The Chaos Theory states that any tiny changes in any equation, has many different consequences and situations.

You were that change. Your very existence has made the Underground a better place overall.

But when you finally get to the surface, you have to deal with tiny shifts in time, caused by the current Master of Time.

Like it is said. Any change can give way to bigger changes.
Chaos in Time

“h u m a n…”

You feel the grip of blue magic on your soul. You knew Sans was practicing for another human, but that didn’t make the feeling feel any different. You and Sans were practicing outside the gate-thingy. The one Papyrus made. It was too wide, but you made it slightly shorter, to make it harder on any older humans that came out of the Ruins.

“d o n ‘ t y o u k n o w h o w t o g r e e t a n e w p a l? t u r n a r o u n d a n d s h a k e m y h a n d .”

You feel the blue magic fading enough for you to turn around. Sans was in his usual silhouette form, and held out his hand. You shook it. The familiar sound of a whoopee cushion rips through the air.

“Sans, don’t you think you have had enough practice now?” you question. He shrugs.

“i don’t think anyone else takes this as serious as a babybones like you.”

You frown. You were ten! You weren’t a babybones anymore! But you were one in comparison to your older brothers Sans and Papyrus.

“Can we just get back home? Unlike you and Paps, I ain’t a “bag of bones”. Except I am a bag of bones.”

“sure, sure. don’t go rattling on about it.”

He offered a hand. “here, i know a shortcut.” he said, winking. You take his hand. In a blink of an eye, you’re home.

Your family lived on the edge of Snowdin Town, which is a snowed-in town most of the time. You clumsily fiddle with the doorknob, seeing as you were cold. Finally you got inside, Sans following in.
Pictures were all around, detailing the life of the occupants. Many of them included Sans and Papyrus, but you didn’t focus on them much. You liked the family photo that was taken about seven years ago. It held only four people in it. You, Sans, Papyrus, and your “father”, W.D. Aster, better known as Gaster.

When most people saw it, people were confused that there was three skeleton monsters and “one other”. That “one other” was none other than you, in which you were “human” in it. While it was true your mother was human, that didn’t stop your father from caring for you all the same. When you were born, the stress caused by your birth made it so that her soul shattered, though not before your mother made Aster promise to take care of you.

King Asgore arrived shortly after your mother’s demise. That coupled with your birth caused him to lose his position as Royal Scientist. While Aster was initially shocked at losing his position, he saw that it was in a way, a blessing in disguise. Papyrus was only ten at the time, and Sans fifteen.

It was difficult, losing his position, but he was still allowed to work as a scientist. He was still the same old intelligent Dr. Aster, but something about your presence made it different, and you aren’t sure how, even to this day.

Luckily, it was found out that due to an anomaly of your soul, your soul would be of no use in destroying the barrier that trapped you all underground. Your father was glad to have another son to raise, even now so that he now had two helpers. But in one of his experiments, he disappeared, scattered through time and space. It doesn’t matter how, or when, but you and Sans have been working nonstop to find a way to bring him back.

It doesn’t take long for someone else to enter the house. It is Papyrus.

“ROMAN! HAVE YOU SEEN MY SPECIAL ATTACK? I THINK THAT ANNOYING DOG HAS IT AGAIN!”

Yes, as per skeleton tradition, you were named after a font. Surprisingly enough, you even wrote in the roman font. You frowned.

“No I haven’t, Papyrus. Did you check your battle arena?”

Realization dawns on his face. “NO I DID NOT. THANKS FOR REMINDING ME,
He then promptly stomp-walks out of the house, to his “battle arena”, where he will fight a human. It has been so long now, no one in the underground even thinks of you as human anymore. You were more in tune of being like a monster. You knew the reason for this, but did not enjoy having it known widely. You were more comfortable being known as a “human-like monster”. That is better for you.

Suddenly, Sans is next to you, a worried expression on his face.

“Kid, we should get going. I just got a letter from the king himself, and it says that you should come with. I don’t know what this is about, but I have a feeling it isn’t going to be good.”

“Don’t you mean you can feel it in your bones?” you ask, smirking. This earns a smile from him.

“Don’t worry. If worse comes to worst, you know I wouldn’t let anything happen to you or paps.”

It was true; Sans was very protective about you and Papyrus. It didn’t stop him from being a lazybones, though.

“Come roman, I know a shortcut.”

One shortcut later, you arrived at Asgore’s throne room. The king was watering some of his flowers.

“Dum dee dum. Oh, is someone there? Let me finish watering these flowers.”

A few moments later, he finished watering. “Ah, here we are.” He turns around.

“Howdy. How may I…” he started, before involuntarily stepping backwards. You look to the side and sure enough, Sans is doing his voidless-sockets right at him. Yep, not even King Fluffybuns himself was immune to those voidless pits.
“if this has anything to do with my brother-” Sans starts, before Asgore stops him.

“Peace, Sans. This has nothing to do with your brother. This is other matters. I merely invited your brother here as I know your younger brother isn’t always there. I have summoned you here today Sans because I have an offer to make of you. One that shall remain confidential to only the three of us. Now, here is my offer: would you mind becoming the next Royal Judge?”

Your eyes practically popped out of their sockets. Being Royal Judge was a big deal. No one but those summoned by the king himself would know. Being judge meant one was to judge humans in the Judgement Hall, the most sacred place in the Underground. You knew most humans got to Judgement Hall, but if they had more than ten Level of Violence, they were to be given a bad time. And as far as you knew, Sans even without being a Judge could give out a bad time.

“You know, i… i don’t know what to think. i mean, i have this kid to look after, and paps isn’t always around, and-”

“Sans, if it makes you feel any better, I could look after your youngest brother. I stand by what I said ten years ago; I will bring no harm to him.”

Sans looks extremely relieved. “okay your majesty. i will accept.”

Asgore looks pleased. “By my right as king, I proclaim that you, Comic Sans Serif Aster, shall become Royal Judge.”

By that proclamation, the entire Underground shook. You could even feel it in your soul. A new Royal Judge has been named. Everybody in the Underground now knew there would be a new Judge.

You and Sans returned to your house. Papyrus was already there.

“BROTHERS, DID YOU FEEL THAT?”

You nodded. “Yeah Paps, a new Royal Judge has been picked. Isn’t that amazing?”
“YEAH, THAT IS AMAZING. THOUGH I AM QUITE SADENED IT WASN’T ME, OR ELSE THE UNDERGROUND COULDN’T TAKE HOW GREAT I AM!”

It was time for bed. Though you and Sans had no intentions on going to bed. You quickly faked going to bed for Papyrus’ sake, then quietly slipped out of your room to meet Sans out in the workshop. In the workshop, there was a machine. It resembled something like a time machine. But no. This machine is what is believed to be the cause for your father scattering across time and space.

“took you long enough. let’s get to work.”

The two of you worked on fixing it. A couple hours go by, and you believe it is done.

“i sure hope this works…” Sans hopes. He punches a few buttons, then stands back. The machine starts vibrating violently. The doors of it open, revealing a blackness that seems as if it is only a black wall. You recognized that shade of black. Void black. This machine has keyed into the magic of your father, and took a portal to his location. So this is where he has been for years. The void. Everywhere and nowhere. Falling, and rising. Any combination comes to mind.

Suddenly, a hand shoots out. One with a hole in the middle of the hand. You knew it to be your father’s hand, for he had told you and shown you that he got them shortly before you were born. Though the owner of the hand seemed to be struggling. Not wanting to risk losing him, you rush forward, and grab his now extending arm. Sans seems to join in in pulling. Finally, with what strength you have, you give a great pull. With a slight popping sound, W.D. Aster is back in existence.

“Oh stars, it has been quite some time.” he says, looking around. Sure enough, the workshop has seen better days.

Sans rushes up and hugs him. “it has been too long, pops.”

You release him. “Do you think we should get Papyrus?”
Dr. Aster chuckles. “No, let him sleep. It has been awhile since he did, I’m pretty sure.”

You poke into him. “You feel a slight bit squishy.”

He laughs. “Well, I just need to be adjusting back into existence, my little one.”

Sans releases him. “we need your help. someone’s been messing around with the timelines.”

You nodded in agreement. This has been like the one-thousandth time Sans has been appointed Royal Judge. It was not known how, but you had remembered through all the time shenanigans. How many times that damn flower befriended everyone. Killed everyone. Several times, the flower nearly killed you. But Sans would rather die than let you die under his watch, as you had a “condition” that would reveal a secret to be let out. It is annoying, to have to go through the same motions over and over again. Papyrus never mentioned anything about time constantly repeating, but he did let it slip once or twice that he remembers those times.

It wasn’t long until another anomaly showed up. This time in human form. Like a proper human. One with a red soul. You had snuck into what is known as the “True Lab” once or twice throughout the shenanigans. Apparently it seems that it is some substance the current Royal Scientist Dr. Alphys calls “determination” that causes this temporal crap to happen. And determination was the color red. So this human had a lot of it, to override the flowers.

Having never seen a “real” human before, Papyrus tried to capture them. From the looks of them, this new anomaly was a girl, who wore a blue-and-magenta striped shirt with shorts. Covered head to toe in monster dust. She had a really creepy face. She ignored Papy’s puzzles. You attempted to “act” human, but she seemed to hate you the moment you appeared. You tried befriending her yourself, but she was a lost cause. So you and Sans managed to evacuate most of Snowdin before she showed up. She faced down Papyrus, who was showing her mercy. No such luck. Your father, in rage and shock, tried to kill her, soul intact or not. Still no such luck. Despite being a boss monster, your father turned to dust. Sans ushered you through a shortcut, to take you to Asgore. He would protect you.

It wasn’t long before the human girl was able to cut down Undyne, who in a spark of determination to save the world, became the famous Undyne the Undying. It took at least one hundred time jumps before they just stopped. You feared the worst. Sans came barging in.
“the human took down undyne! your majesty, you will need to do something, and fast. if they get past Mettaton NEO, they’ll destroy humanity.”

Asgore looked thoughtful. “But Sans, as Royal Judge, you have the sole power to stop them. With those blasters your father invented years ago, the human will be dead in seconds.”

Sans’ eyes go dark. “i can’t beat this human. they have too much determination. they could turn back time itself. it took them at least one hundred times for them to get past undyne!”

Asgore’s expression darkens. “Then we may have to have help from Roman. He might be the Underground’s last hope.”

“there is no way i’m going to let my babybones brother be in harm’s way.”

Before anything else can be said, Sans goes to Judgement Hall. News reaches that Mettaton NEO has been taken down, with his last words going along with his fan club.

You have no intent on staying here and not helping. While Asgore is distracted, you sneak out to watch Sans’ battle with the human. Before long, the human girl is approaching. She appears to be flickering between her usual form and a figure in a green and yellow shirt. You silently watch the battle. It takes even longer than Undyne; you lost count after two hundred and fifty-six. You were sure they would have RESET by now. But she is filled with DETERMINATION. But Sans uses his “special attack”, which is literally nothing. Sans falls asleep. She swings, misses and manages a hit. You scream out in anguish; he was the best brother one could have. Sans seems to have chosen to ignore your screams, in favor of guilt-tripping her into RESETing. His last words were “Papyrus, do you want anything?”, before turning to dust. You decide to intervene in their little victory.

“Well look what we have here. A dirty brother killer. Are you proud of yourself now? Killing all my family and friends? Well. Looks like you might have a bad time after all, after you’ve faced me.”

The human has finally stopped flickering. In front of you is no other than the dead Prince Chara, his smile widening.

“Well, it was sure nice to meet you, you pathetic looking human. What, do you really think that you, only a ten year old human can stop me?”
You smirk. “I don’t like it, but you can’t stop me. For I am more determined than my brothers. And who ever said I was just human?”

You close your eyes, look down, and start focusing on your soul, on what your father and brothers taught you. You open your eyes, to reveal them to the human. Voids of black, with a cyan eye in your left eye and yellow in the right.

“Justice… will be served.”

You start rising your arms. The Judgement Hall starts shaking, and violently. Your soul reveals itself, appearing right before the human. Finally, it has shown. Your soul anomaly.

Your soul appears to be half human, half monster. A half yellow heart, attached to a glowing cyan white upside-down heart.

“I wasn’t lying when I said they were my only family.”

Two blasters manifested near you.

“And I’ve been itching to test them out on real targets.”

The blasters’ maws start opening, a glow forming.

“Let’s see what happens when a half-human, half-monster uses their power at full strength. What do you say?”

The human said nothing. In fact, they were shaking violently. Finally, the blasters fully charged, fired. The second the beam hits their soul, it shatters. The beam even filled the bullet box. The human fell dead. Suddenly, the world started shifting.

You were back at home. Everyone alive. Even your father seemed quite shocked that the world reset.
Things should be back to normal. At least for now.
Chapter Summary

You and the others have a talk.

“So... anyone want to recap what just the hell happened?” Sans questioned.

“I’ll tell you what happened: a homicidal human just came through the Underground and just dusted every monster in sight.” Aster said. “We must take more precautions this time.”

“I DISAGREE, FATHER. THIS HUMAN SEEMS LIKE THE TYPE TO BE A BETTER PERSON. ALL THEY NEED IS THE GREAT PAPYRUS’ HELP AND GUIDANCE!”

You pipe up. “I believe like Papyrus says. Everyone can be a good person, if they just try .”

Aster looked at you sternly. “I will believe it when I see it. Very well, this human will get one chance to prove that they will not do anything. Otherwise, I will take their soul on the spot. Understand?”

“Yes Dad.”

“whatever.”

“YES FATHER!”

“And please, repeat your actions that happened last timeline. We need to give the expression that we can’t remember, or else that would be “out of character”.”

As you get up to leave, your father takes you aside. “You were the last one standing, aside from Asgore. Can you please tell me what has happened since that human did the unspeakable?”
You look him straight in the eyelights. “Well, after most of Waterfall was evacuated, Undyne stopped the human. She took a devastating hit, but she refused to die. With the world’s hearts beating as one, she transformed into something known as Undyne the Undying. She killed them at least a hundred times. But even that didn’t stop the human.

That human has enough determination to pull back time, as right now is proving. They went through the CORE, and got to Sans after swiftly dealing with Mettaton NEO. It was about this point that I had decided to watch the fight. Sans gave them a very bad time. It took at least two hundred and fifty six times to survive. But this kid managed to cheat the system, moving the bullet box to FIGHT Sans. After this, Sans dusted right in front of my eyes. That was when I decided they were too much of a threat to exist. That is when I stepped in.’’

Aster looked half-shocked, half-curious. “Don’t tell me you-”

“I did fight them. And I am the reason how we are speaking right now.”

Aster looked perplexed. “Just how powerful were you?”

“Enough that my blasters took out their soul in a single hit. All that LV and HP, and their soul shattered the second the beams touched their soul. And that was without KR.”

Aster looked thoughtful. “So my theories are true then. With half your human side, it must have bolstered the power of the blasters.”

“Yeah, that seems to be it.”

“Well, looks like we’ll have to do some testing sometime. Maybe after the barrier is destroyed.”

You had no intentions of completely following script. You had a metaphorical date with a (formerly) murderous human. After Sans and Papyrus did their whole “conveniently-shaped lamp” spiel, you stepped in to meet the human. As you had previously observed, the human was indeed a human female. She was looking into the box, and retrieved the pink leather glove from within.

“Hello.”
She shrieked, and turned around, looking as if she were ready to fight. When she saw it was you, she relaxed, though only slightly.

‘Oh, please don’t scare me like that.’ she signs. Oh, she speaks in Hands. Not like what you skelly-monsters can do, but you learn.

“Sorry. If you were like my brothers, you’d have jumped right out of your skin.”

She giggled at the dropping of the pun. Oh, so she likes jokes. That’s… nice. You don’t know why, but you start relaxing around her. You quickly analyze her figure, and give a sigh of relief. No monster dust whatsoever. Normal dust, however, is on her. Probably from that toy knife and faded ribbon atop her head.

‘Why are you looking at me like that?’ the human signs. You realize you were staring at the place in her chest where her soul resided.

“Sorry, force of habit. Just checking your soul, is all.”

She looks skeptical at this, as if you would like to nothing more than to tear her soul out and use it on the barrier.

“Look, as long as you’re not a violent murderer like last time-” you start, then realize what you were saying. You weren’t supposed to reveal you knew about that stuff. Whoopsie.

‘You… you remember?’

Fearing her time-travelling powers, you decide it would be best to just come clean. Anyways, it isn’t like time will move in this area; the Underground did act like one huge video game sometimes.

You sigh heavily. “Of course I do.”
“Then if you remember, and if what you said about Sans and Papyrus being your brothers is true then wouldn’t that mean-”

You quickly cut her off. “Sans, Papyrus and my father don’t remember. I guess it is only because I am half-human that I do remember, since I have the determination to remember.” It would be best to act as if your brothers don’t remember.

‘I am just wondering, how is it that you could be half-human and half-monster?’

Oh boy, this ought to be a big explanation.

“My mother came to the Underground when she was only a few months old. She was found by the caretaker of the Ruins. By the time she was ten years old, she had fully developed all her soul traits. A soul of Justice, with a decent amount of determination and smaller amount of perseverance.

Since she was descended from one of the original Seven Mages, she had special magic. Justice soul trait allows for damage to scale for the amount of LV someone has. Perseverance soul trait allows for the poisonous Karmic Retribution effect. And the determination bolsters the two, allowing them to be more powerful than if they were just yellow and purple.

One night, she wanted to explore. So she went into the basement of the house she was living in, and came out of those doors at the Ruins. Luckily, my father was checking the cameras at the time, so he was the first monster she met outside the Ruins. His work as Royal Scientist was hard, and one of his experiments required a living human in order to test out a theory. Sans and Papyrus’ mother had already been turned to dust years ago. He thought he would never love again.

That is, until my mother came along. She was only twenty at the time. So my father took her to the lab, and began running experiments and tests. His goal at the time was to see if it was possible to have a half human, half monster child. She was quite confused, but fully willing to cooperate. He took some samples of his natural bone magic from his hands, and mixed it with some of her… biological features. That was the mixture that is me right now. He injected it into her, and I began growing inside her.

While I was growing, my mother had confessed that she was in love with him. My father
immediately began to get flustered. It had been awhile. But he was not ready to confess himself either.

Using her natural magic from her soul, I was developing nicely. Tests were showing that I was to have attributes from both parents. I get my blue and bone magic from my dad, as well as the blasters we have. I gained a human appearance from my mother. Though I am more physical than most monsters, I will still turn to dust if someone has enough killing intent.

One complication of the pregnancy was that I was taking magic directly from my mother’s soul, combined with my father’s boss monster soul. When the time came for me to be born, she was in great pain. While I was delivered successfully, it had taken a huge toll on her soul. He, Sans and Papyrus watched as her soul crumbled before their eyes. Her soul would have been the last one needed, had my father not been there to meet her. In her final moments of life, Dad finally confessed.

Not long after she died, Asgore came by. He saw the scene before him, and thought it best not to be mentioned. Though he did lose his position of Royal Scientist shortly after, since he had failed to capture the last human’s soul. And after he saw that I was a unique specimen. And that is where I am now.”

The human stared in awe of you.

“Any questions will have to come later, as I don’t feel like talking anymore.”

She looks saddened, but quickly smiles back.

‘Okay!’

“I guess you should be heading out to meet my brothers. Seeya!”

You turn, then she grabs your shoulder.

‘Sorry, but I don’t think we’ve “officially” met before. What’s your name?’
You smile. “My name’s Roman. Like the font. What’s your name?”

Her expression brightens, as if nobody’s bothered to ask her before. Likely, because everybody but you and Sans have no intentions of capturing anybody.

She signs. ‘My name is Frisk’.
Chaos in Waterfall

Chapter Summary

Stuff with Undyne and Frisk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After your meeting with Frisk, Sans took you to Undyne because Asgore had some things to take care of. You don’t know nor really care on why Asgore can take care of you in the previous timeline, and not in this one. Anyways, Undyne is one of your more favorite people in the Underground due to her enthusiastic nature. You are at her house “training” when she gets the call.

Undyne goes into her room, and a few moments later comes back in her armor.

“Come on punk, we’ve got a meeting with Papyrus about a human.”

You perk up at that. Does that mean you can meet up with Frisk later? Maybe, if Frisk can manage to befriend Undyne.

It takes about an hour until Frisk should be battling with Papyrus. He will never attempt to kill any human. He is too great (and innocent) to do something drastic like killing. Luckily he can adjust damage in the middle of an attack. It takes a few moments, but finally Papyrus meets with you and Undyne. You seriously don’t like ledges, and in an attempt to alleviate the feeling, you stare down into the scientifically-protected seagrass. You see some shuffling in the grass, and you see Frisk shuffling a bit, but stops in the middle. She must remember what happened last timeline.

“H-HI UNDYNE. I’M HERE TO DELIVER MY REPORT ON THE HUMAN.”

“Did you FIGHT them?”

“DID I FIGHT THEM? Y-YES, I DID, T-THOUGH I DIDN’T CAPTURE THEM. I TRIED MY GREATEST.”
“Papyrus, I will take their soul myself.”

“B-BUT UNDYNE, THEY ARE GOOD A-AND-”

“Do you want to be in the Royal Guard?”

“... YES. I UNDERSTAND. I WILL HELP YOU IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE.”

Papyrus left. You hear a bit of shuffling, but it should not be enough to alert Undyne. However, Undyne notices you at the ledge, then hears the shuffling. Undyne summons a spear.

“Undyne, that grass is scientifically protected. You can’t harm her now.”

