. Well as the last living member of his crew you have a duty to uphold, so this is without doubt the best course of action to take."

"I'll do you one better sir," you reply, The widest grin you can muster stretching your mouth unseen from ear to ear, "when I return from a well deserved bout of drinking until I can't drink anymore, I'll tell you everything. Everything on that map, everything the Captain told me, every secret he saw fit to give me, on one condition."

"Of course child, name it," Antolas says with no small amount of shock.

"Write it down."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Write it down, every word I say, everything I describe, every person I name and every place I saw. I won't have my Captain's memory die with me, I won't have my crew's lives die with me, I want their story to live on, I want the world to know, to remember, the greatest man who ever graced the waves with his presence. I want the name of the Silverscale Pirates to last until the seas themselves dry up. You do that for me and I will tell you everything. We got a deal?"

"Deal." There was no hesitation in his voice, and you could see a fire burning behind his eyes. This man would keep his word and then some, your map was in the safest hands save your own right now it looks like. You turn to Alphys and place an arm across your chest, your other pointing straight down along your side. You bow with every ounce of theater Cinder beat into you with a stale loaf a ship's bread and give her your best smile.

"I know that my map is it the best hands, thanks Alphys."

You see her blush returning at full force and she giggles as she hides her face behind the map. Antolas gives you a flat look behind his glasses and not so subtly points to the door, then you, then the door again. You smile and give him a navy salute, turn on your heels, and march out the door. You can hear his sigh of relief over Alphys' giggles, barely.

You grin as you step outside and feel the cold air slap you in the face like a bar wench learning you leave tomorrow with the tide after you've been sweet talking her for about a good hour and finally got her into bed for some, shore leave. You spot Meleth talking with a strange floating creature covered in armor, and you see her notice you out of the corner of her eye. She gives the creature a few more parting words and then walks back towards you with a smile on her face.

"So you and my little girl have, safe, no fire, no explosions fun in my house?"

"I can confidently say that we caused no explosions of any kind, nothing burned down, and I am now friends with Alphys."

"Good to hear. Now that I've got everything sorted out around here, let's go show you where you can find that tavern eh?"

"Finally."
wouldn't do you any good to appear scared, scared people are the ones who fuck up and die first, Gerson snorts and surprisingly you find yourself taking a breath, just a short one to take the burn more awkward to call us all serial killers, wait are we serial killers? I mean does it count if it was You world turns to ice. You don't move, you don't even breathe, you simply stare at him in "You callin' my little minnow a cocky brat?" He gives you a slight glare at this, narrowing his eye can't be bothered to do so. In any case something the two of them just said is making you think, *And yet somehow I still end up looking better than you Gerson, amazing.*

"Metal mouth?"

weak. I couldn't even make a dent in rock for Stars' sake." I felt like shit. No other way to put it. I was slow, my aim was off, I couldn't turn like I was trailing out of his mouth as he travels down the avenues of his past, his smile fading slightly as he armor."

"Don't give me that crap," he says with a subtle tightening of his grip on your scalp, "I've trained *None of that.* You feel Gerson pat your head in his usual manner, not hard enough to hurt, but *Hmph, and here I was trying to hand out positive reinforcement.*

"Metal mouth?" *Try it, and I'll turn you into soup stock," you growl out, your one good eye flashing with rage. *The fact of the matter is, you're a little girl, and that fact is what's going to keep you alive,"* he says with an edge to his voice, his words dripping with sarcasm.

"Try it, and I'll turn you into soup stock," you growl out, your one good eye flashing with rage. *The fact of the matter is, you're a little girl, and that fact is what's going to keep you alive,"* he says with an edge to his voice, his words dripping with sarcasm.

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You never want to leave, or eat, or breathe ever again. You won't need to use your sword for this.

Well you are giddy for another reason too, after all it's not everyday you get to meet someone right on your heels. You would be annoyed by this, but the fact that he's running with his armor you've been forced to wear. You don't care, not really, because this is nothing, you could do this all day.

"You well enough to snark you're well enough to run. Twenty laps around the room, consider it a warm up for what I'm gonna put you through tomorrow."

"I mean it," you growl out, getting agitated by their dismissal of your warnings, "I'm a killer, you know this. I have to be strong enough to kill him if that happens."

*Wow, way to sell yourself kid. Wanna tell us you got the plague while you're at it?*

"No. You're too nice. Hell you let me live after all, and that's proof enough."

"And you don't think we can handle that brat?"

"Because you lived through it old man?"

You give Gerson a cheeky grin when he glares in your face.

"I need to get stronger."

The mention of Asriel does something to you, makes you less anxious, but at the same time it makes you more alert. What exactly does he mean by that?

"Because I've seen the way you look at the prince," Gerson says, a strange alien look in his eye.

"Asriel?"

"That's for me to know, and for you to fuck off."

"We've all killed before Wander, the War was not kind enough to spare those who wouldn't fight."

But still you can't help but wonder, wondering if the prince was the reason they were here.

"I know that tone what are you planning aberration BROKEN, SHOWS WHAT YOU KNOW, ALL IT NEEDS IS A LITTLE NOTHING"

"Easy for you to say, you can't die from old age. I for one would like to see the sky again before I die."

"Feh, accusation, I knew what you were the minute you fought me for the first time. Don't sit there and call me a liar kid or I'll make you regret it."

You shake your head silently, not even bothering to use words. The surface, compared to this paradise, there's not even the glimmer of a comparison. The only way you would go back to the surface is if there was a way to kill Asriel and Asriel's minions, and considering you're currently stuck between two people who could kick your ass by a factor of ten, you don't think it's possible.

"What do you mean, what does Asriel have to do about any of this?"

"Asriel is the one who killed me, and considering he's the one who killed the guy who killed Asgore, he probably knows a thing or two about how to kill Asgore, or anyone, for that matter."

"Feh, accusation."

"You're too kind, he wouldn't let you into the country."

"And that's proof enough."

"I've killed and killed because that's how the fucking world works up there. I have to be strong enough to kill him if that happens."

"Don't worry about that, you've been strong enough to survive this far and that's all that matters."

"But I'm not strong enough yet, I won't be strong enough until I get my hands on the blade the War brought me."

"You'll get your hands on it in due time."

Gerson simply pulls out another weird fruit thing and then crushes it in his hands. You continue to crunch and stare as he pulls the, for lack of a better description, ghost fruit away from his face and this time it doesn't come out of his hand, it comes out of his face. You see that a portion of it has disappeared. You stare at Gerson, a question evident in your eyes, however, and you broke the silence by giving voice to your, uncomfortable revelations.

"But the prince, he killed me, my father, he killed mine, he killed the people of my race, he killed the..."

"You're getting ahead of yourself."

"No, you're just repeating yourself."

"I'm just telling you the truth."

You take another bite of your fruit, wondering if the taste would be worth the stress, but you don't have to wonder long, the flavor actually somewhat enjoyable, and decide that it's good enough to eat. You can't eat a lot of it though, you can't eat much of anything now, but you can still eat in small doses you see that a portion of it has disappeared. You stare at Gerson, a question evident in your eyes, however, and you broke the silence by giving voice to your, uncomfortable revelations.

"I mean it," you growl out, getting agitated by their dismissal of your warnings, "I'm a killer, you know this. I have to be strong enough to kill him if that happens."

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"You'll get your hands on it in due time."

Gerson simply stares at you after your declaration and Warde does likewise, his remnant of strong muscles burn with the strain as you move, your balance off because of your new limbs and the strong, strong, strong...
You welcomed the darkness that came afterwards. You, some part of you tried to ignore with every ounce of strength, slowly, ever so slowly, release. Dreams that can never be realized, or simply because the person holding you wasn't the person you all crying as one. All of you crying for what you lost, for what you can never get back, what was_shudder and groan you hear other sobbing, some crying openly, some crying silently, but arms encircle you, more and more people you don't know simply standing there, not saying a head to see who did so when you come face to face with a woman with five eyes and green skin. For a few seconds until your brain kicks in and you realize this is the bartender, probably that Volf. He's right of course, all you usually drink is rum, maybe a bit of grog for variety's sake. The almost palpable aura of alcohol such a man would usually emanate. You blink stupidly at the man. "To forget everyone I loved is dead, that their killer still roams free while no doubt using their..." you first got on the Fanged Maw the captain had Mr. Creak give you what he called, 'etiquette plans for, who would take command if he died, who would navigate, who would take the oath emptier than anything else in the world, emptier than the abyss itself. You all planned of course, who would take all I can do some days to drag the man out of his library and back to bed. Him offering to cook, 'he's right of course, all you usually drink is rum, maybe a bit of grog for variety's sake. The almost palpable aura of alcohol such a man would usually emanate. You blink stupidly at the man. "To forget everyone I loved is dead, that their killer still roams free while no doubt using their..." you first got on the Fanged Maw the captain had Mr. Creak give you what he called, 'etiquette plans for, who would take command if he died, who would navigate, who would take the oath emptier than anything else in the world, emptier than the abyss itself. You all planned of course, who would take..."
give you a hot meal and a stiff drink. So fellows what'll it be?"

"Old?! I'm only three years older than you!"

two are soon clasped in an impromptu warrior's handshake.

You watch Volf chew his bone for a moment before he bursts into laughter and Long Tooth joins

not responding, shooting Volf a shit eating grin when he raises an eyebrow in sync with your

like sea spray into the wind. It's a good look on him, and you're glad you were able to bring it

"Sounds tasty," you reply, without a hint of sarcasm. You really mean it too, considering some of

of their antics and Long Tooth is more than happy to give you an explanation. "Heh, they have to

He turns back to look again, glancing at the two skeletons for a second before shifting his gaze at

intelligent and not simply animated by fell magics at any rate.

world, and wanting to break something with your bare hands, it's fucking politics.

You shrug your shoulders at him, making sure he can see your earnest confusion plain on your

"Where the hell did you hear that garbage," Long Tooth asks, outrage written clear on his

"And that just tells me more about your bedroom practices than I ever wanted to know."

But even as the words left his mouth, his eyes began to dance with glee and his grin dropped,

"No, we're seasoned patrons of fine establishments who happen to serve alcohol."

friend, who you might add, seems a little apprehensive of them if not afraid.

"You can play with your new toy later Aristel, we have more important things to deal with."

Regardless, before you had a chance to respond further her companion decided to speak up.

like the song of a wood instrument. Even her laugh was light, like the tinkling of a glass bottle

"You! You were the lady from before."

liquid, a strand of her long hair, and the last two playing with a strange glowing green twine. She

a small bowl with a wide base and narrow stem, and with the colorful liquid inside it almost looks

"Nice to see you up and about lad, how are you feeling."

staring at it. He smiles, his grin wide and filled with sharp teeth, and gives you a pat on the back,

"Easy lad, almost banged yourself up there." The voice was kind, deep and worn with age. You

pain, shifting your body from a horizontal line to a vertical slump with the help of your arms. You

"Swift Claw control you woman!"

The voice came from the corner closest to the bar, and was so deep and commanding it filled you

"Considering the headaches you caused me during the war I have to reluctantly agree."

"Well of course darling, I didn't get to become the head of intelligence with my pretty face alone,"
suppose it doesn't matter either way. something out of bottle that is extremely red. trace. The smaller one gives you a wave when it notices your gaze and goes back to drinking
They point to where the two skeletons were sitting before, and you crane your head to look over
"I'll stay here and keep an eye on you until Asgore or Toriel get here, then we all decide."
"Oh? And what do you mean by that?"
"Hmmm." They make a noncommital noise, swiviling their body away from you and towards the
"Huh," you say with a raised eyebrow. "So, we doing this now or what?"
"Was supposed to be helping me, not getting drunk with an old war buddy.
"So your friend?"
Personally I would like nothing better than to kill you now and be done with it, but I can't. I
your drink as well. You give it a glance, seeing the liquid running low, you'll have to ask Volf for
they used on you earlier. "The way you were looking around the bar, you were looking for a
"You came in here looking for someone," you say, adopting a similar version of the frank tone
"Yeah, tried to make one thing, was stupid and arrogant, and made something else."
Wander's curious expression you wave a hand towards where Aristel and Swift Claw were
'W' signifying the only war to have ever earned that title, "weapons who could kill like no one
Wander adopts an expression of extreme distaste, like the drink in their hand has suddenly turned
out of their head, "Probably fucked it up."
"You were meant to be," they say, completely frank and without a hint of compassion, like a man
armies at their backs, killed their own side for shits and giggles."
They were," Wander replies in a deadpan voice. "People turned other people into them so they
You're talking like they were alive.
mass destruction. I thought they meant like some kind of super spell or cannon or something.
Wander's curious expression you wave a hand towards where Aristel and Swift Claw were
'two plungers', only one army. The first one had no immortality, for the second, the first of two
'W' signifying the only war to have ever earned that title, "armies who could kill like no one
"Weapons who could kill like no one ever," you say, "like two plungers on the same side."
"Okay," they say. "We'll refer to the two as the first and the second.
"You see, during the war, they wanted to create two ultimate weapons. They ended up creating two
"You mean they wanted to create two ultimate weapons, but ended up creating two ultimate weapons?"
"Huh."
The first one you create, the one with the white arm, is a friendly, easy going guy. The second
people, but the first one is easier to manage.
"I guess they also needed to be easier to control."
"Yes, I'll say that."
"But a plunger man? How the hell would she fall for that?"
"I don't know."
You give Long Tooth a nudge with your elbow causing the man to grunt quietly. "What's with
back to the wine like your gutted corpse was just another step in their day.
"You gut you with one of those fancy knives they keep on the table for bread or something and then go
You were just about to give Volf a yes when the door slammed open and a cold gust of wind
on the bar in front of you, tosses it into the air for a second time, grabs two large ice cubes and
"Sunset brandy," you ask, confused at the name. The stuff looks nothing like a sunset, hell if
"That one."
Omphalotus, the Skeletal and True Carnivorous Fungus

No one dares to speak about the Skeletal and True Carnivorous Fungus. Even the crops, with their bright colors, seem pale in comparison. Still, it is known to exist, though many prefer not to acknowledge its presence.

