

## Amalga-MATES Tale

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24579448) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24579448>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Undertale (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Frisk/Sans (Undertale)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Sans</a> , <a href="#">Papyrus</a> , <a href="#">Frisk</a> , <a href="#">Toriel</a> , <a href="#">Flowey/asriel</a> , <a href="#">Usual cast in Undertale Game</a> , <a href="#">Chara (Undertale)</a> , <a href="#">Frisk's Parents (Undertale)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Post-Undertale</a> , <a href="#">Magic Containment</a> , <a href="#">Amalgamation - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Bits of Delta Rune Tie</a> , <a href="#">Bad Puns</a> , <a href="#">Backward Romance</a> , <a href="#">Soul Problems</a> , <a href="#">Slight Smut</a> , <a href="#">Complete</a> , <a href="#">Barrier breaking</a> , <a href="#">Fight and Flirt</a> , <a href="#">Kris Explanation</a> , <a href="#">Problems with Amalgamation</a> , <a href="#">Gaster Explanation</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-06 Completed: 2021-03-09 Words: 91,416 Chapters: 29/29

# Amalga-MATES Tale

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## Summary

After freeing the Underground 2 years ago, Frisk returns to see everyone for The Events, a fun olympic event. However, Frisk reveals that the magic gag she had placed on her since before Underground, would never come off, and she just wanted to enjoy the week. Toriel however, has different ideas, going to any lengths to free her.

When Sans finds out about Frisk's problem, he understands why Papyrus plans on wooing her (like everyone else in Monster Kingdom.) Whoever Frisk picks, gets freedom to roam around in the human's world. He uses guilt to make Frisk choose Papyrus. Sans wants more than freedom with Papyrus though, he plans on finding what weighs heavy on Frisk's heart.

But nothing is what Sans expects, Frisks holds secrets he got wrong, and Papyrus earned more than a ticket to freedom.

## Notes

This fiction refers to Delta Rune (Survey\_Program) a little in Sans' words. This only refers to the first part of Delta Rune out in 2020. (Just in case it continues.) Playing Delta Rune isn't necessary since there wasn't a real strong end except a cliffhanger anyway. This post-world assumes Sans and Papyrus 'blew in to Underground' from Delta Rune, and assumes that something tragic happened to it.

This fic is also dedicated to Fluffy Bunny and anyone else who is using reading to get through these tough days. Here's some more Undertale to read during the tough times right now.:)

# Frisk's Important Visit Back to the Monsters

## Elias Preserve in Alaska (New Home of Monster Kingdom.)

"Since we are sentries, we can watch out for her."

Sans lifted his head from its sleeping position, still standing up. He looked over at Papyrus who had been talking. "Watch out for who?"

"Sans!" His younger brother scolded him. "Can you stay awake for me to tell you anything long enough to- Sans!"

Sans batted his eyes awake again as he looked at Papyrus. "I'm doing what again?"

"Watching out for her!" Papyrus yelled. "Oh for goodness sake, Sans. It will be up to me to keep her safe, won't it?"

"Who?" Sans asked.

Papyrus slapped his bony hand across the face of his skull and slid it downward passed his chin bone, before taking it and pointing at him. "Who do you think? Frisk!"

"Ah." Great. "Little human guy. We still going on about that?"

"Girl, and not that little," Papyrus warned him.

Not that little? "What, she like ten now?"

" . . . she is almost eighteen, going to college next year I hear," Papyrus said.

Eighteen? Sans looked at his fingers. "No way. She was like six when she came maybe."

"Sans?"

"What?"

"Do I have to point out I dated her?" Papyrus reminded him. "Why would I date someone so young back then? I'm not a complete *numb* skull."

"Huh." Papyrus was a numb skull, she couldn't be that old. Heck, he couldn't even tell whether it was a he or a she. It didn't even have a real personality. Just a kid that came down and brought the Underground to the surface a couple years ago. Yeah. "Whatever you say, Bro."

"I'm not lying. Here is her current picture." Papyrus pulled out a picture and gave it to him.

Sans looked at it. Same brown hair. Same kind of striped shirt. He wasn't really into the striped shirt thing. He was nice to it for Toriel. Nicer yet 'cause it brought everyone out from the ground. Made everything all happy for them. Didn't really phase him though. "Tenish."

"Are you joking, Sans?" Papyrus took the picture back. "She's almost eighteen, not ten." He sighed. "Poor thing."

"Toriel's favorite little pacifist kid." Sans didn't want to argue, but Papyrus couldn't really believe the little thing was that old. "Keeps calling it 'child' when she talks about it."

"She is as old as Asgore!" Papyrus contested. "Everyone is a child to her. Frisk back then was between, like me." Papyrus gestured toward himself. "15 or 16 or so."

There was no way she was close to his younger brother's age. No way. "If that's what you think, Bro, that must be true." It wasn't but he wasn't going to fight about it.

"We aren't supposed to take our eyes off of her during the whole event," Papyrus said. "Undyne will be sitting next to her as well. She feels quite awful about the past, wants to apologize about it again, and Asgore wants her as safe as possible. As well as making sure all monsters feel safe with a strong human soul near us. Most do, but some didn't meet her face to face."

Sans shrugged. "Sure." Not a big deal. One week with the little it thing again. No big deal. Except, it kind of was. "Why's it coming back again?"

"She was invited to the events by Asgore and his ex," Papyrus said. "Her parents finally agreed to let her come visit. Can you at least pretend to pay attention by going along with it, Sans?"

Sans shrugged again and watched his brother go off. He strolled away from his post and looked up at the sky. Every monster out there rejoiced when they saw the sun. He'd been nonchalant about it. Not a real big deal. He'd seen it before. He'd seen a lot before. He continued to walk onward, heading to the castle. They never moved that far from it.

A castle. Old fashioned. Monsters still followed their ways there though. *Dunno what I was expecting. Things will never change just 'cause we came up. Still the Underground.* He looked at the symbol on the castle though. Lingered on it.

Then went his own way again. Concentrate on the present. The events would be starting soon.

### **Frisk's Mother's Car**

Frisk listened to her mother again. Not like she received a choice. She knew what she would say again.

"It still isn't too late to turn back," her mother said. "You don't need to do this."

Frisk touched her face gently. She went through a lot. Through all the fighting, she was left with many scars. Most of them were small and on different parts of her body. She did

however have a few on her face. Two high on her brow, two on her chin that crossed, and one significant scar across her cheek. It was the one that was most pronounced.

Frisk looked out the window. Things weren't going so well at home and Toriel wanted to talk to her personally. The events would give them that time to talk. Toriel wanted to help, and even though her mother hated the idea, she couldn't oppose it now. She needed help.

While Frisk had gone under ground, her father had been blamed for taking Frisk. Which was fair, her parents were going through a divorce and he stole Frisk giving her an illegal gag order. A magic restriction placed on the soul that kept her from communicating.

Shortly after that, she ran away and tripped Underground. However, the authorities pinned her disappearance, and her supposed death on him too. He was in jail when she came out. His illegal gag order was lifted off her soul, she described what happened and her mother took over from there.

She took her far away, trying to keep her away from the monsters. If Frisk had been her own mother, she would understand why. When Frisk came out she had more than just a few bumps and scratches. She fought a *lot* of monsters, and that kind of damage didn't just disappear. She was lucky to be alive.

"What if you get into trouble?" Her mother questioned her once again. "Will you call home? If I see your number, I will come and get you right away."

However, the courts learning about the monsters didn't believe that Frisk's father abducted her. Monsters letting a child live with it's soul, when that's all it took to set them free? They couldn't believe it. They believed she was brainwashed by them. Monsters hadn't been on the surface for years, but some had that power.

While the humans didn't want to set off a pointless war with monsters who didn't even have 500 of them left, they weren't going to incorporate them into society either. They compromised and gave them a huge piece of land for 500 monsters, ending the conflict. Then pretty much ignored them, and sealed up Frisk's end by putting a gag order on her, officially this time.

No one would hear her side of the monster stories. Segregated and never integrated. That was the future.

Fast forward to now and Frisk's dad won shared custody again, once again blaming the monster brainwashing as to what happened. Her mother was nervous though. Nervous about things about to happen.

Nervous enough to finally let her see Toriel face to face. When her mom looked back at her, Frisk gave her nothing in return. Just a blank look with eyes closed.

For two years, Frisk was not allowed to speak with her own voice. She could not make eye contact with another person. If they looked toward her, her eyes would instantly close on their own. She was not allowed to smile or frown. She was just there. Even her hands couldn't

use sign language. The gag order stopped *everything*. She was seen with a blank expression, soaking up the world around her, but unable to communicate with it.

She could only communicate through writing (left on for basic communication of subjects), very few hand movements (enough to dial a phone) and telepathy. Something most humans couldn't do with another human, but monsters could.

From then on, the monsters did as they wanted. Kept living by Asgore's rule. Built another castle and their houses. Followed their own rules and laws. However, Toriel did try to reach out some by creating The Games."

They came to be known as the events since The Games weren't something all humans could get behind. It was a time in the kingdom where humans who were invited over, could have a day of peace and watch the monsters perform their own events. Frisk didn't know what the events were. Fighting or a talent show or a mix of both. It wasn't well known.

Frisk had been invited last year when they started, but her mother didn't dare let her come. This year, Frisk was about to see her old friends. Some of them had actually kept in touch with letters too. Undyne wrote letters well. Toriel called every Saturday night, at 1:00, where Frisk would pick up the phone and talk to her. When she was able to back then, for the brief amount of time between gag orders.

Papyrus too. He made the most wonderful friend, just as much as Toriel. Even though Frisk couldn't communicate, they would be right there, offering her words of encouragement or words of comfort.

Everyone else she hadn't seen in a couple of years. It would be a great time. A *free* time. A time she would not have again and would savor. Frisk stepped out of the car as it stopped.

"Be careful," her mother warned her, "and if you dial home, I am going to assume that something happened and I need to come back. I love you, Frisk. You be very careful. Remember what you need to do. I won't be far, I am staying in a resort very near here, not even a couple hours away. If you need me, I will be right there. Be very careful though."

Frisk turned her back on the car. It was day but already she could see lights starting to turn on for the festivities that would happen soon. She headed inward.

"I.D."

She was stopped by a large, very large monster she'd never met before. Frisk thought she'd met them all.

"Who are you?"

*Frisk.*

"Who are you?"

Great. That was the thing about monsters. Some of them understood her well with their telepathy. Others not so much. Others, not a bit. Frisk tried again. *My name is Frisk. Toriel*

*asked for me. Here to see Toriel. Toriel here. Here for Toriel.* She tried to speak in several different ways to get her point across, but it wasn't working. He was looking rather aggressive.

"Leave human! Private area!"

Frisk put her hand over her heart. One of the few gestures she could do. *Peace. Love. Human peace. No fighting. Toriel. Asgore. The King? King Asgore sent me.* New words were tried, but there was still no way to get through to him with her telepathy. He held up his sword more. In the past, she imagined it being knocked across her, but the monsters tried to be civil with the humans now.

"Leave! Never return!"

Okay, it wasn't working. For now, Frisk backed away.

"Human friend!"

*The Great Papyrus.* Frisk watched as Papyrus shoved the big monster out of the way.

"You oaf. That is Frisk, a welcomed guest of King Asgore," Papyrus told the big monster.

"Well, I didn't know. She didn't speak," it complained.

Frisk ignored that comment and went to stand side by side to her rescuer. *Hello, The Great Papyrus.*

"Hello to you too," Papyrus said to her. "Welcome back! You've grown a little. Not much, but a little. Come. I will take you straight to Undyne. She is watching over you during the events along with me and Sans." As they walked, she noticed Papyrus stealing glances at her.

"Human? You, um? You still have remnants of days gone by on you?"

*Humans have soul magic, The Great Papyrus. We are mostly water too, not magic.*

"Oh." Papyrus nodded. "Sorry. I see. The photo was accurate. I thought it just had some bends, or maybe it wasn't as good a camera." He rubbed his bony finger along the area of what would have been his nose. "Hm, let's see. It is . . . there." He gestured up high and waved at Undyne.

Frisk saw Undyne's face out of focus. Almost looking, but not quite. It was how she learned to observe the world ninety percent of the time. Undyne was out of uniform and wearing some kind of team outfit. Maybe for the events. For a moment, Undyne seemed to freeze, then she waved again politely before barreling down from the stands right in front of Frisk.

"Hey there!" Undyne welcomed her.

Frisk closed her eyes instantly.

"Sorry," Undyne apologized. "Humans don't mend as well."

Frisk knew she was probably making reference to the scar on her face she had caused. *Long time ago. Don't worry about it. The Punk is happy to see you.*

"Well good. I'm glad to see the Punk too." Undyne gave her a hug. "Come on, up toward the stands. Alphys is hanging out too."

Frisk followed them toward the top of the stands. It was strange, almost like stands for a sporting event stadium.

Alphys waved toward her excitedly and strolled toward her, stepping on a couple of monster's feet and appendages on the way, apologizing. "Sorry. Sorry. Pardon me. Ooh, sorry about the tentacle. Sorry? Sorry." She reached Frisk and adjusted her glasses. "Good to see you again. Uh?" She looked around them. "Why don't we sit here?"

They were on the edge of the upper stands.

"We need to move down, Alphys," Undyne complained. "How is the human with it's pathetic eyesight supposed to watch?"

"Um? But, there are more monsters down there," Alphys pointed out.

Frisk knew Alphys was nervous of others. Maybe even traumatized. *I'm fine, Undyne.* She looked out in front of them but couldn't really see much. *I'm supposed to see Toriel soon.*

"Yes, and Sans should have been coming by now," Papyrus said. He held his hand out by his head and stared in the distance. "I don't see him."

Frisk turned to Papyrus. She kept her eyes closed, but wanted to show she was paying some sort of attention since Sans was important to him.

Sans . . . was an odd one. He gave her food, and talked to her a couple of times. He served her too from his stand. He helped. He never fought her, but there was something strange about him though. She always sensed it. When he admitted he was trying to keep her safe only because of Toriel, she wasn't surprised. When he said she'd be 'dead where she stood'. She felt surprise inside but couldn't show it. He said it had been a joke, but?

She didn't sense that. She was polite to him, like to all monsters. She did her best to make peace and to make it out alive. But, Sans. Frisk thought that maybe that feeling would change when they all felt the sun on them. Everyone after meeting her had changed their mind about her at that time. But he walked out like it was absolutely normal. Not that she wanted anything in particular, but not even a 'Good job, Kid, knew I should have trusted ya'. Nothing like that. Just off and walked away.

He never communicated with her afterwards, only Papyrus. It was a shame. He *seemed* like he would be a good friend.

Undyne was nineteen when they fought, and twenty one now. Alphys was twenty. Papyrus should be turning eighteen soon. *The Great Papyrus, have you turned eighteen yet?*

"Two more weeks," he answered her. "Then I will officially be a Royal Guard."



Frisk looked toward Undyne. *Really?*

"Yeah. Ner. Royal Guard-ner, if you get me." She winked at Frisk. Undyne was still babying him. "Guard is a couple more years."

Papyrus was pretty naive about people. Not that Frisk could say much. It made him an easy target, but none of the monsters there took advantage of it. In her world, a *lot* of people would have taken advantage of someone with such a kind heart.

Boy, did she know that firsthand. She sat down in the stands with Alphys and Undyne. Papyrus stood up, waiting for Sans as the girls talked.

# Skeleton Vision

Sans slowly made his way up the ridiculous stands. Why'd they have to go so high? He heard Papyrus screech his name and caught sight.

Good enough. He took a shortcut behind his brother. Papyrus was still calling down from the stands, unaware he already showed up behind him. He looked to the side.

Undyne. Alphys. Unknown human. Short brown hair with a striped shirt again. Couldn't be anyone else but the pacifist child. "Hey, Kid." He greeted it nicely. Hey, he was nice. It got them out to the sun, that was good of it. It didn't really speak back. Not a surprise. It never spoke out loud. He looked and watched Papyrus' bones go all rigid as he looked behind him. "Sup?"

"You scared me!" Papyrus complained to him. Sans took a seat. "Where have you been?"

"Got here," Sans answered back. That was good enough. The human had more than enough help, it didn't even need him. It shouldn't be long though and Tori would come fetch the kid. He just stared below watching the events get set up while he heard Undyne talking.

"No way am I giving him another chance. He almost sliced off a monster's eye, I told him he was fucking out of here."

Whoah. "Language," Sans complained still staring ahead. "Tori's not gonna like that in front of the kid. Carnage is one thing but you know she's heavy on language."

"What kid?" Undyne looked around.

Sans glanced toward her, gesturing to the human. "The kid."

"Sh-She's not a kid," Alphys informed him. "Sh-she's as old as Papyrus, Sans."

Sans looked over at the human. Nah. There was no way she was Papyrus' age. It was still that same kid. Same shirt. Same kind of hair. Didn't even look like it was two years older. Maybe pushing ten, but that was it.

"Maybe he needs glasses," Undyne said to the kid. "Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah. So I told him he was fucking out of here, and then you know what he called me?"

"A fish you know what," Alphys finished.

"Yeah!" Undyne agreed. "A fish bitch. I told him he was a giant ass, and then Alphys being ever so sweet-"

"I gave him a big butt," Alphys said. "He deserved it. He called her a name."

Okay, that was it. Sans dialed up Tori and left her a message.

**Sans: Hate to be a ragtag nark, Tori, but Undyne is cussin' like a pirate around the pacifist human.**

He waited a second and then received something he didn't expect.

**Tori: So?**

**Sans: So? They are using foul language around a kid and you don't care? That's not like you.**

**Tori: Well, this is unlike you. I mean, the child is, well? Um? Papyrus' age. Unless it makes her uncomfortable, I don't see the problem.**

**Sans: Not you too. I'm staring straight at the kid. I'm not dumb. She can't even be ten.**

**Tori: She wasn't quite sixteen when she arrived here the first time, Sans. She can't go backwards. Why are you having trouble believing this? Have you talked to Papyrus?**

Sans put his phone away. It wasn't right. It couldn't be right, and what did that have to do with Papyrus anyway? "Hey, Kid, where's your I.D.?" As usual it had it's eyes closed. It's movements were rigid like a robot as it gave him a wallet.

"No reason to check yet," Undyne complained. "She can't have alcohol yet. What are you checking for?"

Of course it couldn't have alcohol because it was . . . Sans looked at the I.D. Drivers license. Old enough to drive. He looked at the dates. He saw some appointment cards and scoped those out to see if there was anything for her age. Maybe her driver's license was fake to sneak into clubs. Then again, a kid like it wouldn't be sneaking into clubs.

He gave it back. He couldn't contest it. The human was seventeen somehow. Young for their age then. He stared out in the distance. Nothing more needed to be said. He just had to wait for Tori. Papyrus sat beside him too. "Wonder what they'll be doing this year? I know they are having eating tournaments. I took home the three awards for that one last year."

"Ugh, I remember," his brother groaned. "I am going to try the dash again. I have been training. I am also entering a cooking contest. I almost placed last year, I know it."

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Frisk inadvertently twitched. It wasn't fair. Monsters had made progress in many fields, same as humans. They should be sharing technology and ideas. Sharing with each other. Communicating. At the very least, trading ideas and supplies for simple things like cooking to monsters. Instead, the Monster Kingdom was the same as Underground. Although they had sun, and it was very beautiful, they were isolated. They were restrained. None of them realized how restrained they were, but she knew.

Which was why she wasn't surprised as she saw a wild bear wander on the other side of the stands. Monsters never harmed wildlife. So where was it humanity decided would be a fair and fitting place to go for them? A National Park in Alaska. Saying she was mildly cold was

an understatement. It was six degrees and 2 PM in the afternoon. If her body was allowed to shudder, it would. Unfortunately, the gag order also kept her from even weather conditions showing how she felt.

Besides she wore the warmest sweater, the warmest hoodie, and the warmest coat over that hoodie she could find. She was more comfortable now than when she first went Underground and only had a sweater. Although, it wasn't Alaska. Mount Ebbott wasn't in Alaska at all, the humans were the ones who migrated them. To an isolated, yet privately watched area. Frisk knew the Snowdin residents probably didn't mind. Waterfall slightly, it was often chilly. Yet, after that? Those warmer temperatured monsters. *How do the warm monsters deal with the weather?*

"Monsters adapt," Undyne answered her. "We can't exactly warm up this area, it's a little dangerous. What with glaciers and all."

"They stay in the warmest parts they can," Alphys said, "but, uh? Mostly I just stay indoors anyhow."

That's right, Alphys was one that was near the warm area too. *I wish you had more climate choice.*

"We got sun," Undyne answered Frisk again. "That's good enough for just about any monster." She shined a bright smile toward Frisk. One Frisk wished she could reciprocate back or look full frontal at her to receive.

"Sun makes everyone happy," Papyrus agreed. "Right, Sans?"

"Yuh huh. Sun is number one."

Cheeriness hiding sadness. Seemed like him. Frisk didn't worry about it though. He wasn't her concern, that was Toriel who was coming up. She could see her in the distance. Far enough that she could almost make out her smile before eyes glanced out of focus.

She arrived to the side. Frisk saw her huge but beautiful pawed feet.

"Frisk. Sans, Papyrus, could you move?" Frisk heard her voice coming closer and stood up. She felt the warm embrace of a familiar fur surround her. Someone who really cared. "Before the events, come on down. I want to talk to you privately."

Frisk followed her down. She was polite enough to hold her hand and lead her down. Toriel had no idea how helpful that had always been. Only being able to see in certain ways or with closed eyes, made things like walking around people so tough. She had grown accustomed to a lack of help, but back then when they first met? Toriel made the biggest impression that day, showing how much she would help.

Toriel continued to lead her away once they reached the ground. Several minutes passed with space between the stadium and them before she started to speak. "I am so glad I finally got your mother to let you come," Toriel said to her. "I am however disappointed, again, that she did not get this gag order off of you. Did she even try?"

*No. Frisk was honest. The human world thinks I am dangerous. She loves me, but she is part of the world too.*

"It is such a shame," Toriel said to her lovingly. "My world is free, and yet because of what you could share more with the world, mankind has clammed you up. I am so sorry. "

*I'm just glad you and most of the monsters can understand me. Even if they don't understand why I am the way I am. Have they met any humans to see how different I am, Toriel?*

"Yes, they have. I've talked about it with Undyne and Papyrus. I think Undyne told Alphys," Toriel said. "I don't know if Papyrus bothered to tell anyone. Asgore knows too, somehow. He is King," she grunted. "He is going to want to talk to you too."

*The Monster Kingdom seems happy here. Are you all really happy?*

"Yes, Frisk. We could not be better," Toriel stated. "We could never be better. Under the circumstances. Which I want to talk to you about. Inside."

### **Toriel's Home**

Frisk looked ahead of her. Apparently Toriel had her own little place near the stadium. It made sense. The events were her idea. Frisk walked in and looked around. It was different yet a similar, warm glow to her older place. Same things too. Most likely because humans wouldn't furnish anything extra that they didn't have to.

"Have a seat." Toriel gestured toward a small chair next to her large one. Frisk took a seat. "There is no dis-communicating with me. I know why you are the way you are. You don't have to put any kind of nice icing over what you have to say." Toriel placed on her reading glasses. "I want to know the whole situation between your mother, your father, and why you have finally been able to come."

Toriel didn't waste time. Not with even a nice tea. She was worried, so Frisk began the dialogue for her. *In a few days, it'll be my birthday. I own myself in my world at 18. My mother has retained custody since after the freeing of the Underground. You know that. She hasn't attempted to even take off the gag order, but she's scared. She's scared of my father. She's scared of the monsters. She doesn't know what to do.*

"In the meantime because your mother is 'scared', you are left in this position." Toriel didn't seem as kind to her mother. "Frisk. Why did your mother finally let you come?"

*My father got promoted in his job, remarried, and is staking the claim that it was my carelessness that made me fall into the Underground. Anything I say to the contrary is just brainwashing by the monsters. Considering even my mother believed the monsters were bad, it left him a very strong case. He won shared custody, but she did what he did. She stole me away and brought me here.*

"But you are almost freed. You said so yourself," Toriel questioned. "Does it matter whether he has custody at this point?" Something in the way she said that. She touched Frisk's arm gently. "I have not pried. I have tried to be as good as I could. I was never able to get

questions or answers because of that ridiculous gag order over the phone. However? Now is the time." She looked at Frisk carefully. "You were very hurt with monsters. I can see it even now. You have wear on your face similar to a war, and I am so sorry for that. I could heal your soul. Not your wounds."

*Beauty isn't really a thing I need. Blemished people fade out in a crowd. When I can't even communicate, it's better that way.*

"I still say sorry and that I wish I could help," Toriel said once again. "Humans are such a different kind to monsters though. However, with that out of the way? You had marks before you fell. Were they from the fall? Or were they from your father?"

Ah. That's what Toriel wanted to know. Now, Frisk had to be careful. She knew how to hide her thoughts, from what she wanted to communicate. In this case, she couldn't share it all. *The fall. I don't have a very good memory. The fall seemed to jumble me up. My mother said it's the gag order affecting me. I don't believe my father ever abused me though. I love him just like I love my mother, and the time I do remember, he was just a loving father.*

Toriel held her hand to her chest with a relieved smile. "That is so good to know! I finally get the truth on that." She took off her reading glasses. "Then why is your mother so scared to lose custody of you to him now? Whether he wins or he doesn't, you are free in honestly just days. Can she not bear to let you go even a few days before she must?" She gave a small smirk. "You certainly know how to make it a point that you must leave."

If Frisk could smile. *Once I turn 18, the gag order comes off, and I am free to move on toward college or work or wherever I wish. I am free to communicate as I want. While my mom is scared I will try to tell people that monsters don't deserve to be in a National Park and should be a part of society instead, she doesn't want what my father probably wants. It's not guaranteed that what she thinks will happen, will happen. But?*

"But what, Frisk?" Toriel urged her. Yet? Something about the urging.

*Father wants to make a case of the monster's brainwashing me Underground as making me unfit to ever escape a gag order, and that I will need live in help and a guardian for the rest of my life due to the magic forced upon my mind. He is making that case right now in court today.*

Toriel paused. She stopped rocking. There was silence, only the ticks of a clock for a whole thirty seconds before her eyes narrowed and she stood up. "I knew it." She crossed her arms. "As long as I am alive, that will never happen to you, Frisk. With this gag order, monsters can still communicate with you, but humans cannot. It's not right, tying you up inside your own soul- and don't tell me it isn't soul related!" She yelled. "All humans can mess with is their souls. All other magic they can't mess with. No matter what it takes, I will find a way to keep your father away from you."

*Toriel, it's okay? I've grown used to living like this. I mean . . . it will be different. When no one is around, I can almost act normal. I can still watch where I walk by looking at the ground. I can still see, just not at others. This is just . . . another conditional thing.* Frisk tried to sound confident, but she was failing. *I'll have someone around me all the time. I'll have to*

*walk with a walker or a wheelchair officially. I'll have my eyes covered completely. All vocal sounds are already off, but they might . . . if they think it's necessary, sever my vocal chords.*

*I can't fight a human legal system. The decision is being made today. After the events, it'll be carried out for good. My mom only wanted me to come to ask for money so I could escape, but that will do no good. Frisk shook her head. Even taking me here without father's consent could be considered illegal, he has shared custody.*

"Why on Earth?!" Toriel couldn't believe it. "They will officially paralyze you? Monsters did not brainwash you, and we did not force magic on you. And even if such a thing was possible, why would disabling you to communicate help things? It makes no sense."

*Humans know less of monsters, than monsters ever knew of humans. From what our old texts say, the only way to get rid of magic is to break off anything we feel is enhancing it. Anything.* Frisk didn't need to guess what Toriel must have been thinking.

"Tell me," Toriel insisted. "How far will they go with you Frisk?"

*Mother is scared of the monsters and that you once hurt me. I looked like death, and I still have scars from all of the tragedy of Underground. She dropped me off and left me here. That's how far they will go with me.*

"No. I won't let this happen," Toriel told her. "You do not deserve a life like that. Lock you up, leave you with someone to watch over you, take away anything the scared humans think might be 'infected by magic'. It's all an excuse to make sure no one ever hears your side of the story. Why, Frisk? He was already in jail, so why?" she pried again. "Why all of this to his own daughter?"

*Oh. I'm sorry, I never told you. My dad is a mayor. His determination led him very high in life. When I disappeared he lost all prestige but once everyone believed it was the monsters, he had even more prestige. Now, he's running for president. Having me there by his side as the one who helped the wild monsters, and who helped them find a preservation place to try to thrive is what he wants seen. He doesn't want anything else heard. Just his new successful marriage, his new baby on the way, and his successful daughter who saved the monsters, no matter how vicious they were. Frisk closed her eyes purposefully. That's his motto. No matter how vicious they were. The one who helped them find freedom, no matter how cruel they were. You were never awarded land of your own, Toriel. You are just slated in a cold, National Park, far away from any human to interact with. Except the few watching you. Like your . . .*

"Animals," Toriel finished for her. "I know what our location means. It's still better than Underground. As nice as it would be to move around freely in the world, this place gives us sun and fresh air. It gives us room to follow our own laws, rules, and beliefs. Without mankind hurting us in any way, or us it. That's the best we can get. I gladly accept it and so do the others." She smelled the air. "We have a place bigger than some American cities. Hundreds of thousands of miles to traverse. No real border because of that. We feel free. We are alive. That's what matters. You don't need to put yourself at anymore risk for anything else."

*There's no choice. The decision will be happening soon. Once it happens, mom calls. You're supposed to answer and then tell her what you've decided for me. I can't go out on my own though, Toriel. No one understands me. No one would hire me. Who would see me and help me? No one gets a gag order on them for good conditions. Seeing a teen out on the road acting like this. People know gag orders. They'll think I escaped, or I did something so bad I was sentenced with it. I can't do that. I can't hide. I'll either die or get caught, and I don't want to live that way.*

"They could physically alter you, Frisk. Your vocal chords? What else would they alter?"

*I don't know but my father wouldn't want people seeing his daughter without limbs, so I think I'd be safe there.*

"Why does he care more about his position than his own daughter?! Your phone!" Toriel reached for the phone on Frisk and held it, sitting back down. "I know it's against your nature to do the wrong thing. I know that in this case, even the wrong thing is not the right thing. There is no right thing or right way to go in your situation right now. That is why you are just as confused, Frisk. You can't see a path to take. Such is life sometimes." She stared at the phone. "Life happens though, and we do what we must. Monster Gold is still Gold. It can be converted to money, and you can do well. With what I could offer, you could be secure for a certain amount of time. However, everything does run out. It's up to you to figure out how to make it all last." She sighed. "You don't want that though. You've never been one to want to break a law. Doing anything of that kind is illegal and will get you into trouble."

*I don't care about me, I care about you! What if someone finds out you were involved in this? That you knew what my mother wanted and that you gave me money to help avoid me being captured? The monsters are lucky to even have this place, Toriel! I don't want you to lose it because of me. I don't want a pointless war to break out because you gave me some G and advice on how to outrun him. Because it wouldn't matter. I can't forever. So what good would it do in the end? It would only hurt everyone. Even me. To do that and get caught. They would go the full extent for punishment.*

"Then what do you want, Frisk?" Toriel asked her.

*The Events. I just want to spend the time catching up with my friends. Having fun. Sharing. Experiencing life. Then, I'll go to dad. I'll be good for him. After that, I probably won't ever see or hear from any monster again. The phone rang.*

Toriel answered the phone. "Yes, she is here. So?" Her expression said it all. "Are you any better for wanting to keep her quiet until 18, Torah?"

*Toriel, please don't start a fight with my mom again.*

Toriel wasn't accustomed to listening to her though. "Frisk would do as much damage at 18 then 16, an extra two years of this gag order wouldn't help her 'learn her lesson', Thora!"

Ooh, she was calling Frisk's mom by her first name. *Toriel? Please?*



"What am I going to do for your child, Human?" Toriel asked. "That is what you want to know? What can I do? I would be willing to do anything to help, but Frisk knows her own mind. No matter how much you two proceed to try to shut her up. She does not want to run away. She will attend the events, as scheduled, and she will go with her father at the end. Yes, I know it isn't fair. It's Frisk's life and decision. You've no part of that. None of you should have any part of that. She is almost considered an adult in the human world, and she still has no choice in how her life is ran." Toriel hung up and gave her phone back. "You know."