Undyne takes one look at you, sighs, then unsummons the spear. She also pulls you back.

“That human must feel lucky they had that grass protect them. But that won’t stop us.”

“Us?”

“Yeah? YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT PUNK?”

“N-no, Undyne.”

“Good. And by the way, how do you know the human’s a girl?”

You point towards your right eye. “The Yellow Eye never lies. It identified that the human identifies by the human female gender.”

Undyne gives you her known toothy smile, you assume from behind the helmet. “See, this is why you’d be perfect for the Guard.”
Undyne leads you to one of her “human ambush” points, a long room with columns. Not that she’d ever fought a human before, mind you, but that is just enough room to attack any threat, mainly humans. A few moments pass in waiting. Then, Frisk appears. Undyne instructs you to toss a sharpened bone in Frisk’s direction. You oblige, mainly to throw off any suspicion that you were “friends” with the human. You lazily throw it. Frisk easily dodges it. Deciding to make it a bit harder on Frisk, you decide to grasp her in your blue magic and slightly increase gravity on her, to hinder her movements.

A flurry of spears later, you follow Undyne into another patch of seagrass, where Frisk has hidden in again. Undyne grabs something and lifts, revealing the monster kid you’ve never bothered to learn their name. She puts them down, turns and leaves.

“Um, Undyne?”

“Yes Roman?”

“If you may allow me, can you allow me to go explore for a bit?”

“After what you did in the human ambush point, I think you’ve earned yourself some “you” time. Stay safe, and if you cross paths with that human, FIGHT them, though try not to rough them up too much. I NEED TO TAKE THEIR SOUL!”

“Sure thing, Undyne!” you quickly say, then speed off. You find Frisk in front of the crystallized cheese. You decide to creep up onto her.

“Fancy meeting you here.” you casually state. She jumps at least a foot in the air and spins, as if ready to FIGHT. She relaxes when she sees you.

“What are you doing here?’ she signs.

“Got off the leash from Undyne. Mind if I tag along?”

“No, I do not mind. It is good to be with someone who will NOT try killing me on sight.’
“Actually, Undyne told me that if I met you, I’d have to FIGHT you.”

Frisk gulps, then pulls her hands up to sign. ‘Okay. Let’s just get this over with.’

You pull her into an Encounter. Not bothering to Check, you send a flurry of blue attacks at her not unlike Papyrus’ blue attack. She stays still. All bones pass through her soul.

Frisk>Act>Flirt

*She tells you that you are looking good right now

You chuckle.

You send a single bone at her from the bottom of the bullet box. She dodges it without even doing anything.

Frisk>Act>Flirt

*She tells you that you like to “bone” her.

You sputter out a bit. Does she really have to be cheeky? You decide to chuck her around the bullet board a bit with your blue magic. Rough her up, not outright kill her.

Frisk>Act>Flirt

Frisk asks you to dinner at MTT Resort. You are full on blushing right now, not wanting to continue the onslaught of flirting.

Roman>Mercy>Spare
“Did you really have to do that?” you wheeze out.

She nods. Through the rules of Encounters, once the opponent Acts, you are allowed to mercy them. She just Spared you by Flirting. And look at you! Undyne would probably laugh in your face that you were beat by a merciless flirter that is the human.

Frisk goes into the room you notice where the Nice Cream Vendor is. Sans is beside the door, with his red-eye paint telescope.

“I stuck w__ith Undyne’ and to__sed a fe__w bones at the h__uman. No__thing much. By the way, how is the human; sta-wise?” you respond in spoken Hands.

“Rela__x, Sa__ns. The on___ly thing t__hey hurt __were my thir__king pro__cess ses-as they-flirte__d.” Sans shrugged.

“What? I__hey__ seem__ to __be go. O__d to paps.” You gawk at him.

“I__ds_t___ battle d w__it_h the__m.” you tell him. His eye sockets went void.

“Did they__ hurt you. are yo___u al right? if they hurt you__ or paps.”
Sans only stared at you. "...you mean-"

"Ye_ah, Al-so, they even asked me to dinner at MTF Resort."

Sans only stared at you. "...you mean-"

"Ye_ah, I'd have to reserve everything, I know."

"How're you gonna get everything?"

"Like Jerry, everyone knows me. Unlike Jerry, everyone likes me. I'm sure he'll allow me.""

You are cut short by a short cough. You turn, and see Frisk. She seems curious.

'What were you saying? I couldn't understand either you or Sans.'

"Oh, um, that is spoken Hands. Only skeleton monsters can speak and understand it."

'Oh. That seems weird. Anyway, do you want this free Nice Cream I got?'

"Sure!"

You take the Nice Cream, and devour it in one bite. She looks bemused. You shrug.

"I was hungry."
Sometime later, you and Frisk are at the musical statue. You listen for awhile. Then you are on
your way. The monster kid decides to follow the two of you. They seem jealous that you can
spend as much time with Undyne as you want. Soon, after the large cavern room, you approach a
ledge too steep to climb. You simply teleport up. Oh yeah, you can teleport. Though it is only
short-range, about a maximum of twenty feet in any direction. Soon, you and Frisk arrive at what
is known to be Undyne’s second “human ambush” point. Cyan circles appear around Frisk’s feet.
You, knowing Undyne’s intent, quickly backstep, and go underneath, where Undyne is. She
beckons you to follow her. You follow her command. A few terrified spear-runs later, you and
Undyne get onto the path, and Undyne chops off part of the path.

“Just gonna have to collect the human’s soul after.”

“I kinda hope she survived, or else I’d have to have dinner alone.”

“You WHAT?!”

“I battled her. And sh-she flirted with me.” you mumbled, embarrassed.

Undyne takes one look at you, then starts guffawing.

“OH MY GOSH, THAT’S KINDA FUNNY!”

“Stop, please.”

“Oh, alright.”

Sometime later, after you found out Frisk got herself some temy armor (and a whole lot of
LOADs), Undyne takes you back to her house, so you won’t have to witness her taking Frisk’s
soul. After what seemed like forever, Undyne finally got back, and with no soul, much to your
relief.
“How’d it go Undyne?” you questioned.

“I feel humiliated. They just kept running like the wimpy goody-two shoes they are. Anyways, Papyrus is going to be coming for his “training” lesson soon.”

“Okay.”

A few moments went by, and in Undyne decided to play piano in that amount of time. Until the door knocked.

“Kid, do you think you can get that?”

“Sure.”

You got up and opened the door. In front of you is Papyrus.

“HELLO BROTHER. IS UNDYNE HERE?”

“Yes she is. UNDYNE! PAPYRUS IS HERE!”

Undyne stops playing piano, and joins you at the door.

“Hello Papyrus. Are you ready for your one-on-one training?”

“INDEED I AM. AND I BROUGHT A FRIEND TOO.” Papyrus states, and beckons the figure behind him, whom you didn’t see until now. It is no other than Frisk.

“Hello, I don’t think we’ve met before…” Undyne starts, before noticing it is Frisk. “Why don’t you two. Come in?”

You quickly settle yourself at the table. Frisk settles beside you, uncomfortable yet comfortably
close to you.

“WHOOPSIE! I JUST REMEMBERED! I NEED TO USE THE BATHROOM. YOU THREE HAVE FUN!” Papyrus says, before jumping out the window. Frisk giggled at his antics. Undyne looks at her.

“So, what are you doing here? Rubbing your victory in my face? IS THAT IT?”

‘No.’ Frisk signs. Unfortunately, Undyne does not understand Hands.

“What did you say?!”

“Undyne. She speaks in Hands. And she says no.”

“Well, you have some NERVE coming here! Are you looking to be FRIENDS?!”

‘Yes’

“She says yes.”

“Well, that’s great. Let’s frolic in the fields of friendship… NOT! Now GET OUT!”

Something clicked in your head. You wonder…

“Sorry, Undyne. It IS hard to befriend a human.”

“You serious? Listen here, PAL,” Undyne starts towards Frisk, “we’re not just going to be friends, we’ll be BESTIES!”

Frisk only nods.
“Choose what you want.” Undyne says, after putting out some drinks from the fridge. Frisk starts to move, but Undyne throws a spear at her, telling her to not move, as she’s a guest. Undyne suggests using the spear to choose. You simply use blue magic to take the soda. Undyne ruffles your hair, and Frisk chooses the tea. One tea later, and Undyne is telling Frisk about Asgore. Soon, Frisk is out of tea, then Undyne realizes that Papyrus isn’t there for his “private” lesson. So Undyne recruits you and Frisk to do his training for him. When doing the sauce, you implode the tomato. Frisk just pets it. You put in the noodle strands in carefully yet forcefully, somehow.

“Now TURN UP THE HEAT!”

You quickly summon a bone to stir first, then Frisk starts turning the heat way up.

“That’s too-” Undyne starts, before the stove explodes.

After a faux battle with Undyne, you and Frisk leave the burning house with Undyne. She lets her know to call her and Papyrus.

Before you can turn to leave, however, Frisk grabs your shoulder.

“Yeah?” you ask.

‘Undyne said she’d have you chase me down if I kill Asgore. How will you be able to?’

You rub your neck bashfully. “Um, well, it’s just that, with my half-human, half-monster soul, my dad said that according to his statistics, I would be the only person down here that could pass through it without an extra soul needed.”

‘Then why haven’t you?’

You look away. “It was projected that if I did, the pressure from going through the barrier would cause some damage to my soul, up to memory loss. So even if I did pass through the barrier, unless I had enough determination, I would likely forget everything.”

‘Oh. Well let’s get going, then.’
The two of you start to make your way to Hotland.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone else ship Froman?

I do.
You and Frisk headed to Hotland. There, you got to the lab. The two of you entered the lab. It was dark. You think you need to remind Alphys to pay the electric bill again. After walking a bit further, however, the lights turn on. Alphys comes out of the elevator that is disguised as a bathroom. The lights turn on. Alphys turns to look at the two of you.

“O-oh my, I didn’t think y-you’d be here so soon! I haven’t showered! I haven’t… h-hi! I’m Dr. Alphys.”

Frisk pulls up her hands to sign. ‘Hi!’

Alphys, having to decode your father’s handwriting, immediately understands. “Y-yeah, hi. I was originally going to s-stop you, b-but, watching someone on a screen really makes me r-root for one.”

You decide to do an exit to the above area, where you find your father.

“Hey dad.” you greet.

“Ahhh, Roman, you are here. I was beginning to wonder when you and the human would arrive. I’ve also been watching the two of you for awhile.”

“Oh. Well what do you think of them?” you question.

“They managed to befriend both you and Papyrus. And I can tell that they’ve been quite the pacifist. Shame they’ll be the final soul to break the barrier.”
“You know with all that DT, that’ll never happen.”

“Yeah, well a skeleton can only dream…”

Suddenly, you hear loud banging sounds. Dr. Aster looks annoyed beyond belief.

“Ugh, If Mettaton is hiding in the walls again I swear-”

You hear the wall below go down, and the lights go out.

“WELCOME, TO TODAY’S QUIZ SHOW!” you could hear Mettaton say. Your father is most likely mumbling death threats to the robot.

You decide to look over the side of the railing. It really does look like a quiz show will be happening. You never minded the robot yourself. He seemed too… dramatic for your tastes.

“-ANSWER CORRECTLY… OR DIE!”

The quiz show seemed a little easy. Especially when it was Alphys giving the answers. But her weakness for Mew Mew Kissy Cutie caused her to be revealed.

“ALPHYS, ALPHYS, ALPHYS, YOU HAVEN’T BEEN TELLING OUR CONTESTANT THE ANSWERS, HAVE YOU?,” Alphys started nervously shaking her head, ”WHY HAVEN’T YOU TOLD ME? OOOH, I KNOW. THIS QUESTION YOU WILL BE SURE TO KNOW!”

Alphys started sweating nervously. You understand why now. And you don’t like the looks of it. Frisk starts blushing madly.

WHO DOES ALPHYS SHIP?
Frisk, the ever cheeky one, chooses C.

“AH, YES. THE HUMAN AND THE HYBRID. I HAVE COME ACROSS SOME RATHER... INTERESTING STORIES REGARDING THESE TWO, INVOLVING HAVING A LIFE TOGETHER, ON THE SURFACE.”

Stars, may you turn to dust this very moment. Or at least you never were watching in the first place. Your father had an amused expression. You looked at Alphys. She was clearly trying to say sorry. You couldn’t bear to look at her anymore.

“THIS HAS NO DRAMATIC TENSION! NEXT TIME! MORE STUFF! TOODLES!” and with that, Mettaton rocketed away, though you saw him swerve into a lesser-known area of the lab. Frisk looked too busy being dazed at the thought of you and her even being shipped. You share that at the moment.

“W-well, that was s-something.” Alphys stated.

You jumped over the railing, using blue magic to slow your descent, until you land softly on the ground. Alphys took that time to upgrade Frisk’s phone and make her an Undernet account. Frisk shrugs and leaves the lab. Alphys turns to you. “Th-that last question wasn’t supposed t-to be on there…”

“Yeah, I know. Now I am scarred.”

“Ehehehe... sorry about th-that.”

Deciding to take advantage, you quickly teleport up to where Mettaton was. Luckily he was still there.

“Hey Metta, I have a favor to ask of you.”
“YES DARLING?”

“C-can I get some reservations at the Resort?” you meekly ask.

“OOOH, MAY I ASK WHY?”

“I was kind of thinking… of having dinner… with the human.”

Mettaton seemed to do his best impression of “oh my stars”, though lack of a proper face made it hard.

“OOOH, THAT SHOULD BE INTERESTING… I LOVE IT! YOU’VE GOT IT!”

“Thanks Metta!”

“ANYTIME, DARLING!”

You leave the room, only to find Alphys practically guarding the exit.

“So, what did you ask Mettaton?” Alphys asked.

You sighed. When Alphys ships someone, it is hard to get her off anyone’s case.

“I asked Mettaton, for reservations at the resort.”

Alphys squealed.

“Oh, I KNEW it! You seem so CUTE together!”
Blushing intensifies. You turn away.

“I think I’m gonna feed the amalgamates now…” you mumble.

“Don’t forget the chisps!” Alphys yells.

Only Alphys trusted you to know about the amalgamates. Not even your father knew, as he didn’t really want to find out in any way.

You finish feeding the amalgamates, and take the elevator back up. When you get back up, you see that Frisk is currently doing a newscast with Mettaton. You decide to go check on your father.

“Hey dad, do you need any help?” you asked him.

“Yes, Roman. I could use some help decrypting this data I got from my time in the void.”

After a bit of programming, the files are now being decrypted. It seems like there is at least 20000 of something being downloaded. And it looks like it will continue growing.

“It is just as I suspected. Someone is hardwiring an active connection from the void itself! And by the looks of it, it is coming from an entirely different universe!”

“The multiverse theory has only been solidified. I wonder what all that information will have…”

You take a quick look at Frisk’s progress on the big screen. Looks like she’s doing an opera with Mettaton.

“Gotta go dad. I got reservations at the resort.”

“Okay, have fun.” your father said back, obviously not paying much attention.
You take the R3 elevator, right next to the resort. You step up the stairs to the resort. Sans is by the door.

“hey roman. what are you doing here?”

“I got reservations here, for the human and I. Mind joining?”

“sure, i was planning to have a talk with the kid anyway.”

The two of you stand for awhile, until Frisk gets up to the two of you.

“hey, roman and i got some seats. mind joining us?”

Frisk nods.

“gee, thanks for treating us.”

One shortcut later and you are all seated at your table. You decide to “excuse” yourself, as you let Sans take over for a bit. Though you are still listening in. Sans is talking about him meeting the old lady behind the door and his promise to said old lady, about protecting any human that comes out of the door. He instantly promised, even though he doesn’t enjoy promises, and he felt it would be necessary for you to get to know more about your human side. He seems to threaten Frisk by telling her that she’d be dead where she stood, though you know that he would’ve never killed her himself, instead just other monsters do the killing.

After a bit of talk, he leaves, and winks at you. You step in.

You engage in some talk with Frisk, like what made her fall down into the Underground, some safe details about both of your pasts, and other small talk. She pulls something out of her inventory, and you instantly recognize it as a quiche. Sans made one long ago, though Papyrus thinks it has a sugary, non-egg substance instead. The two of you share it.

About half an hour later, she decides it is time to go. She wants to do right this time.
Things are haywire in the CORE. Mettaton has swapped the parts of the CORE, making it harder to get through it. However, this was also one of the first configurations of the CORE, meaning you knew where to go. You however, took a wrong turn, and end up in an audience. Looks like Mettaton is gonna reveal his new body now.

Mettaton is revealing his new form, Mettaton EX. He battles Frisk. Practically everyone is cheering for Mettaton. You are silently cheering for Frisk. You could practically hear Alphys tease you about having a “crush” on the human.

After Mettaton’s arms and legs fall off, it reaches 10000 ratings. One caller rang in. You (and apparently Mettaton) instantly know who it is. Mettaton decides to stay in the Underground, at least a bit longer. His battery dies. You quickly teleport to the stage right before it goes under the floor.

After some talking, you and Alphys start walking behind Frisk. Your father decides to join in in following. Frisk looks creeped out by his overall appearance, but nonetheless allows him to follow.

“I-it requires a human… and monster soul… I’m s-sorry.” Alphys finishes her speech to Frisk, then turns around. Frisk goes up the elevator. A few seconds later, your father’s phone rings.

“Hello? Oh, that’s good. Yes, I’ll bring him right away,” he finishes, then turns to you.

“Asgore is finally able to take you. I still have lots of work to do.”

You nod, and take his hand. In a second, you are at the Throne Room.

There, you wait. For Frisk.

For the Angel.

And your “ship-mate”.
If anyone is wondering how Roman is aware of the amalgamates, remember he is part human, so his soul, while having less determination than a human, still has determination. And he willingly volunteered (with the permission of Dr. Aster, of course) to have Alphys extract some from his soul. And not that it matters much, a lot of his determination ended up being of Flowey's.
Chaos in the Barrier and Aftermath

Chapter Summary

You and Frisk escape.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You and Asgore were in the garden when it happened. When Frisk came.

“Dum dee dum. Oh is someone there? Just let us finish watering these flowers.” Asgore stated. You quickly sprinkled the rest of the water all over the flowers. Asgore sighed contentedly.

“There we are,” Asgore turns around. “Howdy! How can I…”

Asgore stopped, and appeared to have a knee-jerk reaction. No wonder, as you have seen enough of Chara’s pictures. She has a striking resemblance to the deceased prince.

“Oh.” is all Asgore could say. He bends down to you subtly. “Get them ready. I really hoped it hadn’t come to this.”

You nod, and quickly walk to the barrier. The gentle humming of hundreds of years of human magic. In your earlier days, your dad would take you to the barrier, as the humming would soothe your mind. You hear Asgore approach, with Frisk in tow.

“This is the barrier, keeping us all trapped down here. If, if you have anything left unfinished, you may do so.”

Frisk, with determination in her eyes, made it clear that she wasn’t going to back down.

“I see…” Asgore turns to look at Frisk. “Ready?”

The soul containers lifted out of the floor, in which you knew only Asgore himself could show
them up. The battle commences. He destroys the MERCY button. You knew he believed he shouldn’t be shown MERCY, so that is why he has broken it in the past.

Frisk hardly lasted long, and before you knew it, Asgore already commenced the battle when she entered. The wonders time manipulation can do to hasten battles. This time, Frisk told him that he killed her. He nods sadly. Some reason, you can’t help but feel that he understands the gravity of the situation at hand. She eats some pie. You can smell it from where you are. Butterscotch and cinnamon, which you know is his favorite.

After a while, Frisk finally gets Asgore on a knee. She spares him with a repaired MERCY button.

“So, you’d rather stay down here miserably, than go to the surface and be happy?”

Frisk nods frantically.

“Young one, I promise you, as long as you are down here, my wife and I will take care of you. We could sit in the living room, telling stories, eating butterscotch pie… we could be like… like a family.” Asgore smiles. You smile. Frisk smiles. You all smile.

Suddenly, a ring of bullets surround Asgore. They all close in. A few seconds later, his soul is shattered. You look around, looking for whoever shot those bullets. A familiar flower pops into view. You look around. Scanning for anything that is out of place, you quickly locate the problem.

The souls. They’re gone.

“Chara, you haven’t learned a thing. Hee hee hee. In this world, it’s KILL or BE killed!”

You turn towards the flower. The souls are circling it. It starts laughing. Everything turns to white.

A few hours later (or maybe a few minutes, hell if you know), you awaken in a dark void area. You look around a bit. You see that Frisk is stirring. You quickly go to her side.
“Frisk, are you okay?” you question.

Without opening her eyes, she makes a brief sign for okay. You give a sigh of relief. “Good. Let’s find our way out of this void.”

Frisk springs up onto her feet. The two of you walk in a random direction for awhile, before approaching a yellow star. Strange, you’ve never seen any stars like that before. Maybe this is a voidlike place, where all those with power over time can access these things. Frisk brings her hand to it.

“Chara” LV1 364:59

Suddenly, big cracks appear, as if something was slamming into it. After a few more slams, you are expecting Mettaton for some reason, but when it all falls, it reveals the flower.

“Howdy! It’s me, Flowey the Flower! I owe you a huge thanks! You really did a number on that old fool! But with your help… he’s DEAD! And I’ve got the human souls!”

“Sheesh, you really love hearing yourself talk, don’t you?” you bluntly state. It turns to you.