In the quiet of the night, the Skeletal and True Carnivorous Fungus can be seen, its tendrils reaching out for their prey. The fungi are not limited to the soil; they can also be found in the air, floating on the breeze. Many have attempted to capture the essence of this creature, but none have succeeded in preserving its mysterious aura.

The Skeletal and True Carnivorous Fungus is a creature of the night, and its touch is felt only by the bravest of souls. Those who dare to venture into its domain must do so with caution, for the fungus has a thirst for knowledge that is insatiable.

The Skeletal and True Carnivorous Fungus is a creature that defies explanation, a living enigma that hangs just beyond the reach of human understanding. Yet, even in its solitude, it continues its silent vigil, waiting for the moment when it can be truly known.
shared gaze never leave each other's eyes as you do so, and you feel his hand rub absent mindedly

"Yes."

"You sure, you'd look great with one."

"No point, you're already in love with me remember? I don't need a crown of flames to impress
easier for me."

"I would never throw away this, this, love."

all of that, do you think I would let you throw it all away?"

"What?! Why? That defeats the entire-

breath of your own."

to that he breathes a small tongue of flame at you, which you blow away with a magic infused

go for a moment and Asriel whines in response, making you laugh a little at his expense. Your

"I know, hehehe, I know and I love you too!"

You pull back, staring him in the eye and still grinning for all your worth. "Love you. I love you.

successful hunt, not the first time your survived a winter on your own, nothing."

"I know! I know! It's awful and amazing and terrible and I can't stop laughing!" You own voice
don't know how long you stay that way, but soon you begin talking, your voice out of

flesh and bones, burning and laughing, crying and singing, dying and living all at once.

dying man. You clutch at each other, two people weathering a storm that's raging in your very

You can't help it, you start to laugh, little chuckles at first, barely hitches in your voice, but it's

emotion, or at least that's what you're trying to do. Every now and again a shred of annoyance

his hands. "Who, what brought this on? Was it the map? What was on-

"Shh, this one's important!

In which a hero, simply is..."
over your own. You've never felt this happy in your life, this content. This world, this world and it's people, it's something to protect, but Asriel, he was someone to die for. Now though? Now he's someone to live for.

You've never lived for something before, but you suppose if it had to be for anything it would be for Asriel. As the two of you sit in silence, reveling in the sensation of nothing more than touching hands, you let your worries of the future, of the world above, drift away for a moment. They'll be there tomorrow, you're sure they will, but for today?

Today you'll give to Asriel, and if you do it with a smile on your face and a song in your heart? Well, no one would blame you.

Chapter End Notes

SO CLOSE SO F U C K I N G CLOSE I CAN FEEL IT I CAN FEEL IT ASRIEL

OH GODS HOW I MISSED THIS HOW I MISSED THIS W A R M T H

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honestly
"Did you forget that fast? I wanted to talk about the rumors."

Blowing through branches. This, this is going to take a lot out of you, but if anyone can help, it's you.

"So, what did you want to talk about Sara?" Nika's question reverberates in your chest as they back look. Bless his froggy heart he is trying his best, but you can't help but smile and give him a - look. "Is this it? Look around, look at that view!" You point behind you, gesturing to the empty space where it cut off. "Okay, is this it?" Peepers asks with a disbelieving tone in their voice. You look Your friends look around at the clearing, staring at the bare ground and the break in the horizon -"You're not going to let the Peepers ruin your fun, are you?"

"I wouldn't call them a creep, they're just, um-"

"I'll explain it later. Right now, I need to talk alone."

You bound to the edge excitedly, flopping down on the cold ground and swinging your legs out around to stare at the twinkling lights. "When did you find this place anyway?"

"Okay, you look."

You give them all the biggest grateful smile you can with your mouthless face and grab them in a sudden bear hug. You can't help but laugh at the indignant squawk that Hoppy gives at the

You give them all the biggest grateful smile you can with your mouthless face and grab them in a sudden bear hug. You can't help but laugh at the indignant squawk that Hoppy gives at the

"Wander isn't very nice to anyone."

"You mean we have to be?" That got you an incredulous look from Peepers, as if they couldn't believe

"I wouldn't call them a creep, they're just, um-"

"I, I know things aren't exactly the best, and I now your body."

They float in front of you, their feet dangling over the edge of the cliff face and you can't help but "Okay, you look."

Your mom wasn't sending letters, so something had to have happened to her, something had to -giggles before you're covered in slush and they zoom away laughing. You

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They float in front of you, their feet dangling over the edge of the cliff face and you can't help but "Okay, you look."

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You give them all the biggest grateful smile you can with your mouthless face and grab them in a sudden bear hug. You can't help but laugh at the indignant squawk that Hoppy gives at th
you've suddenly found yourself in, this world without your mom or your orphanage or anyone you know of to return to.

Tomorrow you'll be ready to go and meet this new human, to listen to them and see just how they do the same to them. Hoppy presses his body alongside yours even harder, his own body, and back even harder. Peepers closes in as well, wrapping their arm around your back and letting you feel your eyes burn with tears even as you stare at it desperately. "I want my mom back."

"I don't know, what do you want to do?" Your voice is small and full of confusion, your eyes gazing out at the twinkling lights of civilization below blindly. You feel your friends press up against you and Nika answers your question with one of their own.

"What, what am I supposed to do now?" You feel rudderless, directionless, your mind confused and your heart in pain. Your dream, your future, it's gone, it's gone and never coming back. The orphanage is gone too, and even if it wasn't it's not like you're, dream of going home again, it's gone, it's gone and never coming back. The orphanage is gone and everyone you ever knew.

You feel Peepers second suggestion and Nika's retaliation with the grace of a man who has done this countless times before. You nod in confirmation, squeezing Nika tighter to your body in reflex.

"And you still wanted to be my friend afterwards anyway. What does that say about you huh?" You can't help the broken giggling that spills from your lips as Hoppy says your name and you feel your eyes burn with tears even as you sob, the sheer irony of the situation hitting even you in the face. "I COULD HAVE HAD MY FAMILY BACK."

"Yeah. My, my mom, my friends back at the orphanage, my caretakers, everyone I ever knew. Everyone is gone, e-everyone. M-

"Died, and I"
You have to stay beautiful.

You really should find water, you need to wash, you need to get clean.

Stop screaming at me, I don't know where I am, stop screaming, stop it, stop it, Stop

Everyone's so loud, they scream all the time, it hurts.

You're not sure, the colors are all wrong, where are you?

Chapter Notes

stars twinkle in the sky and the sun burn in the morning, but you have to wonder if they would see

You may not be a clever man, but Asgore is, and if he's not up to the task then he has Toriel and

patrol.

thoughtless way. You give the forest one last forlorn look, sigh, and push on for the rest of your

using your grip on the handle, brushing off snow that was clinging to your pants in an idle

years. How will they react to that, how will the surface world react to it for that matter?

You knew the best way to win a fight is to not have to have one, but life doesn't always work out

like an iron helm did when you were a rookie. Five hundred years, had it really been that long,

what else he brought back from the surface.

politeness, and he did know a lot of great songs and games from the surface. The real problem, is

wasn't really all that bad. He was rude, but you never were one for politeness for the sake of

that drunken pirate who's no doubt getting more drunk at this very moment.

watchman, you're also a babysitter for a killer who probably cut their teeth around twelve, and

it, if you would be the head of his royal guard. How could you say no, how could you refuse a

There were no more battles to fight, no more adventures to be had, your story, such as it

everyone who survived was down here or a human up on the surface who wanted nothing to do

ground, so you made a home here in the dark and wet of waterfall. Nobody to go back to either,

No one knew when the barrier would fall, or if it even would, and even if it did it's not like there

knew that Gerson the soldier, Gerson the warrior, Gerson the armored nightmare of battlefields,

that was once your home, as your people were trapped under a mountain never to see the sky

this much.

You grimace, your thoughts bubbling in your head like a cauldron about to boil over. So many

Then the kid came along and made it all so damn complicated.

You made it a personal mission to stop those kinds of killers, the one’s who would wear the smile

haven't seen enough of them during the war to know where that leads. You saw them on the

It wasn't like you didn't understand their reasoning, hell in some ways you can even applaud it,

if you were being honest you've been on edge ever since you first tested the kids. Wander's casual

in question out weighed by your desire to relax, if only sightly. You've been on edge for too long,

chew on them, but the smoke always relaxed you. Besides you never were one for the chewing

You give the bone an idle chew as you pat yourself down for matches. You try all the usual

lean back against it, and let yourself slide down until your butt hits the snow covered ground.

You breathe out again, reaching into a pouch on the side of your armor and bringing out a dog

on the plains of battle in the old kingdom or a random civilian who had to step up and do what

underground, everyone being either a veteran that served in one of the many armies that collided

those stains will never leave you. Hell they'll never leave any of the adults down here in the

You stomp your feet harder in the snow as you feel your anger build up, the mere thought of the

being a soldier was more than just putting on a flash bit of armor and marching in step to your

to tackle any challenge head on and hammer flying. Then the war happened, and you learned that

you that day would come to bite you in the butt, but you figured that would be a long way off,

put you in this predicament in the first place. You should have known that Asgore covering for

You sigh, your breath becoming a misty cloud in front of you, and rub your hands to try and stave

Interlude Arc: An Old Warrior's Musings
You look blankly at Volf, then stare forlornly at your coin purse. "How do you feel about puppies?"

"Oh don't worry you won't get stabbed, bit certainly but not stabbed."

only so much a man can do against a determined woman holding a wooden spoon. In any case was pretty nice and food to eat. You could take or leave the baths, but the owner insists and there's his wife was kind and soft spoken. You didn't buy that for a second of course, you knew why they put you up with 'permanent lodgings' in the Inn. It's so they know where you are, or at least odd jobs, what did you have in mind?"

didn't have their uses though, a kid with his ear to the ground tends to hear a lot more than a

As for kids you could take them or leave them. Personally you had nothing against the little would be enough to get at least a small ship. You wouldn't be hunting Kyras, not yet, but you'd down here spend it easily. If you could even take a few good sacks full back to the surface that

You give both the idea and his question some thought. On the one hand, odd jobs around town is thinking something around town, doing some odd jobs, getting a little money saved away." Here

don't have a ship anymore, and worse than that, you actually like Volf. No point in burning for one last drink, and if you still had your ship plenty more to trick the bar into thinking you had the noise is disturbingly soft. From your experienced ears you can tell you have just enough gold "I'm going broke," you state, your voice deadpan. You raise your coin purse and give it a shake, might have to impart wisdom on a patron and he's deciding whether or not you're sober enough to face. You know that look, you've seen it before, it's the look of a barman who realizes that he

You look up at Volf, the strange fish drink from his hands gone and an intent expression on his harder as the depression really sets in.

force of it. That was probably the last sunshine brandy you'd be able to drink for some time, and you were far too proud to admit that out loud, even in your own head.

tried to steal it before you did. You chalk your lapse of judgment up to a mixture of unimaginable supposed treasure that everyone and their damn grandma was more than happy to tell you existed nearly all of them here getting drunk. That's not a particularly bad thing in your book, at least

It's been a good few days since you ended up down here in the dark, and honestly you've spent your opinion, but you would rather drink the blessed brew when you were still slightly happy then concentration, and down the rest of your sunshine brandy in one swig. It's a bit sacrilegious in themselves to the fore. You frown, your jovial expression replaced with one of determined

and wait for him to answer the unspoken question.

that smelled oddly of salted fish. You give the drink a raised eyebrow, turn to look back up at him, "Having fun pup?"

round of 'how many punches does it take to knock this guy out.'

proper. It was a damn shame these guys were so nice, it's been too long since you had a good

On and on this went, the verses getting more and more elaborate and distinct. That was the fun of

however, the former assassin glances up at her with a look of annoyed fondness.

table, grumbling gently as one of her free hands scratches her head. At the sound of her voice "Stick her in the cabin with the captain's daughter, stick her in the cabin with the captain's

"Way hay and up she rises, Way hay and up she rises, Way hay and up she rises early in the

fools could still join in the fun.

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"Way hay and up she rises, Way hay and up she rises, Way hay and up she rises early in the

You haven't seen a person so insulted since Shimmer first saw you in your

The turtle thing's look of almost religious affront was a sight to behold, and you almost fell out of

"Hit him in the face with a half-washed garter, hit him in the face with a half-washed garter, hit

the evil grin that blooms across his face.

time. It gives the mushroom man a look of deep suspicion, which grows even more pronounced at

The mushroom man gives his turn some thought, his floating mug of beer softly turning beside his

He gets a round of applause for his verse, everyone laughing and those with hands not full of food

"Put him in a bath full of tepid water, put him in a bath full of tepid water, put him in a bath full of

that a huge maw of teeth, smiled wide and began to sing with an amazingly deep voice.

The shorter person, who looked like nothing more fellows. As per the rules of your little game this was the passing of the baton, the symbol of

"Way hay and up she rises, way hay and up she rises, way hay and up she rises early in the

around you filled with grins and laughter, patrons swaying from side to side as their voices join be seen even with your bandana in the way. Everyone else is just as happy, the atmosphere

You laugh as your song reverberates throughout the bar, your grin so wide that it could no doubt
Chapter Notes

stretched into a smile. "Looking for something spicy I reckon."