*Yes. It was just a pipe dream anyhow. At least, right now, I have others I can communicate with. If I can?*

"Yes." Toriel nodded and helped Frisk up. "Not a moment to spare. This time is your time, Frisk. Spend it however or with whomever you choose." She oddly winked. "I will personally help you get back to Sans and the others. But don't think I will rest the same way. If there *is* a way to save you, I will find it. I promise you that. Even if I have to . . ." She grumbled. "Talk to him."

# Wooing Frisk for Freedom

## In the Stadium Seats, Further from Undyne and Alphys Who Wanted To Be Alone . . .

"You? Kind of suck right now," Sans said to Papyrus as he heard what he told him. Was he serious? "That's not cool."

"I think it's needed," Papyrus told him. "Now? I was cool about it beforehand. Technically we were younger, and she was a species you weren't used to seeing, but there is no contesting anything this time. There is no confusing things. Brother? You need a good slap."

Sans stared ahead at the games. Papyrus watching how he reacted to Frisk, thought he needed slapped. A term for skeletons to jog the light guiding vision out of whack, and almost reset it.

"Our vision is different, Sans. Because of . . . things that happened. I don't think you *see* Frisk," Papyrus told him.

"I see it just fine," Sans tried to tell him. "Not used to humans. Got the age wrong. Happens."

"No, Sans, it's not that hard. We've been on the surface almost two years."

"This surface." He said it before he caught himself. "Yeah, the surface."

"Sh. She isn't." Papyrus tried to get the words out. "She isn't that child."

"Yeah. Tori wasn't that Tori," Sans said to him. "Alphys wasn't that Alphys. Undyne wasn't that Undyne. Asgore definitely wasn't that Asgore. Nah. Nope. Nah." He was silent. "I'm not being mean to it, am I?"

"No."

"I've told it jokes. I helped it. Heck, I thought I was helping by getting Undyne to stop cussing," Sans said. "Not holding anything against it."

"Well? No."

"Then what reason you really got to smack me?" Sans asked him.

"I don't want to, Sans. If you see Frisk in that way though, I fear how you see the rest of the world. Is it only Frisk you can't see correctly? Do you see everything else?"

"Oh yeah." Sans pointed to the flags below at The Events. "Especially those. Cute little symbols."

"Ah. Yes, the royal family's, well? It." Papyrus grew quiet. "Can you at least describe what you see around you?"

"I'm fine." Sans was accurate, he knew it. "Undyne's wearing a red and white team jacket."

"Right."

"Alphys is wearing a blue winter top and pants over her labcoat."

"Also right."

"You're wearing your favorite tree and bone shirt with green and red stitching."

"Very good."

"And Frisk is wearing a green and yellow sweater."

" . . . not at all." Papyrus patted his shoulder. "She is wearing a sweater of, I think a blue variety? That can barely be seen over a hoodie of purple and a blue coat over the top of that? Unless she is wearing a shirt of blue, purple and edged with blue? I assume the first. It's very cold. She needs more than a sweater." He sighed. "I wish I had more depth perception like you. Either way, it's certainly not green and yellow, Sans."

Sans shrugged. "Even you aren't clear, Papyrus."

"I know my greens and yellows, Sans!"

Sans stroked his mandible. "You *can't* give me a good smack here, Papyrus. I'm changed, I'm not like you."

"What do you mean?" Papyrus asked.

"Hit points. Moving . . . changed us. I, uh." Sans stared ahead at the symbols below them again. "I only got one hit point. Whack me too hard and you'll kill me."

"What?! One hit point?"

"Let's not scream it," Sans warned him. "Not really something you should draw attention to, you know?"

"Oh. I am sorry," Papyrus apologized. "I don't think any less of you." He sighed. "Your perspective seems okay, mostly, except for Frisk. How can I help you see her as she truly has been?"

"Why does it matter so hard?" Sans asked.

"She is here, for a week only, for some fun. It might be her last week of fun. Trust me. It would be nice if you joked and got along with her."

"I did that."

"For real. If you could drop the guard you wear around her? It would be wonderful. She's not the same person, and it's time," Papyrus warned him. "To get over it all, don't you think?"

"Hm. You're right." Sans gestured beside them where Undyne and Alphys were talking to each other farther away. "They sure were different. One of them wasn't so into fighting. She was calm, cool and collected. Oh wait, she was a police person and no she wasn't calm. She was bored and wanted something to go down." He gestured toward Alphys. "A bit weird, not as assertive as she pretends to be, likes anime. Nah, she's nothing like the other." Sans gestured down below. "Hey those two are friends instead of enemies here," he said pointing directly to Bratty and Catty. "But do they still have the same interests?" He pocketed his hand into his coat. "Tori and Asgore had problems over there. Here they are so much more cheery- oh no, they are separated." Sans watched Papyrus closely. "The human here didn't mess up. She didn't change. That's great. I've been buddy-buddy in the past. I haven't been bad to her at all," Sans pointed out. "I even spent money to keep her fed back then. Free hotdogs don't appear out of thin air you know."

"Necessity only," Papyrus said. "Can't you give her a chance away from necessity?"

"No," Sans pointed out. "Because if I did, now it's necessity to please my Bro." Papyrus grunted while Sans winked. "If it ain't broke, don't fix it. Let's get back to our seats. The events should be starting soon." He started to move back, noticing while they were talking, Papyrus made them move farther away. He thought it was necessity, but now Papyrus had been trying to lead him downward? "Hold up, what you doin'?"

"Sans, I really want you to give her a chance because-"

Then Sans noticed Undyne also coming, with more thrust backup. "There's no way you can just have an eating contest and call that it. The events were started again to strengthen us, not indulge us. It has ancient tradition, that is why it was brought back. Now, down. You are in the beginner's quarters."

What? "What? But I don't want to," Sans complained. It didn't do much good though. Undyne easily lifted him up and then a jump down. He was at the bottom. He felt himself get set down on the ground.

"Go, Sans," Undyne demanded. "You need to get into a fight at some point. Beginner level is the best to see what you got."

Sans looked ahead. He didn't know whether to be scared or offended. "Frogs and whimsums." Really? He didn't want to kill anything, but he didn't want to die that way. He only had one hit point, he didn't have the luxury to be charitable. The events wasn't supposed to be life or death. Maybe back then, but Tori modernized it all. It was peaceful. Uniting. It was supposed to be fun.

*Undyne, as much as he probably appreciates the gesture, you have no right to make Sans the Skeleton do that. His life is his choice and his decisions.*

Sans heard a strange voice behind him. Hopefully Undyne was listening to it, but she wasn't one to listen much. He heard the bell for players to take their places.

*Undyne, if you have any respect for him, you'll stop it. If and when he decides to fight cannot be pushed onto him.*

"Ugh." Undyne took her weight away from Sans. "A sentry that doesn't even fight is upsetting for the Monster Kingdom."

*Belittling him is just as bad. Stop.*

Sans turned around to see which monster actually came to his defense. Papyrus was finally almost down from the stands, thankfully not shouting about his one hit point. Next to Undyne though was a human. Purple and blue sweater with a blue hooded coat. Her hair was a brunette color, but she didn't look toward him or say anything else.

"You are so lucky Frisk intercepted," Undyne groaned. "Next year, you are mine."

Frisk? That wasn't the human's voice. That wasn't the human's look. It looked like Undyne had jostled him enough that his vision turned some. Still, it didn't wipe everything from his memory at all. The eyes that couldn't look toward him for example. "If ya want to help me out, why not look at me eye to eye?"

*I'm not allowed to do that. I have a gag order on my soul.*

"Well, maybe you should play around with good guys instead of bad guys more often," he remarked.

"Sans! Bone head." Undyne looked toward Frisk. "You know him." She looked back toward Sans. "It's to keep her from communicating with humans about the Underground. If she didn't free us, she wouldn't have it on her."

Oh. "Joke. It was just a joke," Sans responded. He watched Papyrus head down as Undyne and Frisk made their way up and away from him. "It was a joke." He thought his brother had heard him.

"Sorry. I agreed to that before the whole 'I knew your secret' thing," Papyrus said. "Nevertheless?"

"Nevertheless what?"

"Frisk? Can you please become real friends with her?" Papyrus asked. "Because. Because you were there for her before Underground, when no one else had been. And? Well, I? I have talked to your friend Toriel more than once about Frisk. No one really wants Frisk to suffer. So, well. Did I mention Toriel and Asgore are officially not a thing anymore?"

His brother was using an unusual amount of stumbling blocks in his speech.

"No one really knows this, but some rules were changed when we came to the surface. It's the reason Asgore and his previous wife don't even talk about the crown. Different things happened," Papyrus said. "Like, monsters aren't considered . . . married."

"Uh huh." Sans wished he'd get to the point already.

"When they were with each other, they shared the crown. Now that they are not, they don't. It was a mutual relationship type thing." Papyrus was still holding something off. "And so, I

was warned some time ago something bad *may* happen that will influence Frisk's entire life."

"Pap. I'm not an impatient guy. I hang out and kill time like anyone else," Sans said. "This is getting buggy though. Can you get to the point already?"

"Since there is no such thing as marriage, a relationship technically equals marriage of a split of 50-50 and Toriel and Asgore both struck up the humans to agree to following *both* sides." Papyrus spit it out quickly. "So? He who wins Frisk's heart, wins freedom for her and himself too."

Kay. Kay . . . "She fancies a guy, she's out of whatever mess she's in?"

Papyrus looked . . . there was no other word. Giddy. "Sans! I've talked to her for like every week for two years! When I first dated her, there was a lot of tension, and others trying to hunt her down was a big influence too, but? I. She's. She's smart for a human. Sweet, terribly sweet, and peaceful and nice but still so full of energy! And-and?"

Oh. No. "The Great Papyrus The Skeleton."

"I wanted to say something before she came here and I had all this competition," Papyrus said, "but even then, I still had to tell you. Frisk is so genuine, it's going to be hard to get her to agree to anything but? But?"

"But Big Brother Sans helped her through the Underground." Sans didn't know how to react to it. "You like her?"

"I think so. I mean, well, it was only a short while I could actually talk to her before they put that cursed gag order back on her," Papyrus admitted. "But, from that. She cares so much. She likes many of the same things. And? Well. There's not really a lot of monsters around here who understand me like she does."

"She won all her battles by understanding everybody," Sans countered him. "It's her strategy."

"Look, there's nothing in writing," Papyrus said. "In fact, Toriel has not even told her anything yet. There might be more competition though because the one that wins her? Can see the world. She can be here, or we can be out there. Either way!"

Sans tapped his slipper lightly. "Bro. Fancying a girl is one thing. Going out like that with no supervision is-"

"-but you can come. You are family! Since there is no marriage, any relationship can equal family." Papyrus clapped his hands. "Imagine, Sans! Imagine being able to travel not just in this lonely area, but the world! Cities. Countries. Who knows how far we could go! We just need a job, and money, and out we can go!"

*Oh, Papyrus.* Not good. "You want to travel more than you want her, Pap."

Papyrus looked away. "I didn't mean to get that excited. I mean. I . . . she needs someone?"

A serious someone. Even if it wasn't marriage, humans expected it to be serious. There was more to this picture.

" . . . She proved herself once? She'd be a good sister to you, Sans?" Papyrus asked timidly. Then he waved his hands out. "I know, I know! It seems terrible of me, but, her future isn't good at all. Someone must be her hero. Why can't it be me?"

Sans didn't speak right away. To come out for freedom only to end up stuck in the cold with hardly any sun and no one else to talk to except the same people Underground. He knew Papyrus was thirsty for something different. In fact, other monsters would be thirsty for something different.

"Dahhhhhling, look at you, Frisk! You look even more beautiful than I do!"

Mettaton's voice in the air.

"Hey, stop teasing me! I'm not selling Nice Cream out here, it's for Frisk."

The Nice Cream seller's voice.

"I know you don't approve," Papyrus interrupted the sounds. "But? Just? If she does? Can you not see her the same way?"

"Undyneunjogged my perspective," Sans said. Still. It was a big favor to ask. He *just* now saw her in a different light. Yet, his brother wanted more freedom. A lot more. More sun. Meeting people. "The outside world might not be nice to monsters. You know that, Papyrus. It's not the same."

"Some will, some won't, but humans have soul makeup. It's this little trick that takes . . ." Papyrus must have realized he was excited again. "In short, no one will recognize us as monsters. It's like makeup. All humans can be beautiful with it. Even those that aren't human and- oh I can't hide it!" He was just too giddy. "Human development is sooo slow, we can do circles around them! If we get a hold of their soul makeup, we could make our own and then all the monsters could be freed too with us!"

Ah, there it was. Yep. It wasn't about doing a selfless favor. It wasn't about getting into a romantic relationship. It wasn't even just about Papyrus' freedom to roam the surface. It was about getting all the monsters back out. Sans looked toward Papyrus. "I'll try . . . to keep an open mind."

But there was more to it. He knew it.

# The Disgusting Feeling of Guilt

Frisk had to keep her eyes closed. She didn't understand why everyone was buzzing around her so much. Meeting and catching up was one thing, but monsters she never even met were trying to do her favors. She didn't understand. *I just want to watch the events. Can everyone please sit down?*

"This is beyond annoying," Undyne threatened them. "What are you all doing? Go sit down and leave us alone!"

"You don't mean us too?" Papyrus asked as he came closer.

*Never you, Papyrus. You are welcome to be here.*

"Nah, you were invited," Undyne said to him and Sans. "It's just a bunch of other goons that keep trying to tag up here. I don't get it."

Frisk watched the monsters down below. The event was to see who could make the most perfect circle. She couldn't help but notice Sans had chosen to sit much closer this time. He squeezed between her and Undyne.

"Thanks for pulling me out of the fryer. I felt like a french fry stuck in a fish fry," Sans joked with her.

*Your welcome.*

"So is it some big secret why you got your soul all gagged up? That seems out of order."

*People know you all exist, but many don't understand the details. The gag order keeps it that way.*

"Yep. We're all together like a fish in a bowl. Not supposed to leave, even though we could breathe air outside the bowl." It wasn't quite a joke. "Sorry I never kept in touch. I'm not the cally kind of guy."

*It's fine.*

"You kept touch with my brother though." There was something in the way he said that. Almost accusingly. "A lot."

*At first, when the first gag order was removed. I was able to talk to him every week. After that, he just called to be there for me. Him and Toriel. I owe them both the world.*

"Careful what you say," he warned her. "Wow. Under a gag order, must be pretty tight to get to know anyone. No friends or boyfriends huh?"

*After the gag orders, only monsters. Humans with gag orders aren't looked at kindly.*



"Yeah, I could guess that. Sorry for jumpin' to conclusions on ya too. Forgot how lame most humans are, they'd gag their own to keep truth quiet."

*They are just scared of what they don't understand. Same reason everyone wanted to fight me Underground.* Frisk closed her eyes. Sans was trying to look at her?

"Where the hell'dya get all that from? The face region, Kid, what the hell?"

*Just scars from the Underground.*

"You mean you bled and got wounded?"

Of course she got wounded. He watched and talked to her with her bleeding on the snow. Even if he didn't see that, he should have noticed the trails of blood behind her. *You saw me walking with my wounds.* What was happening? *Didn't you see my open cuts? The cheek is the worse. I wish it hadn't been, it haunts Undyne to no end.*

"Kind of didn't. I don't got eyes like you and others. I see with magic, it's different. I can see your wounds now, but that's because I was sort of reset vision wise. Before that? I don't know how to explain this to ya. You understand computer caching? How things get stuck and don't refresh right away?

*Yes, you have to delete the cache.*

"Yeah, I was kind of stuck in a cache. It just shook loose with Undyne. Before that I thought you really were like a ten year old, maybe."

*That's some cache, but it does explain a few things.*

"Yeah, well, experiences."

*I never knew skeleton sight was so different. Do you and Papyrus see the same?*

"Nah. Pap has more problems with depth perception. At the same time, he can delete his cache faster so it evens out."

Frisk couldn't believe she was actually communicating with Sans this much. Before he completely talked and bolted. This time, they were having a real conversation. Had she being older caused that or was it helping him? *Are you going to join the competition still for eating?*

"Probably. I don't know. I got a lot on my mind right now," Sans revealed. "You ever got anything on your mind?"

*You mean worries? All the time.*

"Ever feel anything else? You always feel like yourself?" He asked strangely. "Not, uh, getting possessed at night and ripping your soul out and putting it in a cage or nothing?"

That. Was. If Frisk was allowed to shiver or open her eyes in surprise, she would have. *That sounds creepy.*

"Good answer," Sans said back. "Real good answer. Trusting humans is tough. You've got no idea how hard it is to *trust*. A lot goes on the line when you open up and trust someone."

*Everything is on the line to trust, but without trust, you can't do anything. I had to put everything in the Underground. It was either that, or doing something I couldn't ever deal with doing. Life is seldom easy.*

"Yeah. Guess. Still? Trust is tough, and even if you give trust? There should always be a couple of eyes on someone's back extra," he said oddly. "To make sure that trust stays."

Frisk was losing what he was trying to say to her lately. He'd started to turn the conversation oddly.

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*I got to be out of my mind.* Sans glanced back toward Frisk. *If Papyrus did win her she could, I don't know, respond better?* He felt bitter, sad, mad and so confused. Yes, Frisk saved the Underground. Hoorah. Another of her though, in his original . . . *Papyrus sees past it. I can too. I think. I'm sure I can, right?* She seemed okay. Her thoughts were good. When she spoke to him, she was forthright. It was hard to get a good read on her though. Without being able to look her straight in the face. He could get a decent account of what she stood for, but not all of it. He couldn't get all of it until she opened those human eyes of hers. He had to find a way to get ultra close.

So much threw him off. It should be freezing but she didn't shiver. She couldn't react. She didn't deserve it, but then another part of him said 'yes she did'. Like it was karma working from one to the other world. There was no setting it all right though. No matter what happened. *Getting Papyrus out would be good for him. Does he get it though? I mean, he was there but?* Papyrus was just his little brother, and at the time, that version. It was a kid. A genuine kid.

Then things happened. Then more happened. Then Sans didn't remember everything that happened, except that he knew his world. He knew where he came from. He knew him and Papyrus didn't just blow down into the Underground on a whim one day. It didn't really matter what happened now, there was no changing it.

Delta Rune was gone. All of that was gone.

This was his new world. At least there was some surface, but Papyrus wanted more. He wanted to see the world. At least drive a car. Papyrus was never old enough to drive a car when he could. Sans found himself looking at his old bony fingers.

How old were his bones? He could be any age. Papyrus looked about 18. They went with his old birthday. Him? He had no idea how old he looked. How old he'd been. Thus was the problem with changing worlds. *No one ever said you'd get to remember.* Sans went back to watching the events. Could he steer Frisk to his brother so Papyrus could have the life he really wanted? Did Papyrus actually have any feelings for Frisk or was it just to pull her out of this situation?

And could he really trust her to stay loyal? To stay the pacifist Frisk everyone liked? Or would history repeat itself over in this world too? *I know I can't baby him. I know he's not a kid anymore. He hasn't been for a long time, but it don't mean he had those in between years.* Which were important. Papyrus never had tweens. Never had girlfriends. He was just a kid and grew up what felt overnight. Everything changed when they flipped worlds. Everything.

Sans doubted Frisk would be swayed with a couple sweet words into giving her heart away in a week to Papyrus, but there was a small crowd forming around her again. Everybody wanted to break free. Even now, Mettaton was putting on some kind of old rusted metal on Frisk's head, claiming she should wear it because she was the princess of his heart. It didn't make her swoon. Not that she could anyhow.

*Thanks, everyone, but I'm trying to watch The Events?* Frisk said as loud as she could with her mind to everyone around her. *All I want is to enjoy myself, thanks.*

"This." Even Jerry contributed?

Holy heckaroooney. You want to talk about deep competition? Jerry was offering her a sleeping bag for when night came. Jerry! Nobody liked Jerry but even he was trying. *Should have told her, Tori. This is getting ridiculous.* Sans caught Papyrus' eye over at Frisk's little ensemble too. Of course he was nervous. He moved from his spot for a second to go closer to him. He sat down. "You okay?"

"Everyone is giving her everything, Sans. Even Jerry brought a sleeping bag," Papyrus pointed out. "I haven't given her nothing. Some of them are even reciting poetry."

"Ah, young love," Sans teased him, knowing it wasn't love at all. None of them loved Frisk. None of them even knew her. Sans gestured her way. "Look less at what they are doing and how Frisk is responding. She hates it. She doesn't want anything except to watch the events and she's trying to tell them all to go away in the most polite way she can."

"Oh. Oh!" Papyrus stood up. "Maybe if I offer to move her so she can see closer?"

"That's using your noggin." Sans watched Papyrus head over to Frisk. He didn't know how much he should help his brother. He always took care of Papyrus, especially when they came there. Going from kid to teen overnight with no memories between wasn't easy. Even though it wasn't his fault, he felt responsible for it. Everything he did was for Papyrus. But this? *Nothing big. Just taking her closer to watch the events. It's not even marriage.* Just a deal someone needed to strike.

Sans watched Papyrus go over and take her hand. Frisk didn't bother with anything until he asked if she wanted to see the events closer. Like he thought, she started to move. They went past behind him, but a flurry of the annoying competition also went through and followed her. Sans pulled out his cell and texted Tori.

**Sans: Might as well tell her about this competition. She's got flocks of monsters all around. No way anyone is making any specific impression enough, it's all about poetry and gifts and she ain't falling for it.**

**Tori: I was afraid word would spread too far. It was a second chance option, if I could just get Frisk to bend. Highly unlikely. Has she gravitated toward anyone naturally?**

**Sans: Papyrus. He took her closer to watch the events. From this area, she could barely see and no way can she hear.**

**Tori: Oh no! That's not right. The only thing Frisk wants is to enjoy this week and be with her friends! All she gets is this time before it all changes.**

**Sans: Til what all changes?**

**Tori: She is turning 18, but her father won a suit saying she is unfit to have the gag-order off or to live on her own. She'll be watched from inside some kind of institution or him the rest of her life. That is if things are smooth, but honestly the way she reacted, I believe there is a risk they might even do some barbaric surgery to 'remove monster magic'! If I can get her to select someone, that won't happen though.**

**Sans: It still gonna work with all of that unfit part?**

**Tori: It's legal, if she chose before the ruling. It goes both ways.**

**Sans: The events is a busy time. Frisk is getting slammed. You want me to talk to her for you?**

**Tori: If you could, that would be wonderful! You helped her so much in the past, Sans. Maybe she'll listen to you and see that choosing would be best for her.**

**Sans: No problem. Got anymore details ya need to add, tell me.**

Sans put his phone away after getting the whole scoop. Great. He just steered himself into full control of the situation.

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It was a little easier to see. Frisk was trying to watch Undyne benchpress boulders against other monsters in the events below, but too much talking around her was distracting her again. Maybe if it was at least casual like Papyrus was trying to do. It was easier to listen to him. Not to mention, the crown on her head. She could take it off with the right movement, but it would offend Mettaton. Although the sharp metal was really not a comforting thought on her head. If she touched it wrong, she would slice her finger.

"Why don't you have your soul makeup?" Papyrus asked her. "You could cover up your scars. Don't they bother you?"

If Frisk had soul makeup, she would have put it on before she came so Undyne didn't feel bad. *It's a surprise you know about that. I can't afford the basic kit. I don't want to hide myself underneath a whole different default disguise. I would just want to fix the scars at certain moments. The more of a detail you want to fix instead of an overall overhaul, the pricier it is.*

"I would find a way to get you one," Papyrus said. "I wouldn't leave you like that if it made you feel bad."

*I don't mind. I don't want you to think that. It's only sometimes it would make a better impression. Like, if Undyne didn't have to see the scars she made. Or if I had managed to ever get this gag order off. Having less scars would make it sound more believable that monsters meant no harm.* Frisk sighed. One of the few things she could get away with. *I don't need to worry about the second anymore.*

"Maybe not quite that hopeless."

Frisk heard Sans' voice behind her. She heard him drop in on the other side of her. He must have pushed another bothersome monster out of the way.

"So Frisk, I got a secret for ya," Sans teased her. "Want to know why all these monsters are suddenly liking you this much?"

*Yes!* She would very much like to know that. She felt her arm getting tugged away from the crowd. They followed behind of course.

"Great. Come this way for a quick shortcut-"

### **A Few Miles Away From The Events**

Frisk could feel a change in temperature. It felt colder. She could see breath coming from her mouth. Sans took her away from the events.

"Right behind you," he said. "So, here's the lowdown. Toriel feels bad about what happened to you 'cause of what you did for the Underground. She wants to save you. Now you're gonna have to do something that's probably against your better judgment, but if you do it, then you'll be free. Gotta choose somebody."

*Choose somebody?*

"Yep, monster. Choose any monster to have a relationship with."

*What?!*

"Scream in your head any harder? Calm down on the prejudice, human."

*I don't know anything about monsters. I don't get it, how is dating a monster going to save me?*

"You're not dating a monster, you need to commit to one. You just have to claim you're in love and want to commit with one."

*What? I? I can't do that. I don't even know anyone.*

"Life sucks. Pick one and you get to have one though. The whole gag order would be null and void. You turn 18, you really are free."

Frisk tried to wrap her mind around what he was saying. *I want to be free. I really do, but I can't just lie about some relationship that doesn't exist. What would that mean for my future?*

"It means a good future. Your particular monster and his family would be your family. Ergo? They can come out of here. With your little makeup disguise whatchamacallit thing, they can even hang out with humans with them being none the wiser."

Frisk heard the words but it didn't help her perspective. *Everyone wants out, so they are all trying to romance me. Freaky. Well? I know Toriel means well, but I just can't. I refuse to lie.*

"Yeah, Tori is using it as a last option. She figured you'd say that. That's why I'm talking to ya. I kind of helped you out Underground before."

Frisk watched as she saw his bony hand appear in front of her face. It made an okay sign. *I understand everyone wants to help. That's great. I understand that whatever monster I choose is also freed from here. However, I have to lie to make it happen. I don't want to lie. It would be a life filled of regret.*

"Yeah, but it'd be a life." He changed his bony fingers from an okay sign to putting his hand on her shoulder. "What if your little lie also freed all the monsters eventually from here? If we get a hold of your little makeup tech whatever, everyone could get out. Just like you wanted?"

*Oh. I? Deceiving mankind.*

"Out of the cold and loneliness. After a few decades, human and monster would be all mixed up. Wouldn't matter."

*Humans would be with monsters without their knowledge. That seems wrong. Everyone should be aware of each other.*

"What 'cause a lizard monster with a human is that bad?" Sans questioned her. "What makes your kind so superior they have to know everything? Because they don't. You think we were neglectful about humans and the surface? Try the other way. Humans knowing about the monsters. We are more animals than people to them."

*There is nothing inherently bad about it, Sans, but everyone should be aware of who they are with. A human falling in love with a monster and then giving birth to a half-monster? What would happen? Is that dangerous?*

"How could it be dangerous? The only difference is humans are mostly water and monsters are mostly magic. Geez."

*It could be born looking like a monster. A disguise for it as soon as it was born? And what of a mother that didn't even know about that situation? Are monsters so loyal there are no one-night stands? It could be disastrous. Something might harm it. Are all monsters born the same way too? Is it all safe? What about the soul difference? If a human knows they are getting involved with a monster they can be aware of precautions they need to take. Therefore, not knowing is not right. I stand by that.*

"Still small potatoes, Asgore could put some kind of law in place where things had to be revealed if someone wanted to get in a relationship, yadayada, blah blah. No biggie. So there."

*It still feels wrong, and I have to lie in order to make it happen.*

"So what? You're above lying 'cause you saved the Underground? I'm a little vague on the details. How'd you save it exactly?"

*You haven't removed your hand from my shoulder yet. It's getting uncomfortable. Still, he didn't remove it. The monsters are at least free here. That isn't bad. Why do I have to grant more power through nefarious means? It's not how I do things.*

"How did you save the Underground? I already asked once. You get some kind of help? A pink girl maybe? Someone in your head? A dark prince?"

*Dark prince. How did he know that? Frisk stared straight ahead but she couldn't understand how he knew about Flowey. There was a prince. How did you know that?*

"It's all circular. You run into a pink monster? You hear a voice in your head?"

*There was a prince, once upon a time. Asriel. He's cursed not to feel. Don't tell Toriel.*

"Want to hide that, and it's cool? But want to hide something else and it isn't? Doesn't sound so chill to me."

Ouch. He had a point. *You're right. I'm being two-faced. Toriel and Asgore should know the truth.*

"No. Geez, you are some piece of work. I hate that. Work that is. Used to deal okay with it. Used to even own my own business. Didja ever guess that?"

*You mean the stands?*

"Nah. You know what happened? My life was ripped from right below me. Why keep trying, ya know?"

Frisk felt herself being turned around. She automatically closed her eyes, but she could feel something in front of her. Almost like Sans' breath. A part of her felt reviled by it.

"Where'd we come from? Anyone ever tell you that?" Sans questioned her.

*Your breath is terrible!*

"I'm a skeleton. I don't have breath."

*Then whatever that is, it's terrible, stop it.* Frisk tried to move her face out of the way. It was like whiffing garbage. No, not garbage. It wasn't a smell. It was just this terrible, disgusting feeling. *What is that?*

"Judgmental magic. Most don't notice anything. You never did when I used it in Judgment Hall, Kid. The more guilt inside, the worse it feels. Especially up close. Anything you want to share?"

*No.* Frisk didn't have any guilt. She hadn't done anything wrong. She was even punished for doing the right thing. She felt the burden lift off of her and she heard Sans voice behind her again.

"I didn't get so close last time. I just wanted to see what you had done when we were Underground. I didn't need to get close. I was giving you a chance. I give everyone a chance. Even Papyrus gave you a chance." His voice sounded odd. "Where'd we come from? Papyrus and I, what do you know about us?"

*No one knew. You just came into town and reasserted yourselves.*

"In a world where monsters were trapped Underground for so long, we popped up. How about you? Where's your early childhood, Frisk?"

*The gag order influences my memories. I only remember it being on, and the little time between the second gag order.*

"Who fed you that malarkey? Someone who knew you'd eat it up. Who are your parents? How'd they meet?"

*They don't like talking about each other or their previous love.*

"Who are your grandparents? What are their names?"

*I don't know, Sans the Skeleton.*

"I do and I really wished when I judged so close I didn't get a reaction. It would be great thinking you were just this perfect kid that stumbled Underground and helped everybody out. But it's not. You're guilty, and the way you reacted, you've got heavy guilt."

*I haven't done anything wrong. I've only tried to help.*

"I have to talk to Papyrus. You head on back to the events."

*I don't know where you took me though. Sans. Sans?*

Then, she was back where she'd been. Dizzying.

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Sans showed up right next to his brother. He waved his hand at him and guided him into a shortcut away from the stadium. He wasn't going to mince words. "It's it." Papyrus looked toward him. "It's Frisk."

"Of course it's Frisk," Papyrus answered back. "Who else would it be?"



"It is Frisk," Sans tried again.

"No she isn't." Papyrus refused to believe. "She helped everyone. She's sweet and special and wonderful in all the right ways."

"I got up close this time. Real close, right up to her so I could sense *everything* deep inside. Not just the tip. I didn't just check out her level of violence, Papyrus," Sans explained. "I checked out her. The *real* her. I judged right in front of her face! Even as limited as she is in her form, she was ready to break away. Heavy guilt."

"Does she have anything else to be guilty about?" Papyrus asked.

"Nope. Even this whole thing, she has problems with lying and deceit," Sans said. "So a girl that's done all she can to be a good person, feels that much guilt from the inside. Not far away, but up close. Up real close. The truth is right there."

His brother looked away, then back at him. "Sans? Well? It's just karma then, she's fixing what went-"

"Nothing can fix what went wrong." Sans wasn't one to interrupt his brother, but he couldn't stand to hear it come from him.

"She has a life, with parents."

"She's got no memories of her childhood, and I doubt that really comes with a gag order. Too convenient. She's hiding something."

"But she just can't be, Sans. I don't want her to be," Papyrus answered softly. "I need her to not be."