“Ahhh, I’ve been waiting for a chance to kill you. Your pathetic family just HAD to ruin my fun, didn’t you? But they’re not here now, aren’t they?”

It turns to Frisk. “You’ll have to watch as I kill the both of you IDIOTS over. And over. And over again!”

You and Frisk take a step in its direction.

“... Really? You two think you could beat ME? Hee hee hee. You really ARE idiots.”

Something is coming for you in the dark. And flashing red. It approaches. Lights suddenly turn on. It is one huge abomination, something like Cthulu from the books that occasionally wash into
Waterfall. It has a laugh that is terrifying to the very core of your soul. Is it normal for something that terrifying to have a TV as a face? Most probably not.

Vines come at you from everywhere. Good thing Sans made it a point in the previous years and timelines to have you dodge. As a result, you essentially no-hit them all. Frisk, on the other hand, is having a bad time. She only lasted a few hits before watching her soul shatter. Before you know it, you are back in the first sequence. One of each of the souls are deactivating.


The souls have rebelled. They are healing you and Frisk, more so Frisk. Tired of the crap “Flowey” has put the two of you through, you decide to end it all, with a blast. And that blast is your favorite blaster, Cinnabun. With a single shot through the TV, the abomination is at zero health.

“Oh NO, this can’t be happening! You, YOU…”

With a ding, it is at full health, with what you recognize as a “trollface”

“You IDIOT!”

With that, a laser from the mouth of the thing blasted cleanly through your and Frisk’s souls.

The weed has shattered your souls a few dozen times, and is surrounding your souls with bullets.

“Now, DIE!”

A ding happens. The souls have rebelled, despite them supposing to not remember through load events.

“What? I-I’ll just-”

In the bottom right of your vision, you could see a “LOAD failed”. 
“My powers… where are they?”

The souls come out, and circle Flowey.

“NO! You’re supposed to obey me!”

The power of the souls is blinding. Suddenly, you and Frisk find yourselves in the barrier room, with a very beat-up Flowey.

“It’s your call on what to do to him. I couldn’t care less what happens to the weed.” you inform Frisk.

She chooses Spare. Of course she does.

The weed is resisting spare attempts.

“I just can’t understand!”

*Flowey ran away.

You turn to Frisk, who is looking at the doorway. She goes through it. Without thinking, you follow as well.

The light is blinding to you. Suddenly, you find yourself on a cliff, the sun still high in the sky. Quickly summoning some bones, you make a makeshift sundial. According to the books, it is roughly five-o’clock in the afternoon. You hear a crashing sound, and you turn. Seems like your fight with the weed temporarily disabled the barrier enough for the two of you to exit. And it has now been re-erected.

“Frisk, are we…” you started, but couldn’t finish. All your family, all your friends. Trapped behind the barrier. Sure, you could return, but you’d rather not have to leave Frisk behind. So you decide to start your way down, Frisk numbly following behind. Soon after, the trail leads to what you’d assume to be a campground, with a few cabins. But hell if you knew what that was. If
things operated up here similarly to the Underground, then you’d have to pay for a fee.

You really felt like a fish out of water here. A boy, living in the Underground all his life, up here where the air is fresher, and space for everything.

“Hey, what are you kids doing here?” someone asks. A large man approaches.

“Oh, nothing really. Just having a look around.” you reply.

“Well, there is,” he licks his lips, “a fee,” he messes with what you think to be a belt, “to pay.”

You notice that he is staring hungrily at Frisk. You step in front of her. Nothing good ever comes out from that.

“I’m sorry, but my friend and I have to leave.” you quickly say, grabbing Frisk’s hand, to which she follows with no hesitation. An arm grabs your shoulder.

“I wasn’t asking.” he states.

“Leave us, or things get ugly.” you simply reply.

He seems to be amused at the thought. “And what, do you think you can take on a grown man?”

You sigh. Well, this isn’t going anywhere. You summon up all your energy, and turn his soul blue, slamming him into the nearest tree. He is instantly winded.

“How did you…?”

You cut him off. “Leave, or things get more ugly than they already are.”

He seems to be contemplating it, but refuses.
“Well, I’ve reached the end of my patience. Guess I’ll have to release the pups on you.” you inquire.

“Hah! What do you think pups will be able to do to me?”

“This.” you simply state, waving your hand, and instantly summon two Aster Blasters. He shrieks like a girl. You release him from your magic.

“Now run, before my pups tear you to shreds.”

He starts running, which is more like light jogging due to his size. You turn to Frisk.

‘You didn’t have to do that.’ she signs.

‘Yeah well if I didn’t, things would have turned out worse, for both you and me. Now, let’s just camp here for the night. I don’t think he’ll come back after that.”

‘Won’t your Blasters do more harm than good?’

“No, since they’re linked to my soul, they have orders to only scare off, not kill.” you state.

The two of you decide to just camp out. The man has left quite a good supply for the two of you. But you can’t stop wondering about your friends and family under your feet. It has been quite some time since you left, and it is now night time out. You gasp, having never seen stars before, not look-alikes.

Suddenly Frisk’s phone rings. Frisk answers it. You notice that the speaker to talk is busted, so you can’t reply.
“heya, it has been a while, hasn’t it? guess i’ll leave a message. the queen returned, so there’s that. she instated a new policy, that no humans shall be brought to harm. it sucks that roman isn’t here right now. recordings show that you and he went to asgore, and soon after left.”

“SANS! WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?”

“oh, nobody.”

“REALLY? I’D LIKE TO TALK TO THEM TOO! WAIT, I RECOGNIZE THIS NUMBER! HUMAN! I HAVE GREAT NEWS! I AM NOW HEAD OF THE ROYAL GUARD! IT IS EVERYTHING I’VE DREAMED OF! EXCEPT INSTEAD OF FIGHTING HUMANS, WE WATER FLOWERS. STILL THAT’S GOOD!”

“Hey, who’re you talking to Papyrus?”

“THE HUMAN!”

“Oh, let me on!”

“DON’T NOOGIE THE SKELETON!”

“Hey punk! I’ve got a job at the queen’s new school. Did you know I can bench-press seven children? Awesome, RIGHT? I am also a lab assistant to Alphys. It is AWESOME, but she seems to have become more reclusive since you left. Uh, anyways, I know you fought Asgore, but, you were just doing what you had to do. I miss the big guy. And Roman as well. The queen is doing her best to not let us give up hope. Hey, that reminds me… Toriel? Huh, she’s busy.”

“BUT IF SHE KNEW WHO WE WERE TALKING TO…”

“We wouldn’t get the phone back in ages!”

“oh, whoops the phone is almost out of batteries. guess we’ll have to cut this call short.”
“BYE!”

“How about you, Chara?”

“See ya later, punk!”

“bye, and if you are there roman, don’t give up. stay determined, like the human.”

The line goes dead. And it is just you and Frisk. You look up, and stare into the fire you’ve made. Suddenly, Flowey pops up.

“Why? Why did you spare me? And why did you make all these good friends, just to toss them aside?”

The flower seems to be thinking.

“Perhaps… there is another way to get a happy ending. Just load your SAVE file, and go visit Dr. Alphys. Perhaps you could’ve been better friends with her. Well, see you around, Chara.”

He burrows into the ground.

You look at Frisk. She seems to be seriously considering “loading”.

“Maybe we should wait for the morning to do it. We could use some rest.”

You turn to use the radio.

“ In other news, a local man was seen earlier being chased by huge skulls, occasionally firing what appears to be lasers coming from their mouths-”

“ Load now, please.”

Chapter End Notes
I ship Froman hard.
Chaos in SAVEing

Chapter Summary

Battle and Barrier stuff.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You find yourself back in the barrier room. Sheesh, you should’ve called off your blaster after chasing that man off for awhile, but that was intensely funny. You decide to just leave, notifying Asgore that you were gonna head out for a bit. He doesn’t mind, as long as you return sometime with Frisk ready to fight. You know he isn’t ready to fight, but after seeing the surface in that way, you aren’t really eager to return, especially if that man is there.

You find Frisk outside the Throne Room, a determined expression on her face.

“Hey, you heading to see Alphys?” you ask her.

‘Yes I am. Want to join me?’

You nod. Through the Judgement Hall and New Home you go. Until you approach the Resort. That is when you get a call. Undyne calls Frisk about something, and to come by your house. You two approach the river person, and take a ride to Snowdin.

“Tra la la… hmmm, some say matters are best left for later.”

You and Frisk look at each other, confused expressions on both your features. Finally, you get to the Snowdin pier-dock thing. However, as you step off the boat, you get a call.

“Hello? Is this Aster?” the mystery person asks.

“Well it depends on which Aster you are speaking you.” you reply.
“Wait, is this the wrong number?”

“Yeah, but-”

“Oh, it’s the wrong number, the wrong number song. We’re very very sorry we got it wrong. Oh, it’s the wrong number, the wrong number song. We’re very very sorry we got it wrong.” and with that, there is a click. You are pretty sure it was meant for your father.

Finally, you reach the house. You don’t see Undyne out here, so you assume she is inside. You hear a faint popping sound, and turn to see your father has arrived home.

“Hey dad!” you greet him.

“Oh hey Roman! What are you… doing…” he starts, but sees who you have in tow.

‘Hello Dr. Aster. It is finally nice to meet you.’ Frisk signs.

His eye socket twitches a bit. But he sees that you are with her, so he knows better.

“It is nice to meet you too, human.”

‘It is really cold out here, mind if I come in?’

“Oh, sure, I don’t exactly mind much. Any friend of my sons are a friend of mine.” he replies.

Frisk smiles up at him, and enters the house. However, he halts you before you get inside.

“Roman, I hope you know what they are doing. I nearly Fell Down when I heard you got past the barrier.”

“Sorry, dad.” you mumble, rubbing your neck bashfully. He sighs.
“It has been far too long since I’ve been topside. Tell me: how have things been up there in your short stint up there?”

You shrug. “Nothing much. Met a large human. Acted like we “owed” him for stumbling upon his camping area, by the way, ew. Sent a couple blasters his way to scare him off. We decided to try to stay ‘til the morning, but unfortunately that was on the news.”

He chuckled a bit. “Figures. Now, let’s come inside, before you freeze. Well, anymore than you already are.”

You grab the doorknob, and enter. Frisk has been waiting patiently for you. Seems she has been waiting for you before getting what you need from Undyne. Suddenly, Undyne appears, apparently trying to learn how to cook better.

“‘Sup punk? Here, I have been wanting you to give a letter to Alphys, but… Hotland SUCKS, so I can’t exactly deliver it myself. I might see you later, or not, DEPENDING on if I can manage to NOT burn the house down this time.”

Undyne gives Frisk the letter. You stand up, and leave with Frisk.

One boat ride later, you and Frisk are at the Hotland Lab. The door lacks a slot, so you suggest sliding it underneath the door. You could’ve just teleported through, but… you don’t like spoilers. You could hear Alphys mumbling through the door about opening it, and suddenly you hear a chainsaw going. Finally, the door opens.

“W-whoever you are…” Alphys starts, before seeing it is you and Frisk. You give a simple wave. “O-oh, did you write this?” she directs to Frisk, and shows the letter.

All it is is a big heart with “I love you” in the middle. Way to go for subtlety, Undyne.

“Th-that’s so adorable. H-hey, I know! Let’s go on a date!” she finishes.
*One date with Alphys later*

You are on your way to the lab once again. When you entered the area where you knew a dummy was, however, someone was calling. Papyrus was calling Frisk. You listened in, about how Alphys went back to the lab after ending their jog shortly, and you felt something was off about how he spoke. Never have you once hear him say “howdy”, and he sounded nervous and unsure, which is only when in the presence of Undyne when giving reports.

You shrug the thought off. Papyrus has always been doing weird things. Papyrus will be Papyrus.

Another boat ride later, you arrive at the Lab. However, Alphys wasn’t there, and the elevator door opened on its own, which it normal never does. There is a note on the floor in front.

> I have had my own problems for a long time. You have all helped, and I want to be a better person. I need to solve these problems on my own. If... if you wish to find the truth, then go to the door directly beside this note. Only I and Roman know, and he will be able to tell you more. I might not make it back. If I don’t, then know I don’t want to be afraid anymore.

Frisk looks at you, concern laced on her features. ‘What does she mean?’

You gesture to the elevator. “Why not you look for yourself?”

The two of you enter the elevator. It starts descending. However, it stops abruptly. Then it drops like a rock. Luckily with you being part skelly, you use blue magic to slow your descent to a leisurely pace. Finally, it touches down at base. The door opens. It appears the power has been cut out.

You and Frisk follow the hallway, with Frisk reading the entries of Project: Willpower. She seems intrigued by the potential, but quickly turns frightened when meeting some Memoryheads.

“COME JOIN THE FUN!” they said.

“No.” you simply state.
“OH WELL.” it states. Frisk looks at you.

‘What were those?’

“Memoryheads. They practically feast off of bad memories. They seem particularly drawn to you though. Do you have any bad memories you care to share?”

She frantically shakes her head no.

“Then let’s get going.” you state.

After feeding some of the amalgamates, you decide you’d like to take a short nap. Frisk decides to join you. Watchingman shows up. Frisk seems frightened, but you calm her down. It pulls the covers over the two of you. Finally, it seems you and Frisk are finally nodding off. Into the darkness you go.

The two of you wake up, feeling refreshed. Your phone seems to be buzzing like crazy. Frowning, you unlock it and take a look at Undernet. You instantly redden at the sight.

alphys: OMG! this is sooo adorable! (link here)

You click on the link, and instantly become redder than Frisk’s soul. It is a picture of you and Frisk snuggling together in the bed.

JustRomanAround: oh my gosh Alphys why?!

alphys: you two are just sooo adorable together! ^w^
alphys: plus the whole underground needs to know!

JustRomanAround: i just hope dad doesn’t see that.

Asternaut: Too late. Already seen. Now I can see why Alphys ships the two of you. You have my permission, by the way.

JustRomanAround: daaaaaad!

COOLSKELETON95: WOWIE BROTHER! LOOKS LIKE THE HUMAN DID SETTLE FOR SECOND BEST!

JustRomanAround: … i think i’m going to dust now from embarrassment.

You put your phone away, and see Frisk blushing furiously. She has already seen the picture, and the subsequent conversation. You also notice some of the lights have flickered on, though it is still quite dark. You get off the bed, Frisk following behind. Alphys is sitting by some of the flower vessels, obviously enamored in the results of her picture.

“Did you really have to post that picture to the Undernet?”

“Yes I did have to. The two of you were just lying there. Oh, by the way, did you finish feeding the amalgamates?”

You don’t question her lack of stuttering.

“Yes I did. And I believe you owe them an explanation about Project: Willpower, for posting that incriminating photo on the internet. Seriously, I don’t think I can face looking into dad’s eye sockets again.”

“Ehehe, so, t-that’s how it’s gonna b-be? W-well this is what happened…”
You and Frisk decide to take the secondary elevator back up. Someone calls Frisk, and suddenly you and Frisk are up in New Home. One long walk later, and you are back at the barrier room. Asgore is in. A fight starts, but is quickly ended by another goat monster. Soon, Undyne, Papyrus, Sans, and even your father have come to stop the fight. Frisk doesn’t have to leave yet, according to them.

Suddenly, Flowey appears, and takes all the monster’s souls from the underground. One blinding light later, and in front of you is none other than Asriel Dreemurr.

Everything goes rainbows. If you were a human, you’d bet this is what “drugs” is like. After attempting to eat the universe, Asriel turns into something that resembles the Delta Rune. After awhile, Frisk starts “calling” out for the “lost souls”, mainly you, apparently consisting of your family, Alphys and Undyne, and the goat lady that calls herself Toriel, with Asgore. SAVEing people is hard. Soon after, Asriel starts feeling again. It sure looks painful. You can’t imagine what it is to be like without a soul.

Finally, the barrier is destroyed. For good. You and Frisk hug Asriel, you telling him that things will be okay. The two of you fall unconscious shortly after.

“Frisk! Child! This is all just a bad dream! Please, wake up!”

You and Frisk slowly come around.

“It sure looks that the two of you had quite the sleep.” Toriel says.

“The barrier has been destroyed. I have called off the war.” Asgore says.
“Perhaps you’d like to go around and meet all the people you’ve met?” Toriel says.

Frisk nods. She starts walking around. Toriel, having finally realized you for some reason, and steps up to you.

“I don’t believe we have officially met. My name is Toriel. Tell me: have I ever met you before? I feel like I would have, as there are no other ways into the Underground that another human has ever been able to enter.”

“I was born down here. My dad has been taking care of me since my mom came down here some years ago.”

Something dawns on Toriel’s face, apparently. “How long ago did your mother fall down ago, would you know?”

“I don’t know, but according to dad she has been down here since she was about a few months old. Why?”

Toriel seems to have started to tear up. “… I haven’t seen her in so long. She was living with me for around twenty years, before she disappeared one night. I had been wondering what had happened to her every night since. I feared she may have had her soul taken.”

It was at this time that your father speaks up.

“I found her outside the Ruins one night when I was checking the cameras. Had I not been Royal Scientist at the time and checking the cameras, her soul would have been taken, and we wouldn’t be in this situation. Luckily, she was willing in helping me with one of my most top-secret experiments: seeing if it is possible to have a half human, half monster child. I believe she basically fell in love with me the moment she saw I meant no harm. After some testing, she was able to have a child. Though that cost her her very soul. I did not know at the time that it was taking magic from her very soul in order for him to grow and develop. Her soul was on the brink of shattering by the time my son came into the world. In some of her last moments before her soul shattered, she whispered that it was all worth it.”

Toriel shuddered, obviously trying not to cry.
“And it seems all that is left of the woman who once called me mother, is this child.”

You nod solemnly.

Suddenly, you feel vibrating in your pockets. Digging out your phone, you take it and unlock it.

alphys: OMG! I finally have a ship name for the human and Roman! “Froman”!

You shake your head, trying and failing to repress a groan. You turn to face Toriel.

“Looks like Frisk is coming back Grandma!” you yell, then quickly slap your hand over your mouth. Toriel only seems to chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” you insist.

“Oh, it’s nothing. After all, it does make sense.”

“So, you’d be fine me calling you grandma?” you say.

“Only if you insist upon it.”

Yeah, it would be nice.

Frisk comes darting into view. ‘Let’s go!’

You chuckle. “Okay Frisk, let’s go.”
The two of you enter the remains of the barrier, and step into the sunlight. It seems to finally be sunset outside. You and Frisk head out, her being determined as ever.

Chapter End Notes

Froman full steam ahead anybody?
The sunset was beautiful (again went unmentioned between you and Frisk). It was only the nine of you on the cliff. Asgore, Toriel, Sans, Papyrus, your father, Alphys, and Undyne. With you and Frisk beside one another.

“This is the start of a good new future. Frisk, you’ve helped us more than anyone else could have. Would you mind becoming our ambassador?” Asgore asked. Frisk just nodded eagerly.

“And Roman, since you are the most human-like monster, would you mind being the aid to our new ambassador?” Asgore asked you.

You shrugged. “Not like I’ve got anything else to do. I’ll be the best aid.”

“WHILE FRISK AND ROMAN WILL BE THE BEST AMBASSADORS, I WILL BE THE GREATEST MASCOT!” Papyrus exclaims. He then runs off, presumably to meet some humans.

“Sans, can you please keep an eye on your brother?” your father requests. Sans shrugged.

“welp, someone should keep him out of trouble.” Sans states, before taking a path completely away from Papyrus’ direction. You turn away. His shortcuts sure need weird requirements like going the opposite direction. That’s just plain weird.

“Hey Papyrus, wait!” Undyne calls after Papyrus, with Alphys trailing behind shortly after. It is just you, Frisk, your father, Asgore and Toriel left.

“Whoops.” Asgore simply says. Toriel gives him the stink-eye, and he hurries off, leaving only the four of you left.
“Well, I suppose we should get going then.” Toriel says with finality. She turns to see you and Frisk leaving, leaving only her and Dr. Aster standing there. Dr. Aster clears his non-existent throat.

“You know, Toriel, you are always welcome to be with me and my family. Since my youngest son would technically be your grandson, by proxy that means you are part of the family, for better or worse. And I’m sure Frisk would make sure to visit all of us,” he says, before gaining a confused look on his face “which I wonder where they would live. I’m pretty sure they have someplace else to go, but I am not sure.”

Toriel just keeps standing, unmoving. “I’m sure they must have someplace to go…”

The two stand there for just a bit longer, before deciding they should be joining the others.

A few months went by since that day. You and Frisk were the first to contact any humans luckily, as you feared Papyrus’ appearance might be a little jarring of what many humans would fear.

Luckily you and Frisk remembered where the campground on your last “journey” was, and you luckily stumbled on a campground that apparently had some important and influential people, who had come to Mt. Ebott to see if whatever legend they heard about was true.

You and Frisk quickly introduced yourselves to the mystery person, who turned out to be a very famous local celebrity. You doubt they’d be more popular than Mettaton though, as humans seem to be quite obsessed with machines and robots. The celebrity seemed very intrigued about the existence of monsters and magic. They seemed to be quite excited to meet some monsters, though nobody needed to know that you were part monster, though.

The celebrity got in contact with the right authorities, and next thing you know the two of you were face to face with what was called a “mayor”. You knew something about mayors being leaders of towns, but that is all you can get from who was known as the “politics bear” of Snowdin.
Frisk introduced herself, with you translating for her. The “politicians”, as they were called, were confused about how there was an ancient race beneath their feet the entire time. You and Frisk started negotiations on rights and integration of monsters into society. Despite technically being half-monster, they still saw you as fully human.