"Oh he's angling for a bite alright," a rather slimy looking fellow says, his shiny green face...
and get ready to use your blue attack to get your brother moving. You shake your head, square your shoulders.

Grillby's laughter does little to soften your annoyance. Really, leave it to your brother to be put to sleep by something that's supposed to wake him up. "SERIOUSLY?!"

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ"

You're question goes unanswered, and you give your brother a concerned look. "Sans?"

"It was really fun wasn't it?"

"Yeah, Sans taught it to me!" You turn and smile at your brother, who's sitting surprisingly still.

"Blue attack?"

"Oh I'm really good at that," you chime in smiling, "My blue attack gets him up in no time."

"Okay that one stung a bit."

"And his pick up lines could use a lot of work."

"He's here every day too..."

"Now Grillby you know I'm good for it."

"Er, about that."

Sans shoots you a panicked look at that before quickly turning back to Grillby with a pleading expression on his face. For Grillby's part he's clearly amused, stroking his chin with and staring at Sans.

"Grillby, doesn't my brother owe you money?"

"A date, just you and me, what do you say?"

"Oh?"

"Or," Sans replies, a knowing glint in his eyes, "I could pay you back another way."

"I can mix a mean drink?"

"Need a ship first, but when I get that consider yourself, uh, what are you good at again?"

"We'll I'm convinced, sign me up captain!"

"Really, there are that many hot guys on the surface?"

"Bunny person. "I'm tellin' ya buddy, sign up with me and it's hot guys from shore to shore."

The rabbit looking person with rather large ears, and the other a red skinned guy with a broken horn. You can't help but think he's enjoying the show, but that's fine. Getting your brother to behave needs to stop eating greasy food!"

"He was snoring worriedly then." You give your rebuttal with a sharp nod, cementing your stern, but amused, glare. "Now now Kreaker, this is a family joint, not in front of the kid."

This gets a round of snorts and muffled laughter from around the table, and Volf shoots him a sideways look. "What?"

"You've never seen a little kid before?"

"I've seen worse!"

"How so?"

"I've seen a one armed rabbit on a weightlifting competition. "I'm like a normal rabbit, but better!""

"Oh, thank you, but I make sure they bathe every night so you don't have to worry about that!"

"Seeing as you ordered a beer with your milkshake, it's nothing but smooth sailing."

"Oh yeah, hot girls too if you fancy 'em. Mind you we have to get there first, but after that, and we can and will do worse."

"No kid, thank you!"

"I'll have you know I turned, um," you count on your fingers, "and it's not even past breakfast time yet!"

With that you turn and head towards the bar, a new kick to your step. Not only did you help out your oldest brother, but now you get free milkshakes. Truly your day is looking better and better, and you can feel the excitement. "I will be there, right on time. I'll even get Papyrus to make sure."

"Kid," you ask, unable to help yourself. "I'll have you know I turned, um, how old are you in dog years?"

"And you don't even want to know how old I am in dog years."

"Oh, thank you, but I make sure they bathe every night so you don't have to worry about that!"

"Kid, this is a family joint, not in front of the kid."

"Now now Kreaker, this is a family joint, not in front of the kid."

"You've never seen a little kid before?"

"I've seen worse!"

"What?"

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"You've never seen a little kid before?"

"I've seen worse!"

"What?"

"I've seen a one armed rabbit on a weightlifting competition. "I'm like a normal rabbit, but better!""
"I don't know how to process this.

"I've never done a damn thing with fluids my entire life!"

"My soul? How do you reproduce with, with, fluids?!

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

simultaneous nod you release hands and you rap a fist across the door.

You share a look with your husband, both of you silently questioning the other's resolve. Neither

and laughter.

feet and slowly and surely walks down the hallway to Asriel and Wander's shared rooms. As you

"Damn," you swore, the curse slipping from your lips. Personally you dislike cursing but

capable of ruling monsterkind than your father at any rate, stars bless his memory, and he thought

'Proper' education Tori.

"So, how are we doing this then, because what I know about human reproduction can fill a

least naturally. Before the war that was less of a mandatory requirement and more of a preference

involved at some point." Asgore pronounced fluids the same way that Wander pronounced snails

that straw, but the agreement was to teach Asriel about, you know, things." His voice trails off a

have two teenagers who like each other sleeping in the same house. We need to do something."

"You see why I was worried then?"

in. "Oh damn it all."

You sit there blinking stupidly for a second, before what your husband just told you actually sinks

"I didn't exactly have the time to give Asriel the 'talk'."

"I believe you called it a 'family bonding experience'." You think for a few moments more before

"I will admit, I was expecting another bloodbath," Asgore replies, rubbing the bridge of his nose

considering how they handled meeting Adam."

"You mean besides the increasingly co-dependent tendencies the two of them seem to share?"

situation has you worried?"

business. There's something going on with the children after all, and things that involve them

sensation of sinking into your well made chair. After those seconds though you get right back to

the exception of drinking his leaf water.

With a sigh of relief you sink into your chair in front of the fireplace. Asgore plucks a nearby chair

training.

The two of you reach your destination, the living room empty and quiet. That wasn't unusual of

authority that it works."

This earns you a snort of amusement from your husband. "Fair enough, even if I have it on good

"Not really, no."

You look back at your paper filled with numbers again and sigh in sympathy. "I can understand

what would be the point? By the time we got the tactics down for this world a new one would

Come on."

You're so focused on your sums and hypothetical situations that you almost don't hear the door

It was also a good thing that Adam was a pirate and not a merchant. Pirates tend to be more honest

goods that they have been producing for themselves measures up to the prices and currency of the

husband's many public appearances and speeches, and the invaluable work of Gaster and his

Although considering what you learned a few days ago, panic seems to have become the default

annoying tendency of becoming habit. You have to be, if not perfect, then at the very least

underground in any case. To be fair, it's not like you would have enough free time to do it during

Figures and numbers dance across your vision, sums and subtractions blurring in your tired eyes.

"Add five, carry the one, minus fifteen…"
In which our hero takes a walk...
“Proud of yourself,” you ask, smiling up at him.

“Very,” he replies, adjusting his grip on your arms. “Especially considering how tricky you can get.”

“So this is supposed to be my present,” you ask, flexing just a bit to test his grip. “I have to say I’m not really overwhelmed, even if it’s nice to have you this close.”

“Nah, this was just for me,” he says, leaning down to nuzzle your cheek. The sensation of his fur on your face is enough to make your breath hitch in your chest and you have to fight your instinctive urge to run. Even Asriel, close as he is to you, can sometimes set you off if he does something unexpected, but as long as you remind yourself that it’s him you usually calm down almost immediately.

You close your eye and lose yourself in the feelings bubbling in your gut. You nuzzle back, rubbing your face against his, and even through his fur you feel his face heat up at the action. A happy sigh escapes your lips and you can’t help the giggles that follow behind it.

After a few more seconds of this he leans back, moving his face away from yours. You can’t even fight the needy sigh that escapes when he does it, as much as it embarrasses you to do so. At the very least he doesn’t mock you for it, even if his blushing face is particularly smug.

Moving off of you he gives you a hand to grab, and when you do he helps to pull you upright. The both of you kneeling in the shadow of the school he opens his other hand and you grasp onto that one as well. Even if the sensations are artificial, the feeling of his hands in yours is the greatest thing you’ve ever experienced.

“Hehe, wow, I’ve gotten really sidetracked haven’t I?”

You give him a satisfied smile and rub your thumbs against the back of his hands. “Hmm, I can’t say that I particularly mind.”

The blush he gives you in return is immensely gratifying, but the loss of one of his hands is exactly the opposite.

“H-hold on, it’s in here somewhere.”

You watch with a curious eye as he fumbles in one of his pockets. With a few more tugs and a satisfied “aha” the object comes clear. Dangling in his hand is a pouch, the brown material similar to the cloak still wrapped around your shoulders.

“You got me a sack?”

“No, your present’s in the sack silly.”

With care he lays it on the ground beside the two of you, your shared need for contact preventing any space between the two of you. A few deft movements with clawed fingers pulls the bag open and he reaches inside to pull out your gift. What you see takes your breath away.

Dangling from a delicate chain of gold is a heart, shining and glinting wherever light happens to touch it. Engraved in its golden surface are the words, ‘Best Friends Forever’, and all around the gilded edges you see flowers. With a shaking hand and tears flowing from both of your eyes you touch the locket.

“This, this is for me?”

“Yeah,” Asriel replies in a soft voice, letting go of the chain and placing the locket safely in your palm. “I wanted something that would say how important you were to me, so I went around town looking for it.”

He smiles, chuckling and rubbing the back of his head with his now free hand. “It wasn’t easy finding a way to keep this from you. I really wanted to be a surprise you know? I had to look right before I got to school or right after ‘cause we spend the rest of the day together.”

He looks at you nervously, the fact that you’ve been speechlessly staring at his gift no doubt causing him to worry. “D-do you like it?”

You don’t respond with words, you don’t think you could if you tried. With a leap you grab hold of him, encircling his torso with your arms, and place your head against his neck. You aren’t ashamed to say that by the time you pulled back away his shoulder was drenched with your tears.

With a smile and teary eyed himself he takes the clasp of the chain apart and holds it open. Without a word you unclasp your cloak and give him an encouraging grin in return. As he fits the chain around your neck and closes it shut you feel the locket rest against your armored chest. It feels like the most amazing thing you’ve ever known.

It feels like home.

Chapter End Notes

No, no no no no no, It’s not fair, it’s not fair, it’s not fair, That belongs to me, T h a t i s m i n e.

HOW DARE YOU HOW DARE YOU GIVE IT BACK GIVE IT BACK GIVE IT BACK GIVE IT BACK I’LL KILL YOU FOR THIS DO YOU HEAR ME I L I L K I L L Y O U

Children arguing over trinkets how pathetic

Children, maybe. But unlike you two I plan on doing more that simply rotting in this hell.

AND WHAT CAN YOU DO THAT WE CAN’T YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT

Improvise.

*You feel the urge to get up, you aren’t close enough to water, you need to get closer...
There's nothing left to do. Nothing left to see. Nothing left to hear.

All that's left is a part of you was frightened, sure that the noise would draw in enemies, would call them to you.

More pain, but you ignore it with the ease of long practice. After what you've suffered a headache needed to be safe.

You press on, sweeping strides of your legs cutting through the shin deep water. Once it might then there is clean water somewhere, you just have to find it.

Ignoring the ache in your head you move forward, a bladed foot cutting through liquid to your surface with every footfall. You pay the broken things no heed as you push through them, until a walk, smiling as the cool sensation reminds you of, something, a long time gone.

You have to look beautiful, that was one of the rules. Their kind were fond of rules, creating ever

They delight in pain, and the knowledge that there is more to come. They delight in the fear that something unseen will... something will happen.

But something is happening. Something is happening right now. Something is happening in this very moment.

You and I, we are no one's weakling. We are no one's masters. No one's gods. No one's servants.

We are ourselves. We are the ones who will make our own way. We are the ones who will make our own rules.

When we finally get free from here, I'm going to take immense pleasure tearing you from bodies and heads from necks, or were those screams? Does it matter in the end?

The curtain rises, the star takes their place...
your ears. Then you hear it, footsteps, the crashing of water as someone, or something, moves.

"DON'T ARGUE WITH ME!" Your yell was just as loud as Mettablook's, and the shrillness of

acknowledge as nervousness or fear your head is quickly turned to the two ghosts.

respond but you cut them off with a quick jerk of your arm. Shaking with emotions you refused to

"What the hell?!"

leads to the abyss, the shriek still echoing as it travels throughout Waterfall.

"Look, I'm sure it was all a simple misunderstanding. We can all jus-

Mettablook considers this for a moment, before giving a tired sigh and nodding slowly. "Sounds

"Well, I'm waiting. What was all the shouting about?"

The smooth sound rolled over the two of you like water, Madstablook's face growing petulant as

their telekinesis, floating it in front of their face. Giving it a shake you can see the handle of the

"For a start I have to find another knife, you ruined this one!" They grip the knife in question with

"Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! I'm not wasting my time sparring with you, I’ve got bigger things to do!"

"Hey wanna spar?"

Mads, or Madstablook to people they've pissed off, floats in front of you, a defiant grimace

was a home that screamed badass, which an awesome lady like yourself deserved.

With hardened resolve, and not a small amount of excitement, you step outside, the doors to your

jogging there would be good exercise. Besides it’s been awhile since you've spoken or seen her,

other hand he was a notorious drunk, and when he wasn’t drunk and singing 'pirate shanties',

Giving a fin an idle scratch you consider your options for the day. Since visiting the capital is out,

should not be this hard to make, Asgore and Gerson do it all the damn time.

Another forced sip has you gagging at the taste, the fragments of tea leaves coating your tongue.

The fact that they've pulled their head out of their ass and have actually seen what's been staring

"Undyne enter Stage Left..."
WELP SHE'S DEAD
I wouldn't be so sure, she's killed you often enough.
FLUKES AND I ALWAYS KILLED HER AT THE END THOUGH SHE WAS A WORTHY FOE
so rare to find them now i wonder if he even remembers me
If my plan works, you'll get your chance to remind him.
THEY CAN HAVE HIM I WANT ASRIEL
You'll have to kill me first.
GLADLY
reaches you in the water you laugh. Even as it raises its foot to crush your head and smiles down eating away at its surface. The other is a mess of scruff marks and scars where it scraped across body too weak to even move, water becoming tinged red with your blood.

fly down the corridor, landing in a pool of muddy water. Your vision swims as you lay there, death.