"Want and is are two separate things," Sans said. "Sorry. She's it. She came over from Delta Rune, just like us. Memories more screwed up, but it's her."

"Does this mean I shouldn't pursue anything?" Papyrus asked. "Let someone else win her. Oh, I had such big plans."

"Nah, it doesn't," Sans corrected him. "It just means we've got an even bigger reason to go after her. She owes us. She owes us a *lot* more than she did."

"Sans, that's not right," Papyrus warned him. "It's a new start for us all."

"And is it an eventual start to history repeating itself?" Sans asked him anxiously. "I don't want to see it again. Every bone inside of me vibrates when I remember." He glanced to Papyrus. "Sorry little Bro. You gotta get with her after all."

"Uh?" Papyrus looked shocked. "I thought that you wouldn't want that? Her still being the same evil being and all?"

"Nah. Now I need you to try for it," Sans revealed. "Pacifist kiddo just revealed herself. You *need* to get into that little bee's bonnet. I got one hit point, she's got a human soul, but we've

got a hell of a pair of skulls."

"I don't understand, what's that got to do with anything?"

"Everything, Bro," Sans said. "I'm not concerned about this makeup soul thing, we can figure that out later without her. But she won't know that. Nope. We're going to keep *this* world from going the same direction. We're going to figure out how to kill Frisk's soul."

# Papyrus for Peace

"Sans! Are you insane? We can't do that!" Papyrus pleaded. "We can't do that. We aren't bad guys."

Sans patted his brother's rib cage. "We're not bad guys, Papyrus. Maybe even Frisk isn't a bad girl? I don't know that right now. But somehow, something happens and she gets the power to take out an entire . . . look? I know at the very least that she is hiding something. I can't take her on. You can't take her on. Taking her on is just suicide in disguise. But if we get close to her, drop her defenses, and learn about all the soul tricks in her world. Maybe we can kill whatever is rotten inside."

"What if nothing is rotten inside her?"

"Then we'll find that out too," Sans insisted. "If her secret is really she has terrible gas, then you got a steady girlfriend who farts and I get a cool new sis that used to be a cold-blooded killer. Congrats to us. Most likely, it's not. If she is here, then whatever made her turn evil probably came too. We don't even know why we were the only ones plucked up and sent here, Papyrus. For all I know? Maybe Gaster did it so that we could stop her a second time."

"Gaster. We never say that name," Papyrus said softly. "We were never to speak of any of this, Sans. None of it. You always forbid it."

"Welp, I'm a rule breaker. Even with my own rules I guess," he joked. "It's not gonna happen again."

"But? How do I even get her to pick me?"

"Leave that to me, Pap."

"But Sans. This isn't right. She's been nothing but wonderful. She helped out the Underground. She suffered for it," Papyrus pointed out. "Even now, she's stuck in that gag order. We can't just outright make her fall."

"We aren't," Sans insisted. "I already said that. We'll figure out what made her turn. Only if we can't separate that do we make her fall. Hey, I never tried to fight her when she was Underground before, did I? I was buddy-buddy. I was pretty cool with her. I haven't done anything yet either. I'm not a cold-blooded killer, Pap." He looked out toward the distance. Not toward the event stadium, but into the cold abyss. "If he moved us to give us a chance, we can't ignore it."

"I'm not used to this from you," Papyrus admitted. "You are always the lazy one. You never take charge of anything. I mean? Not since. I mean."

"Things . . . change people." Sans couldn't explain it any better.

"What do you think about the chances? About everyone being okay and us just getting flipped into another-"

"Wishful and depressing," Sans stopped him. "Not gonna change anything. Either way, it's gone. Gaster doesn't exist in *this* universe, so we've got to stop it before it starts."

"People are different. Situations are different." Papyrus whined softly. "Although, things do sort of . . . Toriel did end up taking a human daughter a long time ago. But!" He held his hand up. "No pink monster. No dark prince."

"Wrong, there was a dark prince, Frisk just didn't bother telling us," Sans informed him. "Just found out today."

"Oh. Well? He wasn't isolated and lonely."

"He is now."

"Well? Uh? Undyne isn't . . . well, Alphys isn't into . . . they never got together?" Papyrus was trying.

"Yeah. They never met before they were probably viciously killed," Sans said. He shook his head at his brother. "Everything comes back round in some way. Everything's connected. She's gonna come back around and we need to be ready." Sans started to call up Tori on his phone. "Hey, Tori. You got any books on human souls? Papyrus is interested in Frisk too. He's kept in touch, so even if I am bias, he's probably got the best shot. Couldn't hurt to do some reading?"

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"Hey, so human souls are interesting."

Frisk stared ahead at the events in the stadium, but heard Sans' voice right beside her again. *They are?*

"Yeah. I'm trying to learn about your soul with Papyrus," Sans admitted. Frisk felt him pat her on the back. "He's trying to win you know. Couldn't do better."

*Papyrus? Me and Papyrus? I? I don't see it.*

"Why not, Kris? What's wrong with my little brother?"

Frisk shivered a moment. What was that? *Why did you call me Kris?*

"I don't know. Why'dja shudder right then when I said it? You want to know, maybe you should take another shortcut with me."

Frisk felt herself get tugged again, but this time, a lot more firmly. Where was he taking her this time? She went from the stadium out into standing in cold snow. No one around again that she could see. Just Sans' ominous voice behind her.

"So you don't feel any evil in you at all? Perfectly content with yourself. Just a victim and never created one?"

Frisk had no idea what to make of Sans the Skeleton. He felt weird, like the first time he met her over at Mettaton's years ago.

"Tori's such a good person," Sans said offhand. "A real good person. What do you think of her? She treated you almost like her own kid when you first arrived. You were like 15? 16 maybe, yeah? Why'd you let her keep saying 'my child'? She's part of the reason everyone else went with the term at first."

*I wore a striped shirt, to everyone I had to be.* Frisk tried to joke. Tried to make him more at ease. Her ploy wasn't working.

"Did you find yourself liking her?" He asked her. "Did you love her more than you should have?"

*This guy.* Joke didn't work. She'd try something else. *Maybe you do. Maybe you should go ask her out.*

"Nope, that stuff don't work on me," he answered back. "Just answer. Was it hard to fight someone that felt like your mom?"

*How did you know that?*

"Maybe in another world, she was like, I don't know? Considered your actual mom." His tone. "Maybe she taught school. Maybe Undyne had both eyes and no patch and directed traffic. Maybe your getting images in your head that-"

*Stop it!* Frisk was seeing impossible images in her head. She started to cough, which was surprising. That was a heavy reaction to be able to do with a gag order. Undyne, directing traffic. Happy but bored. Alphys. Trashcan. Asgore. *Eggs. What am I seeing?*

"I've got no idea why you said eggs, but what do you think you're seeing?"

*I can't know another world. This is my world, how am I having visions of another world? Where is it?*

"Gone. Everything's gone, except your new next door neighbor. Lived right next to-"

*Grillby's.*

"Actually, was going to say you. That's what the term neighbor stands for. It wasn't Grillby's either."

*Sans. Groceries.* Frisk's head was starting to hurt. *Ralsei. Asriel. It's impossible.* She closed her eyes, but felt the disgusting feeling of before right in front of her face. Judgment. *I'm good. I'm a good person. I've always been good.* Yet, why was she always trying to be so incredibly good? So dutiful? So ready to do the right thing and do her best never to mess up? *Where did that supreme want come from?*

"From doing something really bad. You know."

Frisk shook her head. *I don't know. Gag orders don't let me remember.*

"Bull."

Frisk at that moment felt something she hardly felt. Lucky she was under a gag order. Her emotions were going everywhere. What was Sans unlocking in her? When did all this start? *Judging me. You keep being too close, you're causing this! Leave me alone!*

"It's not the act of judging that hurts. It's the guilt you feel being so up close to it. You know where that guilt comes from."

*I don't! It's just glimpses of things, I don't remember anything! I don't know what happened.*

"Sure? Fine, okay. Great to know. I don't know either. Neither does Papyrus," Sans admitted. "Got glimpses too. Well, let me be a little more straight? I remember my life there just as good as I do here. The bad parts is what I don't have. I have glimpses in my mind of the horror of you. Even after bringing all the monsters to the surface, it's still hard to even talk to you the same way as everyone else. You're a pacifist now because you're a killer at the soul. A killer of my world. A killer of our world."

Frisk didn't move. Didn't do much of anything. She just tried to comprehend what he was saying. She didn't want to believe it, but those images. The supreme disgust and grimy ickiness she felt with judgment. *Stop. It's like slimy oozing insects all over me. I can't shake the feeling. Stop!* She finally felt relief as he backed up. Her heart pounded so hard. No, not just her heart. Her soul, it was pounding in her ears.

"I helped you out before, remember?" Sans said, jogging her memory. "Trying to be nice. Thought you were just another version. Couldn't punish you for something another you did, could I? So I didn't do nothing. Whether you were good or bad. You could have killed just about everyone and I wouldn't have lifted a finger. Because I know. You're unstoppable."

*You never talk this way. You never . . .*

"Eh? Something about having your world hammered away from you makes you care a little less in the next. Especially if you don't know when it's all gonna end again. But you know what? Papyrus knows the truth, and he still likes you. Pretty good start right there? Someone knows your true potential and still wants to be with you."

Frisk moved away slightly. What was Sans saying now? *If you think I'm evil, then why do you care how Papyrus feels? Are you going to try and kill me because of it? Because of a theory you have that I'm some evil creature?*

"Nah. Didn't years ago and won't now. You'd kill me dead," he admitted. "It's not possible to kill you, you've got a human soul."

*Then what? What do you want?*

"I want you to choose Papyrus," Sans added oddly. "Then afterwards, we're all heading out of here like a nice, normal family. We'll figure out disguisers, get all the monsters some, and all live happily ever after in this world."

*You want me to choose your brother? I don't understand.*

"It's easy. You owe us. You aren't evil anymore. That part's gone, right? So? Time to pay the tab. You owe us more than you can ever give back. So, Sis. You're going to choose Papyrus as your forever guy."

Frisk found herself coughing again. *It makes no sense.*

"It does. Papyrus loves you despite what you did. I always do what makes him happy. Having you makes him happy? Then he gets you."

*I'll find a way to get you soul disguise makeup. You don't have to do that.*

"Hey? Open your ears, human. It's not just about that. My brother likes you. You destroyed a life he could have had. You destroyed everything I had. When we were flung here, I had to start from the bottom up. After all that . . . wasn't real up to it. Never really up to nothing."

*I'm. It. I'm the cause of your laziness. You're not caring much about things. It's because of me.* Frisk looked at her feet. She took away her own world somehow. She had been evil. Frisk knew she wasn't evil anymore, whatever happened, it wasn't a part of her. Yet? Freeing the monsters to the surface, it wasn't even what she did. Asriel did it. She was a part of causing him to do that. She saved lives in the process. But? *I took away my own world? My parents, here then. How?*

"Don't know, don't care."

*I do.*

"Still don't care. Probably adopted, not that hard."

Frisk closed her eyes. *Do you really think that he loves me?*

"Would I be out here forgiving a murderer if he didn't?"

*Forgive.* He could forgive? *I'm not evil, I promise. I would never hurt anyone. If I did before, if what I see in my head happened, then it wasn't me alone. I didn't. I wouldn't. It's not me. I'll never love Papyrus though.*

"Who cares? You just have to pick him, the rest can come later. So just agree already. We are missing the events, and once Tori knows who you pick, everyone else will go away."

*It's not right. This is wrong. But I did so much wrong. Doing this wrong is right.* Frisk wanted to cry. Wanted to yell. Wanted to scream. She wanted to understand. *You'll really forgive me?*

"Yeah, but everyone else can't. They're gone. So I'm the only one left to get forgiveness from. Papyrus already forgave you without asking. My brother's the coolest, isn't he?"

*Yes.*

"Yes, he's the coolest? Or yes, you'll pick him?"

*Yes. I'll pick Papyrus.*

"Great. And he's the coolest," Sans added. "Lighten up. Sis. Let's go talk to Tori and then you could enjoy the rest of the time with us in peace, yeah?"

*Peace.*

"Yeah. Peace. Peace good between us?"

*I'm not whatever I was. I mean, if I was. I'm not. So.*

"Peace?"

*Peace.*



# Riding Out with the Violet-Eyed Girl

## Toriel's Home

Toriel couldn't believe it. Frisk was right there next to Papyrus. Papyrus. She chose Papyrus? Well. She was a nice and sweet person, always ready to do the right thing. He was a nice and sweet person, always ready to do the right thing. Still. The combination felt off. Frisk didn't seem like everything was as fine as Sans and Papyrus seemed to make it out to be. "So, Papyrus? He's your . . . if we actually were allowed to marry, your husband? Humans are calling it mate for us. So, are you two mates?"

*Yes. Simple. Direct. No explanation from her.*

"Hey, I got her safe, what more do you want?" Sans added from beside Papyrus. He must have sensed her tensivity to the choice Frisk made. "Her dear old dad can't order a gag no more. And that's no gag from me, either." Sans joked.

Now was not a time for jokes. Toriel looked at Frisk longer. She couldn't tell if anything was wrong, Frisk was not communicating much more than yes. "Well? Papyrus. I suppose you had better call her mother for her. Let her know that Frisk found love."

"Uh. Yes. Mother-in-law that isn't Mother-in-Law. This whole thing is strange," Papyrus admitted. "Not that I mind. It's just that ceremonies sort of cement these things, right?"

"Right, but we are monsters, Papyrus. Things are different." She winked similar to how Sans would. "Once her father's gaze is off Frisk for good, this whole thing doesn't have to be so compact. You can simply go out if that is what you wish." She looked toward Frisk to see what she thought of it. Nothing. She still wasn't telepathically communicating. She was keeping her thoughts very far back. "Or you can just buy a house and have children and live happily ever after."

*I'm not ready for that!*

Aw, there was Frisk's correct mental reaction.

"I don't want kids, that's too fast and too much!" Papyrus insisted. "We are just starting with dating strictly!"

"Yes. I get it. Don't react to her parents in that manner," Toriel warned him. That would be a dead giveaway it was just a small crush and not true love. "I will dial up your Mother-In-Law. Tell Papyrus your mother's name, Frisk."

"Thora Sutherland."

Papyrus took the phone. He looked toward Sans, then to Frisk as he did what Toriel wanted. "Uh, hello? Is this Thora Sutherland? Uh, Frisk's mom? Hello? My name is Papyrus and I am

a monster and I have liked your daughter for years and now I am now your daughter's mate. Goodbye." He hung up. "That wasn't so hard."

Toriel hit her head. This was not a joke. She looked toward Frisk. "Papyrus?"

*Papyrus.* Frisk repeated it to her again. *No other will bring peace like Papyrus.*

Toriel didn't understand but she took the phone as it clearly started to ring back. He couldn't just say that and expect her not to call for more details. "Hello. Yes, Thora. They had a connection before all this. He talked to her on the phone all the time and while they were here, they just became mates. What?" Toriel looked toward Frisk. "Is *that* what a mate is to humans? Fine then, yes, that is what happened. So now they are mates. It doesn't matter what you think, however this means that Frisk now has liberties of a monster. They mature before 18. So, I insist a representative now take the gag order off of her."

"And make two more beds," Sans said from the side. "She's got new family coming to visit."

"Oh? Well, I could put Frisk on the phone but it makes no difference. You can't communicate with her, can you?" Toriel probably rubbed it in her face too much. But her mother! Just. "It's important to get this authenticated. It already is on the monster side. She needs the gag order off so that she can speak the truth for herself."

Freddy looked toward Jason before looking back at Frisk. "Are you really sure about this, Miss?" He swallowed. "You *mated*, and you want to stay with a . . . skeleton?"

"How's that even possible?" Jason asked. He shook his head. "Never mind, not my business."

Freddy winced as he looked at Frisk. She looked like a decent girl, but how did she-?  
"There's not any manipulative magic being done?"

"Monsters don't have that kind of magic," the former queen argued next to the true leader, King Asgore. "Remove the gag order so we may get this confirmed."

"Ugh." Freddy went toward Frisk and pulled a soul wand out. "You know what this is? It's similar to a standard metal detector you may have seen. It doesn't detect metal though, and it isn't used for detection. We are going to use several on you that do different things. Be aware of that." He waved the wand over her. "There. Don't speak yet, you've had this gag on for awhile." He waved another wand from the top of her face to her chest. "There you go. Now you can talk. Confirm this uh, relationship, is true. If it is."

"It is." Her voice still sounded a little scratchy. He waved the previous wand over her again. She opened her eyes. Ooh, such pretty . . . violet eyes? "I want to be the mate of Papyrus."

"Okay." Weird eyes. He looked toward Jason. "It's . . . official? I mean, it *has* to be official?"

"Either official or against the law - doesn't this fall somewhere into bestiality?"

"Hey!" The monster Toriel scolded him. "Monsters are closer to people than animals! You had better get used to that. Now, let's talk about their rights."

"What rights?" Freddy asked. He was shown a piece of paper. "Oh." They removed the gag order to get the truth. Apparently they all wanted it off anyway. Great, fine. It was the second part that was weird. "Okay, Frisk Sutherland can stay here."

"No, the other way." King Asgore finally spoke. "Papyrus is allowed to go with her into the world. Along with his family." He gestured toward a shorter skeleton. "It is now her family."

"Uh?" Freddy turned around and studied it carefully. He called over Jason to check it out too. "We *have* to let a monster out of here?" he whispered.

"Shit. I doubt the ones who signed this ever thought a human would want to get with a monster," Jason said in disgust. "It was just an easier way to keep them in here. Our hands are tied though, right? We have to?"

Well. It was their job. "Escort approved, with confirmation of a beauty disguise. Eleven or higher, or people won't take this too well. Stay in touch though, keep contact info up to date. Circumstances may change later." Hopefully.

Monsters. Out there. In the real world.

Damn.

Frisk watched her mother from the back seat. She hadn't exactly been thrilled to hear the news, but she took it better than she thought. Between Frisk committing to a monster or her daughter being gag ordered for life, one seemed to win out over the other. Especially after the long ride back. Alaska wasn't a jaunt from home, and her mom seemed to get better hour by hour. Especially oddly with Sans chilled attitude toward her.

Like the monsters of the Underground once seemed to be drawn to him, so was her mother. Not so much a fan from his jokes, but she seemed to lighten up with his state.

"So . . . the disguises won't last real long," her mom spoke. "They aren't the best, they'll wear out in about a week. It's all they provided."

"It's fine," Frisk said.

"Not really, they are the most common type available too. Everyone will know *they* are wearing a disguise." Her mother sighed. "It's like your Aunt Helga when she hid her pregnancy all over again. Remember Aunt Helga? She picked a blond and blue eyed common piece. As soon as I saw her in person, I knew she was hiding something. Everyone knew, she couldn't hide it. Lasted all but three days before someone finally confronted her about it."

"No one will see them as pregnant," Frisk said, not knowing if that was the right answer. She heard a small snicker from Sans.

"No, but they will assume something is wrong. That they have weight issues or they feel ugly, or *something* Frisk. Everyone will be looking right at them, trying to figure it out." Her mother squeezed the wheel tighter. "When someone confronts it, we should have an excuse ready."

"I'll be the pregnant one." Sans said it without missing a beat.

"Hmm? Well, then I suppose I can be the less umm . . . attractive?" Papyrus guessed.

Frisk didn't like either of those ideas. "It is their personal business."

"I caught fire and all my body melted away." Sans couldn't leave it alone. "Partly true. I'm just bones."

While Frisk felt annoyed at her new 'brother', she couldn't help but feel slightly better with his reactions too. He didn't give her any more terrible feelings or disgusting vibes. He felt like a normal monster.

"This is an odd situation, Sans, making jokes isn't called for right now," Papyrus said. "My . . . umm?" He looked at Frisk. "What do I call you now?"

"You should let him call you wife with some sweet name too," Frisk's mother addressed her. "You can't say mate, *no one* says mate, but . . . in this situation, the closer you two appear to be, the better."

Not something Frisk wanted to hear. A sweet name? Wife? Then again, she didn't know how long it would last. Sans didn't sound like he was looking for an ending. If it ended, a verdict might come back against her. But if it never ended, then . . . the words Toriel said came back. "I don't want kids."

"Should have thought of that *before* you mated a monster," her mother said in no time flat. "Don't say that around people. You married young, you had better act like real sweethearts around people or they will figure out the truth." She groaned. "Maybe we should have a fake marriage so we can have some pictures. People know I always keep pictures."

"Hey, if there's food involved, count me in," Sans added. He was staring out the window. "Lot of people out in the real world, huh?"

"I know! We never got to see it all." Papyrus leaned over Frisk to look out the window. "Look at all the buildings and skyscrapers in the outside world. Will we be in a skyscraper? Do they actually scrape skies?"

Frisk leaned back, wishing he had just taken the window seat, then she could have been in the middle.

"At least your husband has some sense of humor," her mother said from the front. "Something to work with." She cleared her throat. "There's been more than one arranged marriage in the world, I'm sure you two will be fine. We need to get a decent photographer. Say we want to recapture the look as the excuse for them. Classic 'I didn't tell momma but now she wants pictures' thing. You can borrow my dress, Frisk."

Her mother wanted it to look as authentic as it could get. To follow Toriel's advice on changing when everyone's back turned sounded better. "It's fine, mom. Don't put too much into it."

"Why? Because you plan on turning your back on this whole thing?" Her mother questioned her. "We are *human*, Frisk. Records, dear, records. Information. Everything is recorded. Which means we need to make a fake yet authentic looking marriage. You need stories. You need to look like lovers so no one bothers to investigate. You need-"

"Look Sans, they are still building buildings!" Papyrus said excitedly, interrupting Frisk's mother. "This world is so big it's still being built. So many people. So many new things to try."

Frisk looked back at her mother. She was glaring in the rearview at Papyrus. Great. Toriel wanted a short time. Her mother wanted a long time to be safe. Frisk didn't know what time, and Papyrus just interrupted her mom. At the very wrong time.

"Uh, Pap? Maybe not talk over your new Mom-in-Law right now?" Sans suggested.

Like magic, Papyrus seemed to calm down and sat back in the middle. "Oh, yes. Terribly rude. Sorry. Mother-in-Law. First time seeing the world."

"Well, *our* world isn't that exciting," Frisk's mother warned him. "A town of 10,000 or so. A movie theater. A bowling place opened up. Not much else for entertainment. We don't live anywhere near a city this big."

"I can handle ten thousand!" That didn't bring down his spirits at all of course. "A movie theater, that sounds exciting. A bowling place too? Great!"

"Yeah. Great." Her mother looked back at Frisk in the rearview. Almost with an 'are you sure because this is it' look. Frisk just nodded to her and she smiled. "I am glad you will like our home then. Space isn't the biggest, it's always been me and Frisk. Papyrus, you'll of course be sharing with your wife. And, Sans? You'll have to turn the guest bedroom into your bedroom. It's a two bed, quite pretty, and comes with a bathroom. A nice view too, but it tends to get colder being up on the second floor."

"Aw, don't worry about heat with me, Torah," Sans said casually. "My bones are used to the cold."

"They must be. It's frightfully cold out here," Frisk's mother answered him back. "You'd think we were still in Alaska, not just a few hours from home. Even with all this on me, I can't help but shiver." She looked back in the rearview toward Frisk. "How are you doing, honey?"

"I'm . . . allowed to shiver." Frisk didn't want it to sound so final, but she couldn't hide her feelings either. Her mother got the hint and looked away. Talking with her mother. Seeing everyone face to face with her own eyes. The ferocity of the weather. It was all . . . wonderful. The bad, the good, the extremes, it was all wonderful. Frisk was cold, but her body allowed her to exhibit signs about how she felt about it. She would never complain about that.

"How about Shivery for a sweet name?" Papyrus asked Frisk. "You seem to do that a lot back here."

Shivery? "That doesn't quite ring to what people would associate with romance," Frisk said. "It's usually something sweeter."

"Hm. Butterscotch?" Papyrus tried again. "Maple syrup flavored spaghetti? No, that's too long."

Frisk tried not to crush her hand against her head. Papyrus didn't get it. He didn't get anything. Not that she could blame him. It was all new to both of them.

"An apple! An apple is a sweet. Oh, Fried Frisk Apple!" Papyrus sat up with such confidence. "Your name and a sweet. It's the most perfect name."

Fried. Frisk. Apple. *Is that the best?*

"Of course it's the best. I came up with it, and it incorporates everything into it, including your name. My name is The Great Papyrus, three words, so it's only most fitting that my committed be three words too. Fried Frisk Apple." Then Papyrus had second thoughts. "Or you may be right. Frisk Fried Apple sounds better, or maybe Apple Fried Frisk? Maybe a combination of any of those names in any order. Look at that, it's even a flexible name. The most perfect name."

If it hadn't been for all that time having to communicate telepathically, she would have given away her own feelings in her thoughts. Fortunately, Frisk had mastered what she wanted others to read within her, and what she wanted to keep kept away. It was still essential to do that. Some humans had a gift of telepathy too.

"So Sis?" Sans called to her. "What do you do at your home?"

He was speaking to her again? First step to forgive. Communication. She needed to communicate better. "I listen."

"To what, radio?" Sans asked.

"To the outside world," Frisk said. "I sit by my window or on the porch, and listen to people going past for their own morning and evening walks. The sound of the wind, or the sound of no wind." She didn't mean to sound cryptic, but with a gag order, she couldn't do too much on the outside world easily. Even when she did, she would already be pegged as a 'bad girl'.

Speaking of sounds, she heard the familiar sound that emitted from her mother. It happened when she talked like that. It wasn't a pretend cough or even a scoff. It was a combination of a sound someone made when they were upset, but didn't want to show it. Like when a person passed on, but they didn't want anyone to hear how they felt about it.

Frisk knew what it was about too. She'd always known. She looked back out her window.

"Time for a little break." Her mother pulled over on the side of a gas station. "Frisk, why don't you come to the bathroom with me?"

## **Bathroom of Convenience Store**

Privacy. Frisk had explained everything so far. The choices weren't great, this was the best one she had. What could she want to talk about? She watched her mother look around the stalls, making sure no one was in them. When she came back to Frisk, the conversation began.

"I don't trust this, Frisk. You are too distant with him, and he is too . . . naive to pull this off," her mother said. "I think your plan is excellent, and considering the choices, it's better to have you safe and sound than out there running for your life, or being caught and . . ." She kept trailing off. "You haven't even kissed him, let alone had any kind of sexual relationship with him."

Stating the obvious, wasn't she? "No, but no one can prove otherwise."

"Anyone can. He's not knowledgeable. You are going to have to actually 'educate' him in what being a mate really means, Frisk." Her mother crossed her arms. "We aren't leaving until we get this figured out."

Educate? "I could buy him a book?" Frisk knew that wasn't good enough for her mother.

"No, Frisk. No. This is your forever. You can take it somewhat slow, but eventually, you two are going to have sex."

Eeh! Frisk winced. "With Papyrus?"

"And reactions like that aren't going to help with convincing either. Look, he is a fine man. Monster," her mother corrected herself. "He's sweet. He's excitable. He seems very child-like though. I think others will notice that too. You should at least start practicing on kissing." She held her finger up. "And don't give me the 'he doesn't really have lips' excuse. You know what I mean."

Eh? "Can we wait on this a little while?" Frisk asked her. "This is all really intense. Teaching Papyrus any of this is . . . I mean, I know, but-"

"Have you considered seeing if Sans would rather be your mate?"

The question felt like it came from the outfield! "W-what?" Frisk couldn't have heard that right.

"He seems more mature." Her mother smiled. "I honestly think he'd be a better choice. How old is he? Do monsters really watch age the same way?"

Uh? Frisk bobbed her mouth for a minute. Sans was giving her forgiveness by making Papyrus happy. "Not an option at all."

"Are you sure? Because it seems to me he's quite protective of his brother too," her mother questioned. "It might be something he considers instead of letting his brother go this way. This isn't a game, Frisk. You know that. You get caught, there will be consequences."

Frisk nodded. Um. "He shouldn't be that bad."

"Oh?" Her mother went into a bathroom stall. "I hope so because if he's all you'll ever have, sex toys are going to be a staple for you as you grow up."

"Mom!"

### **Back in the car**

Frisk didn't like the way her mother ended the conversation, but she finished up and went out. Her mom hadn't mentioned it at all again. Papyrus' attention was glued on anything but his 'wife', while Sans just slept in his seat. Frisk thought she was in the clear when her mom dropped another bomb.

"I forgot to ask. I don't know anything about contraception with monsters, but since you don't want children yet, Frisk, if and when you do get jiggy wit it, you need to use precaution. I better get you an appointment with a doctor for a diaphragm. Or do you want to try the pill?"

Frisk didn't know what to say. Papyrus just looked confused.

"A later conversation then," her mother settled on as they pulled into the driveway.



# Frisk's Secret and Sans' Mistake

## Frisk's Home

Frisk stayed quiet as her mother opened the door and let everyone in.

"Kitchen is that way." Frisk's mother gestured to the kitchen. "There are bathrooms on both floors. Your room is the only room upstairs, Sans. Frisk and Papyrus, you can be on the lower level. Now, what about the last name? I'm going to book us for pictures as soon as possible and 'The Skeleton' isn't going to cut it."

Frisk just looked toward Papyrus oddly, still feeling uncomfortable with her mother's words in the car. Names just solidified what was happening even more. "He can take my name instead."

"It's not tradition, but nothing is. These days anything goes." Frisk's mother draped her coat over the couch. "Come this way." She walked Frisk and the others toward Frisk's room. "Plenty of room. Frisk always had a double bed. Plenty big enough for your activities later on."

Would she quit that?

"You already know the bathroom. This is pretty much the house," her mother finished. "It's not very big."

"No worries?" Papyrus tried with her. "If all goes well, a few patents for the simple mind of you humans and we should be able to get our own place."

No, not those words to her. Her mother wasn't going to appreciate that.

"Words like 'you humans' are going to get everyone into trouble. This is- this is all just an accident waiting to happen!" Frisk's mother leaned against the wall. "I'm sure there were other monsters that wanted freedom, Frisk, more experienced ones. Why choose him?"

"Nothing wrong with my brother," Sans spoke up again. "He wanted Frisk, Frisk wanted out, problem solved. Can ya stop pushing so much? You don't exactly emit motherly vibes with Frisk."

Frisk froze. *Not that.*

"I do the best I can. It's not easy, and it never has been. You'd think you'd give me a break!" Frisk's mother yelled at Sans. "No one *ever* understands." She wiped her eye and looked at Frisk. "Sorry, Sweetie. I didn't mean it. It's just, an emotional time. Right now and-" Her mother sniffled. "I miss my daughter's blue eyes is all."

*No. Not yet.* Frisk noticed Sans' light guiders going toward her. Papyrus was looking at her too.

"Why are you two looking at her now?" Frisk's mother questioned. "Frisk? You did tell them? You said you did!"

"I was getting to it, there's a lot going on right now!" Frisk blew right back up at her mother. Yet, that didn't displease her at all. "They don't know this world yet, and they don't know human souls. Just give me some time."

"What are you hiding?" Sans wasn't going to give time. "Hey. I trusted you with my brother, you had better not be hiding anything big."

"She's not Frisk," her mother said. "Well, not in the real sense. No, I mean! Not in the official designation when she was born sense." Frisk's mother fidgeted her fingers and went over to a bookcase. She brought out a photo album and gave it to Sans. "Those were before Frisk fell into the Underground."

Frisk felt like she was standing naked in the room as her new 'brother' and 'husband' looked at her pictures.

"Frisk died, she didn't survive the fall. Her body was dead, but humans are resilient." Her mother came over and looked at the album. "Frisk lived again, by following her survival instinct. She joined with another essence. A long dead child of long ago that was human, buried beneath where she fell. She is a combination of my daughter, and someone I don't know."

"Like a split personality?" Papyrus asked.

"No. They meld together into someone new. A new person is born, different than each of them." Her mother pointed to a photo. "My Frisk loved being in her room, playing video games, and talking with friends. She liked to shut me out, and she often made me yell because she wouldn't come out or listen to me. But, I love the new one too." Her eyes were teary. "I love them both, I do." She looked toward Frisk. "I really do?"