Some “legislation” later, and monsters now have basic rights. Some stuff went right over your head, and before you knew it, monsters were finally allowed out into the world. Though they were restricted from anywhere outside the base of the mountain, most monsters seemed eager to see the sun for themselves. You and Frisk were a dynamic duo.

It took a week for laws to get through so that monsters can get their own homes and businesses, but in the end, it was all worth it.

During the processes of diplomacy, your father had managed to get that data from the void decryptions started. It turned out the information was an endless wireless transmission from another universe, having gone through what your father called the “True Void”.

“What is the True Void?” you had asked.

“Well, my boy, you remember when I was trapped in the void for some time after I fell into the CORE, right?”

“Yeah?” you asked, not sure where this was going.

“Well it turns out that this universe, and others like it, are surrounded in what we know as “the void”. But if there was only a single void for the entire multiverse, then by the multiverse theory there would be an infinite number of myself in the void, and I am sure as heck that I was the only one in there, so that got me wondering: what if there was another layer of the void, surrounding each world’s void?”

“Wouldn’t it also mean that there would be a certain amount of worlds that are encompassed within our void, if the physics and timelines are close enough to stick close to us?”

“Exactly. I also theorize that if anything were to be pulled through the “True Void”, their souls would be inevitably changed by the nature of it.”
“Like a computer screen glitch of the soul?”

“Yes, Roman. Now let’s see what is in these data files.”

Your father typed up some commands, and started displaying the data on the screen. It appeared to be of a website, its web address listing it as “Archive of our Own”. You quickly check the human internet, and find there is no trace of this “Archive of our Own” in this universe.

Your father’s eye sockets widened when he saw the web description.

“It looks like this site’s purpose from its home universe is what Alphys would do for “fanfictions”.”

A single link was available. “Undertale (Video Game)”. Your father clicked on the link, and gasped. You were looking at thousands of fanfictions of an “Undertale” video game. And spookily enough, a lot of links in it had mentions of all your friends. Asgore, Toriel, Sans, Papyrus, Alphys, Undyne, and Frisk were the main ones.

“Egads, this is astonishing! It appears that this data is coming from a universe where our entire existence is nothing more than a video game.” your father exclaimed.

“Can you check out some of the stories? I’d like to see what the contents of some of these stories are.” you mentioned.

“Sure, why not? As long as this stays secret to the Aster family, and Aster family only, things will proceed smoothly.”

“Why not tell everyone?”

“Because, if word got out that this universe is based off a video game and reads this stuff, then people will become detached to reality. No, I’d rather keep this to ourselves. Nothing but us can see this.”

Your father clicked on a random story, and you decide to just lounge on the bed. Some chapters of
reading later, you hear him muttering death threats under his non-existent breath. Some time later again, he shouts in anger.

“That fool, how dare he do that to such children?!”

“What’s going on?” you question.

“This story! That version of me is not a Dadster, he is a Meanster!”

“Woah, calm down there. What is that story about?”

“It is something to do with an “AU”, standing for Alternate Universe, called “Handplates”. It is a universe in which that version of me has created Sans and Papyrus, instead of through natural skeleton means, for the sole purpose of destroying the barrier. That version of me did everything wrong, and he just seems very arrogant for it. Testing very cruel and painful. Thank the stars I never had any chance at any point in this universe to do such things.”

“And where was I in this story?” you questioned.

He averted his sockets, and looked mournful. “I don’t believe you are in any of these stories. I checked everywhere once in a while, but you aren’t in any of them, which leads me to believe that you technically only exist in this instance of universe due to the unique circumstances surround your birth. I’m sorry.”

That explanation didn’t faze you at all. You’ve heard worse. “I’m just happy I exist in any universe.”

This seemed to brighten him up, at least a bit. “In your name, I promise you Roman, if any of these bad versions of me, known as Gasters strangely enough, try hurting you over your very existence, I will, as Sans would put it, “dunk” them.

“did i hear my name?” you hear Sans call out, and he took a shortcut into the room.

“Yes you did Sans, and I would like a second pair of eye sockets to see what I am seeing. This is information of a website from another universe, about our universe being a video game, and-”
“i think i get the idea dad. let me have a look.” Sans stated, then took your father’s place at the computer. A few chapters later, and his eyelights have disappeared.

“i-i can’t believe - you-”

“Calm down Sans. That isn’t me, or at least this me. You can dunk them later.”

“promise me?”

“Only if you don’t become anymore boneheaded about it. Anyways, why make people promise when you don’t promise yourself?”

Sans snorted at the joke.

“time loops and whatnot. frisk said she’d not care about what i do. well then that means i can dunk anyone from any universe, without repercussions. No one will ever dare take my only family away. ”

You look at Sans for a bit, and before he could do anything drastic (like building a voidship or something else like it), you click on a random tag, taking the webpage to something known as “PTA Sans”. Sans’ eye sockets widen at the name, and chooses a random story.

It is a few chapters in and Sans has noped the heck out of that story.

“So Sans, what is PTA Sans like?” you question him.

“basically it is about me having to attend a parent-teacher association meeting for frisk in place of tori, and she has me fill in for her.”

“And…?” you push. Sans has a light cyan blush forming.
“it turns out tori and i are in a relationship in these kinds of stories. and before you ask, i have no intentions of having a relationship with her like that at all. however, i kinda hope this is one of those universes, as the main concept of it is me “dunking” suburban rich moms who apparently hate or discriminate against monsters. and when it says “dunking”, it means i dunk them with my knowledge.” Sans stops and thinks a bit. “also, i’d like to keep reading the concepts of these stories, in case this happens to be one of those universes.”

You nod understandably. “Though instead of going for Frisk, you’ll have to go in place of Dad.”

Your father nods. “I don’t expect these “meetings” would be what many humans say to be, “my cup of tea”.”

“Move over, I’d like to check on some stories.”

“Alright babybones.” Sans says, his smile stretching into a more smirk-like shape.

“I’m not a babybones anymore! I’m ten!” you pouted. Your father chuckled, and forced Sans out of the chair. A few moments of clicking around, and you’ve found yourself at the “Underfell AU”.

From what you understand, Underfell is basically an AU where the whole “Kill or be Killed” thing was true in the Underground. Usually lovable monsters like Papy were full of LOVE, and killed each other. You were in the middle of reading a particularly interesting bit when Frisk decided to enter the room.

‘What are you boneheads looking at?’ she signed, smirking.

“Oh, nothing.” you state, slightly blushing. It turns out in this story, Frisk has a hard time getting through the underground, as everyone kills her. Though in this story Frisk is a boy, which puts to the reasoning that not every Frisk identifies as the same gender, at least biologically.

“J-just leave.” you squeak out. She puts her hands on her hips, then brings them back up to sign.

‘Why? Do you have a bone to pick with me?’ she asks, wiggling her eyebrows. You blush deeper. Not wanting her to see you get any blusher, you quickly take a grip on her soul, and launch her safely onto the couch outside the door, the entire way squealing in delight. A few
seconds later, she comes running up the stairs, signing ‘again, again!’

“no can do, frisky. if i didn’t know any better, it is late, and you should be going to bed. maybe even take roman with you…”

“Saaans!” you whimper. He chuckles.

come on, i know a shortcut.” Sans says, then takes her home. Wherever that may be, you don’t know.

“I could see you like Frisk, Roman.” your father says.

“Daaad!” you whimper.

“In any case, should you get, ahem, closer to her, your human biology would be compatible with hers, and-”

“Daaad! I do not wish to talk about that stuff. We are too young for that, anyways.”

“Yes you are young for that talk, but not later.”

“hey, did you go tease him for me dad?”

“Yes, I think your brother is quite smitten with our ambassador, aren’t you Roman.”

“I-I will not comment on t-that.”

“heh, looks like you really wanna bone her, don’tcha?”

“Sans! Corner for that kind of talk!” you say.
“okay.” Sans says, then he goes to the corner. You look at your father.

“I think I want to turn to dust right now from embarrassment.” you whisper.

Papyrus came home later, and was informed of the news regarding you and Frisk.

“GASP! I KNEW YOU AND FRISK WOULD LIKELY GET TOGETHER OFFICIALLY! HAVE THE TWO OF YOU CANOODLED AS OF YET BESIDES IN THAT BED ONE TIME?”

“PAPYRUS! CORNER!” you yell.

“NYEH?”

Chapter End Notes

True Void comes from an idea by my brother and I.

Anyone else shipping Froman hard?
“Okay. Now repeat after me: no magic unless it is a life or dust situation.” your father says.

“No magic unless it is a life or dust situation. Got it.” you reply. It was you and Frisk’s first day of school. He had come to see you off on your first day. Luckily it was only the first day of the new school year, so you wouldn’t be missing anything.

It was an all-human school, though you had been permitted to enroll due to “being human”, whatever that means. At least you would be with Frisk.

“Goodbye dad.” you say, hugging him. He hugs you back.

‘Good luck at that new job Dr. Aster.’ Frisk signs to him.

Your father had gotten numerous job offers, after it was found out about his expertise in constructing projects like the CORE. Fortunately for you, you received most of his genius, so if this school were to have what humans called “science fairs”, it is a guarantee you will win. You will show the true meaning of scientific justice.

You and Frisk are escorted to your classroom. It was a normal size classroom, with bookshelves and desks. Nothing like in Snowdin. It appears you are some of the late-comers, by before-school standards. Mostly everybody is milling about the room, talking. You and Frisk decide to keep to yourselves. People start noticing you and Frisk. You check the roster of who is supposed to be in here, to be sure. Yes you are.

You hear people mentioning about you and Frisk. The two of you have been on national television for quite some time. You hear some people mentioning that you and Frisk “look like the most cute duo”.

You
“I ship Froman!” one boy whisper-yells.

Great. Someone other than Alphys shipped the two of you. Guess it isn’t as hidden as you’d like. You ignore him. You were a skeleton with very high standards, as Papyrus once told you.

Finally, the bell rings. People are sitting in some assigned seats. Luckily you and Frisk are right next to each other in the back row, towards one of the corners. That is just the way you like it, in this situation.

A blonde, middle-aged woman walks in. You hear some panicked whispers. From what you can garner, this teacher has been a piece of work in the past. Something is trying to click in your mind, but it is failing. Like trying to put in a USB drive, it will take some time to click in place.

“Hello class.” she says. A few students mumbled, and new teacher doesn’t seem to like it.

“Let’s try this again. Hello.”

This time most people in the class said hello, except you and Frisk. You weren’t in the mood to say anything, and you didn’t like being demanded of anything.

“Now, I am Linda Evans, so call me Mrs. Evans. You got that?”

Most people mumbled in assuration, but you didn’t pay any attention, for the USB drive that is your mind suddenly clicked into place.

Linda Evans. Middle-aged blonde. Said to be a very difficult person. Oh my stars. Sans just got his wish for this universe aligning with the stars. PTA Sans just might work out in this universe, after all, assuming she is just as bad in this universe as any other of her equivalent parallel selves.

“Now class, when I call your name, introduce yourself, and tell where you came from. Got that?” she practically demanded.

“Yes ma’am.” the class rings out.
One by one, each student introduces themselves. You pay absolutely no attention to them. It doesn’t matter to you, anyways. You were hoping Toriel would have her school finished by now, but humans were giving her a bad time with acquiring the proper permits and stuff. Finally, you were next in line for introducing yourself.

“I’m Roman Aster, and I come from Snowdin Town.” you say in a monotone voice. Her face scrunches up at the mention of your name.

“Roman… Aster? Why on God’s good earth are you named after two fonts? And Snowdin Town? Have you been living under a rock? You must be lying. I’ve traveled the world, and never had I come across any “Snowdin Town”.”

“First off, I’m named that because my dad is a skeleton monster, and skeletons are traditionally named after fonts. Second, yes, Snowdin Town does exist, it’s just that humans aren’t allowed in the Underground where it is located, apart from Frisk. I lived in the town in the Underground. It is, as its name implies, a snowed-in town. As great of a king as Asgore is, he is terrible at names.” you explain. You realize you went a little overboard in your explanation, but eh, you can’t really care.

“I believe no monster should be able to take care of human children. It is affront to God Himself.”

“And I don’t care what you believe in, anyways.” you mumble.

She seemed to be brimming with anger, but forces a smile. “Frisk?”

‘I’m Frisk Wagner, and I come from Lancaster’ Frisk signs. Mrs. Evans’ face immediately scrunches up in disgust. Apparently the teacher doesn’t watch the news, for she would have needed to prepare for a mute student.

“She says her name is Frisk, and she comes from Lancaster.” you translate. Mrs. Evans ignores you.

“I’m sorry. Say that again.” Mrs. Evans demands. Frisk starts signing again, but Mrs. Evans steps up to Frisk and stops her hands.
“I need to hear that voice of yours.” she demands. Frisk whimpers a bit.

“You don’t understand. She *can’t* talk.” you state. The class gasps. Apparently in all her years teaching, nobody has ever stood up to her like that.

“*Can’t*, or *won’t*?” she dares you.

“Both. And why not just let me translate? I know Hands very well.” you declare.

“Hands?” she questions.

“Hands, ASL, whatever.”

“Well in the real world, she can’t just keep flapping her hands around like some kind of animal.”

“Yeah, well how would you like it if I slashed at your larynx so you can’t talk like a person? You’d have to resort to “flapping hands like animals” as you so eloquently put it.”

Mrs. Evans sputters. “A-are you threating me?” she demands. You only close your eyes.

“Oh no, I’m not threatening you. However, if you keep going the way you are…” you open your eyelids, only for there to be voids instead of eyes. Linda, as you’ll now refer to her, reels back in shock. Not even the brightest light can reach the backs of your sockets.

“You’re gonna have a bad time.” you declare.

The lights quickly flicker off then on, though in that moment of darkness you turn your eyes back to their natural color. Linda appears to have gotten over her shock, and composed herself. She leans in, and whispers into your ear.

“You’ll regret ever saying that, boy. Mark my words.” she says. She returns to the front, and promptly ignores you and Frisk for the rest of the morning.
Lunchtime is finally here. You’ve never had human food before, so this might be an experience. You get the best thing you think is on the menu. Apparently this school serves the same things everyday, to “lower costs” or something. Never anything different. From what you’ve observed, it has the five main food groups for humans. You’ve read some of the lesser-damaged parts of health books that came from Waterfall.

You get the spaghetti. It looks edible. You take a cautious bite. Your eyes widen. This food isn’t disappearing, like you are used to.

“What is this feeling?” you whisper to Frisk. She takes a look at you, and has a fit of giggles. Curse her and her adorable laugh. Wait, did you really think that? Ugh, at this rate you’d be dust before you get home.

‘Human food has to be digested and stuff, with some stuff coming out of this.” she signs, patting her bottom, to indicate where it comes out from. You practically gag when you realize where it comes out from. Looks like you might need to remind someone else of magic origin what eating human food does, as you do not wish to go through with that alone.

You and Frisk are left alone for the most part. You hear whispering from your classmates. One of them walks up to you.

“Hey, you’re the kids who live with monsters, right?” they ask.

“Yeah, why?” you question. You assume Frisk lives somewhere, and she spends so much time in the monster settlements that constantly need help building. She is good at motivating people to do things like that.

“My daddy says monsters should be put back where they belong. And I don’t think he means back underground.”

“Well tell him he could suck a bag of big long ones for all I care.” you reply. Wow, no ten year-old should be using that sort of talk. Of course, you had heard of that stuff while underground, but that should not be coming out of a ten year-old’s mouth.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” the kid says, shrugging and running off to their table.
You turn to Frisk, who just shrugs.

“Where do you live?” you ask her. She freezes, tenses up, and starts to shake. Quite violently. Her chair is starting to make some noise. You realize your mistake and backtrack.

“I mean, you don’t have to if you don’t, or can’t, tell me. I don’t mind either way.” you quickly rectify.

After some coaxing, she manages to calm down enough to finish her meal. The bell rings to signal for lunch to end, and another grade comes to eat shortly. You and Frisk make your way back to your classroom.

It started when you were arguing with Linda about science. She was adamant in her religious affiliation that she tried forcing the class to learn her fanatical ways. The door was practically kicked in, and two people wearing ski masks stomped in, scanning the room. The class was shocked into silence.

“Where are Roman Aster and Frisk Wagner?” one of them asked in an impossibly deep voice. You eyed that they had a sheath, with something like a katana in it. You gulped.

“Back left corner.” Linda says, not turning from the whiteboard since you asked her to explain how her “science” worked out.

The two intruders look at each other, somewhat dumbfounded, before grabbing you and Frisk roughly by your collars.

You are escorted to what they call a gymnasium, where it looks like it was prepared ahead of time. It had cameras, lights and a blank backdrop. There was also a lot of weapons. The people smashed the door, to prevent anyone from coming in and interrupting, and promptly pulls the fire alarm.

Alarms blaring, you and Frisk sit there, scared, and covering your ears. Finally, after a while, you could hear people coming back in.
The intruders take off their masks. They appear to be male and female, though you were raised in the Underground, so you learned to not assume genders.

“Look you little traitors, we have cameras rolling, and ready to take over the nationwide news. When you are live on television, make it known that we will not tolerate these fuckers taking over human lands and jobs. And since you two are the highest and least protected, as contradictory as it sounds, you are to demand that monsters are to return underground forever, or turn to dust. You got it?”

Frisk whimpers. You glare.

“And what if we don’t?” you challenge.

“Then you will die slow, horrible deaths. Got that?”

“Yeah, sure whatever.”

They set up the cameras. They have a television set up nearby, set to a news channel, presumably one where you and Frisk would appear. Suddenly, you see yourself on television. The intruders have taken over the news as they had said.

“People of the country. Monsters. We have your two ambassadors here. If you do not comply with our demands, death and dust for all the monsters and supporters. Aster, tell them.”

You gulp. “I-If you comply, t-there will be d-dust. T-this isn’t w-worth our freedom. S-so return to the U-underground. T-they will k-kill any who d-dare oppose.”

“You heard the kid. However, one of them is not coming out of here alive. And I pick the boy.”

Your eyes widen in fear. No, you were too young to die! Too much injustice and science to let go!

One of them put on a different mask, and unsheathes their blade from the sheath. You were right
in assuming it was a katana. You assume it was the woman who had it. She walks up to you, and forces you onto your knees.

*Stab! Hit! 22678 damage!*

She impaled you in where your heart is. Her killing intent is pure, raw. Your HP whittled away, down to nothing. She had single-handedly taken out your entire HP in a single hit, and a bit overkill. She withdraws her katana from your chest, examining the lack of blood. She lifts her mask, then looks at you suspiciously.

“What? You ain’t even gonna bleed for us? Boy, what a shame!” she exclaims. You were struggling to breathe however, which was pointless as you were going to dust anyways. You were curled up, gasping.

You just hope Sans is watching, for if he isn’t, he won’t get any closure over your death, at least if Frisk doesn’t load her SAVE file. He might send the monsters back underground if she doesn’t load, but at least he will be satisfied.

With your final moments, you whisper words he himself hoped would never be uttered. At least the cameras are still rolling.

“Vindica, me.” you whisper. You hope to the stars that he is watching.

You take one last breath, and you spread out, unmoving.

*You crumbled into dust.*

Chapter End Notes

Anyone mad at me? I just had a kid killed on live television.
Chaos in Perspective

Chapter Summary

Different perspectives from other people.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Wingdings Aster was proud of many things. One of those things was designing and building the CORE. Another was managing to create a fusion of monster and human, resulting in a child. He remembered how many human-monster couples back in the day tried for children. The pregnancies succeeded, but the child always resulted in what is known as “stillborn”. He was very relieved when he found that you were the first ever child successfully born and living.

However, his experiment was a pyrrhic victory, for he lost his position of Royal Scientist for failing to bring the final human to him. To this day, he was proud of what he had accomplished, even as he lost his job. But things will never stop being bad for anyone of the Aster family. Dr. Aster was walking the hallways of his new workplace when it happened.

“Hey, new guy, check this out.” one of his new coworkers called out to him from the break room. Curious, he stepped in, and fixed his eyelights onto the television. He gasped, and there you were. You were supposed to be in school, for crying out loud! What were you doing on television?

Suddenly, he sensed something wrong, coming from your soul. Boss monsters always had a connection to their children, and unfortunately since his Fallen wife was just a normal skeleton monster, Sans and Papyrus were born as normal monsters, though that didn’t stop Sans from dusting upon taking fatal damage, he presumes.

Someone appeared onscreen, with what he recognized from one of Alphys’ many animes to be a katana. Fear gripped his soul. What were they planning to do to you? The answer came not two seconds later, when the person impaled you in the heart.

“No!” Dr. Aster cried out, despite knowing only those in the room could hear him, though he didn’t care at the moment.

“What? You ain’t even gonna bleed for us? Boy, what a shame!” the person said, whipping off your dust from the sword. You looked at the screen, curled up, obviously having trouble breathing.
“Vindica, me.” you whispered. You took one last shuddering breath, then spread out, unmoving.

You crumbled into dust, only your soul showing. Dr. Aster turned off the television. He was trembling like there was a massive earthquake going on right underneath him.

“Dude, what’s your problem?”

He took a breath, then looked into his coworkers’ eyes.

“T-they t-took my s-son away from m-me.” he hissed out, though barely above a whisper. His work and pride, you, taken from him in the blink of an eye. He only wished your soul would persist long enough for you to be regrown.