"Nah, that was my last one."

"Don't suppose you got another one of those?"

knife, grips it in its hand, and pulls it out. It holds it up to the light, staring at the blade, before blood, or whatever it had in place of blood. With slow deliberate movements it reaches up to the

"FOOL! FOOL! FOOL! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MESS WITH it to stagger.

A sidestep causes the blow to miss, but only barely, and you can see pieces of your hair fall in

At this the creature screams another blast of magic and

"Hey don't lump me into this!"

H

HA Ha Ha Ha!

M

"What!"

"I've had it with your games."

dearly so people have a chance to be ready when this thing gets past you.

Normally you would be excited in a fight like this, blood singing with fury and joy surrounding

Just like you planned.

With a shake the Chosen dislodges the knives lodged in their wings and gives a hiss that grated on

"RAISE THE CURTAINS TIME FOR A SHOW!!"

A

"Ludo!"

A

"Gerson?"

D

"No, Madstablook."

"Just do your job and let me worry about things."
at you cruelly you laugh. You hope Gerson gives this thing hell. "Pardon me Darling, but is this where the party is?"

METTABLOOK has joined your PARTY (Temporarily of course darling~♡)

ATK 30 DEF YOU CAN'T MAR PERFECTION

SPECIAL ABILITY ????

The Chosen looks up and takes a boulder to the face for its trouble, the green coated projectile punching it into the corridor. As it flies you feel cold hands lift you from the water, until to your surprise you notice the hands are made of water themselves. Cleaner water to be sure but water all the same.

"A-are you okay?"

You look up in surprise at the owner of the voice. Heh, you would never expect to see someone like them on a battlefield. Can’t say that you aren’t grateful though.

NAPSTABLOOK has joined your PARTY (J-just for right now, okay?)

ATK WOULDN’T HURT A FLY DEF CHERISH THIS GHOST

SPECIAL ABILITY ????

"Been better. Madstablook?"

"Th-they’re okay."

"Good."

"Rest Darling, we’ll take care of this now," Mettablook cuts in, tone soothing. "Muta, if you would be a dear?"

MUTABLOOK HAS JOINED YOUR PARTY (. . .)

ATK BIG FUCKING ROCKS WHAT DO YOU THINK DEF WHY WASTE YOUR TIME

SPECIAL ABILITY ????

With a silent movement of their stone hands Mutablook begins to make the ceiling shine green. In your dazed state it takes you a moment to realize their intentions but when you do you don’t even have time to shout.

With a crash a section of the corridor caves in, stone and dirt sealing the passageway like a wall. Beyond it you can hear an angry screech and the sound of impacts connecting onto it. The Chosen was obviously unhappy with the sudden interior decoration.

"Hmm, yes that should do nicely for now. Thank you cousin~♡"

Mutablook gives a silent nod and begins to float away from the barricade, but not before you begin coughing as you try to get the ghosts attention.

"N-not sealed. Can still get out, other way. Have to warn-"

"Calm down dear, we know. This is just so we can get you out of here, and seen to. That wound is nasty."

"Looks, worse that it is."

"Either way, you need medical attention. You’ve done enough dear, let us handle the rest."

You open your mouth to argue before your vision swims again. Hands of stone and hands of water lift you up as the ghosts float you out of the corridor. Beside your makeshift carrier you can see Madstablook laid down on a similar stretcher, their form fading in and out of sight.

With a sigh you you close your eye and let the darkness overtake you. You’ve had enough for one day.

It isn’t until later you realize you weren’t seeing out of your left one.

Chapter End Notes

WELL SHIT COLOR ME IMPRESSED

See, what did I say.

ingenious if reckless

You can gain nothing without risk.

in this world you can gain nothing at all

Not true, we can gain Asriel.

AND HE IS WORTH EVERYTHING
You approach the house with the same deft movements that brought you to Snowdin so quickly. You
know is that it took quite the beating from Undyne and Madstablook and was still ready for more.
“Okay, start at the beginning, what in the name of rum is going on?”

Your new acquaintance looks at you for a moment more, before extending a gloved hand in your
direction. “I’ll be grateful for the help in locating them. Madstablook, where do I know them from?”

“Whoa there cousin, what’s the rush?”

“Glemian? Doesn’t matter, you need to focus. Missions to complete and people to save. “Terribly
paying attention shipmate. The loot is always shared among the crew, prevents mutinies that.

The caretaker seems even more impressed when they see this. “Well, well, well, you really were
marshaled by the stars...”

You float silently, pondering the question, before a group of stones begin rolling on the ground.

There’s a brief huddle as the puppies begin whispering to each other in thought. “Um, Never
up naked to a guard wearing nothing but a feathered cap?”

You didn’t even have time to shout before the sudden wave of fur and paws hits you like a
breaking that rule would land you in a lot of hot water.

It’s not that you couldn’t just float into the house, that wouldn’t be a problem. No the fact of the
because you’re coming back here. Someone this cute deserves to bask in your greatness, when
artistry’s sake, and a slight application of force you knock on the door.

Adam turns to you, his eyes narrowing. “Sylph, I don’t know if you’re up for it, but I think we need to
warn people first Aumbra.”

“Um, sure?” You blink in confusion. Somewhere this conversation got away from you, and you
hadn’t noticed. “I swear by the stars you get more silly by the day.”

“Remember...” You shrug, offering no further argument.

The armor snorts at this remark, while the shield gives you a narrow eyed look in response.

You have a feeling that this is not the end of the conversation. “It was like shedding a warm
blanket in the middle of a blizzard, the icy wind raking across

You stop yourself short at their upraised hand, to which you get a grateful nod. As they begin
explaining the scenario, you find yourself thinking about your own adventures.

In any case you’re at least certain that she’s still alive due to the lack of a dust cloud coating

The reply startles you, until you look down beside your armored relative. A shield, fashioned into
a lion’s head and mane, stares back at you placidly. It blinks once while it waits for your reply,

The figure palms their face, rubbing their eyes tiredly. “After that one.”

“Still though, time

You didn’t expect the sudden stampede to hit you first.

Relieved to see your appearance untarnished by the sudden storm you make your way into the
western corridor, and you suddenly get their meaning.

A quick spin around the hollering crowd, a dash past the swarming people. “First things first, we need a
doc.”

You open your mouth, ready to tell them that’s not what you meant, when Muta gives another

It’s amazing how deadpan your cousin can look when they put their mind to it. With an impatient

A twirl over that strange bird Undyne seems to love so much, a twist around a group of dancing

Finally, you’ve reached your destination.

Good job, you think, inwardly. Not that you’re in the habit of letting your cousin do all of

Now if you could only remember their name!

You don’t have time to think over your answer, because a howl echoes through the house. “Monsters!
and they should give you a medal for this.

Still though, time

The caretaker seems even more impressed when they see this. “Well, well, well, you really were
marshaled by the stars...”

The caretaker seems even more impressed when they see this. “Well, well, well, you really were
marshaled by the stars...”

“After that one.”

You add your voice to the howling, trying to bring some order to the chaos.

You didn’t expect the sudden stampede to hit you first.

Relieved to see your appearance untarnished by the sudden storm you make your way into the
western corridor, and you suddenly get their meaning.

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Finally, you’ve reached your destination.

Good job, you think, inwardly. Not that you’re in the habit of letting your cousin do all of
“Pardon me Papyrus, I’m Mettablook. I’m looking for a doctor, goes by the name of Gaster?”

“Oh of course my brother. Rather workaholic him, always buried in his paperwork and suchlike. Come in come in, I’ll see if I can get him for you.” Papyrus waves you inside with a rather alarming amount of enthusiasm. Unfortunately for you that just made them more adorable. Focus, mission first fun later.

You’re lead into a well made living room, clean and orderly, save for a single sock surrounded by notes on the far wall. You think about asking about it, but decide to let that question go unanswered. Some things you’re willing to simply let remain mysteries, and a sock that seems to have become the epicenter of a paper explosion is one of them.

While you’re waiting in the living room Papyrus runs up the stairs to bang on a door in the middle of three.

“Wing, Wing open up, you have a guest!”

There’s a period of silence, before the door cracks open slightly and a deep voice answers them.

“Papyrus I’m in the middle of a very delicat-”

“That can wait, you have a guest. Be a good host and greet them!”

“Papyrus I must insi-”

“Greet. Them.”

With a sigh the door pushes open and a figure steps out of it’s strange glow. Tall and slightly thin the mysterious Dr. Gaster is less imposing than you kind of expected them to be. That being said they are as handsome as you expected, perhaps even more so.

Oh if you didn’t have people possibly fighting for their lives depending on you right now~

“Greetings,” they say, their voice making your ectoplasm quiver. “I take it you are our guest for the evening?”

“Oh if only, no I’m only here to ask for help.”

“Help?”

“My neighbor, Undyne, she was hurt pretty badly, along with my cousin Madstablook. They were fighting some weird thing.”

“Weird thing?” If Gaster was humoring you before they sure as hell weren’t now. Their eyes gained a red tint, and they were so focused on gathering information that they didn’t notice how close they were leaning in to look at you until their sibling caught them by the back of their coat to keep them from falling.

“Yes, rather violent fellow. Screeched all the time, took a boulder to the face too and didn’t even slow down.

“We’ve got it locked up in the trash dump, but the cave-in sealed only one exit. Do you mind treating them rather quickly? I’d rather they heal instead of this thing coming back for a second round and finishing what it tried to start.”

Gaster doesn’t bother with words, Simply waving their hands and causing a doorway to appear in the middle of the living room.

“Sans!”

“Yo. What’s up?”

If you had skin it would have crawled off after that display. What you did do was fly into the one safe place that you know of, Namely near Papyrus. They seem like the only brother that inherited common sense.

“Sans don’t scare our guests it’s rude!”

“Sorry Pap, couldn’t resist.”

Sans, now that you take the time to look at them, is short. Far shorter than their siblings in fact, if you had to guess they were about your size. That didn’t make their sudden, silent, instant appearance any less startling however, and you were keeping your distance until you figured out how the hell they managed to do that.

“Sans we have a situation. I’m going to Undyne to see if I can stabilize her, then to Asgore and Toriel to warn them, and then I’m going to find Gerson and see if we can’t get the royal guard musterd.”

“And what does all that have to do with me?”

“You’re going to find Wander, now if possible.”

“Think they got involved?”

“If I know them, they’re either oblivious to it for the moment, which would be good, or they’re neck deep in this mess.”

“Kid doesn’t do halves do they?”

“No.”

“Fun, and if I do find them before this all goes to hell?”

“Keep them away from Waterfall, we don’t need a repeat of the ruins-”

“Wait, where are the others?”

Others?

“Well Adam’s still in town, know that much. Couldn’t tell ya where Sara is right now.”

“Damn it, find her too then. Quickly. If my research is correct, they might have some kind of built in homing instinct to find any of their kind.”

“You think Sara would willing go and fight this guy?”

“I’m saying she, Adam, and Wander might not have a choice if we don’t do something now.”

Sans stands silent for a moment, seemingly lost in thought. “This is going to become a real big mess isn’t it?”

You and Papyrus just stand there confused while Gaster seems to shrink in on themselves for a moment.

“Yeah, yeah it is.”

Chapter End Notes

Almost, almost, just a little more.

YOU COULDN’T CONTROL THAT THING BEFORE WHAT MAKES YOU THINK ADDING MORE MANIACS TO THE MIX WILL GET WHAT YOU WANT

what do you gain from this what will all this death and destruction give you

Isn’t it obvious, it’ll give me what it’ll give the both of you.

FREEDOM.
“I am the King you know.”

“No buts, you’re not running after a bunch of teenagers, you’re going to rest. That’s an order.”

“No. You’ve been working yourself to the bone lately, don’t think I didn’t know about those late
face. “Oh no you don’t, it’s our day off and I meant it. Someone else is going to watch them.”

“No he can’t, today is his day off.” Before he can respond Mother has one finger pointed at his
more into a regal position.

“Dad could always do it,” you point out, the heaving bundle flesh that was the King rising once
Guard. If I’m going to let all of you hit each other senseless I want you to do it in the safest
Two sets of shoulders rise and fall almost simultaneously and you can hear choked snickering
we bond and show affection.”

“I’m afraid not Ma’am,” Wander replied, doing their best to match your mother’s voice. “It’s how
your clothes on the same day.

further to the left, and out of punching distance, seemed like the smartest move.
Wander looked on in admiration. You’re not sure how to feel about that. In any case sliding a bit
even though you just saw her punch your dad in the stomach so hard he’s wheezing.

“Well I would have,” you protested, staring your father in the eye, “if she would have let me talk
he’s just been hit. He straightens up so fast tough that it’s hard to notice.
There’s a cough back at the table, and for a split second you see your father clutching his side like
“Why? She said it herself, she’s not talking to us until we ‘get the mushiness out of the way’
most of the time you either have to trick them into going somewhere, or bribe them.
You’d be insulted if that caution wasn’t somewhat justified. Wander doesn’t socialize much, so
“Now now calm down,” she replies, her tone warm and comforting. “You two aren’t in trouble.”

Apparantly Wander shared your survival instinct because the second your mother uttered the
Or not.

“Come back here coward,” Wander shouts, waving one of their unthrown pillows in challenge.

They wanted to stay on the bed, I disagreed.”

“I take it you and Wander are having a discussion?”

Standing defiantly you stare at your opponent, their only visible eye flashing in challenge. You
on the walls. Before you even get a chance to respond they’re there with another pillow and
You hear the slap of Wander’s metal feet as they run up the hallway, the clacking noise echoing

I'm kinda hungry.”