Damn. Frisk didn't want that extra detail on her right now. She was who she was now. "They never knew me any different. It makes no difference."

"All rights granted. I've still taken care of you as I could." Her mother moved her hair out of her way. "Your husband deserved to know. What if they question him about it?"

"I am not the only one in all of existence to be this way!" Frisk shouted at her. "It's not a thing that matters, so please stop making it matter. I am not who I used to be, neither selves, and I don't care. I am who I am now."

"She's right, don't matter." Sans closed the photo album and gave it back to her mother. "Pap and I only knew her this way. No biggie."

"Uh? Right," Papyrus agreed. "She had the gag order though back then?"

"Yes. It's strong enough to transcend amalgamation," her mother responded. "I'm going to fix a sandwich and take a nap. It's been a journey." Still, Frisk watched her grip that photo album

like it was her life support. Her old daughter. Who she used to be.

After she was gone, Frisk moved toward her bedroom. She should make room for Papyrus in there.

"I don't think of you any differently, Sans is right," Papyrus said as he came around her, observing his new room. "This is how I've always known you. You could have told me much sooner."

"She was scared." Sans' voice came from the doorway. "Her mom cares for her, but she don't love her like she did the other one."

Frisk opened a drawer quickly and started to scoot stuff around to make room.

"Can't blame her. Daughter is practically dead, but Frisk is technically still here." Sans came up near Papyrus. "Gotta be tough. Hate to be her."

Frisk opened the second drawer and started moving everything down there. She quickly grabbed her bras and panties and nighties and practically shoved them in there. A whole drawer for Papyrus, maybe she could do-?!" Frisk jumped back as she noticed Sans light guiders right on her. He was standing right next to her. Her heart was beating wildly, she didn't even hear him move!

"Heh. So that's what it was? Good to know." Sans couldn't believe it. He got it all wrong, *that* was it. The whole heavy guilt, he couldn't get anything now off her. He understood, it wasn't guilt, it was fright. Fright that she wouldn't be accepted if anyone knew the truth because her mom rejected her. Probably her dad too, even going the extra lengths to shut her up for all time. Now it was creating bad vibes with her, they were out for everyone to see. She was trying to bury her feelings by picking through a drawer, but even Papyrus must have seen it. Frisk feared they'd all stop caring, just like her parents.

Oh, Torah was there for her, yeah, but not the same way. It made sense why it was so easy for her mom to just accept her daughter committed to a monster.

To Torah, only half of her daughter committed to a monster, while half was already dead. And the half that was there, wasn't like the Frisk she had known before she fell. She was someone new. Great. Now he didn't have to try and find a rotten side.

There was none, just fright. A real, deep, terrible, rejecting . . . loneliness. No wonder the only time she yelled was at her mother. She did it for her mom's benefit, because they *used* to argue. Arguing made Torah feel closer to Frisk.

And that had to hurt 'cause Frisk, the Frisk she was now, didn't like that sort of thing. He could feel that too. And something else. Something that was making him feel real awkward. For so long, he'd seen her as the kid with the green and yellow shirt. Even when she was grown up, until Undyne jerked him around, resetting him to see right.

Even then, he couldn't see it. He couldn't have known. But? He saw through Frisk's younger pictures in that album, and she hadn't looked the same at all like Kris. *Maybe when she*

*pictured it, she was reacting with my mind. Or maybe like everyone else, she had a parallel self over there?* Whatever the case, Frisk didn't owe him or Papyrus anything.

She was simply a new person that was a combination of Toriel's fallen human child, and a teen who literally fell Underground. Even though she had the name 'Frisk', she wasn't any more Torah's daughter than she was Toriel's daughter. Which also made more sense. *That's why Toriel felt like mom to her. Heh. Well, I've got some shit to make up for, don't I?* "So, this is your room, huh?" He dropped the Sis. Now he had no idea what the future held, but he couldn't hide what he discovered. "Nice posters. Who are they?"

"Latest band."

"Latest band got a name or is that the name? Latest band?"

"I don't know the name." Frisk muttered it. Sans could feel how down in the dumps she was doing now. "I can share the wall with you, Papyrus. Decorate however you want."

Yeah, she probably didn't mind. Sans could tell Frisk was either decorating like Torah's original teen did for her benefit, or Torah decorated it to try and get Frisk to change. But if there was such a big problem? "You got an Aunt, your mom said so. Got family. If this thing was so big between you and her, why didn't you leave?"

Frisk didn't answer at first as she placed some of her clothes into the closet, cleaning out more space for Papyrus. "Because." She grabbed a hanger and hung up each article. "Law makes amalgamation carry over to someone until I was old enough. Mom was the only one legally who could take care of me. If mom kicked me out, she'd have been imprisoned and charged." She grabbed more clothes.

Ah. Laws protected this kind of thing? Probably since it was a natural instinct to survive how they could. It was different than what Alphys had done, Frisk didn't look like two people mixed together. She kept the original packaging. Alphys was experimenting on a different scale with different souls. Still? Those meshed amalgamates seemed more welcomed in the Monster Kingdom than Frisk had been in her world. They even needed laws to protect them in Frisk's world.

"No one ever tried to break you apart?" Papyrus asked innocently. "Surely you would die since the original connection to life broke, but if more was fitted into each piece, you would become the original two people. Isn't that correct?"

Frisk clicked the hanger on the article a little more firmly before answering. "It's against the law. A form of murder. Do you want half of the closet, Papyrus? Should I come up with a nice name for you too? If I'm Frisk Fried Apple, maybe you could be Pasta Papyrus?"

Trying to change the subject as quickly as she could. Sans gestured out the door. "Pasta Papyrus, cute, heh heh heh. Hey, Bro? Let's go check out my new room."

**Sans New Room (Former Guesthouse)**

"What?! Sans, but how could you make that grand of a mistake?" Papyrus shook his skull in disbelief as Sans explained everything. "Frisk owes us nothing. We should tell her. If she wants someone else, it's her right. She's not a danger."

"Naw, she's not a danger." Sans agreed with that. "Just frightened. No guilt, just fright." Innocent mistake. "I think as much as I've seen of her, she'll get that it wasn't a trick. We need to tell her." He looked at Papyrus. "Probably you too. You are committed to her."

"Yes. Well? Yes. Well." Papyrus twitched his bony fingers. "Sans. I didn't exactly know what I got into when I went with this? I-I thought it was just a promise to be together, where we could act slow and date and build up, but I uh? I kind of-" He squealed. "What do I do?! I feel like this was an incredibly big mistake! I mean, pictures? Doctor appointments? What's a diaphragm or the pill?"

Ah. "Yeah. Humans got different things. Would have been nice if Tori warned us more about it," Sans agreed.

"Still, I-I know I can't really leave Frisk open like this. The results would be catastrophic to her! Even worse than if she just stayed with the verdict." Papyrus rubbed his skull. "Not only that, I get the feeling Frisk isn't comfortable with who she is. If I reject her now, it might make that rejection feel even worse. I don't want to make her feel worse. What do I do?"

### **Frisk's Room**

When Sans arrived to her room again, she had almost half of the closet fixed for Papyrus' stuff. "Hey. I messed up, Frisk." She looked toward him. "You aren't the kid at all, and your guilt isn't about destroying a universe. It was about your amalgamation situation." Yep, her eyes perked up. Violet eyes. How did he not guess? "You don't owe us anything."

"But? I chose for you," Frisk said, stunned. "I chose Papyrus because of what you thought. I thought."

"Yeah. Nothing to forgive at all. In fact, looks like we really owe you, huh?" He tried to chuckle. It didn't come across right. "Sorry, Kid." Frisk hung her head. "You still had to choose somebody. Papyrus isn't a bad guy. You know? He's-"

"Cool, yeah, I know," Frisk interrupted. She held her head. "Are you saying, that if I had just told you about the- the combining? I wouldn't be stuck with Papyrus as my 'Pasta Papyrus'?"

"Yeah." Best be straight. "You wouldn't be walking and talking though right now. You'd be gag ordered for life though. So?" He wiggled his hand out. "Little bad, little good. Either way."

"It doesn't even matter. I can't change my mind. This isn't buying clothes and returning them with a receipt." Frisk looked at her closet. "I committed to this."

"Yeah, I know. Not something you can just back out of," Sans agreed. "Look? It won't be so bad. What your mom didn't want to hear with Papyrus 'cause he used the wrong words? It's true." He waved his hand around casually. "We can fix some of your human problems, get

patents, and get our own place. Away from your mother." He took his waving hand and waved at her. "With you too. Papyrus and I know you this way, and don't anyone else got to know differently. Once your mom is gone, I think you're going to be better off honestly."

"It would have been her birthday," Frisk responded. "They needed a day of birth, and my mom gave them that one. Everything about me, about this room, it's fake here." She looked toward the posters hanging. "No one knows I'm not that Frisk. But I am, but I'm . . . more."

Hmm. "Guess the old amnesia wasn't from the gag order?" He called her out.

Frisk nodded. "I remember some. Certain events, here and there, but I remember below too. When I think too hard about either one though, my mind just wants to turn away and come back to the present."

Ah. "You like your name, Frisk?" Sans asked. "Genuinely. You cool with it? Can always call you something-"

"Don't." Frisk turned away. "I get it enough. I'm not the same, but that's my name. That Frisk is gone, it's *my* name."

Ooh, didn't think of it that way. "All human names are about the same. You like Frisk, stick with Frisk. Don't matter." Sans looked at the walls again. "You put the posters up."

Frisk nodded. "I want her to be happy with me."

Yep. Psychologically, Frisk had some issues. She had more than just scars on the outside. *When she's with her mom, she tries to act how the other Frisk acted. Her mom probably even encouraged it. A name change might make her feel like she wasn't good enough to be that Frisk.* Eventually him and Papyrus would find a way out of there, and she'd start getting better. For the moment, Sans would go with what she wanted.

"Beginning a new life away from here might be good," Frisk admitted though. "If you think you can manage it."

"Yeah, better than Papyrus is handling this whole thing," he added slowly. "It don't got anything to do with you as you though. Papyrus is just getting jitters is all."

"Promised himself to someone he barely dated," Frisk said. "He's not the only one."

"Yeah, but he didn't want to have regrets," Sans added. "Still, what do you need appointments for? Why's it separate than some fake wedding pics?" Somehow, he managed to make her face go all red.

"It's . . . that's not really important, is it?" Frisk asked.

"It is now 'cause I'm way curious what turned you into a tomato," Sans said noticing her rosy red cheeks and nose.

Frisk rubbed her thumb against her temple. "It's just precaution stuff not to have children, is all."

Not to have children? "I don't get it," Sans said. "Why do you need precautions not to have children? Just, don't." Hm. Yep, that reaction wasn't any better. *Looks like I gotta pick up a book or two myself. Something tells me humans are different in that department.* He looked out the window. "Don't worry too much. Life kinda figures out how to work itself out most times." He shrugged. "Could have done worse than my brother. Pap will do you right."

"I know," Frisk said to him. "Papyrus is a sweet guy. It just? Sweet doesn't make a relationship. Love does." She looked out the window with Sans.

Sans noticed her looking more to the left. He watched a boy taking out the trash. "He wasn't an option, huh?"

"No way." Frisk rolled her eyes. "But, Torah wanted me to get with him. The other Frisk, she had crushed on him. I can feel a slight pull each time because of her, but it just pushes me back even more."

So there was more than just her mom bogging down Frisk. It might even be her whole town. "Hey, maybe if ya try to remember a little more of your other side, it'll balance things out a little more. Toriel's daughter. Right?"

Frisk let out a quick breath and her eyes shot down. "I've tried. Accessing those memories are a little harder. I know her name was Chara, and that things weren't the way they seemed. I have visions of a brother and flowers and Toriel. Lots of flowers all around. Her essence, it never . . . slept. She was troubled, for some reason, she . . ." Frisk stopped talking and grabbed at her chest a moment. "She was young when she died, but she never stopped existing. The pain and suffering endured, the memories held within, the regrets, the causes, she couldn't rest. Her essence aged, aged into something . . ." She shook her head. "I just can't anymore."

An essence that stayed around? Didn't part for sleep or unconscious at any time? "So you were born from a teen and practically an ancient essence that aged hundreds of years. Huh. That explains a few things," Sans said as he moved from the window. "Considering studying your other half might give you a heart attack, you're pretty much stuck as only knowing about this side of you."

"I'm not either one. I don't need to know either one, or be either one," Frisk said almost rebelliously.

"Naw. You don't. You keep saying that too," Sans told her. Yeah. They had to split from that place soon. "Try Pizza Papyrus." Frisk looked over at him. "For a nickname. He got past the pasta training, and he was working on pizza. Plus, when he's busy you can ask if you can have a pizza Papyrus for a minute."

Frisk smiled at him. For just a second, she had a healthy pair of upper teeth he saw. "Will do. Thanks, Sans."

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**Alaska**

"I can't believe anyone actually let a teen go with two skeletons," one of the higher ups said to another. They were holding a meeting, discussing what happened.

"We were following orders," Freddy informed them. "The rules were written, we followed orders."

"You should have halted and waited for someone."

"There was no procedure for this kind of thing," Jason added too. "In no booklet, no guide, no instructional manual, no nothing did it say what would happen if a human got together with a monster."

"Because it shouldn't have ever happened," one of the higher ups said again. "You two will fix this. We will be here, signing papers, signing medical histories, crime history, life history, but you will go to them for their physical health exams, after we get something valuable back from the Underground. Do you *understand*?"

Freddy and Jason were silent a few seconds. They each thought about it only a little while, before they nodded.

"The mate?" Jason asked, just to make sure. He got a nod back. "Okay then. We'll take care of The Great Papyrus."

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### **3:00 AM: The Previous Underground Location (Beneath Mount Ebbot.)**

"It is creepy down here," one of the surveyors said as they moved closer into the old abandoned Ruins. "I love history, but there is a vibe around here that I can't let go of."

"Then we must be close," another surveyor said. "Let's find it and get it over with."

"Howdy!"

The two surveyors grabbed at their chests as they saw the target. A soulless yellow flower.

"No one visits the Underground anymore!" It was trying to act nice. It wasn't though, they knew that. They knew enough from the informational intelligence gathered on it. "It's nice to see new friends."

The first surveyor flashed a standard soul examining wand over it and looked at the results. "Yes. Essence: Prince Asriel. Soul. None. Target has been found." He pulled out a different wand and shined it at it. The flower tried to move but couldn't. It couldn't even speak anymore. "Grab it and let's get out of here. We'll overnight it to Alaska."



# Out of Breath

## Frisk's Home

Bed? Nice. Food? Great. Company? Good. All in all, Sans couldn't complain. Even though they had messed up on Frisk, this wasn't such a bad idea. For one, Frisk wasn't gagged by magic anymore, and that had to put her in some good spirits. For two, he was definitely not lying. Once they figured things out, he'd get her and Papyrus out of there.

Until then, they were all just relaxing and watching TV. His short bones were sitting on the couch, his legs up in the air. Papyrus sat up straight and practical. Frisk, having been stuck to sit a certain way for so long, slumped as deep as she could with one leg on the end table, and the other dangling while they watched the show.

"I don't see why she can't be friends with them?" Papyrus complained. "They are all so mean to her, and she just wants to be friends."

*Soap operas focus more on love rivalries, Papyrus.* "Soap operas focus more on love rivalries, Papyrus," Frisk said. She had still been so used to how she spoke mentally to them, it's what she still did first. Only reason she started speaking out loud is because her mother said she needed to start doing that.

The words that she said never changed though, Frisk spoke her mind and her point the first time. Purely for show for Frisk's mom. This show was for Frisk's mom too. She was relaxing in her chair, watching her soap operas.

"That just wasn't nice," Papyrus said again. "That person is trying very hard to be accepted. How terrible." He leaned on his hand. "They should try to get along better. Maybe she just needs some pizza?"

Nobody answered as they continued to watch the soap opera until there was a knock on the door. Frisk got up to answer it, even in her slumped position. She must have wanted to do that for years. "Hello?"

"Hello, Frisk, is it?"

Ah. It was those guys that waved the hand over Frisk. Sans pulled himself with a slight bounce, and landed on his furry slippers, walking over to see the fuss.

"We just have to do some health checks for our records."

Health checks? Those two came all the way down for health checks? Sucky job. Sans watched Frisk's mother come over and welcome them in. Not what he would have done but okay. Frisk went into another room with them. Alone. "Hey, Torah?" Sans questioned. "Don't you think we should be watching?"

"No, it's standard. I knew they had to do this," she said.

Frisk came out just fine.

“Healthy. Next?”

“Sure, okay.” Sans went in before Papyrus. If they tried anything, he’d be ready to bolt. He stood in the middle of the room. They waved a wand over him and said he was fine. Then they gave him a yellow flower, a red flower, and a blue flower. They wanted to know which one represented him the most. “Blue.” Silly question. Must be a human thing.

Eh. Simple. Sans left and Papyrus went in. Papyrus was only in for a few seconds too.

The health inspector people then thanked them for their time and left.

Sans went back to sitting down to watch TV.

“Frisk, your Aunt Frida is coming over to meet your new husband,” her mother warned her. “Lovey Dovey little lady.”

Heh. “Lovey Dovey Little Lady.” He glanced at Frisk. “Are you gonna be lovey dovey enough?” She did have good acting skills. Sans chuckled, seeing the position she took now. She flopped over the side of the couch, her head and neck turned to watch TV while her legs were up on the arm of the couch.

The human was going to have a heck of a time with her bones when she got older doing things like that. But for now, it was hilarious.

“Frisk,” her mother complained. “Sit up nice and straight. Talk out loud, no psychic babble to anyone, and try to be romantic. They’ll be here in half an hour or so. We’ll be going out to eat so look nice.”

“Ooh, going out to eat at a restaurant,” Papyrus admired. “That would be nice. All we ever had was Grillby’s and on occasion Mettaton’s. Yep. I want to go out and eat someplace different and nice.”

“We will, Papyrus.” Frisk’s mother told him. “We won’t be able to all the time. Frisk’s trip wasn’t cheap nor is this new lifestyle.” She looked toward Frisk. “Worth it though. You’ll be safe. I took out some money so this transition would be easier. We still need to put up good appearances. Speaking of good appearance? Frisk? Dress? Wear some earrings too. Do I need to help you?”

“Nope.” Frisk came right off the couch. “I can do it myself.” She smiled. “The blue or the purple dress?”

“Blue because it matches . . .” Her mother stopped. “Sorry. Blue or purple is fine.”

“Skyscraper.” Papyrus said out of the blue. “I want to eat someplace and I want to see skyscrapers again. Those were neat.”

“They aren’t in this town,” Frisk said. “Sorry.”

“Well, I want to see them again.” Papyrus stood up from watching TV. He went toward the front window. “Scraping skies. I want to be over there, where it’s really active. There were many people, more people than we could count.”

Hm? Frisk watched Papyrus. “I live in a small town. We only passed through those.”

“Pizza Papyrus,” her mother reminded her.

Right, term of affection. “We only passed through those, they are nowhere near here Pizza Papyrus.” Papyrus continued to look out the window. What was wrong with him? Why was he hung up on that? She watched as Papyrus went over to where her mother hung her purse and . . . what?

“Pardon me?” Frisk’s mother got up from where she was sitting. What do you think you are-“?

Frisk turned her head to look at her mom. “Mom?” Frisk moved and then she was frozen in place. While Papyrus was fidgeting through her mother’s wallet and her phone.

“Uhhh?” Sans moved off the couch to talk to his brother. “Papyrus? You know, usually I don’t have to say anything, but what are you doing?” He gestured to Frisk and her mother. “Why you going through Torah’s things?”

“Sans, you’re annoying.” Papyrus didn’t explain though as he was looking through her mother’s phone. He let it drop to the ground and grabbed the wallet. “It’s good enough for about three days from what I can gather from city life. I will have to get more money later.” Then? He opened the door and walked out.

“Huh? Wait, yo.” Sans took off out the door after him.

Frisk couldn’t move. She couldn’t even blink. Not this, she hated magic casted on her. *Freed, I was freed, I don’t want to feel this on me anymore. Please, take this off. I don’t want this anymore.* What was happening? Why did Papyrus freeze them and then rob her mom and walk out? Why?

Why?

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### **Outside Frisk's Home**

“Papyrus the Skeleton, hold up there.” Sans didn’t get it, this wasn’t like him at all. Did Papyrus like skyscrapers? Of course, but he’d never just rob Frisk’s mom like that and then just walk off. “Pap!”

“What do you want?” Papyrus stopped. “This is my money, I found it.”

Found it? “Pap, that’s not your money. It belonged to Frisk’s mom.” Sans just stared at him. “What’s going on, Bro? This isn’t like you.”

“Do you always have to be so annoying, Sans?” Papyrus questioned. “I don’t like how annoying you are. I am going to stay away from you too. Goodbye.”

“Wait, wait, wait.” No, this couldn’t be happening. “You’re supposed to be mate to Frisk, remember? You can’t just shove off and leave her like that.”

“Why not? Humans have never been friendly to me. Seems just fine to do it to them,” Papyrus reasoned.

“Frisk never did anything to you.”

“Eh, she will. She’s human. You wanted to originally kill her soul anyway, so why are you judging me?” Papyrus questioned as he continued to walk.

“I quit when I realized my mistake, obviously.” Man, Sans couldn’t believe he even had to explain this. “You don’t steal, Papyrus! Human or not. You were raised better than that.”

“Not really.” Papyrus didn’t expand and he wouldn’t quit walking.

Damn it! “Okay, Bro, that’s it.” Sans moved in front of him and started to walk backwards. “You need to go back, put that money back in the purse, and go chill. Hopefully, your sort of wife forgets it, and you do well with whatever family Frisk has coming over soon.”

“Eh. I don’t want to pretend.” Papyrus continued to walk. “It’s dull. Calling her Frisk Fried Apple and schmoozing with others I don’t even know? All in the name of what? I’m already over here, I don’t need to continue this game.”

“Yeah, you do!” What the hell? Sans continued walking backwards to stay in front of Papyrus and watch him face to face. “We are here to help out the rest of the monsters, remember? Getting them out? It’s what you wanted.”

“I don’t want that anymore.” Papyrus said it so plainly. “I want to go out and live in the city.”

“Then what, huh? You said it yourself, enough for a few days only,” Sans warned him. “Where else are we gonna get more money to make it? Go back, now, Brother.”

“Eh. No.”

“The Great Papyrus!” This was getting ridiculous and bad. Sans couldn’t keep following him, Frisk and her mom needed unfrozen soon. They couldn’t breathe when they were frozen like that. “I like jokes as much as the next guy, but this is no joke, you can’t leave Frisk like that. She’ll get in trouble, get accused of embezzling or something. You need to pretend to like her until the heat is off of us. They are still checking up on us.”

“That’s her problem,” Papyrus said casually. “Not mine.”

“What happens when you run out of the dough?” Sans asked, making him try to see reason a different way.

“Oh. I will freeze another human and take their money. I should aim for someone I know has a lot more money. Enough of that and I should be just fine,” Papyrus explained. “This is taking forever to walk. I think I should get a car.” He moved a few feet to a driver side window and threw a fighting bone through it. It started to make noise. “Too noisy.”

What? “Papyrus, you can’t break in and steal-“ Sans watched as Papyrus shot his attack bones toward any car around there.

“That one doesn’t make noise.” Papyrus walked across the street. “That was simple. I will take this one.”

Sans looked at the time. How long could a human go without breathing? “Papyrus, don’t go. Take the freeze off of Frisk and her mom.” Papyrus got in the car and ignored him. Sans moved to the side of it and clamped his bony hands on the window. “This is not you!” Sans yelled at him. “There’s no way you are acting like my little bro! He’d never leave someone hanging like this.” Papyrus started to pull out, like he didn’t even notice Sans’ effort to stop him. “Are you going to make me fight you to get you to back down?!” He didn’t have the time to even do that. “Unfreeze them, Papyrus, they are going to die soon if you don’t! Papyrus, Bro, listen, please!” Sans continued to hang on as the car started to move.

“So annoying,” Papyrus said to him. “With your annoying puns and lazy attitude, I’m going. Unfreeze them yourself.”

“Papyrus, I can’t, it’s *your* magic!” Sans held on. This was not his brother, it couldn’t be. Papyrus would never do any of this. *Frisk and her mom are about to die if I don’t come up with something.* “I’ll help you get cash quicker if you just take your magic off of them.”

“Quicker?” Papyrus stopped. “Ooh. Okay. Done.”

Sans could feel the slight break in the magic. He went around to the other side of the car and got in.

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### **Inside Frisk's Home**

Frisk took a gigantic breath as she felt herself able to breathe again. She still couldn’t move much but she could breathe now. Her mom still wasn’t moving yet, but she could see slight movement. She also felt her phone vibrate. After a few more minutes, she was able to start to move, and used the energy to check her phone.

A text. Call me when you unfreeze. “Must be Sans.”

“He stole my money!” Frisk’s mother yelled, also coming out of it. “I *refuse* to let this go! To become mate with a monster only for him to betray you. Do you have any idea what will happen when he’s not here? You are going to get blamed for this, they are going to think it was to wiggle out of the magic gag or to rescue monsters!”

“I don’t.” *No, I don’t think, I know.* “I know that was not Papyrus, Mom,” Frisk said, getting some more of herself under her control. Her body started to slouch off the couch. “Those people that came here did something to him. Papyrus would never do this. He’s a big softie. He’d never.” How long were they under? “He’d never freeze us that long, let alone rob you.” Her mom didn’t answer.

Frisk hit the dial number on the text message. *Please let Sans know what is going on.*

“Frisk, you and your mom okay? Oxygen deprivation probably settled in on you, add that to magic and it’s not good.”

Sans. It was nice to hear his voice when he cared. “I think so. What happened?”

“I’m trying to figure it out. You know this isn’t right, that’s not him,” Sans insisted.

“I know,” Frisk said. “They must have done something. We need to figure it out.” He needed to get back.

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### **Outside Frisk’s Home**

“I’m on it.” Sans hung up. Ooh boy, was he on it. Okay, now what could have happened? Any disruption to memory. “Hey, Papyrus, you remember the first time you tried to make pizza?”

“Yes, the dough was absolutely wet. Almost perfect,” Papyrus replied as he turned a corner. “You said it was the greatest thing since sliced bread but better because sliced bread wasn’t the greatest thing.”

Okay, his memory checked out. “Did Frisk or her mom say anything that made you feel bad?” Emotional difficulty? It would have to be one hell of an emotional difficulty.

“No.” Papyrus said it plainly as he continued to drive. No explanation, no shout, no weeping. They did nothing to him.

“Then why’d you rob Torah?” Sans asked.

Papyrus shrugged. “I needed money to go live where I wanted to be. I knew where the money was at.”

No emotional difficulty at all. Papyrus still seemed like Papyrus, except he’d never do this. Sans knew that he would never do this. Not the stealing a car, stealing money, and definitely not freezing that long. He put Frisk and her mom at stake, and they were both innocent. Never did anything wrong. *What did they do to my Brother? I don’t-* “Whoah. Uh?” Papyrus just ran a red light. “People could have got hurt back there. You just, someone’s car is dented.” No response. “You should go back and check if people are okay?” Nothing.

It’s just . . . it was as if Papyrus stopped caring.

Sans pulled out the phone again. There was only one thing wrong, but it was the biggest thing that could go wrong. He texted Frisk.

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### **Inside Frisk's Home**

Frisk checked her phone as it vibrated. She was trying to keep her mother calm as she read the text from Sans. "Something's wrong with his soul." His soul? Those people tampered with his soul?

"What do I do?" Frisk's mother paced back and forth. "He took what was left of the money I saved for you to get you to Alaska, to get you any kind of help, to get us back home and to get us to be okay." She was breaking down. "It wouldn't be easy or cheap to suddenly take care of four instead of two." She was gripping the wall. "Your cousins are on their way to meet your new husband too. Someone will say something, something will go wrong."

"Mom." Frisk went over toward her. "I'm sorry. We'll figure this out. Sans thinks there is something wrong with his soul."

"More soul trouble, that's just my life," she complained. "This never would have happened if you- if you just . . ."

Frisk held her tongue. Her mother was trying to process what happened.

"You never would have just shut up, you would have got into some kind of argument with me." She moved away, still finding disappointment in Frisk. "My Frisk never backed down from a fight." She moved toward the kitchen. "She never would have brought any of this on us!"

Frisk couldn't take it. She wasn't magic-gagged anymore. She couldn't hide her outside feelings anymore. She was beginning to cry, and she couldn't stop it. She moved toward her room, went inside and locked the door so her mother wouldn't hear.

Wouldn't hear how imperfect she had been.

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### **Outside Frisk's Home**

Sans stared out the window. He had one hell of a dilemma. If he lost track of Papyrus, there's no telling how long it would take to find him again, or what he'd do. Papyrus' uncaring personality wouldn't even stop at red lights. It was only a matter of time before he hurt someone.

Sans couldn't stop him though, even though he was there, he wasn't making a dent with Papyrus. Meanwhile, Frisk and her mom were now in a major bind too. He had no idea how much money Papyrus stole, but to survive in the city for a few days called for some bucks. "So how much money we got to start with?"

“From what I looked up on the human’s phone, a decent amount,” Papyrus said, “I have about 2,000 dollars.”

Yep, that sounded about right from what her mom said earlier. “That’s more than a few days.”

“Not really. Hotel. Food. Good food from good restaurants and nice hotels. No dinky ones, I don’t want a dinky hotel. I will look for something as good as Mettaton’s hotel,” Papyrus insisted. “To go places too, that will take money. Everything takes money so I am thinking three days at most. Maybe two, depending on where I go.”

Papyrus would burn through that money. *I’ve got to take care of him, but how can I just ignore Frisk too? Hell, I already owe her for the soul mistake.* “Money might be important to Frisk and her mom, you know? People are supposed to be coming over to meet you soon at Frisk’s?”

“Skip it. I don’t need to impress some humans I’ve never met. Money is important to *me*. That’s why I took it.” Papyrus shrugged. “Isn’t this exciting? I finally get to drive a car.” He sighed. “It doesn’t feel exciting though. I thought driving a car would be more exciting.”

“Running the red lights and seeing the damages behind is pretty exciting,” Sans disagreed. Then, he heard the inevitable sound of trouble. “More pretty lights. Red and blue.” He looked toward Papyrus. “Here’s a better idea. Let’s go home instead of jail, huh?”

“I don’t have a home yet. I don’t need a home,” Papyrus insisted. He looked out the rearview mirror. “I don’t want to go to jail either. I guess I will stop and fight them.”

“Naw, let’s not?” Sans felt the car stop and watched Papyrus get out. “Pap.” Sans watched as a human got out of the car and approached him. Sans couldn’t break his magic, but he could askew it. As Papyrus tried to attack the human, Sans kept trying to get the bones to go around the human.

“You’re annoying. It’s just? Forget it.” Papyrus backed out from the fight and got back in the car. “I don’t need you to make money.”

“Wait, wait, wait.” Those weren’t safe words. *I can’t risk losing him, and I can’t risk him doing something that he’ll regret later. No choice.* “Okay, that’s it. Big Brother’s putting his foot down.”

“Hm?”

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### **Frisk's Home**

Frisk answered the knocking on the door, double checking her eyes. She cracked it open and saw her mother.

“Okay. Okay.” Frisk’s mom got dressed up for the visit. “Frisk, come out. They’ll be here in any second.” She started to put in her earrings. “Make sure you look nice. We can give an



excuse like he went to the store to get you flowers and didn't know about the time. Okay? Come on."

"This won't solve anything," Frisk said. Papyrus was still gone. Her mother's money was stolen.

"It'll be okay. I can use my credit card," she assured Frisk. "We'll still go out to eat, don't worry. Everything is absolutely fine."

No, it wasn't. Her mother was breaking apart. She always worried about her too much.

"One thing at a time, Frisk, now come on," she commanded. "Downstairs. Get ready. Nicest clothes. Don't say a word about the money. You can handle the rest. I imagine. Can you?"

"I am a good actress," Frisk said as she closed the door back up. She would keep her phone on her for the time being. She went to get her clothes and get dressed. For the time being, she'd have to do what she could to keep it together. Maybe Sans would figure out what happened and they could reverse it. Maybe it couldn't be reversed right away. Maybe Alaska would call and check up on things.