Fate was not kind to Dr. Aster, as he prepared to leave. He was about to shortcut to the school, when he felt it. The shattering of your soul. The last of what was you, disappearing, like an explosion happening. His last and greatest achievement, gone like dust in the wind. He had lost all hope. Stumbling like a drunkard, he made his way to one of the chairs in the break room, and collapsed onto one of the tables, Fallen Down.

Depending on how much hope was lost, it could take anywhere from a couple hours to days for a monster to finally dust from Falling. Fate sure was cruel to his family, for he only was Fallen for a minute before turning to dust. His soul, dulled from all the lost hope, shuddered sadly for only a moment, before shattering, just leaving soul fragments and dust, from a now broken man, who had lost his pride.

Undyne was at the gym when she heard the news. The television was on, and some news about what was happening at the school you were attending was on. She had stopped when she saw you were being fearful. She thought it was odd, for you never showed fear in front of her.
Hell, when she first met you, she attempted spearing you. Of course, you were shielded by your father, the former Royal Scientist. She screamed at him for “protecting a human”, but what she didn’t expect for him to say was that you were his child, from one of his last experiments. She didn’t believe him until you had accidentally summoned a blaster in front of her. Rather than be freaked out like a normal person, she thought it looked awesome. Of course, the Aster family blasters were a secret, one that only someone from the Aster family could summon.

And you were riding it like it was a freaking dog. Due to your close proximity to your blaster, your soul was visible through your chest, one that was half human, half monster. That got her thinking, maybe if this human-looking child were to help her with Royal Guard stuff, then when a real human came down there, you would be useful in gaining their trust.

She didn’t know what to expect when that person came up to you with a katana in hand. She certainly wasn’t expecting for you to get freaking impaled! If anyone should’ve done it at any point it should have been her! Undyne felt her magic act up. But she forced it down. After all, you were still technically part human, so you should survive most killing intent that would kill even Asgore.

She was turned away when she heard it. The sound of one turning to dust. She never forgot that sound, when the blue human was going through Waterfall, dusting everyone in her path like this was some sort of game. One spear through that brat, and she laid dead. Her magic acted up. She felt… anger. No, not anger. Fury. Pure, unbridled fury.

“Hey, are you Undyne?” someone in all black asked her. The mysterious person was wearing a strange pin.

“YEAH, WHAT DO YOU WANT?!” Undyne screamed. She wasn’t thinking straight. She had to do something now!

“Good. Boys, lock the place down!” the person called out. Undyne was immediately suspicious. She’s seen enough anime to know a bad situation when she sees one. And this is definitely a bad situation.

“What are you doing?” she questioned.

“Well, you see, our boys and girls don’t need freaks in human society. And you, being one of the main guards of the ambassadors, are the first and only threat.” they said. Undyne was too focused on the person in front of her to notice someone behind her. One sword across her back.
Undyne was forced back, into the center of the room. She started to turn to dust.

“Never seen a monster dust before. This should be interesting.” the person in black said.

Undyne was being circled, like a prey of wolf.

“D-damn it. So you managed to get me. J-just like that, I’ve failed.” she said.

“You see, once you’re gone, operations will go get the green light, and all your friends will be sent back to where you belong. Not underground, but death. It will not be long for you.”

Undyne only slouched further, neither dusting nor completely living. Suddenly, she stood up straight, or as straight as any monster could when they are on the verge of dusting.

“No. I-it feels like I am splitting into a million pieces. But something, deep down, I can feel something. A burning feeling, not letting me die.” Undyne stated. She narrowed her eye. “You, if I die, you’ll destroy them all, if they’re in your way. Humans, monsters, everyone. By those nerdy statistics Alphys showed me, a lot of humans support monsters. So if you get rid of me, you’ll kill everyone in your way, whether human or monster.”

The person smirked. “Congratulations. You’ve found out our plans. What are you gonna do about it, dusty?”

“Everyone’s hopes, everyone’s dreams. Vanquished, in an instant. Well I won’t allow that. I can feel everyone in the world’s hearts beating as one. And we have only ONE goal. To defeat YOU and your crummy people. Whomever you are, I, UNDYNE, will strike you down!” Undyne declared.

Suddenly, the room was bathed in a white light, emanating from Undyne herself. A few seconds later, the light went away. Forming in front of everyone was the one, the only, Undyne the Undying. Badass armor with a white heart-spear emblem, a spear glowing from her formerly patched eye, and a spear in her right hand.
“What the HELL?” the leader said.

Undyne only gave a smirk. “You’re gonna have to try a little harder than that!”

Undying proceeded to wipe the floor with the people. Luckily she was the only member of the gym there that day. One person managed to escape her wrath long enough to trigger a timed explosion. That person quickly got a spear through the head. She ran out of the building, not daring to look back as an epic explosion came from behind her. She walked epically to a meeting where Asgore was attending.

She ran, until she got to the location where the location of the meeting was. Undyne gawked, as the building exploded. She had to shield her eyes from the intense light. And from the fires, came a large figure. Asgore. There was dust on his cape, and he had his trident brandished.

“Sir, what happened?” Undyne questioned. She didn’t like where this was going already.

“Those… humans. Killed Toriel. After what happened on television with Roman. Her DEF was lowered, and they took advantage of it. Turns out most of the charts regarding public opinions on monsters were faked. Turns out we only have a smaller percentage than we thought. It’s actually less than ten. And here we were, thinking we were doing well. Well no longer. I am officially declaring war on those who once were claiming peace with us.”

Undyne grumbled, for she thought of the many lives that it would take to win such a war.

“Where is Frisk? She needs to be here, even if her position as ambassador is now useless. She shall be spared of all this. Any human who hasn’t pledged allegiance to the monster’s cause will die. And seeing Frisk freed us all, she is exempt from death, whether she commits or not.”

Undyne initially thought that was good, that her only bestie was gonna live. But she thought all would be for naught if they didn’t have any human souls to help in the fights.

“you’d be surprised.” came a voice from out of nowhere. Sans appeared, clutching an unconscious Frisk.

“Sans! Where were you?” Undyne demanded.
Sans was watching when he watched it. You getting impaled.

He worked security at a business where his laziness would be most useful. He watched in fury as you got impaled.

“*Vindica, me.*” you had whispered. You stopped moving, then crumbled to dust. His eye sockets went void. You had said the words. The words meant to him that he was going to make anyone and everyone pay for what happened. He stood up, then concentrated on the location where you had died. The school. He finds himself in the gymnasium where you had died. He heard a scream.

“NOOO! R-ROMAN!” a scratchy voice said.

Sans knew whose voice that was, even though he’s never heard it before. The anguished voice belonged to Frisk.

“What the hell?” the killer said.

“It were a freak as well, look at that ugly soul!”

Sans heard sobbing coming from Frisk. He needed to do something, *anything*. He couldn’t afford not to care anymore. So he stepped out from his hiding place.

“heya. looks like you’ve been busy, huh?” Sans said, fury was in his voice.

“What the hell do you want you abomination?” one of them said.
“i’ve got a question that i normally question murderers like you. but you don’t deserve that question, for you can’t be a better person, even if you tried.”

Sans dragged them into a FIGHT.

“it’s a beautiful day outside. birds are singing, flowers are blooming. on days like this, people like you,” the room lights flickered off and on, “shouldn’t be dirty brother killers.” he ended.

Without warning, he summoned two blasters, and fired them. Both managed to dodge.

“huh, that’s why you should just stay damn still!” he shrieked.

Their turns. Sans dodges. Every. Single. Time. Frisk is just dazed, her not wanting to let her eyes off of your soul. However, one of the killers misfires, and your soul is struck. It splits right down the middle, where the two halves meet. It shakes violently, then shatters.

The pieces of your soul act like miniature nuclear explosions, rocking the entire building with booms. One of the pieces hits Frisk in the head. Due to her strong soul, she still lived. The others were unfortunate, and their bodies died, leaving only their ugly black souls behind. Sans didn’t want the souls to go to waste, so he did the only thing he could think of doing: collected them. He didn’t care, he was going to make everyone pay, for the humans were responsible for this. He didn’t want to believe that the true graphs were real. But now it seems his worst fears have come to light. Not death from a genocidal child, but by people he thought would help the monsters. And oh boy, have the bad humans make him rage.

Sans looked at Frisk. She looked unconscious. Suddenly, the doors broke down.

“This is the police. By order of the Pact, you monster scum have to be put down!”

Sans had enough of this crap. Summoning his largest blaster, he blasted a hole through the doorway. And what he saw shocked him.

The city looked like a siege had been going on. He could see a lot of dust. Monster dust. And one figure was trying to stop fighting. Papyrus.
“paps! wait!” Sans called out. Too late. Papyrus was dusted.

Something in Sans broke. Now both his brothers had been turned to dust. He was going to make every last human pay, regardless. NO ONE MESSES WITH HIS FAMILY (exception is Frisk, of course).

Sans had to battle his way out of the school, collecting souls like they were baseball cards (whatever the hell that means, thought Sans). It seemed like the entire city was at war. He didn’t want to think it, but maybe your death was what caused all this. Signalling hidden people, brewing up the months. Chaos theory, at its finest.

He made his way to where Asgore was, and Undyne was there, as the Undying.

“well i had to battle my way through.” he said. Asgore only nodded.

“We are at war, Sans. How is Frisk?” Asgore asked.

“well given that i am not a human doctor, she is probably in a coma, speaking that she lacks any form of stimulus or some random things. also, i got these.” Sans said. He revealed the souls he had collected.

“Good. Now LET’S GIVE THEM ALL OUR SUFFERING. FOR ROMAN!” Undyne declared.

“For our dearest friend Roman.” Asgore declared.

“for my fallen brethren.” Sans declared. All three took seven souls.

They became GODs.
The battles were hard, long. Monsters had to band together to stop humans from attacking. All of humanity seemed to unite in hatred against the three GODs.

The humans referred to the Seraphim, the Undying, and the Bergentruckung, as they became known individually, as the Tribunal, the three GODs who rose up to fight back against the humans who had attacked them first.

Asgore, the Bergentruckung, was a vengeful GOD. He wanted all to suffer for their misgivings they had suffered, through killing Toriel and Roman, in which by all technicality Roman was his grandson, so the humans had killed his family once again.

Undyne, the Undying, was a brutal GOD. She considered it her utmost duty to safeguard all the monsters she led into battle. Spears rained from the sky where she attacked.

Sans, the Seraphim, was the most merciless GOD. No one ever escaped his Vengeance Eye, as it became known as. One flash, and you’re dead. Nothing survived of the places he attacked. Only black, smoking craters. He waged war because all his family had been turned to dust. His father got lucky, for he just Fell Down.

With the power of three GODs, humanity only survived in small communities. Any human who had pledged utmost allegiance to the monsters had been spared. Those who had been spared were turned into “community service workers”, which was the most polite way of saying “slaves”.

Days turned to months, then months turned to years. The war waged on, and finally, there were only a few pockets left of resistance. Humanity has been finally beat into submission.

Frisk was in a coma, for the combined loss of her one and only died in front of her. Her soul had started to break, for she didn’t think she could live without you. Nevertheless, her soul was constantly being drained of determination, though she produced so much ironically that she was gaining more determination than they could suck out of her.

Sans visited often. The others of the Tribunal didn’t know, but he deeply regretted having GODhood placed onto him. He hadn’t had to do work in so long, and all this work was making him tired.
“come on buddy, just reset. i don’t think i could take another day of this.” Sans pleaded. Silence. Just as expected.

“i-i don’t think i could keep living like this anymore. not without paps. not without roman,” he paused, “not without you.” he added. Still nothing.

“’s’not fair. dad took the easy way out. you did as well.” a pause. “all this wouldn’t’ve happened if roman just dodged. i wouldn’t have all this responsibility.”

More silence.

“well, i’ve got to get going. getting ready for a victory speech. see ya soon, frisk.” he bade farewell. He turned to leave.

Crack!

Sans stopped. He turned around. He stepped back. Frisk’s soul had revealed itself. A spiderweb of cracks had appeared on the surface.

“people had been forbidden for killing you, so you’re taking your own life, huh?”

The cracks continued to spread. Any moment now…

Crack! Shatter!

Sans blinked. Nothing was happening.

“no, NO!” he shrieked. “come on! why must you torture me universe?! why do you hate my family so mu-“
Chapter End Notes

Anyone feel anything?
I don't.
Later.
Chaos in Trying Again

Chapter Summary

The day repeats, though with different results.

Yh a jolt in the middle of the night, the night before your first day of school. Memories flood your mind. Going to school. Being in school. Essentially being kidnapped. You… turning to dust. And then just waking up right now. But any amount of time could have happened relative to your death. It could have been mere seconds to literally centuries, relatively speaking. You shake those thoughts from your head. You were alive now, that’s all that matters.

The door came crashing open, and Frisk came sprinting in. Oh yeah, she was sleeping over. Whoever must be taking care of her must either be extremely chill, or doesn’t give a crap about her much. You didn’t care much. She was here right now. That’s all that matters.

“I-I thought I h-had lost you f-forever.” she whispered. You were confused. She was always talking in Hands, so what happened besides your death caused her to feel the need to speak?

“How long was I dead?” you asked.

Frisk switched back to Hands, as it seems speaking at all is bad for her throat.

‘I don’t know. All I remember is… you… turning to dust. Then one of your soul fragments hit me, and next thing I know I’m back here. So either I died from your fragment, or I was rendered unconscious in a way that I wouldn’t be able to LOAD manually.’

The two of you sat in silence for the rest of the night, too afraid to sleep. At exactly five in the morning, you hear rustling in Papyrus’ room. Seems he still needs to take in memories, as suddenly there is frantic footsteps from his room, and it crashes open, Papyrus rushes in to hug you.

“ROMAN! IT IS GOOD TO SEE THAT YOU ARE STILL IN GOOD HEALTH! AND DEFINITELY… not… dust…” he starts, but gets quiet quickly once he realizes Frisk is glaring at you.
‘I thought you said only you could remember throughout timelines?’

You tug at your nightshirt collar, sweating. “Is it getting hot in here, or is just me?” you say.

She pushes you over and tackles you. Determination is glistening in her eyes.

‘Tell me, my dear Roman: anyone else besides you, me and Flowey remembers through timelines?’

You flush at her calling you “her dear Roman”. “Did you really just call me your dear Roman?” you ask, not willing to push the question of how the others remember. She wiggles her eyebrows.

‘Just answer me.’


She doesn’t get off you. Sighing, you carefully lift her with blue magic, then send her sprawling on your bed. The entire time she was giggling madly.

‘Again, again.’ she said giggling.

Cursing her and her adorable giggling, so you comply. Until Papyrus asks you to help him cook breakfast. Sans comes into the kitchen, looking as if he hasn’t slept in ages. Of course, he might not have for all you know. He looks at you weakly, and his grin seems less genuine than usual.

“‘mornin’.” he greets.

‘You look bone tired there Sans.’ Frisk says. However, Sans doesn’t seem to be into it.

“sorry kid. jus’ hard getting used to normality again, after all i had to do.”
“Sans... what happened? After... you know?” you questioned. Sans sighed.

“We went to war. with the humans. apparently your death was a signal to everyone part of the “kill all monsters” campaign to start killing off important members to monsters. i obviously took care of the people that off’d you, but then the other humans -police part of the same group- took down papy. i don’t know why, but something inside me broke. i wanted vengeance. i took souls. met up with asgore and undyne. waged war for years. we were keeping frisk alive for her determination. we were nearly finished with the humans before her soul finally shattered.”

“But wait, if all that happened due to my death, doesn’t that mean I will have to be taken from school?” you asked. You really didn’t want to, as you wanted Sans to experience PTA Sans himself. Of course, he didn’t know that, but that would just be a spoiler alert.

“dad wanted to pull you out. see, he Fell after your soul shattered. he was only Fallen for a moment before he turned to dust, by the way. but i have a feeling having you at that school will be beneficial for everybody, as long as you don’t die today, so i convinced him otherwise.”

Just then, your father entered the room. He appeared haggard. When he saw you, you had the immense urge to run up and hug him. You resisted that temptation. He, however got over to you in only a few steps, and swept you up in a big hug.

“Oh, I thought I had lost you.” he whispered into your hair.

“Well technically I did, but now I didn’t. Or will I? Time travel messes with one’s head.”

“Duly noted.”

After a few more seconds, he released you, and looked at Frisk.

“Thank you, Frisk, for bringing back my boys.”

Frisk dropped her pancake to sign. ‘I had to die from a coma to bring us back, so don’t thank me. Though determination is a factor.’

Dr. Aster looked at you. “I can see why you like her. Plenty of spunk. She’s a keeper.”
“Daaaaaaaaad!” you whine.

This time, your entire family was at the school to see you off. People were gawking at your family, but none of you minded any. You were all back together.

“I DIDN’T SAY ANYTHING LAST TIME, BUT I HOPE YOU MAKE PLENTY OF FRIENDS! I WILL SURELY HAVE A LARGER FANBASE WITH YOUR HELP.”

Sans was eyeing Linda, who he didn’t know yet. You tap on his head. He turns to you.

“That’s our teacher, Linda Evans. PTA meetings every Thursday. PTA Tale is a go.” you whisper. His eye sockets widened.

“i’ll get ready.” is all he says.

You turn to your father. He seems nervous about letting you go alone again, but this time you were ready. No stupid terrorist will dust you (again).

“I’ll make sure to give them the scare of a lifetime. No one messes with an Aster and gets away with it.”

“Just promise me you’ll give them enough of a scare to get rid of them, not to cause more mayhem.”

“I promise.”

The school day went mostly as expected. Void-eye light flicker, doing school, and luckily enough, you got Papyrus to make you spaghetti for lunch. No excess waste for you. Once again you and Frisk were taken to the gymnasium. Though strangely enough, they didn’t pull the fire alarm like
last time. You do the broadcast. However, you mix it up a bit.

“No, I’m not gonna say that. Instead, live and let live. Monsters, stay and live up here. I’ll take care of these idiots.”

“What did you say you little shit?”

“Live and let live. That’s the best one could hope for.”

“Ugh just kill the fucker already.” one of them say.

“I’ll be totally honest with you. I’m not ready to die! ” you proclaim, letting your eyes go void. Discreetly, you summon a blaster behind them. “ Turn around.” you tell them. They turn around.

Your blaster, Cinnabun, comes around to face the camera.

“Now, you have to the count of three to run.” you inform them.

“One.” Cinnabun’s mouth opens, gathering magic in her mouth. The two would-be murderers look at each other.

“Two.” The two start sprinting like a bat out of hell to the door. They swing it open, then it slams shut.

“Three.” you finalize. It fires. However, it is not a laser beam that comes out of her mouth.

It was confetti.

“Awww, and here I wanted to celebrate your “successful” thing.” you smirk. You turn towards the camera.
“This is Roman Aster and Frisk Wagner, signing off.” you say all anchorman-like, with a smile. Using blue magic, you switch off the camera. You look at Frisk.

“Ready to go back to class?” you ask Frisk. She nods frantically.

The two of you return to class, which fortunately Linda isn’t there at the moment, but before you could say something, someone screams.

“What the hell is that thing?” they scream.

Uh oh. Looks like you forgot to unsummon Cinnabun.

“Don’t worry. They may only look like giant harbinger of death skulls, but really they’re more like my pet, see?” you nonchalantly say, before clambering on top her head, and zooming around the room a bit, saying “wheeee!” Soon enough the others want a ride, but it appears Cinnabun will only let Frisk on, albeit hesitantly.

“You may pet her, but watch out, she might lick ya!” you say.

Cinnabun seems to be enjoying the attention. Pretty soon everyone has pet her at least once. But then you hear footsteps coming closer to the door. You allow the last person to pet her, then with a subtle wave of your hand you unsummon her. Right on time.

“Sorry it took so long. A brat in this direction decided to scream out, so I decided to wait out the threat longer. Wait, why am I telling you this? AND WHY ARE YOU NOT IN YOUR SEATS?” Linda announces, then demands.

“Roman brought a pet in.” someone pipes up.

“Yeah, it was a giant skull!”

You glare daggers at them all. They all seem to shrink under your gaze. You turn towards Linda, who only seems surprised that you managed to pacify them all with only a single glare.
“Now. In. Your. Seats. NOW!”

Everybody clambered back to their seats, including you and Frisk. Class goes on.

Finally, it is the end of the school day. You think you have to walk home alone.

“HEY! There’s that monster-loving freak!” you hear someone yell. You turn around, and sure enough, there is a pretty sizable gang of other kids.

“What do you want?” you question them.

“Listen freak. Our parents want you gone. Gone. And we won’t stand having freaks like you or them around.” They look at the other kids. “Get him!”

You turn around and start running. Through alleyways and back-ends of buildings. Until suddenly you find yourself in a dead end. You turn around. Only a few kids managed to keep up, due to their size.

They crack their knuckles, in which you cringe at the sound. Looks like there’s no way but through in order to get out of this situation.

“End of the line, you monster-loving freak!”

“No, no it isn’t.” you state.

Raising your hand above your head, you summon a wall of cyan bones behind them. Then you pull it towards them. They look behind them, fear on their features.

“How about a nice game of red-light green-light?” you suggest, not giving any room for suggestions. You keep them in place with your blue magic. They seem frightened.

“They’re one of them!”
“Sure, sure, but one question,” you tell them, before turning your eyes void, “how about you try and prove it?”

You let the bones come towards the bullies. They obviously don’t know the cyan-orange rules, as they take damage from the bones, and get knocked back.

“Ow, that hurt.”