“...I'm not going to exchange any fluids with you either, but rules are rules. Now let's get up,
of your soul or anything.”

Wander's grin drops, a snort escaping their nose. “Honestly, it's not like I'm going to take a part
“Still the best, and I thought I told you to stop with all the talking business?”

“Princes make the best pillows, so be quiet.”

“Yeah, you are.”

“I'm your menace.”

“You're a menace.”

“Sure you do, I need you bigger if I want a plushie pillow.”

You stick your tongue out at them. “I'm a growing boy, I need my food.”

“You don't sleep though,” you point out, picking on their need to clarify their resting habits.
Wander, especially when you've been asleep, is still a novelty. The fact that it's been happening at

Not right now though, now is nothing but happiness and joy.

But enough about that, you're here for this story.

Owlboy helped though, it was nice to lose myself in a game where fucking up isn't

unease he was feeling and the anticipation in your veins. It helped with the anger boiling in your
minded. You both needed the comfort, the knowledge that the other was safe. It helped with the
it impossible to draw your shield and for him to draw his second sword, but neither of you
The two of you still held hands as you walked through the chamber into Waterfall proper. It made
"Let's go."
"Also true."
He gives you a not so gentle headbutt at that remark. "I was thinking along the lines of three heads
you grimace, an alley that stops in a dead end isn't a fighting position, it's a trap.
"And if we stayed there we would be fighting with the water to our backs." The thought makes
"don't know when they'd be back."
"We might run into whatever is causing this." "No, no we can't." His words are soft, but below them is a will like iron. "I'm the Prince. I have a
He gives you a raised eyebrow at this. All you can return is a shrug.
"I do, and it feels kinda good."

Something warm and sticky curls in your gut at the words, and you can't help the grin that
fight together, or not at all."
immediately.
"Wander?"
Blowing your frustration out through your nose you focus on the sensation of Asriel's hand and
fades into the darkness. A part of you, a rather large part in fact, wanted to follow the urge to hunt
"Come on, let's just go see Undyne."
He sighs again before walking ahead and pulling you along with him.
"Tra La La, all thing end, Tra La La…"
"Thank you again for giving us a ride," Asriel says, using his 'polite prince voice' as you like to
calling with your hair, but you managed. Beating Undyne to a pulp is a pleasure that is worth a

Totally. Something like you doesn't deserve this, but damn it all if you won't steal as much as you
before turning towards your boyfriend for some kind of explanation. He gives you a mirrored look
eye covered in scar tissue can manage.
Tilting ever so slightly to that your unbandaged eye is visible you give him the best glare that one
You lean your head back at this, just enough so that he has to move his face from your hair.
"We're almost there, just a few minutes more."
You look away at this, resolve crumbling under the weight of his glare. Even with his eyes filling
own mirroring his expression. Neither of you back down, staring into each other's eyes with fierce
"Sara would like to argue that point."
"I wasn't about to."

Happily ahead, but you know what you heard.
You look up at Asriel. He's still smiling, and his face hasn't even moved from where he's staring
"No."

You were willing to give them the benefit of the doubt. That being said your free hand was resting
that they ran their boat with noticeable speed, always seemed to have some tune slipping from
they were male, female, neither, or some combination of all the above. They never showed their

way we get to listen to some music."
rubbing your scalp. "I know you don't like it, but it's only for a little while. Besides at least this
providing a sanctuary of stability in this rocking mess of wood and water.
Normally you would hate to appear so weak, but Undyne isn't here so it's not like she can give

i do wonder if your plan will succeed
AND I REMAIN UNCONVINCED
YOURE RISKING HIM

Every now and again I'm going to start posting tidbits about the larger world in this
As an apology, and also as a gift, I wanted to give you all something.
Regardless I managed, in what fleeting spare time I stole from the bowels of hell, to
I mean that from the bottom of the broken black thing that somehow still keeps me
HOLIDAY SEASON.
I think I speak for everyone who works in customer service when I say FUCK THE

In which our heroes begin their performance...
and scuff marks lined its left side, while what you could see of the right was covered in burn scars. With an eye full of hate your gaze lands upon the source of the voice, a voice that felt physical force. You raise your shield, trying to break the wind and see what the hell is going on.

Of course there would be something that would ruin the moment.

"Ready."

He just sighs, giving you a pleading expression. It doesn't stop you from waggling your one step of the way. So as you can, and I'm the name. Moving like this, running like this, sharing the desire for battle, it feels more intimate than "I'm seriously considering how very, very, attractive you are right now." The grin spits your face. Asriel ponders your response for a moment, before his face begins to form into a mask of anger. Asriel could be put in danger, and you couldn't, wouldn't, allow that.

"I didn't. I could never forget that. Just like I couldn't forget you almost died."

Asriel gives you a sharp look. "Team. Wander. We fight together or so help me I'll drag you back home." The look Asriel gives you is sharp while you keep your own gaze mild.
together in your eagerness. For a brief moment your lips touched, and then it was over.

"Ready."

yourself almost breaking a sweat.

understand your lack of appreciation. When the last one finishes, branching over your head like a

"Stick to the shadows if you can, make yourself a harder target to see."

"What?"

we do this then?"

the heavy hitting."

"Wander, you're good, I'm good, but we aren't that good." He points back at the two combatants,

"That was what, different? Why?"

"Tha-" You cut yourself off before you could finish the sentence, but from the glare Asriel was

"I don't know," Asriel turns his head away from you to stare at the knight as he slams his shield

"Damn it. We can't just turn back and let them fight alone."

Yowling like a scalded cat the beast leapt back into the battle and the knight returned the favor

foot like a sword and hitting the shield with such force that the noise reverberates in the chamber.

With primal abandon the beast rushes forward, kicking the ground so hard that it leaves a crater in
Taking your empty hands you place them together, palm touching palm, and feel the magic loose another torrent of magical bolts, the white spheres striking at the Chosen to little effect. With coming to a sudden stop you sheath your swords to free your hands. As you did so Wander let "I know that Durlok but the prince is-" self contained heat that cast you in a shimmering glow. The shadows that were once shelter it was so intense that you almost didn't move, but your resolve was absolute. You wouldn't let...
Chapter End Notes

“You hear nothing but the static crackle of interference and what seems like an argument.”

(Something in you heart of hearts tells you this is wrong, but then again who are you to argue?)

(In the depths of your ear, you think you hear the cackling of a mad man reliving horrors no one was meant to know.)

(On second thought, it may just be the static playing with your ears...)
skin, but the blunt edges hit so hard that by the time the Chosen landed in a crash you could notice

At the sight of it the thing smiles, raises its arm blade for the last time, and then gets slammed in
grips you tighter while the other raises a sword in a simple spite filled gesture towards the Chosen.

With agonizingly slow steps the Chosen begins to move towards the two of you, its legs cracking
standing, with great difficulty, and staring directly at your broken body. Panicking you try to push

"Ple- Ple- Ple-"

"Aum- Ge- U-"

You don't even have time to shout a warning.

Assume was exhaustion. Hissing and spitting it glares at you, the glowing blue shine in the back of
Shimmering blue light dribbles from their mouth, falling as droplets to the floor. Heaving and
starts it's just as quickly over, the beam dying away into a hacking, bile filled, cough.

Before it could wind up for a second attack a bolt of lightning tears into its side, forcing the

"What say we get its attention back?"

"Mahybe mnot shnubbed," and here the shield spit one of the feathers out of its mouth, "But we

"Didn't even look this way Durlok, I think we're being snubbed."

You are repulsed. It's not worth fighting them. You can see the Chosen has lost much of their

The Chosen is turned and lifted to the ground, a bladed instrument imbedded in their chest, a

"Protect him then that's what you'll do. He's worth all that and more, even if he can't see

happy warmth, that inner peace that you never expected to feel in your lifetime. What you needed,

Desperately you try to draw on it, pull it forward just like you did when you fought Sara. You

he shouldn't be crying over you, he needed to be running, getting away. You had to help him get

"No! Get away from him!"

"No! He's not going to do that!"

Panicked and desperate you struggle to pull him away, to guard him from what you know is

You find yourself standing over a body, their own sword still stuck in their chest. This can't be

The Chosen was black and motionless, arms limp by his sides, in the cover of the sudden darkness

"It's over, isn't it?"

"That's what you heard, that's what you needed to believe."

"And now it's over, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's over."

"Yes, it's over."

"Yes, it's over."

You turn around, suddenly aware of the sounds around you.
You had no regrets.

defense.

melon, as the warmth of Asriel's soul beat upon your back, the crystal broke through your meager chest to your back as the crystal punches through the shield. As the scene melted away, as Sans

hours, like days, every inch too slow, every moment too long, but slowly, surely, you feel his pain so intense you could feel your soul peeling, you placed yourself in front of him. It felt like

With all the strength you had left, with every ounce of the

Your movement doesn't even take a moment's thought.

trajectory. Unimpeded and in a few long moments it was going to hit your shield, that weak thing

Moving as if was swimming through molasses you stare at the crystal and then track the arc of its

its arm, and you could see the bone that was already slowly growing underneath its head.

for the Chosen, blood seeping from its mouth, seems to grin in glee as it leaves the stump of

move in slow motion. As Sans finally cleared you field of vision you could see why he dodged. A

With a sensation of falling you begin to drift backwards from the landscape, time appearing to

succession. Your vision swims and churns as the very landscape begins to twist around you. It felt

react you see him slide to the side and watch as his eye flashes yellow and blue in rapid

"If I could move my arms I swear to the gods-

"What can I say, I was

For a moment Sans closed his eyes before he looked away and began walking towards you. "So I

bones.

For his part Sans looked on with with a hint of pity in his

feathered arm was almost threadbare, one or two blades all that was left lining its surface and its

wall. It was still thrashing about but now its movements were tinged with desperation. Its

Turning away from the Knight you stare at the Chosen between the gaps of your minuscule shield

"You're telling me."

"Retired, my friend," the shield says back, voice muffled from the hail of feathers he was

"Heh, you think something like this w-will stop me, a member of the Royal Guard," he replies, his

Creaking and groaning the Chosen slowly pushes itself upright, heaving brokenly and shaking

out and landing on the floor in a heap of cracked and dented pain. You stare at it in amazement,

With a colossal boom the Chosen crashes into the wall opposite, slamming into the stone with

horizontal strike, slamming into the Chosen's core with such force that it sent a shockwave of dust

On one such moment he changes tactics, letting the bruised and dented body hang in the

like trees in a forest. At the very last moment the Chosen twists, their upper body rotating out of

raising of his hands causes bones to grow like before, the pillars of white bursting from the earth

If at any moment you flinched it was not from pain, your movements became more fluid, more

Like the executioner's axe its arm swings down towards the diminutive skeleton, aiming to tear

glinting in the faint light of the chamber.

focused on the skeleton in front of it. With a tearing of muscles so severe you could see its cracked

forward. Comically hopping out of the way and leaning so easily it was almost like dancing, he

open their mouth wide and shoot forth another beam of light, the deadly magical attack tearing

the way of the strike so closely you could hear the bone scrape on their skin. With a roar they

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If at any moment you flinched it was not from pain, your movements became more fluid, more

Like the executioner's axe its arm swings down towards the diminutive skeleton, aiming to tear
Improvise. Simple my love, I intend to do what I do best. When those two grow into power, not to mention what will happen when. Enough of this, what do you intend to do? If you leave things as they are the rest will be killed. I may not have much but I will have this. It's just a title, hardly worth-

Don't you dare speak his name. Bad enough I'll be haunted by the memories of him for the rest of-

for descendants of-

Hmm, yes that is a problem. They are quite the resourceful little things aren't they. Fitting destroyed when they put their own plans in motion. Even if they do awaken and the rest arrive, the other two temporal anomalies will see them thing as luck.

By chance, by luck. Assassin is content to lay dormant, Assault is comatose, and Grace lies dead. found him. But he doesn't need to. His mere presence will draw the others to him. Already three have well too bad then. While he

are, the more connections to this place.

But they were the first

So, they were hardly the first to discover how.

partial, has allowed their connection to this timeline persist. They can draw on it, feed on it. You said it yourself, they shouldn't exist, but they do. His survival, his revival, however

What?

Perhaps, or perhaps not.

Forward where you megalomaniac bastard? We're trapped here for all eternity.

should have, could have, didn't. Nothing we can do now my heart but to keep moving

It was our fault. We never should have done it. We never should have-

Now that wasn't fair. It loved life perfectly fine the first few times.

Loving nothing and wishing only for the destruction of all.

to no one. Void given form and substance.

Oh but we have before have we not? Our greatest success, born from nothing and beholden fragments? That's barely enough to qualify as dust. Not even you can use that to make a soul.

Sarcasm is unbecoming of you love. As you can plainly see those errant little anomalies left not even you can create something from nothing 'my dear'. Yes, a bit of an issue, but one I can easily rectify.

used to craft it are no longer to hand.

Manage it how? In case you have forgotten your toy is destructive as you describe it. We merely have to manage the outcome. Hardly. While the timeline is, unstable, due to their existence it is nowhere near as close to connected to it!

Do you even hear yourself?! Your actions may have not only doomed this world but all the worlds

Indeed, I did not expect to see our legacy survive for so long, nay survive and thrive.

dormant presence has done to this world?!

In what way does bringing back our greatest sin guarantee results? Have you seen what it's mere

Look, the experiment might be traveling into unexpected avenues but this only guarantees

It's because of your meddling that it even had a chance to!

I did not intend to recreate it.

Unforeseen. You brought it back and you have the nerve to call it unforeseen?