Do what she could for now. Frisk dressed up in a blue dress and put in some fish earrings. It was nice to have that kind of mobility again. She didn't want to lose it. To have it for just a short time instead of having it again at all, it would be more cruel.

"Sans!" She heard her mother shout from downstairs. "You're a lifesaver."

"I don't know about that," Frisk heard back. "I wouldn't recommend tasting me to find out."

Frisk opened the door. Did he get Papyrus?

Sans was at the opened door while Frisk's mother was putting cash away again. "Got the cash back," he said. "Got Papyrus back. Sort of." He waved his hand back and forth. "Had to use my own magic against him."

Oh. That must have hurt. "I'm sorry you had to use magic against your own brother."

"Not a good feeling. Thanks." Sans wasn't cheery. "Anyhow, I had to. Papyrus was becoming a threat to others and himself." He gestured outside. "So I better go ditch this car somewhere. Papyrus stole it. Uh. He's in the back, frozen, until I can figure out what to do with him."

"For how long will he be frozen?" Frisk's mother asked.

"Forever. For as long as I don't break the magic," Sans answered. "He's not human, he'll be fine. A human gets like five minutes if that before they die, but he'll be okay. Just, set him in front of a TV so he doesn't get bored."

"I'm sorry," Frisk's mother said, but not in the same way Frisk said it. "Did you *just* say that you parked a stolen vehicle in front of my house?!"

“On the side, Torah. I’ll take it out, no one will know or associate it with the address,” Sans promised. “As soon as Papyrus is out.”

“A frozen monster son-in-law situation.” Frisk’s mother pouted as she ran out to help bring Papyrus out. Frisk went out too. He was paralyzed in the back seat. Frisk and her mom helped get Papyrus out. As soon as he was on his way inside with them, Sans got in the car.

“Oh, a stolen vehicle on the side of the house, and carrying somebody out of it,” Frisk’s mother complained again. “I can’t believe this. What’s Sans going to be able to do?”

“Sans has magic, he’ll take care of it,” Frisk insisted. She trusted that Sans could handle it. Frisk sat Papyrus on the couch with his mom. For being made of bones, Papyrus was heavy.

“Oh, your cousins!” Her mom started to freak out again as she looked at her phone. “Frisk, they just texted, they are on their way! We’ve got to get him out of here. To the den, we’ll lock the door.”

“Got it.” Sans came back in. While he did that, Papyrus floated to the back room. “Hang on, Papyrus, I’ll get you something to watch soon.”

Frisk’s mother locked the door. “There, now they won’t question that. Just, get tidied up. They’ll be here any second.”

There was nothing to tidy. The car was gone, and Papyrus was locked in the den, frozen. They didn’t bring anything with them. Frisk watched as her cousins came through the door, along with her Aunt Frida.

“Hello Torah,” her Aunt greeted her mother first. “Some news you got huh?” She looked at Frisk and gave her some flowers. “Here you go. Sorry we couldn’t make your wedding. I guess no one heard about it.”

“You know Frisk, she just kind of jumped for it,” her mother covered for her.

“Well, as long as we get a chance to meet now,” her Aunt said. She glanced at Sans. “Are you Papyrus?”

“Guilty,” Sans lied.

What? *Sans, what are you doing?* Frisk asked telepathically.

*Covering. They came to see Papyrus, you aren’t getting away with just going out to eat, Frisk.*

“Uh?” Her mother was confused too. “I guess.”

“Didn’t you have a brother too though?” Frisk’s cousin asked. “I thought there was a brother. Shouldn’t we wait for him?”

Still stuck.

“Oh, Sans, yes. He’s not feeling well right now, so he said for us all to go,” her mother said.

“Well? I’m sorry Papyrus that your brother isn’t well,” her Aunt Frida said to Sans. “We can stop and get some food for him too. This’ll be fine, as long as we get to meet you.”

“Yep,” Sans agreed. “Just give me a moment. I want to make sure he’s comfortable before we go.”

“Considerate,” her Aunt Frida said. “We’ll wait.”

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### **Frisk's Den**

Sans turned on the TV and made sure Papyrus was sitting in a comfy position he would normally sit in. “Okay, Pap.” He set the remote down. “I’m sorry about all this, but I can’t let you go and hurt anybody. Not only is it not right, but you’d never forgive yourself. We’ll be back with food. Um?” He didn’t know what else to say. “We’ll figure out what they did to your soul and we’ll fix it, okay?”

He picked up the remote again and changed channels. “There we go, that’s more of your style.” Some light cartoons. “You’ll be okay. I will be back before you know it. Watch some cartoons.” Programming. That’s all he had for his brother for now.

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### **Outside the Den**

He left the room again and locked it. “He’s still under the weather,” he admitted.

“You don’t have to feel like you have to go,” Frisk said to Sans, looking toward her Aunt Frida. “He’s worried about his brother. It wouldn’t be a fun time.”

“Frisk,” her mother said firmly. “What are you doing?”

“I am saying that Papyrus doesn’t have to leave to make a nice impression. We can have lunch another day, can’t we?” Frisk asked her Aunt Frida.

“Sure, why not?” Her Aunt Frida said. “It’s not like we aren’t seeing everyone later tonight anyhow.”

“Tonight?” Torah asked.

“Yes. Stephan will be meeting us later tonight for dinner.” Frida simply smiled.

“ . . . Stephan.” Torah’s face blanked. “Tonight.”

Frida nodded. “We’ll see everyone tonight then. Papyrus? Make sure your brother takes his medicine because you don’t want to miss meeting Stephan. See you later.” She waved and her and her kids left.

"Stephan. Bastard," Torah cursed. "Bastard! He could ruin *everything*." She looked toward Sans, and then Frisk. "You're freed but he could be trouble, Frisk. We can't take a chance, we'll need a better disguise."

Stephan? "Who's Stephan?" Sans asked.

Frisk sighed. *He's my father.*

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# Screwed University

## Chapter Notes

My muse has caused me to start illustrations of my work, and I love it. Later on, I will have the earlier chapters fixed in this same fashion. I think the whole world left us in a messy spot mentally. (I even kept misspelling Frisk's mothers name.) Now I am putting my all into my stories so enjoy. :) I have updated the images to be spliced with the text so that those who want to read the illustrations, don't go through tons of text, or those that need the text don't need to scroll through so much illustration. (It also looks way better on the downloads option.)



Sans wore the newer disguise Frisk's mother fretted about, but he didn't feel any safer about it. Every bone in his entire body (so his entire body) could already feel there was no way this would go well. It was too high of a coincidence that Papyrus had troubles with his soul the same time he was supposed to meet Frisk's dad.

Still, he couldn't let everyone down. He'd figure out what was wrong with Papyrus, but hiding in the shadows while Frisk got in trouble wouldn't be what freed him.

In the restaurant, Frisk stood erect. She didn't want to converse with her dad at all. No surprise. Frisk's mother had also been there beside her daughter, glaring at Frisk's dad. She probably had the same suspicions as him. Plus, wouldn't you know it? Her cousins were nowhere in sight.

"Stephan," Thora said, venomously to him. "Why do you have to bother Frisk with everything you've done, this soon after she gets back to start a new life?"

"Oh, I don't know." His voice was just as friendly. "I want to see who it is that my daughter married the day of her eighteenth. Call it suspicious."

"Hey, hey, that's making the pot call the kettle black," Sans said to him. "I have no idea what that expression means, but I think it's a form of screw you, man. I got with your daughter. Deal with it and shove off."



"Temper," Stephan answered back. "Mad about something?"

"Yeah. If I hadn't married her, then she wouldn't be here right now without being gagged for eternity." Sans went with his phrase. Thora did say no one would say mates, and if that is what Frisk's father had learned, it was best not to mix definitions. "I'm just here at this restaurant for Frisk 'cause she's my wife and I love her and stuff. Otherwise, you can keep a fair distance from our lives from now on."

Thora couldn't complain. Sans must be saying it all correctly. Hell, how would someone who supposedly love Frisk want to treat her dad, knowing what he almost did? Should be crude as possible.

"So, did you marry my daughter because of love, or because of the gag that would have been kept on her?" He asked. "It would be hard to fall in love in the first place. She's had it on her for a good deal of her life."

"True loves shines through and crap," Sans answered back. "Now that I got my wife all degagged, methinks it's best to keep that distance."

"Are you sure that's why, Papyrus?" Stephan asked. "Strange name. Must be a fascinating origin."

"Yep," Sans answered as he picked up a shaker of salt from the table and tossed it in the air a few times. "It's a nickname from Screw U. University. What's yours? I know you must have gone."



Then, it was so fast, and so small. Unexpected. He was watching Stephan, and keeping a decent eye socket out for his surroundings, but when Papyrus showed up next to Stephan?

He was distracted long enough that someone shot something into Frisk's neck.

"Frisk!" Thora went to her side while Sans stood up, staring at Papyrus.

"Impossible." Sans glanced toward Frisk, and then back at Papyrus. "What are you doing here?"

"What indeed." Stephan looked at Papyrus, still in a disguiser. "Who are you?"

"I am The Great Papyrus!" the real Papyrus announced with his finger high up in the air. "I am not a happy camper right now." He looked toward Sans. "You froze me. I don't want to see you anymore."

"But how did you get unfroze?" Sans demanded. He shouldn't have been able to, not without Sans' own magic.

"What did you shoot her with?" Thora asked as she checked over Frisk.

Sans glanced, getting a good reading of her. *Her pulse is slowing, she's barely breathing, the eyes show a state of catatonic.* Bad. "Great job on your wife there, Papyrus. You responsible? Really?"

"Yes, and I got a lot of money out of it," Papyrus said casually. "All I had to do was tell people who came to get me what Frisk had done and why. I now have over twenty thousand dollars, that is a good start."

He told on Frisk?

"Your Papyrus?" Stephen seemed surprised. "Then?" He looked toward Sans. "Who are you?"

None of those words should have been leaving Stephen's mouth. They made no sense.

"Oh, I think we'll take it from here, Sir."



Alaska Preservation (Home of Modern Day Monster Kingdom)

"You have to help!" Toriel demanded. Sans was on the other side of her while Papyrus was over in a corner drawing on the floor, and Frisk was barely breathing and swaying next to her. "What did you do to them?"

She was speaking with the one in charge of the land they lived on. The one who ran the show. "You have done something to The Great Papyrus, and you have done something to the woman named Frisk."

"I don't know what you are speaking of," the leader insisted. "All we know is that we found Papyrus, freed him, and for a nominal fee, he revealed the traitorous act." He propped himself up higher and looked at Thora, who had also been there, on the other side of Frisk. "You must have been involved in that act too. Do you have any idea what the law could do, considering what you've done? There's no mate in this situation. You attempted to create something of benefit, nothing solid."

"That's not true," Thora tried to ACT her way out of it. "Relationships are relationships and they both planned on keeping that relationship. They wouldn't back out of it."

"A lie. There was no mating." The leader, Larry Lumberg, gestured to Papyrus. "It's not easy to miss." It was the first time they met the actual person in charge of everything.

"Yeah, no, it's not except he's not himself," Sans butted in. "*You* did something to my brother, something to force us back here." He glanced at Frisk. "You even messed with a human. That's a new twist for humans."



"Thora Sutherland?" The leader looked toward her. "This was a great offense. I would hire the best lawyer you could, or you'll be facing up to life in prison. If you're lucky."

Thora covered her face. She didn't deny that she knew. She couldn't, the disguisers came from the preservation. "It wasn't a trick, they were committing."

"Human man, you are completely ignoring me." Toriel's words were vicious. She was showing her queen status widely toward him. "I demand to know who started this mess?! What did they do to Frisk and Papyrus?" Right then, Asgore entered the room. She glanced at him. "You should not be here."

Since they were both royalty, if anything happened, it would be safe for the future if they didn't stay together. If something happened to Toriel at that moment, Asgore would rule alone, or vice versa.

Still, Asgore entered. "I won't leave anyone here alone."

Good job. Asgore's power level would decimate any of them. Oh, except for the soul part. Terrible bravado.

"What happened to Frisk Sutherland?" Asgore demanded.

"We don't know," the leader obviously lied. "Monsters and humans aren't supposed to go together. Obviously, someone knew of the truth, and took matters into their own hands. From what we can tell through an X-ray though, it seems she may have been microchipped through the soul."

"Microchipped through the soul?" Toriel asked. She tried to speak to Frisk again, but she wasn't speaking. It was more than gagged. There was no communication whatsoever. Frisk just stared ahead with no thoughts. "What did you do to her?"

"We are responsible for nothing," the leader once again said. "Papyrus and his brother left with what we assumed was an official mating."



"My brother got messed up because of that flower you made him hold." Sans knew that. "He changed after that health checkup or whatever." They couldn't deny that.

Then, Larry couldn't help himself. A small smirk. "Oh, okay. Maybe a soulless flower got into the mix of it all. He was still freed and we didn't pull him back. Nothing in the contract said we couldn't tamper with his soul when he got out."

Asgore shoved his mighty weapon upwards on the ground, signaling for Undyne to come in as well.

Great, Sans thought. Two armed monsters for show. They still couldn't do anything to a human soul. Human souls were powerful, too powerful for any monster to defeat.

"Oh." Papyrus stopped drawing on a wall and came over to the leader. "I want something to eat."



*There's my cue.* With the way Papyrus' will was now, this was Sans' chance. "I'll buy you something yummy if you tell me who microchipped Frisk's soul?"

"Uh? I don't know," Papyrus answered. "What are you going to fix me?"

"Grillby burger." Which of course, made Papyrus angry and go back to drawing instead. *This place would take credit for that microchip stunt. They already exposed they did something to Pap's soul, and Pap doesn't know anything.* Then Frisk's problem wasn't by the same person. *Gee, I just wonder who would want to shut her up.* "So, where's Stephan already? Frisk's dad is late for that stereotypical villain appearance." Sans looked toward the doorway. "Hey?" He called out. "You suck as a bad guy, maybe you should just give it up, huh?"



When the door opened, Frisk's father appeared. "Clever."

"Not really, pretty average for a villain," Sans remarked. "What did you do?"

"Protect my future." Frisk's father went over toward the leader Larry and spoke a few short-muttered words. Some of them Sans was able to pick up.

Shame. Amalgamate. Underground. Vice President. Solid deal.

Underground? Why were they whispering about Underground?

Frisk's father then addressed the room. "I am responsible for the microchip on her soul. I didn't even know she married a monster of all things, I just knew she was getting married to avoid her future. Either way. She can no longer communicate with anyone, verbally or telepathically, except in one area."

"You cruel fiend," Toriel scolded him. "What kind of a father are you? How do we make her better?"

"There is no way," Stephan warned her. "She will only be cognitive Underground."

Toriel covered her mouth. Asgore bellowed with Undyne. Papyrus continued to draw. Thora was still lost in her own little world about prison for life.

Sans just stood there and glanced at Frisk. *All this crap against the pacifist. Nothing would have happened if I didn't force her to take Papyrus.* Frisk was paying the price, and so was Papyrus.

"Take it out of her!" Toriel demanded.

"He can't do that, it's in the soul," the leader responded. "Irremovable, even I know that." He sighed. "The Underground is sealed away though, no one is there except a simple flower."

A simple flower. The one that must have hurt Papyrus. "Hey, Larry the Leader?" Sans said to the leader. "You're trying to get the Monster Kingdom to uh, willingly go Underground,

aren't ya?"



"We are never going back Underground," Asgore declared.

"No. No, of course not," the leader insisted. "A contract is a contract. This area of Alaska is yours. Nice sun. Outside temperatures. Very big area. Only the best for you. Couldn't get you to go back in the Underground, even if we wanted to do such a treacherous thing."

"Can't break contracts," Frisk's father responded. "*No one* can go back Underground." He looked toward Thora. "This is *your* fault that you had to push me this far. You know that she can't be allowed to speak. I can't believe you tried to free her. Now she's in worse shape than ever before."

"Shut up!" Thora went off on him. "Frisk can't communicate in any sort of way for the rest of her life because of you!"

"The human *must* go Underground," Asgore gave in. "We can't leave Frisk like that."

"No one is going Underground," Larry the Leader said.

"Papyrus needs that flower." Sans had that much figured out.

"It's secured and gated off," the leader once again said. "You live here now. Tragedy but that is what happens. Simply follow the rules, and you'll be fine. Why would you even want to leave anyhow? Here, you are free never to fear human souls trying to fight you."

"Papyrus needs that flower," Sans said again. "My new sis can't live like that either." He looked toward Asgore, and then at Toriel. "We gotta break for Underground."

# It Takes 52

## Chapter Notes

I have updated the images to be spliced with the text so that those who want to read the illustrations, don't go through tons of text, or those that need the text don't need to scroll through so much illustration. (It also looks way better on the downloads option.)



"Break? Insane!" Asgore shouted. "I know what happened to your brother and Frisk is terrible, and I feel for you, but we can't bring an entire kingdom back to the darkness just for two."

Toriel didn't speak as fast. "For centuries, we've wanted to be on the surface. We attained it. Sans. There is no one who would go back into the abyss of Underground."

"I would," Sans said. In a heartbeat. "If it fixes Papyrus and Frisk, I'll do it." Sans looked toward the leader and Frisk's dad. "I'll do it. Send us down."

"It's gated off," the leader once again said. "No can do. No one comes in or out without special licensing. Even then, it's not for very long. That core area is highly dangerous. Without magic to control it, it's quite hazardous down there."

Damn. The core was powerful, it kept everything running. It took a great deal of magic to keep it pumping, more than one monster could make. It was created using magic from the surrounding areas. No one monster contributed to it. It was never overloaded with too much power shoved in, or too much released out.

"Well, they really seem to want to free Frisk and her new husband," Stephen said.

"It's not a new husband," the leader disagreed with him. "It was a con. That's why they are back in the first place."

"I don't think it completely had been," Frisk's father said oddly. "I mean, this Skeleton?" He gestured to Sans, no longer wearing a disguiser. "He keeps calling her sister."

"Just not to break the ACT," the leader insisted. "If we can't prove it was wrong, then we have no bearings against Frisk's mother."



"I doubt a dumb monster thought about that. Just a basic human with no attachment," Stephan pointed out. "Maybe you should send them back down?"

"Look? You might be President one day," the leader warned him. "You aren't yet, and with such a powerful move as microchipping a soul, I doubt you ever will be. So, shut up. The core needs more than a few monsters running it, and we have contracts to keep them right here. Contrary to what anyone wants, no one is going back to the Underground. End of discussion."

"Then fix them," Toriel demanded. "Fix the pacifist human, and fix The Great Papyrus!"

"Papyrus is messed up because of a flower, that is your doing," Asgore said to the leader. "Fix it with the flower. He won't leave again if he knows what will happen."

"That doesn't do anything for Frisk," Toriel insisted. "We must take care of Frisk too."

The leader held up his hands. "Contracts are contracts. If you want Papyrus back to his normal state? You will sign a *new* contract. One addressing the duties of mates and what pertains to it for starters."

"That does nothing for Frisk!" Toriel pointed out again.

"This Frisk isn't our business." Larry the Leader gestured toward Stephan. "Neither is he. He's just political and manages to get into crevices. It doesn't mean he's welcome or controls anything else."

"If you want some monsters to permanently reside Underground, you will need to make a new deal," Frisk's father said to Larry the Leader. "Really. Think about what I said."

Larry the Leader held his hands over his desk. "Put it into perspective. How many monsters do you need to run the economy of Underground safely?"

"At least fifty-two," Asgore said. "There is no way 52 monsters will move back to the darkness."

"I would," Toriel said softly. Her voice grew stronger. "I would rule the Underground to protect them."



"Fifty-two monsters willing to void their contract," the leader said. "With of course the barrier that surrounds it now, to avoid accidental containment of the core into the surroundings."

"Some will have strong feelings for Frisk," Asgore said softly. Politely. "Not 52 of them though."

"Not even close to 52," Toriel said looking toward him. "I would go down into it all again for them. Especially Frisk. That human. I cared so much for her." Her eyes started to water.

"Almost the day I met her."

Sans hadn't had a chance to tell her about Frisk being Amalgamate and actually half her fallen adopted daughter. That wouldn't make it easier right now. *Fifty-two*. He could get Papyrus back after a contract taking out the snafu of Frisk, but damn it, he owed her too. How was he going to get 52 monsters to willingly leave back to Underground?

"My daughter is especially filled with determination. She never lets anyone down," Stephan said suspiciously. "Frisk Johnson could accomplish the impossible. She freed you once before. Maybe she can do it again?"

"Sutherland," Thora said with a warning. "She hasn't had your last name since you betrayed her."

"I can see you want to make a deal," Toriel said, her voice dripping with venom toward Frisk's father. "State it."

Frisk's father looked toward the leader.

The leader sighed. "He wishes to get rid of the lot of you. He is willing to look the other way if another contract was made."

"If the barrier breaks again, you're freed," Stephan said. "Above and below. There could be a contract that would enable you to move as you wished without being regarded as animals. However, your survival against human souls would be up to you."



"Hey, hey, just in time to shut up for elections," Sans pointed out. After election, he'd have what he wanted. No need to worry about Frisk making him look bad. The preservation leader Larry would have to go through with it though. He'd been flapping his jaw and Larry the Leader had liked the monsters on that property for some reason. Probably some kind of monetary value. Greedy humans were typical.

"If I win, I would need a Vice President," Stephan tried to bribe the leader. "Once that occurs, a life of obscurity leaves forever." That seemed to have a small waiting effect on Larry the Leader. "It doesn't matter how much you are making off of them, or how, I can make it worth nothing compared to what you could get," Stephan persuaded once more.

"There is no way to force anyone to go anywhere," Larry the Leader said slowly. "But . . . anything's possible in new contracts."

Of course. A new kind of barrier, and Sans doubted they'd say what would break it.

"Not the entirety of the Kingdom," Asgore warned them. "We will not risk everyone in monsterkind just for two monsters."

"Fifty-two," Toriel said. "We need 52 monsters to leave and make this deal, for Frisk and Papyrus." She looked toward the leader. "What would the barrier need to break?"

"That ruins the fun," Stephan warned her.

Yeah, of course they wouldn't share it. Another barrier. Trapped Underground beneath another barrier. *There's no way 52 will willingly decide to be brave enough.* The issue was gonna be forced, with real freedom being the weapon used.

"If she doesn't break the barrier?" Toriel asked. "Can others?"

"Clever," Stephan remarked. "Yes. It's not impossible, but you only have so long. It won't be able to break early, and it won't do any good to break it late."

Oh yeah, they had been talking. Maybe Larry the Leader wasn't as gungho before, but they had been talking. Work out the right deal? *Down we go again.*



"True," the leader said. "I already know he'll put in legislation about it, *if* he becomes president. Most likely something attune to 'monsters are too dangerous for this world and must be sealed away'." He groaned. "Why did you have to leave? Try to leave? With a human of all things? Humans and monsters don't mix!"

Hmph. Larry the leader was tough. He went after Papyrus' soul, corrupting him with a flower, to get them back there. Yet, he didn't want them just lying deep Underground. He wanted them there at the preservation. He also couldn't speak up against Stephan. Probably because of his own dirty laundry. In the scenario, he was half the villain.

The other half was Frisk's dear old dad. If they took too long to break that barrier, he'd win and get whatever he wanted.

If they busted out early enough, they could really disrupt that voting process. Yeah. Most people would flip on him fast if they found out what he did to his own daughter. Sealing her off Underground. Leaving her never to communicate. Soul-gagging her all those years.

Still, Vice President would be more appealing than running a preservation area in Alaska. Especially if somehow the next bitter president wasn't on his side. Sans could already see him start to bend. Both a good and bad thing. In this case, Larry had the control along with Toriel and Asgore. All three could force what would happen. Without all three of those forces, Frisk's dad meant nothing. He had no power yet.

*Future might be bleak, but, I really screwed up. I owe this one.* He watched Papyrus start to dismantle the window, trying to get out. *If he wanted to get out, he'd just go through the window. Aw, Bro. No.* It was risky. He looked back at Frisk too. No longer getting into odd positions to sit. Just there, sitting, like a spaced-out human. *Naw. Naw.* "I'm up for anything, Tori." He addressed her simply.

Toriel looked toward Asgore. "We must save them. If we win their trickery, we win complete freedom to run our kingdom where and how we want."



"If we win." Asgore looked toward Frisk and then at Papyrus, still trying to get out. "If we lose, we'll end back at the darkness. This deal can only go for the part of the kingdom that leaves."

"That would be fair," Toriel said. "Those that go into the darkness again, that must risk it, will be the benefactor of the consequences, good or bad." She looked toward Larry. "Alright, Mister Lumberg. Anyone who doesn't leave the first contract will *not* be bound to the reward or punishment of the second."

Yep. Extra freedom verses no freedom.

"You are sure the barrier can be broken by more than Frisk?" Asgore asked Larry.

The leader nodded. "It's a different kind of barrier. I warn you though. Most likely you won't figure it out. Not risking your whole kingdom is a smart idea though. You are better off here where it's safe."

"A hint?" Toriel asked. "A small hint to the barrier?"

Larry sighed. "If Frisk does have a mate, your chances will rise by 50%, and the microchip in her soul will have shattered before-"

"Too much information," Stephan complained.

"A half decent shot to solving the problem," Larry said. "You can't have Papyrus though if you attempt this. And? Win or lose, the rest of the Kingdom stays in the fresh skies of Alaska's natural preserve." Larry eyed Stephen. "I want that in writing with you too."

Can't have Papyrus? "Why can't I have him?"

"He's susceptible to the flower now," Larry the Leader told him. "If the flower reaches him again-"

"Drag the flower out." Not rocket science.



"The flower is contained right now, but not for long. We did it for one time, to get you back to where you belonged, and we planned on it one more time to fix the mess," Larry the Leader said. "That is *no* typical flower. We *don't* remove it from Underground for good."

Damn. "I'm not leaving without him."

"You'll have to keep him indoors, and away from all crevices that a flower can get into," Larry warned him. "If he does reach your brother, the same thing will happen, but we can't fix him until after you are freed."

But they would fix him afterward. “I’ll keep him indoors. Upstairs. I’ll watch for him.”

Larry the Leader threw up his hands. “Fine. Anything else?”

“Yeah. Um?” Sans gestured to Frisk’s father. While he did that, he looked deeply at him. “Is Frisk gonna be okay, or is *Frisk* gonna be okay?”

Stephan just looked back toward Sans. He didn’t answer, but Sans already got it. He already had part of Stephan’s goal figured out.

“What do you mean?” Larry the Leader asked. “Barriers don’t hurt, they just hold back.”

Welp? If he didn’t spill now, he wouldn’t look so good. It might even get allegiant monsters to suffer the Underground again. “Frisk’s got a secret she didn’t want anyone to know, but her life could be on the line. So? Frisk isn’t just a human, she’s an amalgamate human.”

“Uh? A-an . . . amalgamate?” Toriel questioned. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Sans went on. “She was this regular human called Frisk that fell down and died. She joined with another spirit called Chara. It turned her into the Frisk we know.”



“Chara?!” Asgore and Toriel both shouted.

“Frisk is Chara?” Toriel asked. “Sans? Are you sure, Frisk is Chara?”

“Part,” Thora answered. “Half. She’s half my Frisk. She isn’t the same though.”

“Then she’s half mine too.” Toriel didn’t look half as good, like someone was slamming down hard on her heart. “Humans. They . . . that determination of theirs.” She started to cry openly.”

“Oh no, she can’t touch that barrier in that state,” Larry the Leader said. “It’d kill her. She’d turn back into the others, and since they are dead, she’d either join with something else around her, or die.” Larry looked toward Stephan. “You would have killed your daughter.”

“I would have set her free from the abomination she became,” Stephan said.

“She is not an abomination!” Toriel stood up and gestured toward her. “Frisk is a loving girl, and just as much loved as our other amalgamates! She is loved for who she is!”

So, no barrier breaking deal. Frisk was done for. *Nah. I messed up. There has to be a way to get back down there.* “Is there a way to let her touch it without breaking her up?”

“Well . . .” Larry the Leader was thinking. “I don’t honestly know.” He shook his head. “No deal, I’m not riskng a dead human on my hands.”





“She can’t stay like that.” Toriel was starting to come out of it. She looked toward Asgore.  
“She’s part Chara.”

Part. “We could figure out something.” It wasn’t positive. It was just enough to make the king take notice. It was decision time. Most likely, if they went down, they couldn’t escape. It’d be tough not knowing what broke it in the first place, but now with Frisk being unable to touch it? Nearly impossible.

He only had one thing on his side. The ability to study Frisk. Barriers gave off wavelengths, and those wavelengths had to match, to break it open. “Theoretically, if when Frisk touches the barrier it breaks, then it won’t break her.” Still, it was only wavelengths. In all honesty, there probably wouldn’t be a way to figure it out.

“Okay, I can confirm that much,” Larry the Leader said. “You would have to figure out when to do it.”

Ah. Already a giveaway. The most important dates to humans were the day they were born and died. So? Boom. *Her birthday*. “Would the way still work for her the way it is?” He wouldn’t just outright give out the fact he knew the answer.

“It would be tricky,” Larry the Leader admitted. “Real tricky. The barrier wasn’t meant for an amalgamate.”



*Got it, it’s the day Frisk and Chara joined to become the Frisk we know.* The anniversary of the day she fell Underground. Okay, that all made sense, except for the mate part. What would touching the barrier on her birthday have to do with it alone? No, it was too simple. “It’s not.” *It’s not just her birthday.* Oh! It won’t be one and done. *It’s gonna unlock by a combination, maybe more than just her.*

That’s why it was such a long shot. That’s why Larry the Leader didn’t want to grant it, or he didn’t mind dropping excessive hints. “How many times is she safe to touch the barrier?”

“That’s an absurd question,” Stephan bit back.

“If she were normal, three times. As an amalgamate of two? Four times.” Larry answered. “Maybe.”

“If she were normal, then it wouldn’t be an issue at all, Moron,” Frisk’s dad warned Larry.

Sans doubted Larry was the idiot. He just dropped another clue. Even if Frisk was normal, it would still be a combination of dates. As an amalgamate, four days. Possibly five with that little ‘maybe’ in there. *Tori, when was Chara born?* He asked her telepathically.

*Why ask? She shared her birthday with her brother. I don’t know her real birth date.*

Yeah, he would have to really study Frisk down to the bone to find out the other dates to the equation. *I know a couple of dates. I don't know it all.*

Toriel cleared her throat. "We still want to try, Larry."

Larry groaned but picked up the phone to call out for help.

Two idiots came.



Yeah. "Health check, huh?" It was those two that corrupted Papyrus' soul. *You are so lucky I can't risk anything against humans.*

"Freddy. Jason." Larry gestured toward the Monsters. "Get over here."

"Huh? What are we needed for?" Larry stammered.

"This deal is too far-fetched. I don't like it," Larry the Leader said. "One year down there, and someone needs to break it. If the monsters get out from you two breaking it, they come back here."

Oh. That would make it easier to accept for monsters. Eventual freedom no matter what.

"If Frisk breaks it, or a monster breaks it, then it's freedom," Toriel said. "If one of these humans break it, then it's back to here?"

"I think the kingdom would gamble with that one." Asgore was leaning to it. "Still. Things happen when large amounts of monsters accumulate in a given area without any room for real breathing. They might go insane if they aren't strong enough."

"No way, this is bull," Freddy said to Larry the Leader. "Look, no amount of overtime is going to put us down there with a bunch of monsters. And anyhow, why two of us?"

"Yeah, and we can just break it from outside," Jason added. "Why be inside?"

Those were good questions they were stirring up. Questions Larry didn't seem to want to answer.

"It would be better to have some humans down there," Larry answered. "It's a special barrier. Not your run of the average one. Underground's core is so potent, it needs to be contained, so the standard touch is not going to work." He gestured to the monsters. "If they want freedom and Frisk can't figure it out, they would need you. You'll be fine."



"No way, there's not enough pay in the--"

"I made you go all the way there to Papyrus," Larry warned them. "Don't make me call in the others in charge of here. You are willing participants."

"It's bad down there though, like, we don't have any of the qualifications," Jason tried to reason with him.

Yep. That's why they were perfect little guinea pigs. No loss of anyone real important at the company.