“Tell us freak, how will you let us get to you if we can’t get to you? This isn’t even a fair fight!”

“Blue stop signs.” is all you say. One of them gets the info quickly, and during your next blue attack stays still, the other two are stuck at what you meant.

“It would be best if you would leave now.” you tell them. Although reluctant, they turn back. One of them turns around.

“Sure, freak. But you better be watching over your shoulder from now on. Got it?”

“Yeah, yeah.”

You wait awhile, before leaving. But before you could do anything, you hear a shot ring out. You spin around, and dodge the speeding bullet right before it pierces your flesh. In a comically funny event, you watch the bullet ricochet around, before entering the chest of the human it was fired by, right in the heart.

“No, no!” you whimper. You meant not to kill anyone.

You quickly go over to the newly-dead body, but you weren’t watching your step. You stepped tripped on a cracked part of the cement, and in a desperate gamble to save yourself from tripping, you expand your magic field, though as a result, their soul pops above their chest. You fall onto the body.

…
You absorb the soul, and everything goes black.
Chaos in the Future

Chapter Summary

Hospital stuff and PTA Sans happens

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Help! Someone!” you heard someone call out. You didn’t know what happened. There was… a fight? You prevented some bullies from attacking you, then a person with a gun fired at you. The rest of what happened is just a haze.

“S-stay determined, R-Roman.” you heard the same person tell you. You were confused. Wouldn’t being determined melt you? Or would you still keep your physicality. Alphys never wanted to try anything on you, in fear of angering your father. He might not be Royal Scientist anymore, but he is still highly influential.

Your vision is swimming, your consciousness fading in and out.

“He’s been injured. He needs medical attention now!”

No, you don’t think you were injured…? But there is a heaviness in your chest that you can’t explain. Like there is straining on your soul. Stress can do something like that, right? You don’t know, you’re so confused. Oh, now it feels like you are suffocating. Like you are being strapped down on something.

Your vision swims to black, and you fall back into unconsciousness.

“heya,” you hear the familiar greeting of Sans, “say, bro, when are you going to wake up? you’ve been taking a nap for, like, a week now. papyrus used to think i was the lazybones, until he saw that you hadn’t woken up.”
You desperately wish for Sans to know that you are conscious, but it feels as if every magic-fiber in your body is rejecting any movement. You could feel that he is holding your hand as he is saying that stuff.

“i know there is little chance you could hear me right now, but if you could, i’d like you to know that, pops and paps are very worried about you. you have been very unresponsive, especially with them. people with magic weren’t able to locate the soul of that body frisk found alongside you, so we are assuming it shattered not long after you were found, as we still detected traces of it around.”

Sans sighs. “welp, it looks like there is no point in telling you something you won’t know i even told you. seeya.” Sans finalizes. He nuzzles your forehead, like what all brothers would do. It feels like he is standing to get up. Oh, now your body decides to cooperate. You quickly squeeze his hand as hard as you can. As a result, a loud, wet farting sound comes from his hand. Finally you have the energy and control to open your eyes. Sans is just staring at you, shocked.


“hey, i didn’t think you’d wake up, sleeping beauty.” he states. You tilt your head in confusion.

“a lot has happened since you came in here a week ago.” Sans says. You look around, and though you never were in one before, you were sure that this was a hospital. It even has that sterilized smell to it, which you read nowhere that it was for “viruses and bacteria”. Not that you’d ever contract them, mind you. You were even wearing one of those thin hospital gowns.

“What happened?” you questioned.

Sans told you that the school you and Frisk were going to, it has opened for monster students as well, which you were glad, as you were more comfortable around monsters anyways. Apparently the first ever PTA meeting will be later tonight, mainly for orientation on what to do and stuff. Since many monsters lacked a parent, it was made that should a parent be unavailable, the oldest relative available shall take the place. Keyword: unavailable. You still had your father, though he had a lot of work to get done, so the PTA would have to allow him, as Sans is the oldest.

“i met linda yesterday, while shopping for pasta for papyrus.” Sans said. Your eyes widen.

“What do you think of her?” you questioned.
“i think someone’s getting dunked on.” Sans said with finality.

Suddenly the door to your room opens to reveal Frisk. Her face looks downtrodden, but when she sees you up, she gasps and rushes to you.

‘I thought you were dead, when I saw you in that alley.’ she signs.

“If I were dead, wouldn’t’ve I been dust?” you correct her.

‘True.’ she signs, before practically belly-flopping right onto you, to which you gasp.

“Frisk, this gown is the only thing separating my body and yours.” you try to tell her, but that only encourages her more.

“Heeelp!” you whine to Sans, in which despite the impossibility, gives you the look of “you’re on your own, buddy”.

“What? Don’t like this?” she signs to you, wiggling her brows. Sighing, you lift her with blue magic, and try to carefully place her on the couch on the opposite wall. Emphasis on “try”, as you accidentally slam her against the wall. Luckily the walls were comically bouncy, and she harmlessly bounced off onto the floor.

“huh, weird. usually blue magic isn’t that strong. unless…?” Sans starts, before something dawns on his face. He looks at you with fear in his eyes.

“there was footage of what happened in that alley. it showed that you fought off some people, i’m assuming bullies, and they fled. then some gunshots were heard firing offscreen, by the way nice dodging, and then you went offscreen, where it suddenly malfunctioned. there are only a few known times a recording would malfunction. a, it was simply a circuitry problem. b, an emp going off nearby. or c,” Sans said, before turning away, and turning his gaze back onto you, his eye sockets voids, “a human soul was absorbed.” he finished.

You started trembling. Not because of his voidless eye sockets, but because of what you think you may have done. Have you really taken a life? Or had something else happened?
“now, of course there is one way we could find out. i said the human’s soul wasn’t found, so we assumed it shattered. but we would have not known if you could have absorbed it. after all, only magic-based beings could absorb a human soul, just as only a physical-based being could absorb a monster soul.”

The two of you sat in silence, while Frisk was just lying on the ground, obviously feeling like garbage.

“So, you want to test out the theory?” Sans questioned you. You suppose you had no other choice. You nod. You could feel Sans’ magic field expanding, engulfing you. And with his fist closed, he forced your soul to the surface. You could also feel another something being dragged along, as if tethered by rope to your soul. Finally the culprit is revealed. A cyan soul pops into view.

“Well well well. looky what we have here.” Sans says.

“I-I’m going to do a stat check now.” you whisper.

“Roman”

LV: 1

EXP: 0

HP: 40000

ATK: 2000

DEF: 2500

“Is very unnerved about seeing his stats.”
You take a shaky breath. You didn’t kill that person, you were glad for that. But had you deliberately taken their soul, or was it on accident? You most likely absorbed it by accident.

Sans looks at you with certain unease. “want me to… try to remove it?”

You gulped. As far as history goes, no recorded unabsorbing has been done. Would it be possible? Maybe. After all, human souls are only tethered to the magical form of the monster, sending power to the host soul, not outright absorbed into the soul of the host. You would only need to cut the tether. You give Sans a determined nod. He takes one tug, and instantly you’re in a world of white-hot pain, screaming at the top of your lungs.

“-man? roman?” you faintly hear Sans yell your name.

You blink dumbly for a few seconds, then you look at Sans. “What happened?” you asked.

“you passed out. frisk also called you a bonehead.”

You shoot a look at Frisk, in which she just gives you a cheeky smile.

“well, i dunno about you, but that soul ain’t comin’ out anytime soon.”

“W-why don’t you try again?” you practically beg. Sans just shakes his head.

“shortly after you passed out, the area where the soul was located started turning to dust, and it won’t dust like normal monsters. like, undying-level dust effect. the only way to keep it stabilized was to keep the soul where it was in your body. i’m sorry.”
You were downcast. If you couldn’t get rid of the soul, you might be stuck with it forever. You already were powerful enough without a human soul bolstering your ATK, but now with all that power no one will ever attack you. And it wasn’t like your appearance has changed like whenever any other monster absorbed a soul. Speaking of which...

“Sans, why do you think I didn’t change my appearance when I absorbed it?” you asked him.

Sans only shrugged. “dunno. could be because you’re technically also half-human, which would prevent any immediate changes, or it could be only because you consciously don’t want to change. though i dunno if the change is voluntary or involuntary.”

The three of you sat in silence, wondering what to talk about.

‘When do you think he’ll be out of here?’ Frisk signs.

“dunno. since roman isn’t in any immediate danger, he could be discharged earlier than expected.”

You breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe you would make it in time to watch Sans dunk some stuck-up upper-middle-class soccer moms who don’t like monsters or some other crap in those stories.

It isn’t long before you are discharged, only a couple hours. And it is right on time for the meeting. Unlike most Sanses in the stories, your brother Sans would rather be on time than late, as he hopes the meetings will offer everything he needs. Sans looks at you.

“you mind taking frisk and yourself to the play area?” he asks, grinning. You frown.

“I’m not a babybones anymore!” you pout.

‘Well you are my babybones then!’ Frisk signs to you, grinning. She takes your hand, and runs to the play area. Sans turns to the doorway, where the meeting will be held. He pops his fingers (and cringes at the noise).

‘now, let’s see if anyone needs to get dunked on.’ Sans thinks to himself. He enters the room.
The first thing Sans notices are a circular table and chairs all around it. He relaxes slightly when he sees that there is another monster at the table, a mouse monster. At the head of the table is obviously Linda, who instantly cringes at the sight of the skeleton right in front of her.

“Ugh, you. I thought only parents or oldest relative would attend but of course that little brat Roman just had to have you come here.” Linda starts off at Sans.

“Well, not that you’d care to know, but as roman’s oldest brother, i have every right to be here right now.”

“Yeah well I’d though he’d send one of his human family members, not a monster he claims is his brother.”

Sans looked over at another table, which had food on it, though only one food is screaming out to him. The infamous lemon squares. He decides it best to try it right now, if whosever lemon squares are really that inedible. He takes one, and bites down onto it. Hard. He is lucky his teeth can’t fall out, per se, as these lemon squares are hard as rocks.

“y’know, i might have been living under a rock this entire time, but this here, is more of a rock than any other i’ve been under.” Sans says. He gauges the room for reactions. Only one person, a man, sputters in laughter. Sans suspects this human to be his equivalent of “joke buddy”, the one who likes all his jokes. Most other people are just staring at him, likely either wondering why a skeleton was here, or the fact he was trying to eat food.

“What? not my fault i jumped out of my skin.” Sans says. Still the only person who remotely likes his joking is laughing. The two women at the head of the table Linda and a brunette-haired woman whom Sans believed to be Helen were just dead staring into his eye sockets. Yep, looks like he’s going to enjoy being here. Sans returns to his seat.

“Okay, I’m going to read off a list, and when I say your name, you better get your child. Got it?” Linda said, though it was more like demanded. Sans just hopes he would not sleep through, as he needs as much dunking as possible. She starts off with the mouse monster, who squeakily rushes to get their child.

“is it just me, or is she trying to school us here?” Sans asked the man beside him, who only snorts.
“Yeah, I think she is. I’ve been coming here for years here now. And she’s still the same horrible woman I’ve known all these years. She and the vice president Helen.” the man whispers.

“Steven Clements?” Linda asks.

“Here.” the man Sans was talking to pipes up, apparently caught up in the “attendance sweep” type of roll call here.

“Get your child and come back at once.” Linda says, all syrupy-sweet, yet toxic.

“Yes ma’am.” Steven pipes up. He leaves, then a moment later he brings a boy about your age along. The boy waves at Sans, who only lazily winks back. “This is my boy Jack.” Steven introduces, not really caring that other people wouldn’t really care.

“Comic Sans Serif Aster? What is it with skeletons and fonts?” Linda hisses.

“nothin’ you need to be worrying your pretty little head about.” Sans responds. He walks in the opposite direction, and before Linda could say that he is going the wrong direction, he shortcuts into the play area, which is hardly anything age-appropriate. Seriously, did these adults not know about the aging process and whatnot? Only you and Frisk are left.

“roman, pta __sans~ is a go.” Sans speaks to you in Hands. You quickly give an enthusiastic nod. Frisk is only looking at you in confusion.

“What are you talking about?” she questions.

“nothin’.” Sans only replies, before shortcutting you and him back to the meeting, where everyone jumps in place.

“this is my brother, roman.” Sans introduces you. You give a lazy wave of your hand. You look at where you and Sans were sitting. Looks like Sans found the typical only person in the meeting
likes his jokes other than grandma Toriel.

“Last, but not least, Helen Wagner.” Linda finally declares. Helen gets up

Oh no, this does not look good. Maybe, if just maybe…

No such luck. Helen comes in, dragging Frisk by her arm, unshed tears in her eyes. You just hope this was just one huge mistake, that Helen was just dragging in Frisk for no reason. Sans seems suspicious by all this already. He is already wondering…

With one big accomplishment, Helen practically shouts “This is my daughter, Frisk.”

Chapter End Notes

Were you blown away by the ending? Has anyone ever thought of making it so that any Frisk's mother is no other than the infamous Linda or Helen? Stay tuned (or not).
Sans could not believe his ears (not that he had any, mind you). One of his PTA enemies in the stories, also happens to be Frisk’s mother in this universe. Yeah, fate is such a cruel thing to the Aster family. Helen just looked smug.

You were fidgeting as well. You were expecting someone else to be Frisk’s mother. Just Helen is enough to make you wonder if the universe hates your family or something.

“Say hi, Frisk.” Helen prodded. Frisk brought her hands up to sign, but Helen swatted them down. “Now, we use our speaking voices. Say hi.”

Timidly, Frisk whispered out a hoarse “hi” and hid behind her mother, though she peeked from behind Helen to look at you, to which she giggled at your dumbfounded expression.

“Shy little girl, isn’t she?” someone piped up. Helen nodded frantically. Subtly, you switched your eye colors to their cyan and yellow colors to see if she is lying. She isn’t lying. But the next thing she says is like an immense fart cloud to your senses.

“I love her very much.”

That got you on the floor, practically gagging.

“What’s going on?” Sans asks you. You could see that he wasn’t using his eye to focus on the truth, as a cyan-yellow eye would look more suspicious on him than you.

“That woman, she’s lying. She doesn’t have any love for Frisk, more like a mental LOVE.” you explain to Sans in Hands. Everyone was looking at you strangely, though
you didn’t care. Frisk immediately recognized some words, so she might pick up on what you might be saying.

“What the hell is your “brother” saying?” Linda demanded. “It sounds worse than the brat’s voice.” Helen didn’t even bat an eyebrow. Dumb cow.

“He’s speaking in hands, a secret skeleton language.” Sans decides to just say. He isn’t willing to go into further details.

“Eta vstrecha idet namnogo luchshe, chem lyubaya drugaya, s kotoroy ya byl v proshlom.” one woman beside Steven says.

“Da, ya znayu, rasskazhi mne ob etom.” you reply, then you slap your hand over your mouth. The woman looked surprised you even knew the Russian language.

Truthfully, skeleton monsters, in addition to writing and somehow speaking in fonts, are also masters at speaking and understanding any language they hear. It is most likely due to their origins as reanimated human lich, most likely Germanic in nature.

“What the hell did he just say?” Helen questioned suspiciously.

“I asked him a rhetorical question in Russian, and he responded surprisingly well.” the woman replied, in what is obviously a Russian accent, though with a hint of French. Who knew geology and culture came in handy? Apparently not you.

Linda turned her gaze to Sans. “So, this is what you did, huh? Experimented on a mere child, to make them more like one of you? Is that why he is able to know something none of us normal people will understand.

Sans just shakes his head. “no, it’s likely that because he was living with us in the Underground for so long that he just... picked up a few things from my family. including probably the ability to speak any language he hears. that might come in handy.” Sans explains, then jokes, holding up one of his hands. Of the people at the table only you, Frisk and Steven laughed at that. Mostly everyone else either groaned or rolled their eyes. Linda and Helen only glared at you and Sans.

“I’ll be here all day.” Sans concludes. Linda and Helen look at each other, clearly wanting all
these shenanigans to end.

“Meeting adjourned.” Linda says, before rushing out the door. Helen takes Frisk by her hand, and drags her outside, though not before Frisk could mouth you “goodbye”. You take Sans’ hand to prepare for a shortcut, but someone grabs him at the shoulder.

“Hey. I’ve got a question for you two boneheads .” a familiar voice says. You and Sans turn around to see Steven, with his arm around the Russian-speaking woman.

“yeah, wassup?” Sans asked.

“Are the two of you actually brothers?”

“uh, yeah? it’s sorta complicated.” Sans quickly stated. “uh, do you have any siblings, or…?”

Sorrow seemed to collect on Steven’s face. “Yeah, I did have a sister once. She didn’t survive after a few months. Parents didn’t want her, said “she could die in a hole for all we care”. Hah, what a thing, to just let your family ditch you or leave you to die. They didn’t care much for her, but I wanted to keep her safe. I just hope that if she just disappeared or something, she’d have a good life. Found love, got married, had kids. Not a day goes by that I miss her.”

Sans didn’t know what to think or say. Neither did you. So the two of you just took a shortcut back home, without saying anything.

“So, how was the meeting Sans?” your father questioned. He just got back from work, while you were , and he wants to talk about something Sans should dislike, but he doesn’t because of some fanfiction reason?

“eh, nothing much. basically like the stories say, except we picked the short straw of them all.”

“Oh? How so?”
“y’know the typical lackey of linda in the stories? usually named helen?”

“Yeah?” your father questioned.

“well turns out this pta sans universe has the twist of helen being frisk’s biological mother.”

If your father had eyes, they would be bugging out. “What? How in the hell is that possible?”

“you know the chaos theory, right?”

“Yeah?”

“well you know as much as i do then.”

You shut the drawer holding the knives a little too hard, and now their attention is on you. “Oh, sorry.” you mumbled.

“Roman? When did you get here?” your father asked.

“when i did.” Sans says.

“Well how did it go at the hospital?”

“terrible. you know how they didn’t find the human’s soul, and we just assumed it shattered?”

“Yeah?” your father questioned, not knowing where this was going.

“well, it turns out,” Sans starts, before pulling out the “stowaway” soul, “that roman must have absorbed it.”
Your father’s eye sockets widened. “Remove it then!”

“already tried that. but where the soul was, it was turning to dust, but not dissipating like most monsters. as if it was intent on sticking together, but not wanting to stick together, if you know what i mean.”

Your father sighed. “Well, let’s just hope things don’t end up the last time a monster absorbed a human soul.”

Your heart froze. Asriel, your father was referring to. Who absorbed Chara’s soul, then took his body to the village of the humans. All in the Underground knew of the story. And everyone knew how it ended. The Kingdom losing two princes, and soon their queen, and soon their hope.

Sans patted your shoulder. “don’t worry. i will make sure things don’t end up the same way as the old prince.”

You still didn’t feel comfortable. You didn’t want to risk ending up like he is; a soulless flower, incapable of feeling genuine feelings.

“hey, i know what will cheer you up: your girlfriend.”

You blinked. You didn’t have a girl- OH! He means Frisk! You turn to Sans, just to confirm.

“I don’t have a girlfriend.” you tell him. Sans chuckled.

“yes you do. you just aren’t willing to admit you have one yet. she is wanting to jump your bones .” he says. You give an exasperated sigh. Sans continued to chuckle.

Wanting to escape this torture, you teleport to your room. Huh, looks like with the new soul piggybacking with you, your magic and abilities seem to have increased exponentially. The soul is sitting warm, but uncomfortable in your chest. You flop down onto your bed, then you hear a knock on your door. You only moan out a “come in”, and your only hear displaced air in response.
“hey, come on. you know i was joking. but i don’t think frisk is joking about her wanting to bone with her.”

You flip over onto your back. “Where do you think she gets such lewd and age-inappropriate language?” you ask him, who only shrugs.

“guess it’s because helen doesn’t have a freaking filter on that mouth of hers.”

“Yeah, you sound about right.”

The two of you sit in silence for a few seconds, then you hear the front door slam open. Sounds like Papyrus is home.

“FAMILY! I HAVE THE GREATEST NEWS!” you hear him practically shout. You speed out your door, then up to Papyrus.

“What is the news?” you ask excitedly, bouncing on the balls of your feet.

“WELL I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS,” he starts, then poses heroically, for some reason, “HAVE WON A CONTEST AT MY WORKPLACE! AND THE PRIZE IS RESERVATIONS AT A FANCY RESTAURANT THAT JUST OPENED NEARBY. THE WINNER’S FAMILY AND ONE FRIEND IS ALLOWED TO GO WITH, AT ANY TIME. SO I, THE GREATEST FAMILY MEMBER EVER, HAVE DECIDED TO BRING ALL OF YOU WITH. NOW, ALL I NEED IS TO THINK ABOUT IS WHO TO BRING!”

“why not frisk? i’ll bet my sock collection that she’d love to come, as your first human friend made.”

Papyrus thinks for a bit. “ALRIGHTY! I’LL INVITE FRISK ALONG AS WELL! NYEH HEH HEH!” he says, before taking out his phone, and typing out on his phone at lightning speed. A few moments later, Papyrus gets a reply.

“LOOKS LIKE FRISK WANTS TO COME AS WELL! SHE WILL AS LONG AS YOU ARE, SHE SAYS.”
You mentally facepalm yourself. Of course she will. Now she will have even more time to fluster you even more. You look outside the window, hoping there is something that will make your face cool down. What you see outside causes your insides to freeze instantly. Time might as well froze.