I'll have you know I did no such thing. I'll admit it was an unforeseen consequ-

You brought it back. YOU. BROUGHT. IT. BACK.

So this is life huh?

in the center.

All you have to do is keep cutting it apart until you reach that all important pearl lying

Like drowning in air.

darkness.

Its like being alive and dead at the same time, like laying awake in a dream of

It hurts doesn't it, being this close.
Well I wasn't about to wait for him to hit the Captain now was I? Anywho after that rude yells in a sonorous voice.

Fat and skinny, short and tall, some on all fours, some standing upright, and all of them armed to large portion of the group resembled dogs. smiling faces filled with humor. The one thing you could really notice though was how a very

nod of thanks.

order as the warrior before you. You turn your gaze back to same said warrior and give them a

"Can you eat it?"

like creature turning over what looks like a glowing carrot. "Food goes down the street."

and we've only had about 2 hours to do it in. Considering what might be coming this way you'll

"Naw kid, that's not profiling, that's deduction. Also I've got an evacuation of a city to organize for the only other human that lives in this part of the underground."

"Because you weren't exactly quiet, I've got good ears, and the fact that you match the description of what I'm looking for."

"The human called Adam I'm guessing?"

"I was wondering if you could help us, see we're looking for-"

"Hello," you greet, doing your best to sound pleasantly polite. It worked wonders back in the on with things.

You mentally scan the last few words you said, going over everything to make sure you weren't such ear was turned in your direction, though for how long you couldn't say. Perhaps they heard directions, acting independently of each other, scanning their surroundings for any noises. One top that allowed a pair of black furry catlike ears to poke freely into the air. They swiveled in all the fact it was dyed black. Their helmet fully covered their face and head, save for two holes at the armored clad figure standing in front of a pile of swiftly growing odds and ends.

"Good idea, let's go ask." With that you turn around again, moving your group steadily toward the here? Looks to me that everybody's cleaning out of here in a hurry, and I think we should join the

"Fine. The frog does have a point though, what is it that we're looking for here again?"

head shaking worriedly.

the head puts them in your vision and you can see from their expression how worried they are.

"Sara?"

thought.

those days when you still had hope of seeing her. Now though, now you knew she was gone and home in one piece, if at all.

with in the first place. Whenever things got like this back in the village something bad was about any of you liked really, but to be honest the whole situation is something you're not comfortable

keeper of the peace, at least you did until you noticed the growing pile of supplies behind them. Ramrod straight, the lithe figure idly flicked a metal clad tail while they spoke and

a particularly boring afternoon. Thankfully in this case the situation at hand caused them to

You don't even bother turning around, waving your empty hand absentmindedly behind your looking at the spectacle with worried expressions. Hoppy is the first to break it, their voice raised

"We need help. We're looking for something and we need to find it... right now."

"I noticed you didn't do the fire thing this time," You point out, arms still full of Fairy.

Both of you turn to look at Peepers, who had abandoned their cocoon of cover to stand angrily on

"I'm sorry Peepers, but we've got a lot of work to do and we don't have a lot of time."

You stand there, still as a statue, and simply stare at your friend. You feel something in your chest thought.

"G-good people get hurt when people do nothing. People get hurt when bad people do something."

With a snort of derision you do just that, turning on your heels and grabbing the rope again. With

You give Nika a side eyed glance. "I should probably start running huh?"

"Though they do have a slight point. If you could increase the pace I would be most appreciative."

"Sure, but we've still got a long ways to go."

"Alright alright I get it, I meant why are the two of you so keen on riding this thing? You didn't feel like walking?"

"B-because you told me not to do it," the last voice calls out, this one not bundled at all, but

as you tighten your grip on the rope hanging off your shoulder.
to bring your knife with you today. As you stood up and stared the thing that used to be Wander down you wished you remembered. With a hiss that rattled your bones white steam began to slip from the cracks in the creature's chest, resting a golden locket, the object covered in twisting and squirming black tendrils that seemed to be the source of the damage, the strange blue crystal from before, was nowhere to be found. In its place, seeming more like naked flesh than anything artificial. The cracks in their chest remained, but the stricken insect. Then with fluid movements it rose from the dirt, shaking from side to side like a horse, the straight pillar of light becoming something so unsettling and wrong that if you had a stomach you're certain you would be sick. You open your eyes in panic, staring up at the pillar that suddenly seemed to twist and fracture, bloom, and with each pulse of the towers it only grew in intensity. For a moment you were convinced you would not make it through this alive. But this time it was different. You could feel it, a pulse of power sliding towards you. You knew what was coming and you braced yourself for the impact. Suddenly, without warning, you could hear words, words that seemed to come from no source but the crystal itself. "We are coming," it said in a voice that was both hollow and filled with a deep, resonating power. "Prepare yourselves."

A part of you wanted to help, but what could you have done? With that question ringing in your mind, you stood speechless, staring as the Prince of the entire underground held his friend and sobbed. And as you stared at the blue crystal sticking out of their chest you realized that something had changed. The power of the crystal had taken on a new form, a new purpose. You knew exactly nothing save for the rumors of when he came into the Underground. Six hundred years was the last you heard. Now, as you looked out at the crowd of armored warriors, you knew that something was about to change. You could feel it in your bones, a deep, primal energy that was waiting to be unleashed. And as you stepped forward, prepared to face whatever lay ahead, you knew that you were not alone. You were part of something greater, something that would change the course of history forever.
Chapter Notes

and waited, the pray from earlier morphing into a full blown battle cry. A part of you was...two long streamers. Each one ended in three tips, not unlike a scarf or a cape, and you could feel...

"S-sara?"

Black armor seared off like leaves in a gale, the ebony metal screaming as it was torn apart in the loud that it drowned out everything else. Time seemed to slow, the wave of white fire flowing...the warrior's now slack grip, your fingers wrapping around it with disturbing ease. I...

but the rest of you was preoccupied by the unconcious warrior pinning you to the ground. With a...to the ground in an animalistic crouch, slamming the point of their sword arm into the dirt like a...

The Hero takes the Stage...
As they unbent and leapt, sword alight with fire and their voice filled with hatred, you flexed your
Luckily for your friends, the Hero of this tale had unnerved, a part nostalgic, but there was one thing both of you were in agreement on. Wander

Chapter End Notes
before.
Your family taught you well, you'd be damned if you shamed their memory by losing to
smashing against your sloppily upraised forearms. It hits so hard you can swear you feel
out of their chest at an odd angle, giving Sara just enough space to kick off and dodge Wander's
they're in a storm to end all storms and it takes all you have just to stay where you are and keep
Burning white fire and blazing orange power collide, two tidal waves of force tearing the ground
"When it does hit you it's with almost twice the force of their sucker punch, pushing you back from
so obvious, and without thinking your shield is already brought up between you and the attack.

A flash of pain stabs your forehead at the name, but you ignore it easily. Compared to some of
"By fighting ten feet away from them? Did you really not think to push the crazy idiot a little

P
you're stepping headlong into a fight that might kill you.
last time you felt like this everyone you loved died while you were powerless to change it, now
slack ropes. In the skies above the ringing noise of battle steadily intensifies, the two combatants
"I know, but whatever else you are, you're pack. Stay alive pup."
fight gets that far. Don't die on me alright, I've lost a lot of good men in that damned war back on

"You're a huge freakin' nerd you know that?"
guy, you seem to be lying in something cold. Snow? The last time your crew started a fight in
So if you weren't drunk and it wasn't Loka's fault then that means you had to have been in a
gotten on your nerves by now, but you wouldn't be hurting like this.
Nah, couldn't be that, 'cause if you were she would have given you something for the pain. You

pulsed in time with your heartbeat, as if the blood flowing through your veins was laced with
Oh.
ones you had to buy suppli-
stranger you seem to be lying in something cold. Snow? The last time your crew started a fight in

guys,
"Better to be an intellectual than a-"
barely keep track of 'em and my face is one huge freakin' eye!

when you got into Piken's private stash. He called it cooking wine, but you knew booze when

ADAM SCOURGE OF THE FOUR SEAS
LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE MOST WANTED PIRATE OF ALL THE SEAS IS NO MORE.
RED ROGUE, FORMER WARRIOR, IS NOW A SIMPLE SAILOR.
WEIGHED DOWN WITH REGRET, THIS NATURAL MUSER IS ON A JOURNEY TOWARDS THE NEEDED HEALING.

Without hesitation you nod again, and this time the other man nods as well.
stagger like a drunkard, the holes that had been repeatedly punched in their chest growing larger to their shoulders, taking advantage of their distraction to shatter their shoulder blades from behind. I glass in the light of their duel. With a gleeful smile of vindictive joy you angle yourself towards so sharp they cut into the snow and send clouds of the stuff billowing in every direction. Credit was there and pushing it with such force that it flew out. With a final roar you deliver a headbutt, You don't hesitate, rushing in blind and throwing your fist in the direction you heard the noise. It The lancing beam of white fire washes over you, scorching your clothes and searing your skin. Let the games, begin.
You would seriously regret that desire in a few hours.

With Asgore at your side you did the same, hoping against hope that when you finally got everyone safe, the humans awake, and the area secured you'd get some answers to what the hell concerned by the fact that somehow they dissolved the armor you crafted to specifically block golden locket sliding gently in front of their face, held down by their neck by a broken chain. Slowly pooled around the body. As Asgore moved forward to pick them up you could see a solidity, but you squashed the impulse viciously. Now was not the time for that.

Between the two of them, resting in what you could only describe as a crater, rested the third solidity, but you squashed the impulse viciously. Now was not the time for that. On the opposite side of him a light blue figure was face down on the ground, their body strangely ethereal. Resting on a tree was Adam, his chest bare of his vest and his head slumped forward. On the notice who exactly they were.

Asgore's shout echoed through the scorched trees as he tore forwards, his massive footpaws that you almost lost your—

She hesitates, looking upon all the other monsters lying prone, until you reassure her. "Do what I've got my lads and lasses coming through as we speak. Get him safe, we'll warm up the bastard as the two of you ran into the mist to assist your friends.

You stare behind you for a moment, doing your best to force the haze to part before your eyes with any medical training or healing magic on the floor."

"No," Asgore responds, his own pain so sharp that his beastial growl couldn't do much to hide it. "Can you hear me son, Soldier answer me," his voice was firm, but years of association made the... You wisely decided to keep your mouth shut.

"Suckers bet anyway."

"Can't you let a man dream Gerson?"

"Asgore you already know it's probably the kid."

To his credit it still held itself upright, but the thousands of splinters bled light and painted you all light that the very ice, ice that you've seen stand up to blows of men and monsters the size of trees, and then freezing into a wall of pure blue ice. So great was the wave of force that followed the... The light was blinding, a wave of pure searing white that made you scream out in instinctual fear. "Gaster, where did you tell your brother to bring the children," Queen Toriel's voice was softer 'Time and place' you silently recited, gritting your teeth in that heady mix of fear and excitement as the howling gale of Snowdin did it's level best to bury the...

"So what guys, get back to the main map room?"

"We're out of space, we'll have to wait for the next batch..."

"We're running out of supplies and..."

"I've got Fluffybuns," Gerson remarks, his voice tinged with mocking humor even as the grip on..."
Family is more important than royalty.

It.

Claw opened wide to reveal the black pads underneath. "I am Asgore."

Remembered everything, but when you tried to form the words they died in your throat.

"Do, do you remember us?" Asgore's voice was kind, cautious and slow like he was trying to feel magnified.

Shrapnel from it's walls still maimed and mangled the King and Queen, but when you lift it again you could only see the shared pain in their eyes.

"My apologies your highness, I did not mean to insult you." You bow your head in respect to both.

Fist you had to grasp the ground.

"At the warm tone you look up from the clothes and into the doorway. Standing there with the light...

"You... ... at my most vulnerable moment... To think I was worried you wouldn't fit out in there..."

"In an instant you feel your body being jostled, your torso shaking from side to side as a warm cushion to save you from hitting the floor."

You push yourself off his chest, refusing to acknowledge that A. he had to actually catch you like...

"Okay, first off, you're going to go find me some pants, or a skirt, either works. Also a shirt too..."

"Hmph." You kept your reply nonverbal, to show just how much, appreciation, you had for.

"...you. If you would, I would like to get to know you, and...

"A lance of agony flashes through your head and you grit your teeth in a pained grimace.

Anything, anything of the most important thing to you once, your only friend in the world, until you landed in the

They made it so.

"ASRIEL."

"ALWAYS SO COLD.

NO MATTER HOW MANY YOU TOOK AWAY, NO MATTER HOW MANY GAVE THAT THING THAT DARED TO WEAR HIS FACE.

It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair."

There had to be another way.

"That thing that dared to wear his face."

"It wasn't fair how they planned on begging for freedom, how they needed to use

"...how these people, these wonderful people were shoved into the dark while humans..."

"Into control, and to cover yourself you give him a playful shove back.

A spiraling mess of emotions. It takes you longer than you'd like to push them down and get back

Asriel simply sighs and bumps his shoulder into yours, the casual contact sending your mind into

"Asgore and Toriel's rules. Oh they had their place of course, they were made by royalty after all,

...addled your thoughts. "It's just that Mom and Dad don't like us being up here by ourselves.""

"No, why wasn't I good enough?

ASRIEL."
You nod slowly, confused at her statement. So puzzled in fact that you didn’t even notice when Asriel put his arms around you again. You look at him, get an unashamed smile in response, and then huff in annoyance. Smiling Asgore and Toriel seemed to take this as a signal of sorts and joined the embrace.

You wiggled around for a moment, huff again to their shared amusement, and then close your eyes as you settle into their warmth.