"You are the type that needs to be down there," Larry said outrightly. "The royalty will make sure you get something, they want to get out too in a year if Frisk doesn't figure it out. Unless you . . . want to disobey?"

Heh. "Don't worry, Guys," Sans rubbed it in. "You can meet Karma down there. You'll like her. She's a real bitch." Served them right too.

"If Frisk doesn't solve it though, she doesn't get to come back up," Stephan just had to add. "She stays Underground."

"She might not be able to anyhow with a microchip in her soul," Larry the Leader reminded him.

"One more thing." No matter how Sans felt, he knew what Frisk would do if she could communicate. "Drop Thora from my sister's charges. She didn't do nothing wrong, Papyrus is Frisk's mate." Frisk would protect her mom. Even if he failed at this, he could get something right for her.

"Monsters, sometimes." Larry groaned. "I can't just let her go. She's actually safer in jail." He gestured subtly to Stephan. "There's a reason I don't just call up the press and tell them what he did. Politics is a sick business."

"She may stay in the Kingdom," Asgore invited her. "As long as she doesn't threaten another, we will take care of Thora Sutherland."

"Fine, fine." Larry stood up. "I have many people to talk to, and contracts to draw up. Difficult ones. When it's ready, I'll let you know. Until then? I'm locking Papyrus up so he doesn't cause anymore mischief. He's almost broken my window. See to the care of Frisk Sutherland. She will be tough now."

Yeah. Frisk couldn't do anything for herself anymore.



Sans enjoyed what time he could under the skies. He even slept under it now. It'd never be home. There was no way to ever get Delta Rune back, but at least there had been skies. Something out of the darkness. *Sorry, Sky. I gotta say goodbye for a bit. Not long, greedy Larry likes us up here.*

He glanced over at Frisk. Her mom was helping her eat now. Simple commands and holding the spoon for her as she ate a mushy meal. A thousand miles away though.

"It's getting closer." Tori came over toward him. "We have asked for willing volunteers first. Once they knew that no matter what the barrier would be broken after a year, it was easier. Undyne and Alphys will be going down with you as well."

That was good to hear. "A couple more. Yeah."

"The rest of the royal guard will be up here." Toriel turned to look at Frisk, being spoonfed by her mom. "I will be going down too. I cannot leave Frisk like that. We will be holding a drawing soon for the rest. If they oppose too much . . . we will redraw. No one should feel absolutely forced. We only need 52 to bear it for one year."

"Hey," Sans said. "It wasn't all bad. Survived there before just fine. We can do it again."

"Yes. We have to," she agreed. "For Frisk."

# Back to Underground



## TEXT VERSION

### Mount Ebbot

Huh. It felt kind of like a weird little reunion. Some of them were monsters that had felt strongly enough to want real freedom. Some just missed the heat of Underground enough to come back, The rest drew bad straws. Didn't matter which of the three. They were all equal now.

They each held a bag of luggage or two as they stared at the barrier in front of them.

Strange. Honestly. Sans imagined when monsters were forced down it was like with sticks at the top of the hole where Frisk first fell down. It wasn't though, they were coming in the way they found their way out.

Just, waiting for the barrier to go down, holding luggage. Strange feeling.

"I got that," he overheard Alphys with Undyne. "I got that too."

"The purple one?"

"I can't get all them, Undyne. I-I only have a backpack and one thing of luggage," Alphys said. She blushed when she noticed Sans nearby. "Oh. Hi. I thought you'd be more upfront."

"Nah, I tend to linger in the back of life," Sans joked. That and the humans with the incredibly average names of Freddy and Jason were in the back too.

"Oh. Okay. Yeah. Hm." Alphys looked at her luggage again. "This feels so strange. I mean, nobody wants to do this, but here we are. With bags of luggage. Willingly . . ."

“If we win, we win freedom,” Undyne reminded her. “Contracts are tight, it’s built like a game. We just need to remember that, Alphys. We are the heroes of the game, and we won’t lose! Plus, here, we don’t have to be as cold either. I know that bothered you.”

“Yeah, but . . .” Alphys rubbed her head. “Nevermind.”

“It’s like just deciding to give up your freedom on a whim,” Sans said to her. “I get it.”

“Fifty-two apart from the Kingdom. Dividing it into two royals.” Tori showed up next to Alphys and Undyne. “It will work the same way as before we went up. More jobs will probably be available, or different jobs, but we’ll all make it work. Our economy, and the way we survived, it will work once again.”

In Tori’s hand though, she held Frisk’s hand.

Sans looked over at Frisk. “Hey, while we’re waiting for imprisonment, how’s she doing?” She didn’t look any better.

“Nothing. Maybe when the barrier lowers,” Tori said hopefully. “I know it must be able to help. Where’s Papyrus?”

“We got him handcuffed and safe,” Undyne said. “You’d be surprised what that goofball can do without any morals. It’s supposed to be temporary, his real self should be back soon.”

So? Okay. *Better get this over with.* Sans moved closer to Tori.

No one in the Underground knew his or Papyrus’ true knowledge limits. They thought each of them were goofballs that only wasted time on puzzles. Sans never cared to change that illusion. Dumb, clueless Sans was fine for him. After losing Delta Rune, he didn’t feel like giving it his all.

Now, he had to. Working around his reputation wouldn’t be a cinch though. He never cleaned up after himself, barely showed up for work on time, and slept on the job a lot. *Here’s hoping.* “Um. So, I think Frisk should stay with me and Papyrus in Snowdin. You know? We still got the old house and everything.” She didn’t look so happy about that. “She’s Papyrus’ mate?”

“For the human deal,” Toriel said, looking at him like she couldn’t believe him. “I highly doubt Frisk truly wants to live with Papyrus and be his mate if it has nothing to do with freedom.” She stared ahead. “She can stay with me at the ruins, tucked away and cozy.”

Yeah. He figured she’d say that. “That breaking the barrier thing though, kind of important? Larry the Leader did say that chances would rise fifty percent if she had a mate. Sooo?”

“Oooooooh! Gimme allll the skinnnnnyyy dahlings!”

Oh? Sans looked back and saw Mettaton. He was down there too?

“Fighting over Frisk?” Mettaton came over to see her. “Ooohh, the castle or the little house? A skeleton’s mate or a Queen’s loving daughter figure?”

“Eh.” Toriel didn’t seem as happy to deal with him. “Hello, Mettaton. I thought Asgore made it clear you didn’t have monster power, and that we were fine without television?”

“Oh, no, no! You can’t be down here and not have mee-eee! It was the reason I hung on so tightly to life when I couldn’t defeat the human all those years ago. I go where I am needed, and I will be needed here!”

Sans ignored him and tried to tug on Frisk’s hand. “Hey, Pacifrisk, come on, tell Tori to let you stay with Papyrus. Chances are better to break that barrier.”

“Okay. We must head inside,” Toriel said, still clinging to Frisk’s hand. “Inside, everyone! When everyone is inside, I will signal for the barrier to come back down.”

Yep. Signal the ‘okay, we can be prisoners willingly again, thanks.’ As they started to trot in, Sans watched Frisk start to snap out of it some. Since Tori was too busy walking, he would get first whack at it. “So we are back Underground, you need to break the barrier, your chances rise 50% if your Papyrus’ mate, so you should stay with us in Snowdin, Pacifrisk.”

Frisk looked back toward him, while Tori scolded him.

“You can’t just overwhelm her like that,” Undyne seemed to agree with Toriel. “Don’t do that. Frisk will choose where she goes. For all we know, everything could be a lie. We’ll figure it out.”

“I miss the lab,” Alphys said. “It’s bigger.”

“No, Waterfall is better,” Undyne said to her. “The lab’s too big with too many entrances. It’s great for guarding, not for relaxing and living.” Undyne held her nose. “Especially now.”

“This heat is worrisome, it shouldn’t be this hot,” Alphys noticed.

“The core’s been alone for awhile,” Undyne said out loud. “Without magic and functioning, the environment won’t be the best.”

That was true, Sans thought. This environment sucked, but it could be deadly to a human for too long. “Damn. Someone better watch out for Pacifrisk, this environment is bad for her.” Ooh. “I can if she stays with us.”

“How bad is it?” Freddy asked, not too far away. “What are you doing?” He asked Catty. She was batting eyes at him.

“You are covered, human,” Catty replied. “Like, so I’m Catty. You’re Freddy. Our names end in Y and like, double letters are in them. We already know so much about each other. I’ve got an idea. I’ll show you how to get G, and then I’ll show you exactly what to buy.”

“Uh, Jason?” Freddy asked.

“Don’t even!” Jason yelled. “There’s an alligator over here rubbing up on me.”

Sans tried not to laugh. Once they were out, those girls were trying to claim freedom the same way Papyrus had. Useless but funny as hell right now.

Papyrus was still walking along in the back, but he was starting to groan, like he was in a middle state of confusion. Sans wanted to move backward to join him, but he needed Frisk still. He grabbed her free hand and tugged at her. "We need to see Papyrus. Come on, he is your guy."

"Give it up," Undyne groaned. "There's no way Frisk is going to go for Papyrus right now. I mean he's--"

"This isn't fair, I can't spend any of my money down here, and I don't have any skyscrapers to see!" He yelled from the back.

"Still not well," Undyne said gently. "Even afterward, Larry said a mate. Not that it had to be Papyrus again."

"What?!" Papyrus didn't like those words. "I don't want to be here. I want to leave!"

"Just relax, everyone. Larry said she couldn't break it early," Toriel said toward Sans, probably sensing his frustration. She took it the wrong way though, thinking he was being anxious and stupid. "There was a certain window of time to break it, and it isn't now. Therefore, it's best to let Frisk adjust first, and then they can work it out together."

"It's best for everyone to adjust, Majesty," Undyne said as she looked back. The familiar barrier was starting to fill in, like liquid air. Then, it was filled. It was there. "I just can't believe we all really . . . strolled through to our imprisonment again."

Sans watched as Toriel let go of Frisk's hand to solve an old puzzle in their way. *Ha ha, I win.* Sans grabbed Frisk's hand and brought her over back between him and Papyrus. "Welcome home, Frisk. Seriously, Pap'll be fine. We got the flower and everything."

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Frisk rubbed her head. She was walking and . . . oh. "Pizza Papyrus?" Where was she at? "We were in the restaurant."

"You got your soul microchipped," Sans explained. "You had to be Underground to get better. But hey, now we're trapped. Knew it was part of it. So, you need to think about how to break that barrier."

Microchipped? "Only free Underground?" Oh no. "I can never leave Underground."

"Not true, just listen. Your chances are higher for some reason if Papyrus stays your mate," Sans said to her. "So, you should come live with me and him in Snowdin until we escape again."

"Oh?" Oh. Sans tried to catch her up on the small details that he could.



“Frisk, Honey, come over here.” Toriel came over and took her hand. “I want to have a talk with you. We are in a tough situation, I’m sure you can tell.”

Yeah, she could. “You’re back Underground.” She looked toward the barrier.

“Yes, but it’s temporary for us,” Toriel insisted. She smiled at her so lovingly, Frisk felt her heart beat several times over.

“Yuh-What?!”

Frisk was distracted by Sans. He was somehow now holding a trembling Papyrus in his arms.

“ . . . kay, this is a thing?” Sans said, looking confused himself.

“There is a flower here who wants to eat my soul and make me change!” Papyrus grabbed Sans’ skull.

The flower was still there? Frisk missed so much.

“Frisk, it’s important that you not touch that barrier though,” Toriel warned her. “It could kill you.”

She knew that it must be a special barrier? Then that meant. “You . . . you know?” It was hard to get out. “I’m sorry, I don’t. I can’t access . . .” No, no those weren’t the words. “I’m . . . I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Toriel took her hand. “My child.”

The feelings there were so strong for her. They always had been. How could she tell her that, unlike the Frisk before her, she couldn’t read much into the Chara side that-

“Papyrus, will you get off already?” Undyne insisted as she tried to use her spear to wedge him off of Sans. “You’re fine, they don’t have the flower back in the ground yet.”

“I know that flowers can teleport!” Papyrus insisted.

“You’ll be safe inside, upstairs, and the flower won’t get you again,” Sans insisted. “I’ll be sure of it, no one will tamper with your soul, Papyrus.”

“Nobody, and if some flower does, we’ll hunt it down and make it fix it,” Undyne agreed.

“It’ll be one year if you don’t break the barrier,” Toriel said to Frisk as she turned back around. “It’s worth it. We are down more than just for you too. If we win? Then, we get to leave Alaska for real freedom.”

“My dad microchipped my soul, didn’t he?” She just had to know. “The original father.” He had no problem killing her? “If it’s a year, it’ll be too late to gain freedom. My dad is running for President. If he wins.”

“No, Larry the Leader made him make a contract too,” Toriel answered. “The worst thing that can happen is we are trapped like animals in Alaska. Most don’t mind it.”

“I don’t want to mate with you!” a human yelled as they ran past Frisk. “Get the cat monster away!”

“Well, some.” Toriel looked back at Frisk. “The kingdom was divided though, so . . . so some are protected one way, and some are protected another. We? We just wanted you okay again.”

Uh huh. “The health check people that came to my house, they are down here?” Why? “Are we really sealed?”

“They will break the barrier if you can’t in a year,” Toriel said. “That’s why it’s . . . it’s not too bad. You just need to stay safely by my side though. The core has not been watched for years, and it’s hazardous to humans.”

Frisk nodded. “I’ll stay close.

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“Dangit,” Sans muttered. If Frisk decided to live with Toriel in the meantime, how was he going to study her? Toriel was known to be really protective. If Frisk agreed to stay with her and changed her mind later, it wouldn’t pan out well. Meanwhile, he had Papyrus’ huge skeleton that wouldn’t let him put him down. “Snow use Papyrus, you can’t stay there forever.”

“Eh? Sans, we aren’t in Snowdin yet. Your pun made no sense,” Papyrus claimed.

“I know.” But they’d be there soon. *Four times. Possibly five. It might be a ways off, but if we miss one combo in that time, we are screwed.* How was he going to get Frisk to willingly let him look at her?

“I’m scared, Sans.”

Sans looked immediately back at his brother. “No worries.”

“Yes worries, plenty of worries. You don’t understand how it felt,” Papyrus said weakly. “To know what you did, to understand what you did only after the fact? I was terrible, and I felt nothing for it. That feeling? To feel.” He was starting to manifest tears. “To feel.”

“A hundred percent, bro, no one is getting to you,” Sans agreed. He’d carry his little brother all the way home.

“I told on Frisk,” Papyrus said. “I gave away secrets for money.”

“Frisk will forgive you.”

“I took her mother’s money.”

“Frisk will forgive you.”

“I froze her and I didn’t even care if she died.”

“She’ll even forgive that,” Sans said. “She’s a whole big ball of forgiveness. You’ll see.”

“We are getting closer to home,” Catty said to Toriel. “Can the humans stay with us?”

“No, there are plenty of places in Underground for them,” Toriel insisted. “They can stay within Mettaton’s hotel.”

“Free of charge?” Mettaton suddenly whirled around. “Or is royalty footing the bill?”

“We haven’t been down here for years,” Toriel insisted. “The rooms won’t be up to par anyway.”

“Uh, hey, Tori? I don’t want to be like sounding as smart as Papyrus and all, but the core is dangerous. Maybe we should keep these humans more away from it? They’ll also need magic over them to stay safe. I vote Bratty and Catty watch them.”

“You mean, death or . . .?” Jason looked toward Catty, smiling her big teeth at him with a gentle blush somehow coming across her cheeks. “Uh.”

Everyone continued on their way to the Underground. Frisk watched as one by one, they fell off. Fifty two monsters had willingly gone back down. *I hope I can free them. I know I’ll never be freed.* Microchipped was a one-way ticket. It was highly illegal, and her father must have hired someone very good to hide it. If she ever got out, they would detect it in her.

His chances of becoming president would be over. Not that Frisk even cared about it. She never wanted anything but to be appreciated by him. But in the end? All he wanted to do was this. Silence her, or shove her Underground. He just . . . he never . . .

She held on tighter to Toriel’s hand. For one year, at least she would have company. After that, she’d either lose her ability to connect with anyone, or die from the core with no monsters around.

“Time is plenty, Frisk,” Toriel said to her, like she understood. “We have time.”

“Ooooh, time for what?!” A familiar, sing-song voice said as it emerged from the ground. Flowey. “Look at all the company that came back! How craaaazzzyyy.”

“See, I told you flowers teleported!” Papyrus yelled as he jumped out of Sans’ arms and onto his skull.

Flowey didn’t seem bothered by the action. He just tucked himself back into the soil.

“Bro? We aren’t Cirque de Soleil,” Sans said. “This isn’t how we get a ‘head’ of the situation.”

Frisk smiled, not being able to help it. Poor Skeleton Brothers.

One by one, the monsters were almost gone. Only a few remained.

“Hey, Frisk, you know Papyrus would feel better if you stayed with us?” Sans said walking with Papyrus still on his head. Papyrus didn’t look as scared, instead using his hands to survey the landscape for Flowey. “He’s had quite an ordeal, you know? He’s scared that you’re gonna hate him too.”

Oh. Frisk looked up toward Papyrus. “I understand,” she assured him. “I know that something happened to your soul, and I forgive you of everything. You are, and always will be, my friend.”

“Mate,” Sans jumped in. “Mate.”

Why was he still harping on that? Frisk ignored it and watched Papyrus. “Does that make you feel better?”

“Yes,” Papyrus said. “Thank you. I’m still not coming down until we are away from the soil. Sans, let’s get in already.” He smiled back at Frisk. “We will be good neighbors. You can have the honor of visiting me whenever you would like.”

“Visit often,” Sans insisted. “Anytime.”

Frisk nodded and headed onward with Toriel. The side she never knew of. The mother of the one she couldn’t know of. She was holding onto her so tightly, like Frisk might vanish.

A part of Frisk liked it. Another part? Knew Toriel was thinking of Chara.

Not her. Frisk would try her best not to disappoint Toriel, but she never had real success with Thora. Frisk was good at ACTing, but?

Being the ones that fell, to the people who loved them the most? It was an ACT she always failed.

## Vague Ideas Create A Bad Time

The next morning, Sans got up and moved toward Papyrus. He had slept with his door open, and so had his brother. Papyrus was terrified of that flower. He had placed a small magic bone barrier beneath and around his bed while he was sleeping.

It had grown in size though. Papyrus must have added his own bone barrier on top of Sans' for good measure. Sans strolled over to him. "So? Morning?"

How was he going to do this? Papyrus wasn't in the mood for what he needed, but there wasn't anytime to lose. "Papyrus, we have to talk."

"That flower had better not try anything." Papyrus was too focused on the flower. "I thought he was a good flower."

"Pap?" Sans tried again. "I know you aren't in the mood for this, and if it were any other time, I would be shoving this back on the it can wait shelf." He sat on his brother's bed. "You have to try and get Frisk to get back to living with us."

"That mate thing again?" Papyrus whined. "Why does it matter though?"

"Because." Sans didn't know how to convey it correctly for Papyrus. He'd never learned about it. "There are things that you can do, and that you can't do. Whether or not we blew in from Delta Rune on purpose or accident? We did it, and if others find out? Welp, I told you once, it'd be bad, right?"

"Against the law," Papyrus stated. "Against the kingdom, but you said it was okay to lie because we couldn't help it in the first place, Sans."

"Right. Lying? Lying keeps us more than safe," Sans admitted. "It keeps us alive."

"What?" Papyrus looked confused as he hugged his blankets tighter. "What do you mean lying keeps us alive?"

"I don't know whether Delta Rune was a different timeline, or a different dimension. All I know is it's forbidden to have anything cross timelines," Sans informed him. "It messes up universes, creates paradoxes, and it's just a better idea to kill anything that does that."

"But it wasn't our fault!" Papyrus yelled out.

"Yeah, I know. So, we lie, don't hurt nobody, and we stay alive. It's worked great so far." Yet, it wasn't enough. "Nobody ever needs to find out about where we were from. Nobody can."

"Absolutely," Papyrus agreed. He stopped squeezing his blanket. "I know that. I've never told anyone about where we came from."

“That’s good of you,” Sans continued. “But, uh? Now we got a problem. Frisk.”

“Frisk? How is Frisk a problem?”

“Well? I need to get Frisk to come here, but Frisk is not going to be too keen to let me do experiments on her.” Sans watched his expression. “I’ve got to find missing dates to open the barrier, miss one, and we all aren’t so good.”

“Experiment?” Papyrus sounded worried as he tightened his grasp back onto the blankets again.

“Normally, we would just go talk to someone about the situation. Tell them, ‘Hey, we know what to do about Frisk to get her to open that barrier. We just need to run some quick calculations on some high tech and strange machinery that the Underground know’s nothing about. Where’d it come from? Uh. Gaster? Yeah, sure, that guy.’” Sans sighed. “Getting’ my drift?”

“No one will know you are qualified to experiment on Frisk.” Papyrus understood. “Me neither, they’d never see me as an assistant. You haven’t shown any kind of signs that the Underground should ever trust you for anything, Sans. Let alone experiment with Frisk.”

“Exactly. So? Since we can’t reveal where we are from, and we’ve got no excuse on where anything came from?” Sans watched his brother. Papyrus should have it by now.

“I must lure her with my stunning charm to our house?” Papyrus questioned. He looked at the floor. “But, Sans. The flower. I don’t want to cross the flower again.”

“Well, standing on my head while your trying to romance her isn’t going to work, Pap.” How were they going to do this? “Okay. I’ll head over to see her, and tell her you want to talk to her.” It would at least get her in there.

As for letting him experiment on her? “You know that whole trying to kill a human soul thing from before?” Sans asked. “Make absolutely sure that doesn’t come up in conversation, huh?”

“Absolutely, yes, no trying to kill a human soul.” Papyrus stood up next to his bed. “I promise.” Yet, his knees were already shaking. “I just can’t leave yet, Sans. It could be out there, ready to pounce. It’d have my soul for a whole year, maybe more!”

“Great sense of trust in Frisk that she’ll get that barrier down,” Sans said sarcastically.

“Joke all you want!” Papyrus moved back toward the bed. “Until we are out, I must watch out for that flower. It possessed me, and it was so horrible. I will not go through with it again.”

“I will watch your little skelly feet, I promise,” Sans said. “Just walk normally, let’s go see her, and everything will be fine. Trust me.”

Papyrus took a step and Sans held his magic beneath him. No way a flower could penetrate that barrier shield. He just needed to keep it under Papyrus as he-

“No!” Papyrus moved back toward the bed. “Forget it, I can’t. You do it.”

Do it? “I’ll get her and bring her here if you want, but you have to get out of bed a little. You can’t see her in your PJ’s.”

“I know. It’s just?” Papyrus sighed. “I don’t want to get into that whole thing again. It was a terrible idea, I got terribly hurt, and I didn’t terribly feel for Frisk as much as I wanted to. Everything was so strange, and even though she was nice, she just didn’t connect with me. Now, I am out of that situation finally. Besides, if we just bring her here and tell her the truth, she already knows. I’m sure she’ll participate willingly.”

“Nah.” Papyrus still didn’t get it. “Frisk is part Tori’s daughter, Pap. Without some reason or excuse, she won’t let Frisk be here hanging out for hours with us. Tori will demand some kind of explanation.” Sans gestured back to him. “Hence? That Mate thing.”

“Well?” Papyrus seemed to be coming back around. “We need her?” He groaned. “You even changed. You bathed. You put on pants.”

“Yep, it’s that important to make a good impression,” Sans stated. “If we don’t.” They’d be fine but . . . “I mean, I can’t even say for sure that she’d be okay, I don’t understand this microchipped soul. So?” More reason to look into her.

Papyrus stood up again. “I will get dressed and I will try to be brave. I will try *not* to think of the flower that knows how to corrupt my own soul.” He broke his voice on the last part.

“It’s short term,” Sans assured him. “It’s an ACT, and it’s short term. Once we know those dates, we’ll be okay. Now? You get dressed.”

Papyrus moved toward the dresser. “I-I can do this. I am The Great Papyrus.” His voice didn’t match his words though.

“I’ll go get her. I promise, I’ll be right back.” Sans left the room and poured more magic over his brother’s magic on the floor, to make him feel more protected. “Hey, look. Our floor is now a three-layered magic burrito.”

Not even an annoyed look from his brother.

He better go get Frisk, and fast.

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“Frisk, what’s wrong?” Toriel asked. “Isn’t it good?”

“It’s . . . snail pie.” Frisk dug at the pie, poking it. “You never fixed this kind of pie before.”

“It’s tarte aux escargots. I think that’s how it’s said.” She seemed unsure a second. “Don’t you like it?”

Frisk didn’t want to refuse the food, but this wasn’t what she wanted to wake up to. Already, she knew why she was fixing a strange pie. Chara. Just like Thora did for Frisk, Toriel would see Chara in her. Someone she just wasn’t. “I’m sorry. I’ve never had this pie before.”

“Well, I know that’s . . .” Toriel stopped as she heard knocking. She smiled and got up. She headed down her stairs and out to the back door which led into the ruins. “Who’s there?”

“Sans. Is Frisk there?”

Frisk? “That’s a terrible knock-knock joke.” Why was he asking about her? Toriel opened the door.

Sans was there, but not quite in his usual jacket. He had gone back to his old Underground jackets. Which meant he bathed. Skeletons bathed between outfit changes. Why did he bathe? “What are you bothering Frisk for so early in the morning?”

“Need to talk to her,” Sans said simply. “The quicker, the better. Could you tell her to come over and talk?”

What? *Chara would not have found that much interest in him.* “I could ask, but I don’t know if she would want to.”

“Ah, she will. So, if you could get her? Please?” He shoved his hands in his pants. Yes, pants. He had changed from shorts too. He had a full bath to come and see Frisk. He was trying to make a nice impression.

“Hm.” Toriel nodded and headed up the stairs. What was Sans up to? He should be lying around yet watching snow. His old job with Papyrus. In fact considering Papyrus couldn’t work, he should really be working extra hard at lying around and watching the snow. Technically it was for humans or intruders, but truly now it was snow.

Toriel moved back toward the kitchen. “Frisk? Sans is outside.”

“Oh, good.” That would get her away from this snail pie fiasco.

“He bathed. He’s wearing a different coat, and he’s wearing a different pair of pants.” Toriel’s voice sounded strange. “Any idea why?”

“No?” Should she know? *Why would Sans have changed? Even Papyrus never did that and we were supposed to be dating.*

“Dating?”

Oops. Frisk’s time of not being able to communicate must have screwed up what monster’s heard. *Shoot, she thinks Sans is here on a date now.*



“Did you know he was coming here for a date?” Toriel’s voice. Very. Judging. “Frisk. You were supposed to be with Papyrus.”

“Yes.” Of course she had done that. *I don’t know, what do I say? Geez, Frisk, you are still commun . . .* “I’m not well yet.”

“Then stay here a moment longer while I talk to Sans.”

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Geez, really. The human didn’t even carry anything down to the Underground, what was taking her so long to come to the door? They needed to go. If for any reason that day was an important day, then they were burning time away with this.

Sans watched as Tori came back toward the door. She still didn’t look happy. Shoot. Making a good impression was making a bad impression on her. *Tori is gonna be like Thora, see part of Chara in Frisk now.* How was he going to explain what he wanted, yet still be vague enough not to reveal where he was from?

While Tori might keep the secret, there was no way it would stay a secret. Eventually word would get out and Papyrus and him would be in danger. “Tori. I can’t fully explain why I need Frisk.”

“I’m sure.” She wasn’t letting up. “Sans? Are you . . .?”

No, she couldn’t guess. She wouldn’t, they’d been away from Delta Rune that long with no problems. “Am I what?”

“I caught a little something in Frisk’s mind, she’s not quite together after the microchipping,” Toriel said cautiously. “Is there something you need to tell me?”

Aahh! Really? “That wasn’t nice, you shouldn’t peek inside a mind that ain’t sharin’.” Shit. *Shit, shit, shit!* Did she pick up on Delta Rune, on the black mail with Papyrus? “I, um.” Damn. “I can’t be real solid about it.”

“I can see that.” Tori sounded sympathetic. “This isn’t good, Sans.”

“Yeah.” No kidding. How much did she know? “Never meant to hurt anyone, it just happened. Nobody was responsible for it.”

“I know.” Tori was understanding. Really understanding. She even had a slight sigh. “How did Papyrus take it?”

How far did she know again? Talking in vagueness was never good, but to crack the shell harder than it should be, could always lead to more trouble. “Been adapting well.”

“Really? So, it’s been awhile?”

Hm? *Why’d she ask that? We aren’t in the same dialogue clearly.* Yet, whatever it was that Tori was believing, it was getting him off the hook of explaining. “Can I talk to Frisk now?”

“Hey, what are you doing way out here?”

Oh, great. No. Undyne? She’d definitely kill him if she knew the truth. *Keep playing it vague, Sans.* “Um?”

Tori came out and closed the door, whispering in Undyne’s ear.

*No, no, Tori!* Undyne would be loyal to the King, even without him there! He and Papyrus were a corruption, he’d be lucky if he even received a ‘sorry’ before taking care of it.

Undyne looked half like she was ready to stab him with a spear. “Seriously?”

“One can’t help what happens in one’s life,” Toriel remarked. “Sans nor Papyrus is to blame.”

“Right.” Yep, get on that train, quick. “Neither of us, we didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Well? How did Frisk feel about it?” Undyne held her spear out to Sans collar bone. “Did she take it well or not? Are you here for her, or are you bothering her?”

Once again, not the right words. He had to be really careful with Undyne. “For her? I hope, I’m not trying to bother?” That covered both bases.

“It might not turn out so hot, Sans.” Undyne lowered his spear. “Alphys is already coming up with some wild theories for the numbers. You might not be able to take Frisk for long.”

*Take Frisk from the barrier? Take her from Tori because of Chara? Let her near the flower, what?* He hated this vague conversation. It was leading them all nowhere, talking in circles. Honesty though would get him killed.

But boy oh boy would he give a dozen frickin’ Grillby burgers to know what they were thinking.

Undyne whispered back to Tori, and Sans heard a low ‘I think so’.

“Can I have Frisk now to talk to?” Sans tried again. “Please?”

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Frisk hoped she looked decent as she got dressed. She had no idea when she took her last shower or get dressed. Her whole mind was gone of any recollection halfway through the restaurant ordeal.

She wore a red dress with leggings and heart shaped earrings with a locket. At least wearing her colors of determination made her feel a little better.

“Oh yeah, she knows.”

Frisk turned around and saw Undyne.

“You look pretty, Punk.” Undyne gave her a toothy grin. “Eh well. Whichever. How’s Papyrus about it?”

Papyrus about what?

“Clueless, huh?” Undyne sighed. “Really shouldn’t hide it. Anyhow, he’s waiting outside for you.”

Toriel had come in too.

“Sans is ready to see you.” Toriel looked at her outfit. She shook her head. “Chara just wouldn’t have. It must be the other side. Of course, you . . .” She stopped and tried to smile again. “Good luck.”

Good luck? To talk to Sans? What in the world did he want? Frisk went downstairs and outside to see him. “Sans?”

“Hey, Frisk.” He seemed nervous. Real nervous. He looked back toward Toriel and Undyne that showed up at the door. “Why don’t we go for a little stroll?”

He didn’t want Toriel and Undyne around? “I didn’t plan on leaving today yet.” She rubbed her shoulders. She was getting settled in.

“Um.” Sans took off his coat, leaving himself just a white shirt as he gave it to her. “Here then.”

His coat? He didn’t even want her to waste time going back inside. “Okay.” Frisk walked away with him, but she could feel Toriel and Undyne’s eyes on them. As they were getting away a fairer distance, she turned back toward him. “What’s that about?”

“I ain’t got one frickin’ idea of a clue,” Sans admitted. “I just talked out of my pelvis to get away from the situation. Look, I gotta talk to you. I need you to come with me and Papyrus. It’s not going to be easy to take you from Toriel, which is why I tried to push harder yesterday.”

Oh yeah. “The mate thing.”

“Yeah. It’s a coverup,” Sans admitted. “See? Um. You know how I kind of . . .?” He wiggled his hand. “Blackmailed you, and why?” He looked around quickly, like he was watching for anyone spying on him. “It’s kind of a secret. A big, huge secret. Even as nice as the monsters you know are, it’s kind of? Life ending?”