Outside the window is a cloaked figure. They are wearing some sort of black cloak, with some sort of scythe in their hand. And they are staring straight into your eyes. Two red, glowing eyes are in the hood, and a skeletal hand raises to point at you. Your insides freeze at the sight. Then, just as you thought things couldn’t get any worse or weirder, the figure vanishes. It wasn’t an instant vanish, they just… disappeared. As if they were turning to dust, but you knew they were still living, as the dust left behind soon only became nothingness.

“hello? earth to roman?” you faintly hear Sans call to you. You take your attention off what you were seeing.

“BROTHER, ARE YOU FEELING UNWELL?” you hear Papyrus ask you. You shake your head.

“Nah, just saw something that rattled my bones.” you say, Sans and your father chuckling, while Papyrus groans.

“SANS HAS BECOME SUCH A BAD INFLUENCE ON YOU!” Papyrus screeches. Suddenly Sans’ phone is buzzing.

“huh, seems like frisk wants me to pick her up, says it’s not a problem as her mother is drinking again. go figure.”

“Papyrus?” you ask.

“YES?”

“Are you sure the restaurant will allow monsters?”

Papyrus looks at you as if you had been living under a rock most your life, in which everybody present knew was true.
“I BELIEVE SO. FRISK WENT TO AN AMBASSADORIAL MEETING ABOUT TWO DAYS AGO, AND SINCE YOU WERE OUT OF IT, BEING THE GREATEST BROTHER EVER, I FILLED IN FOR YOU. AND, I AM PRETTY SURE WE GOT SOME LAW THAT WOULD PROHIBIT ANY ESTABLISHMENT FROM DENYING MONSTERS. IT HELPED THAT THERE WAS A GREAT PERSON THERE TO HELP SPEED THINGS ALONG!”

“and who was the great person?” Sans asked, even though you and Sans both knew.

“WHY ME OF COURSE! NYEH HEH HEH!”

“welp, looks like i’m gonna pick up frisk now. see ya in a bit.” Sans says, before taking off into the hallway, into a shortcut. A few moments later, Sans comes back in, with Frisk in tow. Frisk looks at you, then grins.

‘Hello there, how are you my hus bone.’ Frisk signs, wiggling her eyebrows. You stare at her, then you slowly back out of the room. The last thing you see of her before going out of view is her still wiggling her eyebrows, with Sans just laughing with tears in his sockets, your father chuckling, and Papyrus just looking confused.

You all take a shortcut. Luckily, the restaurant that opened nearby to Papyrus’ workplace is monster-friendly, not just for appearance sake. And it looks very fancy. You walk in with your family, Frisk walking just behind you, giggling. Once again, you curse her adorable giggling.

“Salve et grata ad “L’Oro Di Napoli”.” the person up front says in perfect Italian. Your father nods, then brings up Papyrus.

“AD PRIMUM DUBIUM Aster MODESTUS FAMILIA ET AMICI!” Papyrus says in perfect Italian as well, to which the person looks quite surprised that Papyrus could even speak in any other language. They check the registry, then nods.

“Right this way, then.” they say, before leading all of you to your table. There are quite a few monsters here as well, though when three skeletons with two human-looking children walk in, it would be rude not to assume that a lot of people would stare. You all take your seats, and menus are passed.
‘Hey, what does Napoli mean?’ Frisk asks you, confusion on her features.

“It stands for Naples.” you supply. Her head lifts in recognition, but then she starts wiggling her eyebrows again.

‘You know what else sounds like Naples?’ she says. You groan loudly, face heating up, then hit your head against your table repeatedly. Despite all physics working against it, there is no sound coming from the table.

“Why, why, why must you fluster me?!” you whine at Frisk. She only starts giggling.

Soon, the server comes. “Hello, what would… you all like?” the server says, noticing you all. They look at all of you in curiosity, rather than hate, as most people seem to.

“What? never seen skeletons need to eat before?” Sans says.

“No, I-I just thought-”

“Can we just get our orders now?” you plead. They appear to be relieved they won’t be getting an answer at the moment.

“WELL, I WILL ONLY GET THE GREATEST THING ON THE MENU: SPAGHETTI!”

“eh, i’ll just take a special.”

“One fettucini for me please.” your father says.

“I’ll just get the spaghetti as well.” you say.

‘Just Acquacotta for me’ Frisk signs. Luckily the server knew sign language, and writes it all down. Now it is all time for the chatting beforehand. However…
“Oh, I need to call into work, let them know about the projects.” your father says, before quickly going elsewhere, though not before looking at you and Frisk in a not-so-inconspicuous manner.

“Sorry, I need to take my laziness somewhere else for a while. Get me when food arrives.” Sans says, before shortcutting to where you believe the lobby is. You sigh.

“Looks like it is just the three of us—”

“Whoopsie doopsie! I forgot to turn off a stove earlier! You two have fun!” Papyrus says, before running to the window, and somehow breaking all laws of physics ever, jumps straight through the closed window, leaving only a Papyrus-shaped hole in the glass. You could hear some of the humans whispering, some are gathering at the window.

“Can you believe what that skeleton did?”

“Yeah, usually he NAILS the landing.” you supply. They all stare at you, as if it was a natural thing for Papyrus to do. During the time your family left, Frisk has slowly scooted closer to you. You narrow your eyes at her. “You planned all of this, didn’t you?” you accuse her. She just giggled.

“No, though I think they were planning to do that anyway, so they would leave us alone for awhile. Can’t say I don’t support them.” she says, giggling.

“Ugh, curse you and your adorable giggling.”

“You think my giggling is adorable?” Frisk signs. If this keeps up, people are gonna be wondering why she is covered in white dust soon.

“Screw you.” you tell her.

“Yeah, screw me.” she says, giggling and wiggling her eyebrows. You repeatedly slam your head against the table, while silently tearing up from embarrassment.
“well, looks like my plan worked.” you hear Sans say. You look up, and your father is grumbling, while handing Sans some money. Apparently there was a bet?

“Screw. You.” you mutter.

“naw, that’s what she wants to do.” Sans says.

“Can I just dust here? I don’t care. I can’t take this anymore.”

“sure, sure. whatever you say you big babybones.”

“Not a babybones.” you mumble.

“DID I MISS ANYTHING?” you hear Papyrus whisper-yell.

“Only for Roman to get embarrassed by an apparent crush on Frisk.”

“Umm, excuse me, but your food is here.”

Sweet, sweet savior. Without anything else to talk about, you all dig into your food. Soon, you are on your way back home, Frisk being taken back via shortcut. You are back in bed.

Some hours pass. It is now some time after midnight, and you are still not asleep. Despite everything that has happened so far, you can’t get that mysterious figure out of your head. Suddenly, you hear scratching from your wall. Paralyzed in fear, you could only wait. Soon, the scraping noise stops, and you are finally able to move. You turn too fast, and you scream a silent scream in fear.

The same cloaked figure is in your room right now. Their eyes are a deep, glowing red. You can see from their glowing eyes that it is illuminating a skeletal face, though comparing from the books in Waterfall and skeleton monsters, the face that is staring at you is clearly that of a human
skeleton.

The figure speaks in Hands, though it is far more obscure to you than it normally would be. The figure disappears in a dusting motion. Behind where the figure was, there is a word. No, not a word. A name. And a message.

_Gothic._

_The Destroyer of Many. The Savior of others._

Chapter End Notes

What is going on with what is happening right now about that figure? Who are they? Only I (and Silencium) know for sure.

Also, in this story, languages are spoken in the same way how one would use Google Translate.
You go bowling, do archery, and some world manipulation. Kind of.

This was the day you were finally waiting for. It is supposed to be a day of bonding, of interesting things that are supposed to happen.

“What size shoes do you have?” the person up front asked your group.

It was the day of bowling. And activities.

Everybody got their shoes (except Toriel and Asgore, who had too big of feet to have shoes in their size) and went to the lane you were all in. It was hectic to put in everyone’s names, for everyone wanted to go with “alternate” names. Except Asgore, who wanted his name as “Asgore”, for every reason possible. Finally, it was time.

“ALRIGHT, AS THE GREATEST ONE HERE, I SHALL BE THE FIRST ONE!” Papyrus says. Everyone practically agreed, for he was nothing without his greatness.

“anyone want to bet on how well we all do?” Sans asks. You tilt your head, confused. You don’t know what the point of betting on this game is. Won’t it be for bonding?

“ALRIGHT FRIENDS AND FAMILY! WATCH AS THE GREAT PAPYRUS, GETS THE GREATEST SCORE POSSIBLE!” Papyrus says. He grabs his bowling ball (which is orange) and rolls it. Barely two seconds later, every pin falls over, something like dominoes.

“and the great papyrus _strikes_ out.” Sans says. Frisk giggled. Papyrus screeches, much to the chagrin of the other people not accustomed to Papyrus-force screeches, who just noticed your group. People start staring, but no one in your group notices.
Undyne steps up to the bowling lane, with a bowling ball roughly as blue as she is. She puts in all her effort, and rolls it as fast and hard as she could. The second it leaves her hand, it basically disappeared, until the sound of collapsing pins and breaking bricks erupts. Undyne looks around at everyone.

“That was awesome!” Undyne yells, to which everybody cringes. “Did you SEE how FAST it went??”

“Yes, Undyne, we did see how fast it went.” Asgore says, before he takes up his place. Sans quickly uses blue magic to repair the damages that Undyne’s ball did, while also retrieving her ball. Asgore rolled his ball, colored green and yellow like a golden flower, gently. Approximately five seconds later, two pins fell over.

“Oh, golly, that was embarrassing.” Asgore mumbled, scratching his head.

Alphys steps up to the plate (or in this case, the lane) with a ball as yellow as she is. She is sweating nervously.

“O-oh my gosh, w-what if I don’t make it? I-I’ll be such a f-failure and i-it would be e-embarrassing and-”

“You can do it Alphys! Roll that ball like it is the head of your enemy, and the pins are your enemies!” Undyne encourages Alphys. Alphys, gaining confidence from Undyne, gives a war cry type sound, and rushes forward and rolls the ball. Seven pins are knocked down, Alphys looks at Undyne.

Toriel is up next. She takes her ball, which is royal purple, and with grace and ease, casually rolls the ball down the lane. A few seconds later, nine out of the ten pins fall victim.

Your father is next up. Unlike everybody else before him, he cases the entirety of the lane.

“casing the joint for weaknesses, dadster?” Sans asks. Your father sighs.

“This is all data and analyzing. You know I can’t just run in blindly Sans.”
“UGH, CAN YOU JUST GO ALREADY DAD? I’M PRETTY SURE FRISK AND ROMAN WOULD LIKE TO PLAY SOMETIME BEFORE THEY DIE OF OLD AGE!” Papyrus says.

“Just a moment, Papyrus.” your father supplies. After a few moments of checking, he apparently finds what he is looking for weaknesses. He grabs a black ball, and rolls it on the lane with calculated precision. All pins go down. He turns and has a smug expression.

Finally, it is Sans’ turn. He grabs his ball, a mostly cyan ball with traces of yellow on it, and rolls it lazily, yet it goes quickly. All pins go down.

“geetttttttt dunked on!” Sans shouts as the pins go down. Papyrus was just shaking his head. Your father seemed to be enjoying himself. Finally it is your turn.

Taking your ball, which was mostly yellow with traces of cyan on it, you stroll up to the lane. Taking aim, you carefully calculate the angle needed, and roll the ball, with a slight spin to the side. All pins get knocked down.

“point goes to the aster family, for having all members score a strike their first turn.” Sans says, looking at the dumbfounded expressions of everyone else.

Finally it is Frisk’s turn. She grabs her ball, which is a blood-red color, and strolls up to the bowling lane. She acts as if she is amping herself up to knock down the pins that didn’t do anything wrong to her. She is such a pacifist. You grin internally. Something to tell Sans, now. Frisk gets herself ready, then like a wimp rolls her ball. It didn’t even reach within ten feet of the pins before going into the gutter. She shrugs noncommittally, then strolls up next to you.

“Hey, Sans.” you tell Sans, to which he hums in acknowledgement. “What do you call a pacifist Frisk?”

“what?” Sans asks, grinning his usual grin.

“A paci-Frisk.” you tell him. He looks at you for a few seconds, then starts chuckling.

“heh, good one bro.” Sans says, ruffling your hair, much to your chagrin.
Suddenly, your father’s phone rings. He picks it up.

“Hello, Dr. Aster speaking… no, I wasn’t aware of that… yes, I understand. I will speak with him right now. Thank you for informing me. Goodbye.” your father hung up, then turns to you, narrowing his eye sockets. You think you might be having an unpleasant time.

“Roman, did you happen to do anything with the school health office’s skeleton?”

You instantly blush at that. You looked away.

“I, er, kinda stole it?” you tell him.

“And why did you steal it?” your father pressed on.

“Because it was just a skeleton without its clothes on, so it needed clothes, and I took it and put clothes on it.” you muttered.

Your father and Sans looked at each other, before laughing out loud.

“hehehe, th-they had a skeleton without its c-clothes?” Sans sputtered between his laughing

“Yeah, and you know us and skeletons without its clothes on.” you say, chuckling.

“What are you laughing about?” Papyrus comes over and questions.

“I stole the school nurse’s office skeleton because it was indecent.” you say simply, chuckling a bit. Papyrus gasps.

“Did you close your eyes first?”

“I couldn’t really, as it was all out there in the open.”
“YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THAT!”

“It’s okay, I believe it is fully clothed in my room right now!” you informed him. Papyrus sighs in relief.

“IN ANY CASE, I HOPE YOU RETURN OUR SKELETON FRIEND BACK TO HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE!”

‘Hey Roman.’ Frisk signs to you. You look up all the way, and immediately regret so, for she has a cheeky smile on her face. ‘I want to see your skeleton sometime’ she signs, wiggling her eyebrows. Your face immediately heats up, with you turning around. You could hear Sans snickering loudly behind your back.

“told you roman, she wants your bone sometime.” Sans says, laughing his head off. You try pulling your hair to cover your face in embarrassment, to no avail.

“Why must you constantly embarrass me?” you exasperatedly ask Frisk. She giggles.

‘Because your expression is very cute.’ she signs. You groan loudly.

“You know where to spread my dust if I die from embarrassment.”

“yeah i do. onto frisk.” Sans says, laughing his head off. You glare daggers at him, to which he only shrugs. “welp, looks like it’s my turn again.”

Sans has his turn at the lane again. Once again, he gets a strike in his turn. And once again, he yells “geeettttttttt dunked on!”

You take your turn now. Once again, you get a strike. Frisk has her turn, and like last time, she hits no pins.

Turns go by, everybody else averaging six to seven pins at a time, while Frisk averages as many pins as you have been able to bounce back easily from her flirting to you, which is none. The
Aster family seems to have luck on your side, as all of you get strikes. Most other patrons of the bowling place seem to have started gathering around Papyrus’ sixth or seventh strike in a row. People were actually cheering him on whenever he got to the lane. Looks like Paps is going to get what is known in bowling as a “perfect game”, which is essentially getting only strikes in bowling.

Some people were saying that your family was using magic to cheat, though they couldn’t explain how you had also were getting only strikes. In truth, none of you were even using blue magic, more so even less magic in general. If anyone had been using magic, any monsters would have instantly detected the usage of magic. Papyrus was just great at everything in general, Sans was so lazy the universe enabled him to use it to lazily hit every pin, and your father was brutally analyzing the lane beforehand. But you? You were just that lucky. Nothing but guessing angles.

Finally it was Papyrus’ last roll. His twelfth roll. The ball goes down the lane. Everybody holds their breath. The ball strikes the pins. All but one pin goes down. The last pin is rolling around comically, similarly to a basketball rolling around on a hoop. Everybody tilts their head in amusement. Finally there is the final clanging sound. The final pin has fallen. The place is silent. Suddenly, there is thunderous applause. Papyrus is looking around, looking pleased at himself.

“FINALLY, THE PRESTIGE AND RECOGNITION I VERY MUCH DESERVE!” Papyrus says, stars in his eye sockets.

“Um, hello, Mr. Papyrus?” a nervous-looking attendant of the bowling alley asked Papyrus.

“YES BOWLING HUMAN?”

“According to rules and stuff, if someone gets a perfect game, we have to take the picture of the lucky person. And you are the very first person to get a perfect game in the thirty years this bowling alley has been open.”

Papyrus seems ecstatic at the prospect of himself, immortalized in photos years from now, but he quickly shook his head.

“IF I AM TO BE IMMORTALIZED IN THE FORM OF A PHOTO, I’D LIKE MY FAMILY TO BE STANDING NEXT TO ME, FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS CANNOT BE GREAT WITHOUT THE GREATNESS OF HIS FAMILY! NYEH HEH HEH!”

The attendant looked at your family, to which all of you waved. They sighed. “Alright, but
ONLY if they get a perfect game as well, to which I highly believe they will not.”

Papyrus blinks a couple times. “THEY WILL GET PERFECT GAMES. I BELIEVE THAT THEY COULD!”

It warmed your soul to hear that even with odds stacked against everything, he will still always believe in everyone, even if they weren’t worth his belief.

Everyone else went. Your father got a perfect game, as well as Sans, each with their own thunderous applause. Finally, it is your turn. You roll the ball down the lane. All pins go down. Another thunderous applause. You are hurriedly taken to the side.

“O-okay. Say cheese!” the attendant says.

“Spaghetti!” the four of you say, to which the attendant manages not to mess up the picture as they are laughing.

“You will get your own photo in the mail, about two weeks from now.” the attendant says, gasping for breath.

Finally, you all turn to Frisk, who is up to the lane. If she fails, she probably would be the first person ever to not ever hit the pins. However, all your friends and family are cheering her on.

“Come on, you can do this punk!”

“I think you can do this, my child.”

“I-if I can do it, y-you can!”

“Frisk, you’ve got to stay determined!”

“i’m rootin’ for ya, frisky bits.”
“You’ve got my support, child.”

“You CAN DO THIS FRISK! I WILL ALWAYS BELIEVE YOU, EVEN THROUGH TIME SHENANIGANS!”

Everybody looks at Papyrus weirdly, to which Papyrus is immune to, for some reason.

Frisk looks at you expectantly. You give her a nod. Her eyes glaze over with determination, and she takes one determined breath, and rolls the ball, possibly harder than Undyne ever did. The bowling ball hit the pins at practically terminal velocity, and fall down. One last thunderous applause by everybody. Frisk is jumping up and down excitedly, for the girl had finally gotten at least a pin down. You grin widely at her, proud that she finally knocked down a pin. She practically stomps her way to you, and does the one thing you never thought she would ever do.

Frisk kisses you on the cheek. You instantly turn more red than her soul. A lot of “wolf whistles” occur.

“Oh my gosh, my OTP has finally come true!” you hear Alphys squeal. You can’t even show your face anymore. Frisk looks at you, and starts doing her adorable giggling at your flustered expression.

Finally you all leave the bowling activity to go on your next activity: archery. It takes place outside, where there would be plenty of space should anyone miss.

Archery goes more or less the same way it did with bowling; your family getting perfect scores, Asgore getting in the lower ranges, Toriel getting nearly perfect scores, Undyne getting mostly perfect scores, Alphys also getting near perfect scores, and Frisk getting only her last one.

Since you and Sans were near the back, only the two of you heard them. The sound of a gun cocking. Not again. He looks at you, and nods.

“Everybody, I think it best we leave, for we may have a situation on our hands.” you inform everyone.
“What kind of situation, young one?” Asgore asks.

“A dustbowl might occur, but if we are lucky, we can prevent things from escalating beyond a few mean words.”

Asgore sighs. “Very well. Everyone but Sans and Roman leave.”

“What?! Why not me? I could EASILY take down a punk or two.” Undyne complains.

“While I believe that you could, only Sans and Roman have the will to dodge, and they could easily de-escalate if needed.”

Undyne grumbles, but complies with the request. Everybody else leaves the archery range, except you and Sans. You and Sans both look at the offending human, who takes out their gun. You and Sans step forward, and check the human’s stats.

“**Unknown Human**”

LV:18

EXP:45593

HP:98

ATK:64

DEF:54
Has full intent on killing monsters

Your and Sans’ eyes (and eye sockets for Sans) widen in horror. If glaring could dust, you and Sans would be dust right now.

Three chimes ring out, seemingly from everywhere and nowhere. The chimes indicate that someone is about to be judged. Judgement has begun.

“Well, guess that means I gotta judge ya. Can’t let the universe catch me with my pants around my ankles and not judge ya.”

“Shut your fucking shithole you call a mouth and grovel to man, you hellish freaks of the damned.”

Wow, language much? You look at Sans, who has a clear “are you freaking kidding me with this crap” expression. You and Sans look at each other. Then you look towards the human, who has gotten an ally on their side, most likely only for watch.

“Um, we’re just gonna decline that offer politely.” Sans says. The human tilts their head, as if expecting that response.

“Well then I’m gonna have to take an ambassador from the monsters today. What a shame.” the human says. They aim their gun at you, then shoot. You dodge out of the way out of reflex.

“Missed.” you say, smirking. They smirk back.

“Oh, did I?” they ask condescendingly.

You are confused. Sans looks in your direction, and despite being bone white, manages to pale a lot. You look where Sans was, and instantly pale.
Behind you was Frisk, who must have snuck back to see what was happening, and you dodged out of the way.

Slowly spreading across her chest was blood. Her eyes were bulging, and she was coughing hard. She collapsed to the ground in a heap. Sans glared at the human, who only looked mildly amused.

“NO!” you screamed, dashing to her side. “Frisk, you have to stay determined!” you desperately cry out. She only could weakly shake her head.