You could get used to this family stuff.

Chapter End Notes

So quiet here, so quiet,

You like the quiet. It’s better than the noise, or at least you think it is?

Your mind is funny sometimes, but that’s okay your safe here.

It’s so fun here, so quiet.

Splish Splash, the water makes such a fun sound, Splish Splash, listen to it echo all around!

Hehehe, you found the best place, yes and it’s all your own!

Splish Splash Splish Splash Splish Splash

The water is so much fun...
after the fifth time you did it manually you let go. but suddenly stopping midway through. Through half lidded eyes you stare at the hand, then back lead to the gallows. You could only snort at the display, suddenly surprised when it turned into a

"Dang it."

You're beginning to get the subtle hint that she doesn't like you very much.

"If you do this then you follow Gerson's orders to the letter. If he tells you to run you run, if he

"Absolutely not." the Queen responded, her voice simply naked steel instead of the veiled danger

"Why are you so determined to fight," Gaster asked, hands flowing through the air, "Sara seems

"Never was a very good liar your highness," he says with a shrug. "Figured if I was honest now

"Other one," you mumble in confusion. Your statement however was too quiet to be heard by

"Hey," Asriel called out, his voice filled with righteous fury on your behalf.

"Disregarding the murderous jerkbag here."
The ugly expression that graced your face and let your fangs taste naked air couldn't begin to be
It was going to be in front of you.
As you travel further into the glowing blue gloom you could feel the fires of your rage beginning
hunters you traveled deeper into the caverns of Waterfall, leaving the bustling camp behind you.
years of fighting together giving an unspoken rhythm to your shared movements. Adam falters for
answered, pushing himself up from his makeshift seat.
hidden mouth, "there are more pressing matters. When do we leave?"
"Uncomfortable underage drinking aside," you remark, pushing the flask away from Adam's
makes Gerson grin harder. "Boy's even got the drinking down pat.
spirit, I'd give him that much. Not guard material, but close enough it's hard to see."
"Lost a better one when I told Sylph to stand down."
"And if I told you to leave right now?"
"Means I get to protect me crew. Besides before I got here I promised to follow your orders."
"Don't have much stake in this whole situation if I'm being honest, but being here"
Adam eyed Gerson warily for a moment, before shrugging in a careless fashion. "Here because I
"What about you kid, why are you here?"
"Fine. Still thinks she deserves a share."
looked at Adam, his good eye squinting. "She would have been a liability, simple as that. Better
pound of flesh same as anyone."
You look back, remember what you can about the possessed blade. "I, doubt, she took it well?"
at the map. "Had to take her off duty, too dangerous to have her roaming alone and she would
"Nah nah the old girl's fine," he waves a hand, settling the worry that began to grow in your gut.
"Squad? But only he and Durlok were in the hos- Surely you don't think Sylph-"
where your kids and Aumbra's squad first ran into it.
He looks around himself before spotting a map covered crate. He points at an area on the map, his
"I find it disturbing how much you know about alcohol," you point out to the human child.
Adam looks at Gerson, apparently giving his answer some thought before nodding seriously.
"You swore an oath!"
"And I'd find a way to tell dear 'Tori' about-"
"It's like this kid, when a Boss monster that sets his head on fire for his opening move and a really
"Don't ask." Your voice was as flat as a wooden board. This of course made Gerson smile
"Fuzzybuns," Adam asked, looking up at you with eyes filled with gleeful disbelief.
You turn away from Adam's words of wisdom to give Gerson a stern look. It didn't make him
"Heard somethin' about wenches. Bit to early to be celebrating eh Fuzzybuns?"
"True enough."
royalty mind."
"O'course he always said the worked best on wenches and whores. Bit of a gamble using it on
"You realize that I was worried about you coming with me before?"
"Heh, might even get me a
"Oh don't worry that ain't for me ta eat ya kingness, that's for the Queen," he says his face and
"Plannin? Adam looks up at you with a raised eyebrow and then winks. "Lordship I was born to
no mistake."
"Smooth operation that turtles runnin'. If I had a crew like this lot I'd take the seas by storm and
"Don't ask."
You were amazed you managed to keep a somewhat straight face.
"I took one of your children away if only in mind and tried to kill your son."
observation. The rest of you was howling in rage because you were going to kill the thing that
reading from your expression that you didn't feel like continuing the conversation fell silent. A
A sigh of self loathing fell from your lips, but you kept your silence and marched forward. Adam,
You sob, in fear or relief you couldn't be certain. You don't know if that was a memory or a nightmare.

You jolt awake, the searing agony fading as awareness bleeds back and banishes the darkness.

"Hum hum hum, here we are."

The cacophony of slaughter sings around you, the noise of death and the dying and the slayers all one of your tendrils with the force of an arrow bolt.

Your entirely dignified squawk of pain was swallowed by the river and by the time you managed to right yourself the offending boat had already taken off into the distance.

You envied them, of the permanence of their deaths, or the guarantee that once the same scene played out, a decapitation, an evisceration, a twisted spell, and then a corpse or a pile of dust. You were made for one purpose, and until that is done death, reflecting rainbows against the surface of your prison.

There's a click, the chains slacken. The collar begins to break apart even as your prision does the pain, no more anything.

So many people it needs to break...

So many things to do, so many things to see. In any case another one for the pile as it were while the mental irons are still somewhat hot.

Hmm, slow and steady is all well and good but I need to pick up some speed.

On New Beginnings and New Acquaintances

The River person is still laughing and you can only imagine the sound of their belly as they do so. It's a pleasant sound, like the soft ripples of a river, wash over the rim of the boat and connect with your fallen body. Grunting with effort you push forward, the wooden feet before you making you feel like a giant snail.

With a twirl you turn around, staring at the wooden feet before grabbing the front two with both hands. With each twitch it propelled you faster and faster and soon you found yourself underneath the water underneath it and with a push you shot forward, water parting before you like a curtain.

Which is why the boat that ran you over was completely unexpected.
“That is part of my request. There is a man back in the capital by the name of Gaster. I believe he...Point.

Better that than getting the fight we were worried about.

Looks like Gaster's bro took care of things for us then.

I take it you are new here in the Underground," the King asked, his voice not unkind but hand seemed like he either needed to laugh or needed a strong drink, possibly both.

“Whatever helps you sleep at night.”

“See what I mean?”

More giggling and you could feel your smile growing even wider.

Another giggle greeted your statement, and the smiling figure spoke with a voice that made you this situation.

“I stand by my statement.”

“Oh by the stars it's you and Toriel all over again.”

problem.

ship you weren't doing a very good job of it.

grit and stop quivering in your boots like some cabin boy that just saw a pretty face for the first...

Of the noise and begin to sing along with the tune.

You look at the King, you look at Gerson, and then you shrug, stand up, walk towards the source couldn't bring yourself to do it. It wasn't the memory of the beautiful song before that stayed your toward the King, they shared the same expression. A single raised eyebrow silently asking you willing to give you a chance to help. You open your mouth to reply, to apologize, when the song didn't already know yourself, but at the simple fact that you might have jeopardized the whole You wince, not at Gerson's tone, it was simply matter of fact and accused you of nothing you...

“Ahem, nice, nice song lad,” Gerson said, clearing his throat and subtly wiping at his remaining showed you that he understood your pain, that he understood it better that you yourself probably vision was blurred, hazy, and you blinked a few times to clear your eyes. You strained your ears, when the song ends you find yourself on your knees, hands resting in the dirt by your sides. Your...

Alone you are no more this day, if we can sing in kind.

Alone I was, Alone I was, though friends I've come to find.

For friends I find are greater than a new or worthy foe.

For songs we share through means unknown, though I care not to know.

Alone I was, Alone I was, though friends I've come to find.

For your voice so clear, concise, tore my pain away.

Joy I hope, joy I hope, this song will soon impart.

Little voice, little voice, hear the words I say.

but there was a girl with long hair, long ears,

her long tapered ears wiggled as their song rose and fell in pitch. With a small smile they stopped singing and with eyes that glistened like fractured gemstones they...The wind blowing on your face as you ran, the blood pumping in your veins, the sensation of...You set yourself on fire.

“Provided my family doesn't eat up too much of my temporary freedom from the...Sad, but true, you think, doing your best to keep up with Gerson and Asgore as you do so.

For here I am, here I am, to brave her waves again, here I am, here I am, to sail the winds and...to tell.

For here I am, here I am, to brave her waves again, here I am, here I am, to sail the winds and...Gone they are, gone from my side, to sail the seas so cold, and empty I will ever be, til the sea...Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, to me, to me, so wide so wide and free.

Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, home again, home again, so wide so wide and free.

But even now, even now, I feel their hearts with mine, our stories, our songs, forever intertwined.

Gone they are, gone from my side, to sail the seas so cold, and empty I will ever be, til the sea...Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, home again, home again, so wide so wide and free.

Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, to me, to me, so wide so wide and free.

And then you all hear it.

It was horrible.

Your skin, through your flesh, through even your bones, radiating in some forgotten crevice of It filtered through the air like mist or maybe like the most subtle of breezes. It twirled around you...You meet Asgore's gaze before the both of you turn and look towards Gerson. He merely raises...You flinch, but not from Gerson's tone, it was simply matter of fact and accused you of nothing you...

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For here I am, here I am, to brave her waves again, here I am, here I am, to sail the winds and...Gone they are, gone from my side, to sail the seas so cold, and empty I will ever be, til the sea...Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, home again, home again, so wide so wide and free.

Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, to me, to me, so wide so wide and free.

But even now, even now, I feel their hearts with mine, our stories, our songs, forever intertwined.

Gone they are, gone from my side, to sail the seas so cold, and empty I will ever be, til the sea...Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, home again, home again, so wide so wide and free.

Alone, alone, the sea she calls to me, to me, to me, so wide so wide and free.

And then you all hear it.

It was horrible.

Your skin, through your flesh, through even your bones, radiating in some forgotten crevice of It filtered through the air like mist or maybe like the most subtle of breezes. It twirled around you...You meet Asgore's gaze before the both of you turn and look towards Gerson. He merely raises...You flinch, but not from Gerson's tone, it was simply matter of fact and accused you of nothing you...
You can answer many of the questions you've no doubt have of your current situation."

Yori nods at this, and then points towards you. "I'll go if he's going."

"Oh, why?"

This gets a shrug. "I like him, he's funny. Also he sings really nice and I want to sing some more."

Oh by the Queen in her court, may she reign eternal, your face is on fire and you can't stop smiling.

Gerson and Asgore look at each other.

"You know you're right, not like you at all. You were never this lucky."

"...Shut up."

Chapter End Notes

Not yet, not yet.

Patience.

You need them all here, still a few short. Although, nothing stopping you from getting a little, prep work, done. Hmm... So many plans, so little time. At least this next one may be more, productive.
No matter how long you thought about it no answer came.

the very ground beneath your feet no matter where you were flashed in your mind.

completely identical to the rest of the dirt surrounding it. The image of something popping up from

You rise from your crouch walking towards the place where the flower thing, where Magnolia,

You hear nothing.

sound of its movement.

ground like a fish diving into water. You wait for a few moments, straining your ears to find the

sound. "I hope that we meet again in the future."

"Chara."

"I am someone working for the betterment of this world, can you not say the same?"

If the flower creature took any offense it didn’t show it. "I am what I am, just as you are what you

are."

You stare at the,

seconds the one rustling plant seems to grow larger than the others and soon it’s towering above

all that you could sense, something, off about it. It didn’t so much as flow through the air as slink

along it, as if the words were measured, analyzed, and then presented with the care of a craftsman

You’re moving without thought, rolling to the side and coming up with one hand free while the

It was perfect.

and the silence of the room fills your ears you find yourself finally relaxing. No one to pester you,

Or at least there wasn’t when it was

was nothing worthwhile to go back to.

explained it to you it was a concept you found hard to grasp. You lived in the surface world, there

King’s garden.

see pale light filtering through the doorway while the scent of blooming flowers filled your

All too soon it came to an end as you sidled up to the entrance of your target. Even now you could

It was glorious.

you forced yourself to stand still.

All of this, all of these things had to be connected somehow, but you don’t understand

now rests against your chest.

The knowing glances you receive from passersby, the strange familiarity with your habits and

moment. If for no other reason than to try and figure out just what happened to you since you

With a silent sigh you shake your head, dislodging the current line of thought. You could

you were choosing to ignore at the moment.

but surely they had something that needed to be done that wasn’t watching you? If it wasn’t the

After all, it wasn’t often you managed to get some time to

further down the hallway. The last thing you wanted to do was wake the King and Queen, or their

You walked with care, doing your best to make no noise as your steps took you further and

You look down one direction, and then the

balance once you manage to get upright. Despite a moment in imbalance you succeed without

Please don’t kill me.

NO NO NO HE DIED AND LEFT ME HERE

HE SAID WE WOULD SAVE THEM TOGETHER

I was waiting to kill him for you!

HE TOLD ME HE LOVED ME
Of course if Asriel could stop stammering and actually keep walking so you didn't have to pull her, grabbing his hand to keep yourself steady. At least you could take solace that whatever you hands he helped to pull you upright.

“Get good enough to do it yourself and I won’t need to,” is her reply and with a grin she strode

“Never do that again,” you growl at her, baring your teeth like a rabid animal.

then just as it began it was over, the three of you landing with a rising cloud of dust in front of a

“Hang on to what you-” The words cut off as your suddenly hanging onto her arm like a lifeline

“Nah this way’s quicker! Now hang on!”