Life ending? “The visions?” Frisk said carefully.

“Yeah, dealing with that. See? The thing is, I got to do some stuff to you,” Sans admitted. “It’s not going to be fun, but we need to figure out those dates. Souls and barriers, they’re like keys to each other, but this barrier is like a safe. It’s a combo lock, and I’ve got to study you front to back to find that combination.”

Oh. “You can do that?” Frisk asked.

“Yeah, but, no one else here could?” He said it was a slight questioning sound. “Especially a couple of boneheads that just watch snow and play with puzzles?”

Oh. “I need to stay with Papyrus and you, without giving anything away?” Frisk understood. She may not understand the extremity Sans would face, but she knew he wasn’t taking it lightly.

“If you could, like, pull out those great ACTing skills and act like you really wanted to stay with Papyrus, it would help a bunch,” Sans admitted. “Even if Toriel doesn’t want you flat out moving in, it’d get us more than a few minutes to talk without looking suspicious.”

Well? “To know the dates would break the barrier for everyone.” That would be nice.

“Yeah. Everything is a puzzle between souls and barriers though. There’s a high chance that even though I don’t understand this microchip thing?” He shrugged. “I could probably figure it out.”

Get rid of the microchipping containing her there? “Really?” Wherever Sans had been from, the world had been different. No one there could change a microchipped soul. If he could do that? When the barrier broke, she could be free too. “So back to Pizza Papyrus and Frisk Fried Apple?”

Sans nodded. “Works, Pacifrisk.”

She noticed that yesterday. “Is that being nice or teasing. I haven’t been able to tell.”

“Uh? Oh. Hm.” Sans looked straight ahead. “Nah, it’s not teasing. I know you like Frisk, but that name comes with a lot of baggage. I’m sure even without a name, Toriel’s treating you a little differently.”

Of course. “Yeah,” she admitted.

“So I just took your old Pacify and hooked it to Frisk. It works kinda?”

Oh. *Sans understands. I’m neither Frisk nor Chara.* “Pacifrisk.” She smiled lightly. “As a nickname, I guess it’s okay.” Frisk looked behind her though. “They are still following?”

“Yeah, and that’s not good.” Sans took her hand. “Let’s dive into Grillby’s old place. They can’t act like they aren’t following over there.”

He took a shortcut with her out of there.

“Oh, shoot.” Toriel stomped her hoof lightly. “They’re gone.”

“Seeing is believing.” Undyne looked toward Toriel. “Well?”

“Yes, it didn’t mean anything in the first place.” Toriel groaned lightly. “I just? I understood for freedom. I don’t understand this for . . . for this?” She turned away. “My child, she

couldn't help it, I guess. I just hope she is careful. I don't know anything about their ways. Without magic, how do they? No, I don't even want to know."

"If Sans actually landed a girlfriend, there's no innocence left, he would have tackled it," Undyne said unabashedly. "Monster, human, whatever method. Wonder when it happened?"

"Oh, I don't want to think about that," Toriel warned her. "Frisk feels like half my daughter. Half of my daughter . . . is wanting to be with Sans."

"Eh. If Asgore found out, he could probably be trialed. She was supposed to be Papyrus'."

"It's not marriage, just a mate. But, why would he hide which one she picked?" Toriel still questioned. "He was so vague, I just wish I knew why."

"Oh? Maybe he didn't. You said it yourself, to us, this mate thing isn't the same. It's what the humans conjured up."

"What's that have to do anything?"

"Maybe there wasn't a 'bro' if you get my drift?" Undyne questioned. "It would make sense why Sans is being hush-hush," Undyne said. "Maybe Frisk couldn't decide between funny and responsible, so she's with them both. Maybe they both like her. Are you going to grant him immunity?"

"Eh?!" A very unqueenly appearance of a half-lifted lip and a quirk in her nose appeared. "You think Frisk is with them both?!" Oh! Oh. Well? It wasn't marriage. It would be. "Okay. It's okay."

"Immunity?" Undyne asked again. "This isn't really a hoax. Oh. I should. When we go to the surface and Asgore learns of this transgression?"

Frisk was part Chara. "We could be misconstruing things. I'm sure of it."

"Asgore will swing his spear in one swipe," Undyne told her.

"I . . ." Toriel rocked slightly. "I just don't want to rush this. That's all." She didn't know what was real or not. Was it Papyrus and she was just confused, Sans covering up something else? Was it Sans, hiding it from Papyrus? Was it all three in a . . . relationship?

"I should at least tell Alphys," Undyne told her. "Queen Toriel, the Royal Scientist should know there's something unusual going on. This could interfere in things."

"No. No. No one will know. Sans is keeping it away from everyone," Toriel groaned, "including Papyrus apparently. Whatever the truth is? It's best to keep this sealed. For now."

However? She would definitely be talking to Frisk about this development!

# You \*\*\*\*ed us all, Girl

## Chapter Notes

Frisk used to have years of experience sharing what she wanted telepathically and hiding the rest. Her microchip isn't letting her control it anymore. They can't hear what she wants them to all the time, but she can't hide what she wants in her thoughts either. Now, onto the fic! :)

### Sans and Papyrus' House

Papyrus stood beside his bed. Right beside it, but stayed out of it, trying to be brave. A bed wasn't going to protect him anyhow. He would probably be okay, Frisk imagined. He had more than enough power than a little flower, he just needed to adjust the fact he needed to shield himself wherever he went.

Meanwhile, Sans was fidgeting with some type of gadget. It was small and looked like a piece of metal that may have fallen off of a car she couldn't recognize. It was like a screw and a spring object. He came back over and made her hold it. She squeezed it like it was a little exercise machine. He took it back and worked on it again. So far, nothing had hurt. He said if he could find the answer within the first few 'go arounds' with his own body magic taking the toll, she wouldn't have to. It wasn't a very nice fact to face, but she had no choice. If she wanted to get out, she would need help.

"What day's your birthday, Pacifrisk? I'm going to need a foolproof day to test this right," Sans said toward her.

Was he serious? "You and Papyrus left with me on my birthday," Frisk reminded him.

Sans almost dropped the gadget and Papyrus seemed about just as concerned.

"Your birthday passed not long ago. That's almost a year to the next, but besides that, how did I forget that?" He looked at her. Oddly. An odd angle, and something odd about his eye sockets. "Papyrus?"

"I forgot too!" Papyrus crowed. "Dear me, that's the very reason we were freed and this whole mess started in the first place. How could we forget?"

"Some kind of magic to make us forget, but who would do that?" Sans looked back at his little device. "What company does your dad keep, Frisk?"

Should she? It wasn't hers to mess around in.

"Is there anything else we've forgotten?" Sans asked, this time, looking at Frisk. "Secretisk?"

Secretisk? She looked back toward Sans. That wasn't a nice combination, and he didn't look so cheery at her either. Even though it was hard to tell how skeletons felt, there was always something a little amiss. Especially the soft, friendly glow in his eyes. *Secrets. I don't know how . . .* The microchip, it was still shifting her thought's around.

"Well, didn't know for sure." Sans tossed the gadget aside, "but from what I just got from you?" He got up, came over, and bent straight over her, still looking at her right in the eyes. "What are you hiding, and why the hell would you?"

Shoot. "It wasn't hiding, I just . . . I don't want to talk about it, and it doesn't have a place in conversation. What I was thinking about," she said.

"Heavy guilt led me to believe the wrong thing once, and I hell don't want to go through that again," Sans blamed her. "First time, I was in the wrong. Second time, I am definitely pinning blame on you, Fridiot."

Fridiot? *He keeps taking and combining names to make fun of me!* "Stop that."

"You know, that is a funny thing. You get madder about me screwing around with your name, then I've felt anger against your own dad."

Sans was getting closer to what bothered her.

"Frisk? If you know something, you need to tell us, no matter how small," Papyrus pointed out. "Sans and I, we are putting a little bit extra on the line to help, since we were the ones to screw up last time. But."

"Not gonna risk my life for anything, if you don't speak up about what that is?" Sans judged her. "That microchip shook up some of your ability to telepathically communicate. Yay for me."

Fine. "I wouldn't put anyone in harm's way. I don't know why you forgot my birthday, or if you forgot anything else," she said.

"Then what is it that is riding on you?" Sans demanded. "If it's no big deal, spill it."

"It's not a secret, it's just an . . ." *an emotional burden.* Then again, could he even hear that? Maybe he did. *Maybe he didn't. I hate to talk about it, but Sans won't trust me until I tell them now. Great going, Frisk. Wasting time on this of all things.* "It weighs heavy on my heart."

Sans backed up a little, but he wasn't going to help anymore, until he knew.

"I don't know for sure," Frisk muttered, "because no one ever tells me things. Told her things either. But. I-I think, that . . . the Frisk part of me, may not have been such a nice person about . . ." Dancing around the subject.

"What is it, Frisk?" Papyrus asked concerned. "Clearly this is a big deal, so please share it with us. We are your friends. We are here to help."

“I believe within my heart, Stephan was human when Frisk was younger. They had a happy marriage, there was no real evil intent.” How she hated to say it. “I’ve got vague memories. Sounds running from an old video game I think Frisk kept playing to drown out fighting. Fighting surrounding . . .” Say it, Frisk. “Staying married to an amalga-mate.”

She felt dirty, embarrassed and so dank inside. All she wanted to do was hide from it.

“I think ya might be right.” Sans judgment seemed to fall away. “Shoulda spilled that too. That’s part of the weight you carry.”

“I can’t say for sure.”

“But your heart knows it,” Sans countered. “Vague sounds of one serious argument over a video game playing in the background.” Sans gave her a gentle pat on the back. “I felt something odd over him. I was way more interested in getting Papyrus fixed than digging into it.”

“So the original part of you rejected your father for becoming amalgamate?” Papyrus question. “Oh, how terrible a feeling to have. I am so sorry, Frisk. That is a part of you, but not all you, and you know better now.”

“Stephan’s an amalgamate.” Sans wasn’t making fun of her anymore, but he seemed to be mulling that over. “Okay, I know you don’t know details since you can’t even justify it. Can you give your impression of anything about it?”

“An amalgamate is a different person. A new person, but . . . within there’s still parts of the same one. When it happens to a child, an amalgamate has to be watched. That’s why Thora watched me.” Sans knew that. She was just repeating for her own benefit. “Even that’s a struggle, but very few marriages survive.” *Frisk rejected him, she hated him, he wasn’t the same. She buried herself in video games to try and ignore her own prejudice feelings to this new man walking around in her father’s skin. Her mother yelled and never wanted anything to do with him, feeling forced to betray her original husband. Calling him dead, not real, an absolute farce, and he never should have survived.*

No control of her thoughts. She didn’t know if they were reading or not, just turned her head away. She couldn’t block it, and the pain was so much to bear.

She watched Sans leave the room. Papyrus was quiet from the bed. Very unlike him.

Sans wasn’t gone long before he returned. “Okay.” Sans held up his bony finger toward Frisk. “It’s fine, okay? Don’t badger yourself over it. You can’t change the past, and you can’t change that side of you. I don’t guess Frisk found it easy to accept a new person as her dad, after her dad really just died. Same with Torah.”

He came back deeper into the room, picked up the object from before and started working on it. “Stephan isn’t innocent in all this either, being rejected didn’t just make him turn into this. Whatever he was paired with, it wasn’t human. Where do you it happened?”



Hmm. “He was an archaeologist on the mountain,” Frisk said. “He was light-hearted and happy. It all felt nicer to her when she was younger. There was no abuse, and no real hurt. Her mom and dad loved each other. That’s what Frisk believed. Then? Something happened. A vision of an article vaguely tracing an accident. I think Thora knows the truth. I’ve confronted her about it when I was younger, and? I-I have enough trouble holding onto a good relationship with her, I couldn’t push anymore about her amalga-mate.”

“Her amalgamate?” Sans paused and looked at her.

“Amalga dash mate. Amalga-mate. They don’t call them a husband or a wife when one of them died and joined with another entity. It’s not marriage, but a duty. A duty to take care of a new person, until they find their own way.” Exposed. Naked. Dirty. Every moment she had to share.

“Well? It is quite surprising as rare as this is, that Frisk’s father also went through it,” Papyrus noticed nonchalantly.

Sans didn’t answer at first. He was tinkering with the object more. A few minutes rolled by of silence. Awkward yet needed for her. “Okay, Pacifrisk, do you know anything about Chara’s birthday at all?”

Good. They could move on from the subject. “No. Sorry. That part of me is very locked up.”

“Alright? So here’s the deal.” Sans stood up and gestured to his little object. “This thing is going to find out the dates that you need to open that barrier. I thought we had a couple figured out, but knowing some new information? I’d say we don’t actually know any of them.” Sans tossed the small metal object up and down. “You know Stephan probably caused Frisk’s death, don’t you?”

Ouch! It felt like he hit her right against the soul, even though there was no encounter.

“I have to share the elephant in the room, even Papyrus noticed it,” he said. “Nothing against you. Stephan may have been a good dad once, but he either wanted to kill the daughter of that side of him, or he wanted to turn you into an amalgamate to make Frisk feel that same kind of pain.” He put the object back in her hands. “Either way, it’s shit for a dad. Whatever he joined with was evil. Wrap your hands around that and squeeze.”

Whatever he joined was evil? “You mean who?” *Why did he say whatever?*

“We forget your birthday, of all things,” Sans pointed out. “Your birthday. The one thing that triggered this whole mess. That doesn’t just happen. Your dad is paired to a monster soul, I guarantee it.”

Uh? *A fusion of monster and human?*

“It must have been in the mountains. His research, he must have found a soul. A dangerous soul. Ooh! Was there any kind of article ever written, or anyone coming by to grieve?” Papyrus asked.

Frisk shook her head.

“Then he never even officially died. Sans? Do you think?” Papyrus was urging him. “Oh, brother!”

What? *I thought a human and a monster couldn't mix like that. It's never happened before.* “I thought a human and a monster couldn't mix like that. It's never happened before.”

“Heard your thought about that already,” Sans said to her. “Your mind is an open book to all monsters, Frisk. I'm gonna have to block that or Tori will find out the truth.”

“Sorry,” Frisk apologized.

“And yeah, they can,” Sans revealed. “It's not easy, and it's super rare. It's never happened in the Underground's history.”

“It is from Delta Rune's I think,” Papyrus said, his own thoughts portraying he didn't remember his home world very well either.

“Things worked differently there,” Sans told Frisk. “Can't assume anything works the same, but can't assume it can't either.” He took away the little object she was holding and sat back down. “A soul of a good human, to join with a gnarly monster has to have a transitional third part that don't fall in either category.” Sans stood up again and made the little instrument glow. “I bet I already know the first date you can open it.” The light grew brighter as he shined it toward the back of the room. It turned from blue to red. “The day we left home forever.”

Sans turned the object off. “We have to get to the barrier today, Frisk.”

Today? Today, just getting Underground and it was already time?

“That was cutting it very close,” Papyrus complained. “Very, very close.”

The day they left their world? “Why?”

“We didn't come alone.” Sans didn't say much more. He held out his arm. “Let's take a shortcut and get this over with. Papyrus, I'll be right back.”

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## **Barrier**

When they reached the barrier, Frisk looked at it. Glowing brightly.

“It's Kris,” Sans dropped the ball. “That entity. That thing that destroyed everything. It never showed back up,” he said. “I coulda sworn it was you. Someone nearby.”

Kris? The name Sans referred to her by? “That's part of Stephan?”

“Yeah, but it's no longer kicking around as it's usual self.” Sans looked at the barrier. “No more power. Stuck fused with a good human soul. That'd be the original Frisk's dad.”

He was goodhearted. No matter what he did to Frisk, she just could never bring herself to hate him. She still felt part of that, beating inside of him.

“There’s another part too, Kris didn’t just join with him on a lark. It wasn’t monster,” Sans explained. “Your dad making us forget your birthday, is like waking up one day for you and forgetting what ‘the’ means. The power to forget is an ancient monster power. Older than Asgore. It’s been wiped out since before monsters here went Underground.”

Oh. “Stephan is Frisk’s father, this entity Kris, and an ancient monster fused into one.”

“Yep. A monster ruling humans would *never* turn out good. He’s gonna purposely destroy the world of humans once he gains enough power to get at them powerful buttons.” He gestured to the barrier. “He doesn’t want monsters to come out to detect him before he wins. Afterward, I bet he has no qualms about freeing us, or not.”

Frisk nodded.

Monster. Stephan was part monster.

“He might not even know what kind of monster he fused with either,” Sans told her. “You can’t read much into Chara. You’re not Frisk or Chara. He’s not really Stephen, Kris, or an old ancient monster that wants to rule. He’s a combination. A new person, but his feels are really strong in one direction.” He gestured haphazardly toward the barrier. “Stick your hand right on it. It’ll be combo one. There’s a few more dates, so don’t expect much. We gotta make sure we handle every date. Stephan cannot get that power.”

“Stop, wait!”

Sans watched as the two other humans came their way, barreling down toward them. Ugh. “Freddy and Jason. Sup? What do you want because we are in the middle of something.”

“Wait.” Freddy held his finger up toward Frisk as he reached her, breathing hard. He was trying to catch his breath. “Wait. Don’t just hit that. It takes two.” He smiled at her. “My name’s Freddy, Frisk. Hey Frisk and Freddy. Kind of go together, huh?”

“Shut up!” Jason came in right from behind him. He then smiled at Frisk. “So, today’s already the day to try? Then, you should have one of us hold your hand. It’ll keep you from dying, being as what you are.”

“If that were the case, Larry the Leader would have said something,” Sans contradicted them. “What he did say, was that more than one could open the barrier too.” So, it couldn’t be just a human thing. He said that before he ever called up for Freddy and Jason to come down. *We are being played, if they get involved, no one can say it was just Frisk!*

“Look-“

“No, you look.” Sans wasn’t kidding around with them! They came all the way to the sanctity of Frisk’s new home, entering into their new life, and traumatizing Papyrus maybe even for life about that flower that hurt his soul. “There’s no way I trust you two for a damn thing, so

you better stay away!” He took Frisk’s hand and placed it against the barrier. Two hands, fine, but they didn’t need to be human.

“No!” They both yelled at the same time as the barrier gave off a wave of energy.

The pulsating black and white bordering had changed to an ever changing blue.

“Oh, man.” Freddy looked toward Frisk. “You fucked us all, Girl.”

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Frisk watched the pulsating color. “So that was lock one. Three more locks?” She asked Sans.

Sans nodded. “Possibly five. We are going to have to find out what those dates are.”

“My dad worked on the barrier, didn’t he?” Frisk had to ask. She didn’t even think of the words she used anymore. Somewhere in there, was Frisk’s original father, and Frisk was still a part of her. Bad or good.

“That explained the date chosen,” Sans admitted. “Yeah. It was more about him than you.”

“Chose a potential date.” Freddy backed off, sharing that snidely as he walked away.

Jason stayed. “Potential. There were potential dates.” He groaned. “Man, I hope for your sake you were telling the truth. That Papyrus is your mate, Frisk Sutherland.”

Huh? “Why?”

“Because now you’ve really got to go fuck him. Tsk, tsk, tsk. You weren’t the prettiest thing we ever saw, but you would have been better off the other way.”

What? Frisk looked toward Sans. *What? What?*

Sans didn’t bother with small talk as Jason suddenly couldn’t move. “Listen, human. I just froze you. I’m the only thing in existence that can unfreeze you. So? You better listen.” He approached him steadily. These two so far hadn’t been brave against monsters, so this ploy should work. Although Papyrus’ magic could have killed Frisk and her mom, behind a barrier, things worked differently. Sans was putting his own self on the line to do what he was doing.

From what Jason just said though, it was worth it! “It sounds like shit just fell out of your control too, didn’t it? If you don’t want to be trapped down here for the rest of your life too, I suggest you tell us anything you know about how the barrier works. If I’m not impressed? I’m gonna freeze you again, and I won’t undo it.”

He unfroze him. Like Sans thought, he sang as free as a bird.

“Okay, okay! So, there were potential starting dates infused into the barrier,” Jason stated. “That’s how the new ones work. Anyhow, yeah, it was worked to begin with four dates. An anniversary of something, a special day to the constructor. That was today, that’s why we were here, but not really paying too much attention. We didn’t think she’d guess it. I think

Frisk's birthday was two, because she was amalgamate? The day Frisk first fell down into the monster barrier. Then, there was just a random day on October 10th."

"So they triggered a start to what?" Sans demanded.

"Well, these barriers? They aren't just for anyone to run into on just one random day. I mean sure, chances are low any would find them on a specific day, but they hold back really hazardous waste that could kill humans. The core is definitely an unstable piece of crap down here," Jason said. "I mean? That keeps you going, but it's not good for humanity. Stuff like that, it gets behind really complicated barriers." He gestured to it. "If you had touched it alone, Frisk Sutherland, it would have killed you."

Even on that specific day, her life had still been in danger by touching it? Frisk nodded.

"Shit," Sans muttered. "Sorry, Frisk. I was working with what little I had." Still, Sans wasn't feeling anything extra for Jason. "So Frisk locked into something because I held her hand instead. What is it? My birthdate?"

Jason smiled. He almost wanted to laugh, Frisk could tell. "No. She got locked into what kind would open the barrier with her. See? Two human guys can open it a lot easier. Our dates depend on our geneology. If we both touched it at the same time, it would just open after a couple of dates. Me and Freddy, it would sense we were both incompatible, and it would lock into opening only on our birthdays. Two locks and whoosh, it's done."

"That's a lot to endure for a job, when you can open it up yourself," Frisk asked curiously.

Jason shrugged. "Look, one of the leaders of the preservation has a daughter that just landed a model contract and me and Freddy were at a party with her at her eighteenth. When people find out, they were a little mad. Nothing wrong of it, totally willing, but they kind of threatened our souls and forced us to work for the preservation now."

Ugh.

"It was still a fun night," Jason admitted.

"Okay? Putting male conquerism over the side here, Human, because I don't give a shit about that," Sans said, not wanting to delve into an offtopic area. "What did Frisk cause to happen?"

"Well, barriers are meant to be unbreakable. They are extremely expensive, tough big mother fuckers, man," Jason said. "Tough! They are meant to find the most difficult way to open. So, it examines the body and soul at first touch. If it's two guys, it has no choice but to choose the genealogical birthdates. However, a woman that is fertile, is usually put in charge as the main operator of the barrier. Then, it's almost impossible to break."

"You talk a lot of crap, but nothing's really coming out that I want fast enough." Sans aimed his hand toward him. "You said something about my brother. Get to the point. Now."

Jason put his hands up. “Now that it’s locked, its dates can’t be changed, and neither I nor Freddy can open it anymore! We are stuck down here unless someone opens it from the other side, and it’ll have to be with the same kind of lock now. Which I doubt anyone will want to do.”

Trapped? “Did I just trap everyone?” Frisk asked.

“Yeah, you did! The hell you thinking, attempting it only a day after you get down here!” He complained to Frisk, which made Sans freeze him again for a few seconds before letting go. “Sorry, Sir! Just emotional. You know. Freedom gone kind of thing.”

“How does Frisk open the barrier?” Sans asked outright.

“Genes. It analyzed the genes of her and the one who touched the barrier with her,” Jason finally got around to saying. “So, it’s now inputted new times to open. Not by dates, but events.” He held up four fingers. “You triggered one.” He put down that finger. “You have four more triggers, Frisk Sutherland. A skeleton touched the barrier with you, so it will take a skeleton’s birthday.” He pushed down another finger. “Then it will take the date of the conceivance.” He pushed down another. “Then the new birthdate.”

“Conceivance and birth date.” Frisk didn’t want to know.

“Yep. Genes say you can give it a whole new answer? It’ll take a whole new answer. No one leaves until either you have a baby born with a skeleton, or someone else on the outside of the barrier keys into having a baby born with a skeleton, following all the same procedures.”

Frisk almost stopped thinking all together, wrapping her mind around that.

“Nobody’s going to be fucking a skeleton on the outside of the barrier, so forget the second. You need to go crawl in bed with Papyrus, woman.”

Frisk felt her body almost give out. It felt strange. Jittery. She looked toward Sans. He was already using his little instrument, adjusting dates. *Could it be true?*

*I don’t sense them lying.* Sans didn’t say it out loud, but she heard it loud and clear. *I’m trying to key in some dates between you and it here again, Frisk. Anything.* The steady hand of the skeleton though was clearly shaking. He was putting himself through a lot of the pain he must have intended for her to endure, and he was doing it quick.

Papyrus. Papyrus? *I’m sorry. This whole thing, there was never a way to win. I should have gone with a human, I’ve involved them in this mess now. Sans is hurting himself to find a new answer. Sorry, I’m so sorry. Please find something, Sans.*

*I know, I know.* Sans kept working on it.

“It’s over,” Jason said to him. “I don’t know what kind of techy thing you got, but it’s keyed into her. That barrier won’t open until a skeleton and a human monster is born. You should have just let us hit it with Frisk.”

“And that’s why you’re the type?!” Oh, Sans was not happy as he lifted his little object away. “Larry the Leader said that, that you were the perfect type to be down here. Once Frisk tried anything, you’d nonchalantly help with your hand, and there you go! Frisk would end up choosing one of you assholes!” Mad. Beyond mad. “Never stood a chance. You help, no freedom.”

Jason yelled slightly as he started to elevate off the ground. “It’s not our fault, we had to! It’s not like Frisk had any boyfriend to drag down here!”

Sans let him fall to the ground. “You? You stay over in Hotland. You don’t come anywhere near this barrier, near Frisk, near my brother, and especially *not me*. Now? Get out of here.”

With that warning, Jason took off running.

Frisk tried to keep it together, but from Sans’ reactions? Papyrus. Papyrus. It was hard enough with the mate thing with her mom. Temporary to Toriel. Permanent to Torah, but either way, it still didn’t mean anything had to happen. Ever.

Now? *I’ve never even been with anyone. I doubt Papyrus has either. This isn’t fair!*

“You’ve got time. Papyrus? He’s a great guy,” Sans vouched for him. “He’ll be there for anything, and more. You’ll see.”

“No one’s freed until then.” Frisk couldn’t take a real long time. She knew that.

“Screw the freedom for a bit,” Sans said.

“Stephan rules if I don’t go up in time. If we don’t say anything.” Frisk just stared at the barrier. Pulsating blue. *Don’t do it. Be brave. Okay. For the first time, I wish I was soul gagged!* Her body couldn’t and wouldn’t hide the emotion inside of her. The best she could do was cover her mouth to keep from being as loud.

As she closed her eyes to try and deal with the pain, she felt Sans. He was hugging her.

“You cry. It’s totally okay for you to cry. I gotcha.”

She couldn’t help herself after hearing that, all the walls around her fell down. She turned around and grabbed him, wanting to feel any kind of soul near hers right now. Needing any kind of soul! Her tears rocked the Underground and it wasn’t long before they started to gather a small audience.

Still, Sans didn’t back away. He just continued to hold her, body and soul.

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# The Role of An Older Brother

No more ACT. This wasn't something Papyrus and her were faking so they could get out and get some disguisers. This was the real deal. No joke. Sans held her tight and protected her mind from all the monsters finding their way over. Most monsters kept their distance as they wandered closer to the changing color of the barrier, but some of them didn't quite get it. Sans tried to tell them in an off-hand matter now wasn't the time to bother them. The ones that pushed?

Were finding themselves pulled into an encounter and dealt with swiftly, most choosing to flee as soon as possible.

While battling on the outside and protecting Frisk's thoughts from the outside, he was also speaking to her telepathically inside, keeping a straight line just between them. She could hear nothing on the outside, none of the questions or commotion being raised. Her only access allowed was him.

He'd only used that tactic with Papyrus a couple times when he was young in Delta Rune. He'd never even used it in Underground. Turning off all the senses to the outside world, except to himself. He used it for bad accidents, or when Papyrus was emotionally fatigued. It wasn't fun because keeping the outside influence out, while battling it himself was never easy. "I said back off, go grab another block of ice and chill." They were coming from farther now. Even Undyne and Alphys were showing up now. Mettaton was demanding the new delicious scoop on the colored barrier. Shouts, demands, and questions were everywhere.

Frisk

Strange. She couldn't hear anything. By now, monsters should have been coming to check out the barrier color. That wave, it had to have been felt. She couldn't hear anything though except the sound of her own breath. She didn't know what she would do when everyone came, it made her anxiety rise even more. *Everyone will read me, everyone will see me just like this.*

***Everything's okay, I've gotcha. Nobody can hear a single thought. Just relax.***

Sans' voice? It was the only thing she heard. *I don't know what to do. I don't even know how it works. There's nothing I can do to avoid this. To free everyone, I have to have a baby with Papyrus. He doesn't know anything more than me. I mean, he doesn't even have what it takes to produce with me! How could the barrier choose that? Is there really a way? What if it does work, then what? I can't leave the Underground, not with a microchip in my soul. There's no guarantee anything will break it.*

***Nobody in the family would be left behind. If I don't break it, we all stay. Simple as that.***

*Stay. They would stay with me? Oh, yes, because child. Skeleton. Would it look human? Would it be skeleton? Would it matter? Would it face the same challenges? Would I be able to leave?*

***Your own thoughts are stressing you out. Relax. It's getting a little crowded, so I'm going to take you home. Don't come out, and just chill there. Okay? I'll be right back to you.***

*Toriel wouldn't know why I just showed up.*

***Heh. Yeah, not that place anymore. I'll talk with Tori. You stay with Papyrus.***

*Uh! Papyrus, I have to tell Papyrus. I don't want to, but I have to. I don't want any of this, why am I even here? Sorry, I didn't mean that!*

***Unfiltered thoughts, don't worry. You should probably wait to talk to him. Just, let me handle Tori and stay here.***

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Stay there? Frisk realized he left, and she was in the middle of the living room, downstairs. She was safely in their house, but he didn't put her back in Papyrus' room.

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## **Toriel's Home**

Sans knocked on the door. This time, it shouldn't take long. Before he even knocked, he already watched her coming out.

"Sans? What is going on over at the barrier?" Tori asked him. "Where is Frisk?"

"I'll tell you in a second, but I have to find the deal with Papyrus and my papers with Frisk." He couldn't beat around the bush. "I want to see the official stuff for myself."

"Oh." She sighed, a little sad. "I see." She closed her eyes. "What are you to Frisk, Sans?"

What was he? "What do you mean, what am I?"

"Oh, follow me." She went back inside. "Come."

Sans followed her up the stairs. Next to an old chair was a pile of papers. "Already dancing around the subject with those?"

“Well, with Larry Lumberg’s lack of tack to let us make our own way after a committal, it didn’t seem necessary to keep them.” Tori held out the papers. Her voice sounded irritated. “It actually grounds the human into being trapped with her ‘mate’ instead. Ugh. This ‘mate’ thing, it doesn’t have an equivalent, which is the problem. I suppose . . . I can terminate these papers, once Papyrus and Frisk agree.”

No. Wait. “Lumberg made it ‘cause ‘mate’ didn’t have an equivalent, that it couldn’t be used, right? It’s his new ploy to make sure no monster leaves Alaska?” *Got it.* “There is an equivalent.”

“There should only be one equivalent, Sans, and it isn’t anywhere near marriage. It was flimsy at best, but it did get her out of that situation at the time,” Tori remarked.

“Nah. Nah, there is one,” Sans said confidently. *Just a little bit of playing to get my papers changed.* “She’s an Amalga-mate.”

“I know that she is an amalgamate now,” Tori said. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“An Amalga-mate. Frisk told me about it,” Sans told her. He went over to the chair and sat down with the papers. He grabbed the thick marker next to the papers and handed it to her. “When a person is two or more souls, they are a new person. So there is no marriage or real family rules, they are all Amalga-Mates. They become a duty, Frisk said, for the other people to take care of.”

Tori smirked. “Why, Sans. That’s very clever! Okay.” Toriel took the fat marker and the paper. “Amalga. Dash.” She chuckled once and gave it back. “Simply put that in front of mate. Wonderful! That is extra protection against Lumberg. Hand me Papyrus’ paper.”

“Nah. Papyrus and I are equal now,” Sans revealed. “Technically, I think it’s supposed to count for when it happened to an already married couple, and not actual family, but it’s pretty dang close.”