“I-I can’t. It’s t-too much. I-it’s n-n-not letting me manually l-l-load.”

“P-please, d-d-don’t leave me.” you whimper out, sobbing into her chest.

“M-my one and o-o-o-only Roman, goodbye.” she whispers, before her head falls back, and her breathing ceases.

“No, Frisk, no.” you whimper. Suddenly, there is a glowing light emitting from Frisk’s chest. Heartbroken, you see what it is glowing. Her soul.

That’s it! you think, and summon her soul from her body. If it shatters, time will be reset, and all this will be prevented. Taking a step back, you look at her chest, then make an upward pulling motion. Her soul popped into existence above her chest. Now you wait. It is shuddering, the way a soul shudders when it is near shattering. It splits in half. But that is about it.

“Come on, do it for you friends, your nonexistent family,” a pause “for me.”

Nothing happens. You close your eyes, waiting for that familiar “File LOADED.”

But none came. You opened your eyes in frustration, then gasp. The soul halves are staying, and not moving. Then without any warning, both halves zoomed right at you. You brace yourself for a possible soul absorption, but nothing happens. You think that nothing is going to happen.
Then the feeling comes. An extremely excruciating pain, coming from your chest. In intense pain, you instantly think it has to do with the human soul you’ve acquired. In pain, you pull out the passenger soul, and stare in disbelief.

The halves of Frisk’s soul have practically consumed the human soul. You pull out Frisk’s soul halves and along with them, the human soul. A bright light fills the area. You are forced to shut your eyes at the sight, and when you can finally open them, you gawk at the sight before you.

There were two souls, both completely red. One of them was a slightly darker red than the other, but that probably doesn’t matter at the moment. The brighter red soul returns to Frisk’s body, and the other red soul?

It.

Goes.

To.

You.

This soul goes into your body. Suddenly, you feel numb, as if you lost control. Scratch that, you did lose control. Your arms moved around. You felt your magic rise. This new presence, it feels familiar.

Now is time for the good part. A message from the new soul is sent to your soul. Strange, this new soul, most likely made from one of Frisk’s soul halves, is not tethered to your soul like the old one was.

Your arms raise, and you can’t help but gawk at what is happening. All known earthen elements are surrounding you. Suddenly, the elements combined into one. You can’t help as you watch in awe, at some sort of body is created from the elements themselves, your arms still moving without your guidance.

Feet, legs, body, arms, neck and head are being created right in front of you, as if 3D printing a body itself with the elements. A skeleton, muscular system, nervous system, everything needed for
a human soul. All shrouded in dark mist. But wouldn’t it essentially be a clone of Frisk, if it also came from her soul half?

And while all of this is happening, time appears to have stopped as well. It suddenly clicks in your mind. Red soul. Determination. The resolve to change fate. The will to live.

… to de-terminate life. And the soul was making itself a vessel. The soul seemed satisfied with its work, and exited your body. It flew into the body it made for itself, and finally the dark mist evaporated. You stumbled onto your bottom in disbelief.

Pale skin. Light brown hair. Chocolate brown eyes. Blush. And somehow, a green and yellow shirt, with brown pants. The striking image of Prince Chara.

The boy looked at you, then time continued, with a stutter. He looked at Frisk’s body, which was apparently healing itself. He looked at the human who had shot at you and hit Frisk, and the human paled to match Sans. The boy smiled.

“Greetings. I am Chara.”

Chapter End Notes

Just as a notice, if anyone wants to make an AU version of Chaos Theory, you are free to do so.
You and Sans had no idea why, but despite all Chara has done in the genocide timeline, you can’t bring yourself to hate him, because LOVE has a way of corrupting life, which is why his eyes are brown, and not the red you saw during the “Battle of Judgement Hall”.

Chara slowly walked up to the human, though he stopped at roughly twenty feet, glaring at the human with a cold look in his eyes.

“So, as Sans says, you’ve been busy huh? Killing any monster that is in your way? That is just sick. If we all just get along, things would be better, right?”

Chara’s smile turns to a frown. “But it’s people like you who make me despise humans. You just think you can do whatever you want, without consequences. But I am here today to ask you something: do you think you are above consequences?”

The human looked at their partner, before looking back at Chara.

“Of course we are above consequences you little shit. We are humans, and humans are always above consequences, as long as we stay in control.”

Chara chuckles a bit, before thrusting his hand out at the human, and pulling. A dull green soul pops out of their chest, with them gasping, probably due to the now empty feeling in their chest. The soul hovers near Chara, who basically is eyeing it hungrily.
“You see that heart? That is your soul, the very culmination of your being. Everything that makes you, you, is in that heart. Your thoughts. Your personality. Your memories.” Chara says, still eyeing the soul.

“Yeah. I know stuff like that. Why, I’m wondering, aren’t the two of you, the human says, pointing to you and Sans, “aren’t doing jackshit to stopping him. He murdered your people, without any hesitation. All the way to your “Judgement Hall”.”

Despite being a skeleton, Sans did the impossible and paled.

“h-how do you know about that?” Sans demanded. The human chuckled.

“We found some broken machine in your house sometime ago, and we reverse-engineered it.”

No, that couldn’t be possible. Your father designed it so that only those authorized may use it. It was one of your father’s prized creations, besides you. A timeline machine, able to make “portals” into another timeline, solely for the observation of other windows into timelines. The only use it had, your father had fallen into his creation. His temporal coordinates were off by a misplaced decimal point, and as a result led to a timeline that had already been lost to the void. There was a vacuum, and your father “fell” in, though not before he could activate the fail-safe to shut it.

A few weeks ago, you and Sans went into the workshop, but it was missing. Figuring no one would be able to figure out what its purpose was, you figured it was a bother to tell anyone about something most people lack a concept of.

“It was not supposed to be tampered with.” you say heatedly. The human scoffed.

“So why not off the human that caused you and your people suffering? He already did it once, he could do it again.”

“And if anyone else does it, I’ll make sure they have a faceful of blaster.”

“hey, that’s what lv does to people.” Sans says, shrugging

The human shrugged. “Our benefactors don’t care. They want the monsters gone permanently.”
they said, lifting their gun, and apparently forgetting the empty feeling in their chest. “Goodbye.”

“Not so fast, I still have your soul out. Do you know what that means?” Chara says.

The human looks at Chara, confused.

“As well as the soul being the very culmination of your being, it is also the weakest and most vulnerable point of any creature. Observe.” Chara says, before reeling back his fist and punching the human’s soul, hard. Your own soul cringed at the sight. The human fell to the ground, screeching in pain. It took a minute before they were able to open their mouth without screeching.

“What did you do?” they whisper-yelled. Chara cocked his head, as if it were obvious.

“It’s your soul, buttface. The very culmination of your being. If anything attacks it, you are hurt as well. And if your HP reaches 0, to put it simply, you die.”

“Well then kill me you merciless motherfucker. You won’t be any better than you are in any other timeline.” they whisper.

Chara looks at them in scorn. “I’m not gonna kill you. Just, claim something as my “trophy”.”

Before anyone can do anything, Chara manifests a glowing red knife from his fist, and brings it close to the back of the soul.

“You know, I’ve always wondered what would happen if the soul were snipped from the tether that binds it to the body.”

You activate your Eyes, and very faintly, you can see the nearly invisible tether that is binding the soul to the human’s body.

“You know what I believe? Without a soul being in a human’s body, the body will eventually expire, as it no longer has a purpose, for the only purpose of the human body is to house the soul.”
When nobody says anything, Chara brings his hand up, and swings it down with inhumane speed.

A blinding flash of light occurs. The human slumps over, and Chara has the dull green soul in his cupped hands. However, the human still has a bit of determination in their body, so they are on the ground, breathing becoming ragged and shallow.

“You’ll never win. Not with my contingencies in place. Once I die, my men have orders to wipe you out. And we shall succeed to our last dying breath.” they whisper.

“eh, nothing we haven’t been able to handle.” Sans says shrugging. You hear the human give one final shuddering breath, and all movements cease. Chara looks over to you and Sans.

“You are going to help me, even after what I did to you in the other timeline?” he asks questioningly. You and Sans shrug.

“eh, as long as you don’t go killing my family and friends, i couldn’t care less about what you do. b’sides, i think tori and asgore would be more than happy to see you, and wouldn’t be too pleased that we kill you so soon after your rebirth.”

You walk over to where Frisk is lying. Her breathing has stabilized, you could see through her shirt where the bullet pierced her, and see that there is nothing there, not even a scar, and she seems to be unconscious. You just hope she wakes up soon.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” you hear the familiar voice of your father. You look up, and see him strolling up to you worriedly.

“Nothing much. Chara has been reborn, and technically killed a human for their soul.”

“Oh, okay. WAIT WHAT?!"

“Greetings, Dr. Aster. It has been a while, hasn’t it?” Chara walks up, and offers a hand. Since Chara hadn’t been physically showing until Sans’ fight, your father had no reason to suspect that he had mass murdered a bunch of monsters.

“If I may inquire, how is it that you came to be resurrected?”
When Frisk got shot, she called out for me. We had some talk, and we agreed to split the soul. We split her soul, used the determination from Roman’s “collected” soul to rebuild ourselves a respective soul, and then I proceeded to use Roman to command the elements to my will to custom-make me a new body. By the way, thanks for all those science lessons back then sir.” Chara explained.

“Wait, FRISK WAS SHOT?!”

“Yeah. Though when her soul went back to her body, her determination to live sort of seeped into her body, and healed her, so she should be okay.”

“And who is in control of the timeline? Because I do not think I could handle some other human with time-traveling powers as well.”

“Don’t worry. Frisk is still the Master of Time,” Chara says, his eyes briefly flashing red, “I’ve made sure of that.”

Faintly, you could hear engines come into hearing distance. You turn to your father. “While I’m sure you would like to know the gritty details, where are the others? Because I think a battle is gonna be going down.”

“Oh, I’ve made sure to send them on their way away. Even Papyrus. I don’t think he would have the soul to watch his family and friends fight. So I’ve sent him off with the others.”

“Why didn’t you go with them?” you inquired.

“Because I don’t think I could stand watching you dust before my eyes again, and with this, at least if any of us dies, it would be more than just myself dusting on the spot.”

Finally the vehicles have come within viewing distance. They all seem heavily militarized. Hell, it was practically a small army. The four of you stand side by side, unmoving, not blinking. Out of the entire smallish army, there was a single tank.

Talk about overkill. A single tank would blow any of you to pieces, no bones about it. Since you were still at the archery range (and no one else was scheduled to use it for the day) you put Frisk into one of the warmer areas, as it was getting a bit chilly, despite being quite beautiful. Though
not for you. The hatch on top of the tank opened up, revealing a stout man.

“Well, look at we have here. A dead boy, a bag of bones, a useless scientist, and the prize winner hybrid.”

“They stole and somehow repaired the timeline machine. They know about as much about timelines as we do.” you whispered to your father.

“Seriously, why did we get the short stick out of all possible Undertale AU’s?” your father muttered.

“-and now, it is time to wipe you animals out.” the man finished, you and the others weren’t really paying attention.

“Ready!” The tank hummed, as if readying itself.

“Aim!” The tank aimed directly at and only you, as you were in the center.

“Fire!” The tank fired.

Before the shell could hit any of you however, a blaster materialized out of nowhere, one of Sans’, you recognize, and the shell exploded harmlessly against the blaster. The blaster, however, became very agitated.

“What in the blazes is that?” the man -you’ll just call him the general, as that is how he is acting- yells.

“oh, that? that’s my pet. he’s usually nice, but with you type of human scum,” Sans says, before his eye lights go out, “he’s angry.”

Humming with energy, Sans’ blaster opens its mouth, and the general being smart, jumps out of his tank, where just a few seconds later, a smoldering heap that was a tank lies.
“Hey, that would count as cheating!” the general says. Your father shrugs.

“Hey, there were no rules. And besides,” your father says, his right eye socket flares up in orange and the left eye flares up in cyan, “we Asters are known to be combat pragmatists.”

“What does that even mean?”

“We do anything to win our fights.”

“And here I thought I could wipe you fuckers off with a single tank shell. Well then it is a good thing I brought an army! Men, ATTACK!”

The army seemed reluctant to attack at first, but it only takes one domino to topple the others, so when one of the men charged forward, everyone else charged forward. The general took on your father, and who seems to be the second in command takes on Sans. You are just left in the midst.

You and your family knew better than to kill the humans outright, so you all just resorted to let them die by their injuries, therefore circumventing any potential increase in EXecution Points. Chara, however, took joy in killing humans. Figures, he hates humanity anyways, or at least the bad humans. Which is a lot of humans.

You once heard that a lot of humans wished to have the ability to fly. So you decided to send some humans into the sky, and crash them into the ground to knock the breath out of their bodies, but not enough to kill them outright. Most of the firearms were useless, as you were all suppressing them.

Your father and the general are duking it out in the middle. Well, the general is at least. Your father is dodging all his swings, a smug expression on his skeletal features.

“Why won’t you just stand the fuck still?!” the general shrieked.

“Because then it would mean you could hit me, and that would be very unpleasant, even though I am a boss monster. Come on, this isn’t rocket science.”

Your father eyes you for a second, before you feel the familiar sensation of blue magic on your
soul, and you are sent away, to the edge of the battle. You send some blue attacks to some men who are trying to sneak up behind your father. They fall instantly. You see that Chara is collecting some souls, probably as some trophies. You didn’t care.

“Heads up.” you hear someone say behind you. You turn around, and immediately a fist makes its way into your chest, with such force that you are sent at least fifty feet somehow, against all laws of physics.

You recognize the person. They were on the lookout with the other human, the first soul Chara claimed for his trophies. They must have hidden away while you all were distracted with the human.

“You think you and your kind should live on the surface with us normal folk, huh?”

The wind knocked out of you, and your arm is most likely broken, you can’t reply, you could only watch in terror, as they circle you like a wolf.

“We’ve seen what monsters are capable of. And the truth is, any one of you could absorb a human soul, and become more powerful than this small army.”

They were circling closer to you, and you can’t move due to pain and terror.

“Well, once we get our way with you, metaphorically speaking, you won’t even be a pile of dust anymore. And our benefactors, well, they will get what they want. No monsters to interfere with their operations.”

They finally got close to you. You were shuddering. You were more defenseless than you were when you were originally killed.

“W-what do you want w-with me?” you whimper. They cock their head.

“To send a message. That monsters can’t live up here. Humans were here first, and we shall always rule the surface.”

They grabbed your non-broken arm, and with a swift, strong movement, brought their knee up to
The sound of crunching bone was enough to stop most of the fighting, to see in your direction. This, however, provided the opportunity for your friends and family to be pinned to the ground. Without significant movement, Sans and your father were sitting ducks. Their heads were forced into your direction, and their eye sockets widened in terror as they realized what was going to happen. Chara was struggling against his pinners, to no avail.

They did that to your forearms, femurs and your tibias, each with a loud crunch followed by a bloodcurdling scream that made your father and Sans cringe.

“And last, but not least.” they said, before a yellow bat materialized in their hands. A mage. As if wanting to make it as painful as possible to your family, they took a few practice swings near your head.

With calculated precision, their bat made contact with the back of your head. Your HP dwindled to the decimal points, but that didn’t matter. All your world was white-hot pain. With that much pain, your body could only do one thing. One moment later, you slumped over, unmoving, yet not dusting.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?” a loud voice called out. The person knocking you out whirled around. Standing behind them, was none other than The Great Papyrus, in his iconic “battle body” and scarf flowing behind him.

“pap! run!” Sans called out. Papyrus ignores him.

“Putting freaks back where they belong, underground.” they said, smirking. Papyrus stood, calm and unmoving.

“I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.” Papyrus says. The human shrugged. “WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?”

They smirk. “Because monsters are dangerous. And why your brother? Because he is filth, everything we stand against. A monster and human hybrid, that’s dangerous. Our employers don’t
care what happens to him. Our employers want him alive, and no other monsters around.”

Things were quiet for a couple moments, no one daring to move. Then Papyrus spoke up.

“YOU KNOW, ONCE UPON A TIME, I THOUGHT ANYONE CAN BE A GOOD PERSON, IF THEY CAN JUST TRY A LITTLE.”

“Yeah, keyword TRY. Some people try, but they can’t. We are beyond redemption. And we certainly don’t need your pity.”

Papyrus thought for a moment, before speaking again.

“I WILL ALWAYS BELIEVE IN PEOPLE, NO MATTER WHAT.”

The human looked smug. But…

“I’M AFRAID I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CAN’T BELIEVE IN YOU, OR ANY OF YOUR OTHER FELLOWS. ESPECIALLY WHAT YOU DID TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.”

This was breaking Papyrus, and Papyrus knew it. To no longer believe in some people, that some people are beyond redemption, it made his soul ache. Orange tears were streaming down his face.

Finally, Papyrus gets a grip on himself. He wipes the tears from his face, before staring in the eyes of the human in front of him.

“IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY TODAY. BIRDS ARE SINGING. FLOWERS ARE BLOOMING.”

Sans and Dr. Aster realize what is gonna go down. They hunker themselves down in preparation.

“ON DAYS LIKE THIS, HUMANS LIKE YOU…” the right eye socket of Papyrus lights up with a brilliant orange smoke, “SHOULD BE BURNING IN HELL!”

Before anyone else can react, a blaster is summoned. It had a skull similar in structure to a
human’s. And it was more than big enough to wipe out the small army, or at least who remained. The blaster is humming, and it takes a full minute to charge up. It appears most of the army is too stupefied to do anything. Those that aren’t scared stupid are held in place by Papyrus’ blue magic.

A blinding light comes from the blaster mouth, and…

Frisk’s eyes flutter open, and she scans her environment. She is still at the archery range. Suddenly, the ground shakes, like an earthquake, and Frisk is knocked out for a few moments, before regaining consciousness. She stood up quickly, a wave of nausea overtaking her. When it passed she went outside.

Outside, there laid a crater. And in the middle of the crater was Papyrus, who was slumped over Sans and Dr. Aster. Chara seemed to be alive, if his heavy breathing was any indication. He appeared to be nursing a bruise. Thankfully they were still up, but the men? Where did they all come from? How long was she out?


“they, they came to try to wipe us out. however, if their uniforms are anything to go by, they were most likely a private army, so therefore self defense applies. i’m not going to hate this just because this happened.”

‘Where’s Roman?’ she signed.

“Nearby. He doesn’t appear to be doing well. His HP is in the decimal points, and haven’t reacted to Papyrus’ attempts at healing him. We are unsure if he is refusing the magic or if the stress was enough to force him to block out any attempts.” Dr. Aster supplied.

“What in the HELL is going on here?!’” a loud voice calls out. A familiar face pops into view. Undyne.

“oh, you know the usual. humans have a private army, they take it upon themselves to attack, they fail, and papyrus shows them their place.”
“Wait, THAT was Papyrus?!” she shouts. Papyrus nods numbly.

“THEY WEREN’T WORTHY TO BE BELIEVED IN BY THE GREAT PAPYRUS.”

“Wait, are they dead, or…?”

“THEY’RE STILL ALIVE, IF THAT’S WHAT YOU’RE WONDERING.”

“Oh, golly, what caused this?” another voice came up. Asgore pops his head over the crater lip, and his gaze falls onto Chara.

“Hello father.” Chara casually says, as if he were here this entire time. Asgore starts tearing up.

“Tori, look.” he says behind him.

“Now, what have I told you about calling me- Chara?” Toriel’s voice comes in.

“Hello mother. Long time no see.” he says, smiling gently.

“How? Just how?”

“As much as I would love to regale you the tale of my rebirth, we have more pressing matters. Roman is not responding to anything. Healing magic, outside stimulus.”

“Alright my child.”

One of the humans starts to stir. Sans and Dr. Aster grab Chara, shortcut to you and grab you, then shortcuts all of you to the others.

“I’d like Alphys to scan Roman when we get back, but we need to leave before anyone sees this.”
With that, you all pile into the car, and drive off, though not before Sans shortcuts a bag of gold with a note about fixing the archery range in it.

Within a couple hours, everyone is in your house, where you still weren’t responsive. Alphys gets a portable scanner, and scans your soul.

On the imaging, it shows a yellow half-human soul with a cyan-glowing half-monster soul. It had a spiderweb of cracks on it.

“O-okay, let’s see… HP is low, ATK and DEF seem normal… oh, no!”

“What, Alphys?” Dr. Aster asks.

Instead of saying, Alphys hands the scanner to him to see for himself. His eye lights scan the stats, but his eye sockets widen in fear.

“No, no, noooooooo!” he said, gripping his sternum, showing the results to the others. Frisk was more intent on watching you than the results.

This seems to get the others to understand how bad this is, and don’t ask for anything else. Asgore steps up to Dr. Aster, and pats his shoulder.

“I offer you the most condolences, my dear friend.”

Since no one else seemed to show her the results, Frisk grabs the scanner. She sees a lot of information she never knew about you, like your middle name was “Proper”, and you had a high natural ATK and DEF. But when her eyes looked under “Current Status”, her soul gripped in terror and fear.

“No, no! Roman you can’t do this to me!” she practically screamed. She absentmindedly noted that her voice was no longer raspy and scratchy, but that didn’t matter. You, her One and Only, her sunshine, had something no monster would wish upon anyone. And it was all summed up in two words.
Current Status: Fallen Down

Start playing: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rUha1mKuML0

Chapter End Notes

Fun Fact: Don't ever f**k with Papyrus' family in front of him, y'all.

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