You open your mouth to yell at her, but she’s already running. Tearing through the house like a

sack of potatoes. With an oomph of displaced air he lands on her shoulders and the embarrassed

“Yep,” she says without a care in the world, before walking forward and scooping up Asriel like a

“Prove him wrong of course,” Undyne says with a grin. “If I could beat him then I could get you.

behind your own at the thought of his statement but you ignore it. “So you decided to tie him up

enough to protect the both of us’.

Resting with his back against the wall Asriel shoots you an embarrassed grin. “Uh, hi Chara.”

“Why the hell is he tied up?!”

You spend the rest of the rather short walk cursing silently in your head.

She scoffs and turns on her heel, “Come on I’ll show you.”

With a sound that was somehow an amalgamation of a scream, a curse, and disparaging notes on

spreading out in a sudden detonation.

Which of course is when the door to the library slams open with a crash.

You grin in triumph, staring down at the orb of power, your power, pulsing between your fingers.

flickering and fading with every breath. Focusing your mind you try to force it into solidity,

And you still haven’t told me how you got in here.

nquishment.

Facts must be gathered first.

Could this be what you’ve been seeking all along?

, that kinda made us all have

quotable

骥

legtory

See the integration of this image into the text.
You are fine. Your whole, entire, world. In the light you spread your petals and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile, and smile. You just needed to fix this. You can fix this. It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.

Crawling back to take what belonged to you and you alone. They would usurp your position just to... But you're good at that. All you need is to patch over your problems.

You couldn't do anything like this, but that's okay. Fragments of soul. Pieces of a whole. Never forget, you. Are. good. At. that. But you're good at that. You need time. You will... You can fix this.

LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND YOU LOVE AND... You are aware. You are alive. You were back. It's not fair. It's not fair. He was here. And A N D A S R I E L W A S N T Y O U R S... same. space. Now... And you were good at learning. You were back. It was so simple. The body would die, in that all three of you were in agreement. You knew for a... Fact they would run, try to take what scraps of soul they could with them to survive, and you'd fact they would run, try to take what scraps of soul they could with them to survive, and you'd... unable to look at you. They'd hate you afterward of course. Toriel would be disgusted with you, Asgore wouldn't be...

Seven souls, seven souls and a Monster could break the barrier. With them at your side you'd hunt down the other fragments of your soul, kill the other 'yous' that wanted... Royal Family, you did 'live' as Wander all those months of life. He'd find nothing but what you... The tests would come of course, Gaster doing his best to dissect your words for truth even as he... His love... regaining their trust, their love. that even now rests within you, giving you this twisted parody of life, and use it as a means of... of your soul, and how you weren't even sure how you did. You'd show them the broken thing... the other humans that you 'regretted' so strongly. You'd explain how you only survived with part... Memories that even 'you' couldn't access that rested in the core of your soul. you'd warn them about the other two that split from your soul. You'd tell them all about the rotted... worriedly calling for the Royal Family. They'd come at once, and after a quick and tearful reunion... miracle of miracles, a flower would bloom on Wander's grave. You'd give them a night and a day, allow them to suffer for that long but no longer, and then, it to rest. Your family would be hurt the most from this deception, but it would be... naught but a ruined sack of meat cooling in the snow. Dreams that was 'Wander' the three of you burst from its corpse like thieves in the night, leaving... It was so... Your body should not have survived the process. Crucial factor. It was going well, or at least as well as someone in such a situation could call the term. Three... Utter failure. Absolute failure. But you're good at that. All you need is to patch over your problems.

Flowers do not have the ability to sob, but you make your best attempt as you lay on the barren... then it is over. Of your being being unraveled. There is no sound, for you have no mouth to scream, there are no... Pain.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Asriel...
And then everything went black. The cold iron to the face, and as the world went white you faded away, lost to unconsciousness on a sea of mountain itself sought to engulf you. You didn't even have time to shout as the spell, the lethal could even connect the ground beneath you cracked and shattered, dust and dirt falling as the With the finality of the executioner's axe the spell began to fall. "I'm sorry," you whispered, to no one at all. You were so glad that it was finally over. You were so alone.

An arrow. An arrow pointed directly at you. Point. Swirling like water going down a drain to began to sharpen, the orb becoming the tip of an Like a guillotine it began to hover above your head, its power beginning to focus on a single sizzled and popped as the touched its surface. Then, almost gently, it began to rise higher and were alive, and that it was all coming to a blissful end.

Itself like a ravenous serpent driven mad. It was a hideous thing, all the more repugnant for its crypts of your line, it would be on your terms. If you were to die this day, then by all the gods of earth and sky, by all the demons from the magic at your command fills it. Even as it hurt, even as the agonies tore at your flesh you filled it, moldy cloth flutter and fly in the howling winds. The book begins to glow with power as the even that honor." With a roar of anger you tear the flimsy cloak off your shoulders, letting the something. Maybe in death you'd be a fitting reminder of my house, a secret book spirited away formed magical theories. "How utterly unfair. Not even a grave to make such a discovery worth "Not even a grave," you whisper, staring down at pages filled with scrawling spells and half made from even cheaper wood, their surfaces mockingly covered in lines, guides for dullards too mage. Cheap plastic, worn from use and already cracking due to age, held together binded pages were the stars of a foreign land, of a foreign kingdom resting at the edge of the world. This was As the last of the warmth slips away you stare upwards toward an uncaring sky. These were not No reason to prolong the inevitable. you let the spell supposedly keeping you warm fade away, the magic falling from your body like croak out. Your voice cracked and groaned like an old worn chair, the strength behind it long "Shades and ghosts, spirits and memories, truly has mine company fallen to the barest dregs," you Save for the ghosts of all those who lead before you. swallow you whole like the monsters of old. Surely it would be easier than continuing on? Surely You wanted to give in, to simply stop, to lay down in the cold snow and let this cursed mountain passed down by word of mouth. Was it not here, underneath this very mountain, that it was said irony of being a vagabond betting his life on a rumor unsubstantiated by anything save for tales is island kingdom being a superstitious lot. A part of you wants to scoff even as you recognize the No one would volunteer to be your guide up the perilous slope, the common folk of this isolated you trudged your way further up the mountain. With that thought in your mind and worthless curses falling from your no doubt frost bitten mouth, No more were you a scion of the House of Airkil, third by birth to lead that noble lineage. Well, meals, massive array of magical lore and elegant conversations with those whom status you once hand. No more would you have the luxuries that were your birthright, the fine clothes, extravagant As the chill wind bit at your flesh you once more cursed the cruel fortunes that brought you here. 

That was the motto of your house, the creed of your bloodline, the very code stamped into the right now...)) )

Poor boy is not in a happy place, thanks for thinking this, mess, was worth the recognition. I mean it was only like three entries?, tropes?, last I checked, but still, whoever you That being said, my shame is not why I'm here. Well, it's not the only reason anyway. It's hard to overstate my self disgust.
You can feel the air shift across your neck as the thing smiles. "Help me kill the one who dared try"

You sigh again, steeling yourself. "Name your price."

You don't move, even as the thing's words slither into your ears like maggots. You can smell the same stench of the flowers on its breath only somehow magnified a thousand times. You try not to think about what this will mean for you.

More silence, before you hear the voice whisper right beside your ear. "Power, oh that I can give you..."

There was a hunger to the voice, something deep and twisted. It says something about you that you don't want to think about.

"No, at least not yet at any rate. Part of the reason I wanted to talk to you actually."

"Define human," the voice says, an ugly leer in its tone.

You raise an unseen eyebrow at this. "You say that as if it's a common occurrence."

"Of course you are. No one comes to this mountain without a reason."

"I'm looking for something," you finally decide to say, your words leaving your mouth with the prelude to a knife."

You snort. "Thank you, I wish I could return the sentiment, but seeing as you've greeted me from behind...

The voice chuckles slightly. "Well well well, erudite and intelligent. I like you already."

"That depends," you say, keeping your eyes closed and trying to focus your magical senses, "will there be something to see if I do?"

"That depends too," the voice says, "on you..."

"I'm not interested in your games."

"Pretested to a knife..."

Pretesting is a precaution to take, especially when someone greets you from behind your back. It usually means they're going to make you feel... something. You don't want to think about what that might mean.

You would not let your death be so pathetic.

There was a snicker, a sound that bordered on black. In the distance you could see mounds of refuse, detritus of many shapes and sizes congealed together into piles that almost seemed artificial. Then you thought about all the rumors and legends that brought you to the mountain and decided that if they were artificial you would have seen something.

You push yourself upright, bare hands pressing against soft flowers and moist earth. The crushed moisture causing the things to squelch with every step. It was only the thought of what diseases might be lurking in the ground that kept you standing. You wouldn't allow it.

Getting to your feet is far harder than you'd like, aches and pains making themselves apparent even before you think about it.

You would not allow your death to be so pathetic.

It takes a few moments of searching to find what could laughably be called your spellbook. And what an odd book it is, foreign and alien to your own personal decline. The pages are made of a strange material that is almost... living. And it's filled with pages of words that are not words you've ever seen before.

You lay on the ground, weeping like a child. Your frantic healing spells kept you from death, but it managed to find you anyway. It hit you so hard that you felt all of your ribs break.

It was the absolute weakest attack any magician, regardless of species, class, age or bloodline could give. But it was enough to spur you to action. You knew the very least thing you could do was die with a fight. A proper fight, a bloodbath with no quarter given."

You would not let your death be so pathetic.

"You say that as if it's a common occurrence.""
Please reflect on the subtly relived laughter, on the undignified explosion of joy, on the complete and problems unending awaiting your attention. But for now, for one moment, you allow yourself to a millimeter. You know you have miles to go before you rest, that there are mysteries abound and you have no idea what you're looking at.

As the King and Queen laugh at this you take a moment to breathe, to let yourself wind loose just in time your majesty,” you say with a warm smile. “It seems that your horns are starting to come in.”

With a triumphant smile on their face they lean back so the three of you can get a better look at Asriel. Chara’s horns are just starting to poke out of his hair, themselves engrossed in what they’re doing that they place their current actions more important. “For just a moment I was sure that I- Aha!”

Chara smiles and watching me all the time. As long as I have you around I’ll be fine.”

It took more self control than you’d like to admit to not break down crying at that last sentence. He’s so young, so innocent, so... so pure. It’s disturbing how much of a battleworn veteran you can see in a child that by rights can’t be.

With the push of another button the door to the adjacent airlock slides open and your voice draws on some unknown well you manage to retain your composure. “A-ah, thank you Milza. It’s... It’s been a long time. I’ve been wondering what you’ve...”

With a hiss the glass case snaps open, rising smoothly and quietly to hang off the side of the wall. You note with almost no surprise that their posture is the same as it was before you entered: sitting up straight, alert, ready to react at a moment’s notice. It’s almost beat red, his white fur doing nothing to hide the blush underneath. You watch as the green shirt the only indication that life still beat within their narrow chest.

“Any changes?” Asgore asks, his voice still slightly amused. You ignore it with years of practice.

Quickly you take a look at the screen. “The scans indicate that Chara’s body has undergone some significant changes since the last time you had him scanned. However, I don’t think it’s anything to worry about...”

“Interesting,” you reply, running your fingers over the interface with a certain expertise. “I mean, it’s not like we’ve ever seen anything like this before.”

Chara watches you constantly through the whole procedure. “What are you looking at, Asgore?”

Asgore laughs, his eyes twinkling. “Well, I think it’s a bit more than just a procedure.”

You can tell the moment they wake up by how their entire body stills for a fraction of a second. And then with a loud whoosh they jump to their feet, almost knocking Chara off their feet. A panicked grab to stay in?

With their mutant freak of a soul you couldn’t even begin to explain, but that was beside the point.

“Hey, don’t worry about it. We’re here to help,” you say, trying to sound reassuring.

“W-who’s there?” Asriel begins to tear up, furiously rubbing at his eyes in an attempt to hide it. Chara smiles and “That’s what I have you for.”

You remind yourself to give the janitor a quick turn of a heel your walking towards it, leading the way to the waiting room beyond. Chara suddenly turns into a hug, legs are tangled, and they fall. You note with almost no surprise that the three of you are engrossed in what they’re doing that they place their current actions more important.

“This is a sign of how much he cares,” Asgore says, his voice filled with unabashed pride. “It’s good to see.”

You note with a certain sense of relief that somehow the place managed to keep running, for now at any rate.

With a click the speaker dies and you turn your attention back to Chara. While you were talking to the children you had put the chamber in to reduce the chance of the scans becoming infested your world, some reason reports trying in vain to find some... well, you don’t want to think about it.

“Any changes?”

Asgore asks, his voice still slightly amused. You ignore it with years of practice.

Of course people rarely get what they want these days. You have to work for it. You push yourself away from the table and with a few rather worrisome cracks of your spine stand up. You push the settings of the machine to their default so that you can be sure that whatever you’ve found is actually something worth finding.

“The scan repeats again and again, changing parameters as you try in vain to find some error, some cause for alarm.”

You sigh, pushing a button that ends the scanning process. A few more taps of skeletal fingers and the computer reports that there are no changes. No changes, you tell yourself. That’s not possible. Your name is Dr. Gaster. You have a reputation to uphold.

A soul that is rotating in an empty space allowing you a 3D vision and an almost obscenely in-depth look at a monster that you’ve never seen before.

Why are they all practically children? Why do they all have these... these horns? Where did they come from? And why do they keep appearing suddenly?

You have no idea what you’re looking at. You have no idea what you’re dealing with. You have no idea what the future holds.

You stare at the screen as the machine processes the data. You have no idea what you’re looking at. And you have no idea what you’re dealing with. And you have no idea what the future holds.<br><br>Interlude: Paging Dr. Gaster