“What?” Tori tried to take the paper back but Sans kept it. “Sans, that won’t be an equivalent then. You should know that. It doesn’t do any good.”

“For Frisk and Papyrus up top? Nope, but Frisk is grounded here right now and I need this. Signed by royalty, it counts too,” Sans remarked. “Papyrus is still her mate, but she’ll be my amalga-mate. That means, I need the bit of stuff she brought from the other world. She’s moving in with me and Papyrus.”

“Absolutely ridiculous! What are you trying to pull? I told you I would break that mate paper,” Tori said, confused.

“I don’t want it broken. I need it standing, but I need more standing too.” Explaining wouldn’t be easy. “Frisk has everything she needs to break that barrier. Except, choice.”

**A few minutes later . . .**

“ . . . so.” Sans popped out of the oversized chair. “Her things.” Poor Tori was crying. “Hey, maybe another way will pop up to get her out of it? At least, in this way.”

“You’re a good skeleton, Sans,” Tori remarked to him as she rubbed her eyes. “Trickery wasn’t needed, I could have helped anyway.”

“Yeah, but trickery is funner.”

“Are you telling them?” She asked.

“Nah, not at first. Um? It’s more of a backup to a backup plan,” Sans said. “You never know. Love might spring.”

“But, Sans. You’ll be stressing out your brother. He’ll believe it’s all up to him and him alone. You just got yourself involved.”

“Sometimes, Papyrus works well under stress. Anyhow, I need to keep out of this unless I need to butt in. If I do. I’m sure something else will come up. In the meantime, Frisk and Papyrus still know there’s a thing. So.” Okay, it wasn’t as easy as it sounded. “I want to protect my bro, of course.”

“Yes, but stealing away his, essentially I suppose . . . girlfriend? Then kicking him out for six months. That isn’t something you should hide.”

Girlfriend. She just had to give Frisk a designation. “I didn’t say I was, and neither do I want to kick him out.”

“He was first, and if you draw a counterclaim and he releases those papers, then it’s six months of separation,” Tori reminded him. “That’s . . .”

“Aw, come on, Tori? You’re queen. If things get that bad, can’t you just help him quit the papers and quietly not mention things for six months?” Yeah, she didn’t look happy with that. “Okay, if I have to take his place, what if we all just pretend Papyrus is still the go-to guy for six months?”

“Everyone would be angry at the trickery.”

“It’s Frisk, and it’s an unusual situation here. Okay? Please?”

A small sigh came from Tori. “Keep it dead silent, if it happens. I don’t want to play favorites down here, Sans. I still obey the same rules as above.” She groaned. “I will leave the papers in my spare bedroom. If the time comes, you Skeleton Brothers must change them without my knowledge. I will not go into that room.” A sad smile. “It’s the best I can do, I must be equal with everyone. If you get found out later, the repercussions will only be more severe. As trapped as we feel right now, it’s temporary. Asgore and my reign must match.”

“Hey, hidden room papers, and monsters hating on us, I can handle it.” Tough. It was tough. Sans would be doing and trying anything he could think of to defeat that barrier now. He would need Frisk there full time, he couldn’t set back and just work with wavelengths anymore. If he didn’t? Then.

Mate. It just didn't register to him like husband. That whole thing above ground to get out, it was just a ploy. If Papyrus did get with her, then eventual girlfriend. That'd be fine. Eventually, they'd get money and get out. He even planned on getting Frisk out too. Her mom wasn't a healthy person to be around for her. That was the plan, a plan he'd already been starting to see.

He didn't see her as a sister, a sister-in-law, or anything like that. He was coming to see her as a friend. They could have all just been friends, but with this? *Papyrus just isn't fit for this!*

He wanted to strike it off the list altogether. There was no way Papyrus could end up with Frisk and have a little skeleton to break the barrier. Papyrus wasn't ready for that level of responsibility. Hell, neither was he! This wasn't a scene that called for his comedy act at all. Bow down and get the hell out should be his answer, except someone had to stay for that performance, if he didn't figure out a way around it. "She's waiting at home, in the living room. She's spooked, so I better get going."

"I will stop by for a visit as soon as she's ready," Tori said as he gave her chair back. She probably needed it. "A little skeleton. With Frisk. Within a year or so."

If Sans didn't figure it out. *I'm gonna figure it out. I have to.*

"When are you going to tell them?" Toriel asked, now sitting in her chair for support. "You eventually are?"

"Maybe." First, he would concentrate on breaking the barrier himself. "Give 'em a few dates." After that, he'd have to judge how Papyrus was doing. He couldn't leave his little brother hanging with no support, but neither could he just swoop in and say he would take over. "It'll be one hell of a fire dance, to know when to speak up and not get burned. Too early or too late, Papyrus will get singed."

"We don't know which is better, I suppose," Tori came back with. "Papyrus is only a little younger than you. Maybe he will adapt well to the idea of being a father."

"Sure, yeah. Maybe." Doubt. Heavy doubt.

"Or perhaps you could prove to the Underground that *you* have what it takes to be the hero?" Tori looked at him though. Knowingly. A look that said she already knew how it would turn out. A look he didn't want to acknowledge.

"Ah, I'd rather they think I don't do much. That's usually why I don't do much. I'd hate to mess up my rep."

Everything in his power, anything he could find, he'd use every gaw-dam resource he had! Even the riskiest, he didn't care. Because if he didn't? There'd be a little skeleton resting in a crib one year from now in their house.

And he wasn't a hundred percent sure if he'd be 'Uncle' Sans or not.

# A Hell of A Helix

## Sans' and Papyrus' House

Frisk was so busy giving herself a pep talk that she didn't notice Sans drop back in yet. "Okay, this is fine. I can handle this. No one is throwing any spears at me. Sort of?" She whined. "Okay, maybe Sans can still figure something out? He is super smart. And? I mean, at least Papyrus sort of liked me? But, that doesn't."

"Thanks for the compliment."

Frisk jumped slightly as she noticed Sans come in.

"Just don't spread the super smart part. I like the easy living." He chuckled once. "So? I know that this is sort of your domain with Papyrus to talk about, but I am his brother. Mind if I give it a go first?"

*Yes, yes, yes!*

"Great, got that. Uh? Yeah, but don't give up on the super smarts either. Maybe we can still dig around and find something 'cause I'm not exactly shooting to be Uncle Sans, you know?"

Yes. That was definitely a positive on Frisk's side. Sans was protective of his brother, if there was a way to get him out of it, he'd find it! "I'll go through whatever it takes." She noticed her little luggage now in Sans' hands. "Anything you think has a chance of working, I'll try it."

"Hey, there's that spirit we need to get through this, Pacifrisk." He paused a moment. "Really should come up with a better name for you."

"As long as I'm not Fridiot."

"No. Maybe, Farrah?"

Farrah? "That's." Pretty. How did Sans come up with that? He'd just been making jokes, and making up words. "That sounds nice."

"Yeah, it sounds pretty *fair, eh?*" He chuckled once. "Nah, really, I better get going. Bye. See you soon. Dig around if you're hungry, we've always got something."

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## Upstairs

Papyrus was waiting by the window now. Good, that was some progress.

“Hey there, watcha doin’?” Sans interrupted. “Doing better?”

“Uh? Yes. I am okay!” He seemed to be happier. “I just have to keep my magic very high. Nothing can penetrate me in any way.”

Ugh. Not the way he wanted to start with that. “So, I went to the barrier with Frisk.”

“Yes, I know. Good news?”

“Um. You know, sort of?” He jingled his pants pockets. “Those humans were trying to take Frisk away as your mate, but I accidentally stopped them. That means they can’t claim they helped her with anything.”

“Ah, well that’s wonderful news. So do you think we can get it open? Did you find out any of the rest of the dates?”

“Well, funny you mention that. Uh, seems that what your Frisk Fried Apple did was lock in an event. Yeah. See, if she would have touched it alone, she would have died. When I figured out what the humans were doing, I just took my hand and shoved it up there too. Easy peasy.” Yeah, it was anything but, but Papyrus could make his own judgment on the seriousness. He was smart, and he used his own morals to guide him. “So, yeah, the dates are the day she conceives, and then the day she has it.”

Papyrus of course looked confused. “Has what?”

“Oh, I didn’t mention that? It’s genealogy. She’s going to need to have a little skeleton to break it.”

Done. He knew.

Papyrus didn’t speak at first. A little longer than his brother kept quiet. A lot longer than the usual. “A babybones?”

“Uh huh.” He made a sniffy noise. “I mean, if I can’t figure out the whole thing to break the barrier somehow. Your Frisk Fried Apple is living with us now though, so it shouldn’t be that hard.”

“Of course? Eh, Sans?” His voice had a slight amount of whine. “What . . . what do you think the chances are that you can figure it out?”

“Mmm.” Sans jostled his skull back and forth. “More or less, I don’t know. 40. 50. 60. Something around there.”

“Well, you need to know more than that!” Papyrus shouted.

There we go. Now his brother was getting back to his old self.

“Forty, fifty, or sixty are useless numbers! You had better be trying very, very hard! Because if you don’t? Well, I? Oh.” Reality was sinking him again. “Am I still, is that whole thing with Frisk still a . . . a thing?”

“That mate contract of Toriel’s that set us free you mean?” Sans said casually. “Oh yeah. You’re still her Pizza Papyrus.” He tried to add a chuckle, but he could feel it wouldn’t work well.

The uncaring, lazy attitude. Sans was using it mostly so Papyrus didn’t feel completely responsible. It was still every day. Sans was still his lazy older brother. Life hadn’t changed. Only? *I don’t think it’s helping this time.* “I’m going to do all I can, Papyrus. I promise.”

Another promise. Promises were so hard to achieve sometimes, but he had to give it his everything. The human called Frisk, she wasn’t that bad at all. She was nice, and every bit the heroine monsters claimed her to be. But to just trust her with . . . *I’ve got to win this. I have got to.*

“I would be pop, Papyrus.” Papyrus’ expression couldn’t be read. His usual, whimsical nature was erased from it. “Frisk’s microchip?”

Yeah, he remembered that too. “Oh yeah, that’ll definitely be on the agenda to try and break.”

“If we don’t, even when the barrier breaks, we can’t just leave her. She’ll be a . . . a mother. My little skelly’s mother?” Papyrus stroked his mandible. Well? Well, well! This could . . . be an interesting walk of life. I mean, I am good with responsibility!”

“The best at it,” Sans agreed.

“Yes! And so, I am sure that somehow, I would be a great dad. And, and I would be a great hero too. It will be up to me to help save us from the barrier now!” He nodded his head, trying to convince himself. “And Frisk is very sweet. The sweetest. So? I guess. She’ll just stay my . . . my Frisk Fried Apple forever.” He tried to break a happier grin. Tried. “Forever. Eh heh. Heh.”

Damn. *There’s no way, no how I can put him through this!* “Ya okay, Papyrus?”

“Ooh. Yes? I think so.” He rubbed his bony fingers together nervously. “Sans, she is human. They have to have prevention to keep themselves safe. I remember that from Thora.” A slight whine. “I mean. Mother-In-Law?”

“Eh, half Mother-In\_Law. Tori’s the other half,” Sans reminded him. “Yep. Have to look up on the skinny on that one.”

“Mm. I hope it doesn’t . . . hurt.” Papyrus sighed. “Of course, I am tough. I can handle anything! Even something without magic. She can’t even control the gender either, can she?”

“I don’t know how it will all unfold. We’ll check it out. Meanwhile, I bet she’s enjoying your pizza.”

“Yes! I made some. Absolutely necessary, I was already planning on making sure everyone in my care is fed!” He said proudly. “There are different levels of warmth too for her to choose from. I hope she likes it.”

“Bet she likes at least one. No worries.”



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## Downstairs

*Snail pie would be good right now. Maybe I shouldn't have complained so loudly.* Frisk looked all throughout the fridge. The last time she checked out that exact same fridge was scary enough. There was pizza that was still cooking inside of its dishes. Some lying around, getting iced up in it. Some more string cheese than pizza. None of it looked consumable.

Anything. Please let Sans do anything to stop this kind of future. *The cooking pizza?* Magic was keeping it boiling. If she could manage to hold it, bring it out, and take off the top, it should stop boiling. Then maybe in three hours she could eat it.

She looked around for a holder, but she knew it was worthless. Skeletons didn't have skin to burn. Sans had said on the surface, that they could all live together so she could be away from Thora. That probably wouldn't have been so bad because she could have contributed to her own human needs.

Like, making her own food. For some reason, seeing the boiling pizza, boiling away more into a liquid glop lessened her determination.

For now, she would just starve.

She closed the fridge door, only to be surprised by Papyrus behind it. "Aah!" She grabbed at her chest. She hadn't planned on that. Looked like he was getting braver about Flowey. "Hi."

"Are you having trouble with my pizza?" He asked. "You were looking in there, but you didn't get any."

Oh. "Yeah. Um." What to say? "My human hands couldn't pick up a boiling dish."

"Oh! The boiling pizza? Sure, of course." He reached in, grabbed it and brought it over to the table. He then presented her with a fork. "It's very good!"

*You might be dealing with this for the rest of your life. You'd better find ways to be honest.* "It needs to set and stop boiling for awhile," she admitted.

"Oh. A few minutes?" He ripped off the cover. "I can cool it off faster for you?"

"No, no!" No, not that. "Humans can't eat really cold pizza."

"I thought humans liked cold pizza?"

"Lukewarm. I'll just wait for the pizza to stop boiling," she insisted.

"Yes. That's fine." Papyrus put the fork back down. "So? Sans will be doing his very best with the most extreme experiments to try and prevent this thing between us."

Nice way to say it. He had always been the most honest. Sweetest and honest. At least that was good in . . . a future . . . “Yep.”

“Eh. So? Um. In the rare case that one of those tremendously dangerous experiments don’t work? We might have to have a babybones together.” He tried to put on a brave face. “We would be saving the Underground together this time. Isn’t that thrilling?”

“Of course, The Great Papyrus.” Oh yeah. “Pizza Papyrus.”

“Uh? I remember your mother Thora said something about needing protection to block unwanted pregnancy,” Papyrus said way too loudly than she wanted to hear. “So if you just don’t put in a diaphragm or pill, will that just naturally happen?”

She didn’t know how to answer. That thought.

“I’m guessing from the fact your teeth are as clinched as Sans, it’s not that easy?” Papyrus guessed.

She rubbed her elbow. “No.”

“Oh. Well. We can talk about it later on a date. Yes, because to prepare for such an adventurous journey on this, The Great Papyrus! Will need lots and lots of dates.” He sighed.

The better they knew each other, the better they would get along. “Probably-ow!”

“Thanks, Farrah.”

She grabbed at her arm which just got stabbed with something by Sans, right before he left. She wanted to scold him for that, he didn’t give her any warning. But? *He called me Farrah.*

Underground, when she first came to be. She never told Toriel her name, she just went by ‘her child’. Some of them seemed to know her age, while others took it for granted she was young just because she was wearing a striped sweater. She never corrected anyone, because she didn’t know what to call herself.

She didn’t even know if she was a ‘herself.’ She didn’t know anything. After her many adventures, and finally coming to the surface though, time and her own experiences uncovered enough for her.

Yet, Frisk was the name she grabbed onto. It was the only name she knew. When Toriel asked, it was all she could say. The only side she could decipher. But, she almost instantly regretted it.

Calling herself that same name, only made things harder in her old life. It’s like reasserting half of a self that wasn’t there . . . was still there.

As much as she wanted a life before it all. A mother’s love. Friends. Memories. As much as she was obsessed to play Frisk, she was never Frisk. “Farrah.”

“Farrah?” Papyrus asked. “What is that?”

*If I can never be Frisk, then I should be-* “Ow!”

“***Fair*** is fine, and fine is fair.” Sans still held the needle he poked her with. “I know I probably can’t, but could I have a bone sample?”

Huh?

“Cartilage then?”

Cartilage?

“Yeah. Close your eyes, Farrah. I got a Farrah idea I need to try.”

“No, wait.” She didn’t want to risk Sans doing something to her that was unnecessary pain. “Humans are sensitive?”

“Yeah, I know. I’m not bone dead stupid,” Sans said. “Hm? Actually, hang on.” He stared at her. Not at her eyes, but close to them. What was he doing? “Got it. Hang out with Pap, I’ll be right back.”

---

“MTT might be open?”

Papyrus sat across from her while they discussed where to try a date. It wasn’t the outside world anymore, places were limited.

“There used to be a spot in Waterfall. A little area with a little fishing pole. It was quiet and secluded,” she offered. “We could talk and get to know each other better there.”

“Eh. Standing around in the middle of nowhere, but with no reason to do such a thing?” Papyrus didn’t seem for the idea. “There isn’t even food there. We would have to bring our own. What a silly idea of a date is that? If that counts, then this could already be considered a date! You will be eating food soon after all.”

“No. Another two hours at least.”

“Stay still and don’t move.”

Hearing that, Frisk wanted to move. She stayed still though, no idea what Sans was doing this time- “Aah?!” Tremendous pain came in her ear. Then, it started to ebb away. Her ear felt weird.

“Hey Farrah trade again. You just got a hell of a helix. Heh heh.”

Helix? “What?”

“Sans!” Papyrus stood up. “Why did you do that?”

“I needed cartilage. Don’t worry, I know about flesh and cartilage and bone,” Sans stated. He was looking more at her at the time. “In my old world? Monsters weren’t completely separated from humans.” A small amount of sadness, being conquered with a chuckle. “Cartilage for Cartier. I pierced your ear.”

Frisk reached toward her ear. She felt nothing on her earlobes. It was on the back of the ear. An earring?

“Sans, you should really tell Frisk Fried Apple when you are going to pierce her! It’s very rude to do otherwise,” Papyrus stood up for her.

“Don’t worry. It’s enchanted and shit, no infections.”

*Don’t let it be. Please don’t let it be.* She traced the design. *Sans you asshole!*

“Hey, I don’t have one of those, but you look good with a skull earring,” he said with a wink. “Keep it in a few months. Thanks for the cartilage. Don’t get so down there, Farr, figured you’d like it better than giving me some of your bone.”

Oh yeah. *Still, a skull?*

Sans just chuckled again, and then left.

“Well? You look nice in the skull decoration,” Papyrus said, trying to be positive. “Sans is really trying to help us. I can’t yell too much at him. So? Is the pizza cool enough for your mouth now? Are you sure you don’t want me to cool it off faster?”

“No, no, please.” She would wait for a whole day, anything for him to not mess with it. Still, he took the initiative.

“Just a tidbit?” He looked down. “See? Still smoky.”

Oh. She touched it gently with her finger. It was cooler, but not ice cold. She’d be able to put it in her mouth. She pulled it over, still highly hesitant. It looked more like pizza cheesy soup than pizza. *Please just let it taste decent.*

“Alley oop.”

Frisk watched the boiled pizza get scooted aside by something sliding in its place. A hamburger? Foil. Familiar. Smell.

“Sans, why did you scoot her pizza out of the way for one of those greasy burgers?” Papyrus proclaimed. “Where in the world did you even get one?”

“Eh. That’s why I’m wearing my old threads,” Sans mentioned. “I didn’t have enough room to *string* new clothes along. I took what was most important.”

Grillbys. *Life saver!*

***You have no idea.*** “So, I didn’t really want to share my secret stash but I felt like being nice. Turns out human diets are more picky. A lot of regular stuff in that pizza could kill them. Kind of sucks, but what can you do?”

*Kill me?*

***Deader than a doornail. Metallic flavoring tastes good in his pizza.***

*Huh?!*

“Oh.” Papyrus sounded disappointed. “Well then, I had better learn what humans like and need then. The food should taste good to the human, as well as not poison her.”

“Yeah. Next batch up, I’ll give you a list of the stuff you have to keep out. Keep the regular stuff though, Undyne goes crazy for the freezerburn.”

“Oh, can she have that?” Papyrus asked excitedly.

“Uh no. Your freezerburn recipe would actually *burn* the human throat.”

Hm. *Sans knows humans a lot better than he lets on.*

***Like I said, home wasn’t so isolated.*** “So, logically.”

“Yes, yes. Fried Frisk Apple, have some Grillbys.” Papyrus sighed. “I promise, I will get the recipe right for you! I am a very good chef. I don’t know humans tastes though, but Sans will surely help out.”

“Yep.”

Good. It felt a little more secure now, knowing Sans knew what was in the monster food, and what she could and couldn’t have. Grillbys though, she could have that. While she ate, Sans and Papyrus went back upstairs together.

---

Papyrus’ Room

“Hey, you did really good. She never saw a single tremble,” Sans told him. Now, Papyrus was showing his true feelings again. “Doing great. No flower, and kept your magic in control. Really, I doubt the flower even cares to come after you again.”

“Yes, but watching myself won’t always be easy. It will be more than me to watch out for.” Papyrus still didn’t sound happy. “My cooking could have killed her.”

“It didn’t. I was there. No worries.”

“I must learn to cook for her. If you don’t figure out something? She will be my Frisk Fried Apple forever. I will be cooking for human taste, and half human taste permanently.”

“They aren’t that complicated. Really, it’s a lot less ingredients. It should be easier,” Sans insisted. “I’ll help check on ingredients in between.”

“In the meantime, I suppose I should take her out to MTT’s. Like a date. Like an outward date. I had an inward date once, so now should be an outward date,” Papyrus reasoned.

“MTT was made for large groups of monsters to consume, so the ingredients will be fair on her. Afterwards, we will come home. I don’t expect anything to happen on a first outward date.”

“No, and you shouldn’t push. I’ve got a ton of work to look through. Skeletons aren’t that bad for time. We’re all good. Just, have some fun dates.”

“I will try, Sans. I will try.”

# What Everyone Else Saw

Two months later . . .

Farrask ate some popcorn while she sat back and watched Mettaton on the TV. At nights, at least there was that.

“Hey, be Farrah, share the popcorn,” Sans said to her.

“Share? You just ate yours in a minute after putting catsup on it.”

“Point?”

Gah. Papyrus’ food still wasn’t half as good as she needed it to be. That popcorn had been good. “This section is mine.”

“That’s not very pacifist of you.”

“Farrask is eating her share, stop trying to take hers, Sans!” Papyrus stated, playing guard over her.

Somewhere along the line of time she had stayed, she had gone from Sans calling her Farrah to Papyrus calling her Farrask. Well, it beat Frisk Fried Apple. She took the name, but Sans still kept Farrah. He said it was funnier to use against her.

Secretly, it sounded nicer. Farrah was a human name. A pretty human name. Papyrus was, so far though, still her boyfriend. Put in human terms. It sounded better than when people asked and they said ‘mate’. They would either not know what that had been, or looked a little red in the face.

Still? No matter what they called her, she was still herself. She ate one more portion of popcorn and handed it to Sans.

“About time.”

“Sans!” Papyrus complained. “You are lucky girlfriend gave you any!”

Papyrus was also trying to find his way around words. As time moved closer, Frisk felt more close to the skeletons herself, but she was still miles away for being ready for what was called upon her.

“You’re right,” Sans said. “I guess it took a Farrah amount of time.”

She just ignored the tirade of Papyrus. She knew that was coming. If Sans did something uncharacteristic of himself, it was to set up for the lamest joke in the Underground he could think of. Or sometimes, the best.

Truth was, he didn't care. He didn't care if it was funny to anyone else, if it was overused, or it was brilliant. That's why the Underground loved him. She sat back and drank her water. At least that was easy to get. The night was always so cold, but they had learned to turn the temperature up more. Honestly? It was cozy.

It wasn't the best food, but she was building a tolerance for it. It was decent, had good company, and the only real flaw of her current life was . . . experimenting. Farrask scratched her newest hole lightly. She had helix piercings on both ears now, along with a daith piercing. She heard Toriel giving her hell over it, but she wouldn't complain. Sans needed different pieces of skin or cartilage from her ear, and it was a lot better than just letting him take her little toe.

A recommendation from her boyfriend that had no takers.

The other helix piercing was just a simple hoop this time, but she had a gold heart piercing for the daith. That one?

She loved it. It suited her well. Even if everything ended well, she always wanted to keep that piercing. She nestled deeper into the blanket she had over her lap as she watched Mettaton changing between scenes of a tutu and a tuxedo on the TV. Then a whoopie cushion went off. At least, she hoped so. Papyrus wouldn't draw attention to it, but-

"Give that a Farrah amount of time to air out."

"Sans! That was your whoopie cushion."

"I've only got so many Papyrus. Like five. Not 50."

I tossed a pillow from behind the chair at Sans. "No more than 25."

"I already rest my case," he said all too happily as he tossed the pillow back.

"I meant for your whoopie cushions," I accused him as I tossed it back again.

"Aww, I'm so honored, she counted," Sans teased. "No one's ever counted before."

"Sans, stop agitating girlfriend!"

It was always a nice gesture of Papyrus to say that, but the truth was, she wasn't agitated. Sans' juvenile-like humor was just what the doctor ordered for someone like her. After years of being soul-gagged, and in her current situation?

A little humor helped in spades.

-----

Nah, he wasn't agitating her. Farrah enjoyed the break. How could she not? She spent pretty much her whole life soul-gagged. The more someone was deprived of humor, the more they



needed it. Sans knew that for a fact. Even if Farrah did say something against him, it'd be a flat out lie. That's why she was always quiet afterwards.

Even though Farrah's situation was far from great still, she had loosened up a lot since coming to live with them. She smiled a hell of a lot more. Genuinely too. Her body flopped around in whichever position was the most comfortable and had no qualms about making her body happy. She kept blankets around if she was cold. Explored around if she wasn't cold. Went outside when it wasn't too freezing.

Above all? Nobody was asking her to be anything like the people before her. Even Tori subconsciously was probably doing something to her. Her anxiety only seemed to rise whenever Tori visited.

Life was going great for the trio. Too bad good things never last forever. He caused that scene to happen so he'd get her to smile and relax. Better chance of success of what he was going to ask. "So, Farrah? Now that I've irritated you a--"

"Don't say it!-" Papyrus warned him.

"What? Little bit?" Sans teased Papyrus. He couldn't help himself, but he concentrated back on Farrah. "Your choice. I can decimate your ears and nose, or I can take a 'little' off the top? You know, a smidge off a . . . finger?"

Farrah instantly grabbed her finger like he'd tried to attack her for it. Her eyes grew wide, her stress level increased, and so did her breathing. Fast.

"I was thinking little toe," Papyrus said, not noticing how that suggestion didn't help.

"A little off the top of that then?" Sans watched her. Her easy, happy vibes had just become heavy and anxious. Of course, even the best joke couldn't have helped. Some tiny amounts of cartilage was nothing compared to giving actual bone.

Damn. He could feel how much she did not want to go through with that. Even the cartilage wasn't much fun. It wasn't bad enough that his bit of magic couldn't dull the pain of those.

Bone would be different.

*Bone or motherhood?* She looked toward him, speaking telepathically.

*Sorry. No guarantee.* He couldn't give her what she wanted. He'd love to. To say that if she gave him some bone, that it would be enough and everything would be okay.

*Are you sure it's just once, or do you need my whole toe?* She shifted so much. He could feel her getting queasy. Bone was not a fun subject for humans.

Still, he had to say it. "You'll be down for awhile, so if I do your toe, you won't want to walk for a long time." Tip of finger would be best. "I'll do what I can to help with the pain, but it won't block all of it like a piercing. Not even by half. Tori can help if we think of a good excuse."

Farrah pulled the blankets away and got up. "What's it for?"

She asked that before, and he told her she wouldn't get it. "Nothing's really changed."

*Is he sure he knows what he's doing?*

Oh, shh . . . he wasn't supposed to hear that, but he did anyhow. "Fine. Pap, I'm taking Farrah for a bit. I'll be back." He didn't know what he was doing, pfft!

Without even asking, he scooped her up and deposited her right before the core.

-----

The core. "Geothermal to magic energy." She remembered it. "Am I safe here?"

"Your fine. Your finger."

She jumped as he grabbed her finger. "Please be careful, don't do anything yet!"

He touched the tip of her finger. "So, what I am trying to do, is make a rendition of something similar to a babybones. If I can take your human skin and bone, and hit the right wavelengths in the right combination, I might be able to force an opening. It's not the kid, it's the bone with flesh. That's the first part, and I've almost got that."

Really?

"But, that's still the easy part. That's not?" He sighed. "Don't move."

He moved away from her, and she felt herself being pulled into an encounter.

"I'm going to have to play with that too." He gestured to her soul. "Barrier is body and soul. Mostly soul."

Bone and soul? He wanted some of her soul? "I don't." Could that even be a choice? "I don't have a normal soul. That. That might--"

"Kill you, yeah, I know," Sans said. "I don't want to do that. I've been moving real slow with everything. Even if I get your bone, and I get a little bit of your soul, there's still no guarantee it's going to open that barrier. But? I'm trying." The sound in his voice. "I *really* am."

But there was no guarantee it would even work. Sans was basically trying to do something to trick the barrier. *Papyrus?*

"I got some of his bone, a little bit, and I took a smidge of mine and improvised them. Modified it. Whatever word you want and I need to pair it with yours."

"And, then it's just my soul?" She asked again.

"Well? I, uh, I can't really help that one," he admitted. "Papyrus gave a little."

"How?"

“It’s like a cut, but it won’t replenish. You’ll feel a little twang, but it wouldn’t be much. You didn’t even know I took any of Papyrus’. It’s less than 1% of your total soul. Physically, it won’t hurt as much as the bone.”

“I’m amalgamate. I never know what to expect, Sans,” she warned him. “Everything’s always different.”

“Well, it sucks, too bad, but we are doing everything that we can.” Sans held his bony finger at her, shaking it like she was being naughty. “You guaranteed it yourself remember? You said ‘whatever it takes’. This is part of ‘whatever it takes’. Now, I need some of your bone, but just to let you know, I’ll need soul later too.”

“Then you’re just drawing it out,” she complained. “Just get it over with! Take what you need so that this will be all over, one way or another.”

She watched as he pulled out another strange gadget. It had a small piercing on the side of it.

“Whatever this cuts, won’t come back. I could take out your bone and soul right now,” he said. “Get it all over with, but both will hurt. The bone will be physical, and I got no idea what will happen with you being amalgamate and cutting into your soul. I can’t just go for it.”

Her bone. To slice into her bone. Farrask had scars from her time in Underground. More than she wanted any monsters to know. That was still only skin deep. She had never lost any bone. Sans magic could help the pain of her ears, but there was a huge difference involved. “Toriel?”

“Okay, Farrah, listen. I’m skeleton,” Sans said. “My magic is made for bones. Even with the perfect excuse, my magic will heal better than hers.”

Farrask had unknowingly tucked her finger further away. *I have to, for the monsters. For a chance at not being forced to be here and with Papyrus. Oh, the first time was hard enough, he’s probably reading me, stop!*

Sans didn’t say anything. Maybe he didn’t hear her whining.

Sometimes the ‘less is more’ approach worked. It worked most of the time with Papyrus. It wasn’t helping with Farrah though at all. He figured if he gave her the approach so she could see the whole reasoning, it would give her the determination to do it.

She’d go through with it. He knew her, but she was screaming about it in her head. Her last trip Underground, where everyone was after her. He could practically hear her in his mind. He’d had skeleton vision at the time, unable to see her differently.

Even though she was soul-gagged back then though, she was still hurting. He could hear it now, in her head. Just how much. Humans might have strong souls, but such weak bodies.

Her determination and will was battling her memories and knowledge. Knowledge of not knowing how much it would hurt, but knowing it wouldn't be easy.

*I so don't want to do this. She's practically screaming and trembling on the inside.* If he didn't though, he couldn't move on to try and trick the barrier. He watched her finally bring her finger out. It was far from steady. She tried to steady it by holding onto it with her other hand.

Getting through the Underground was a miracle once. Allowing herself to let it happen again was tearing her in two. *Farrah.*

Her eyes were closed, and she was gritting her teeth. *Teeth.* Teeth? They might work. He'd thought about it before. Teeth stuck around the human body after death, they were part of the skeleton. They could fall out though, and detach. They weren't as strong as the real bone of the rest of her- *I just can't!*

He reached in her mouth and plucked one of her back teeth.

She was shocked, and his magic covered the mouth. Although teeth were some major areas of pain for a human, it was still a specialty. A little sedative went a long way further with them, and he even eased up the bleeding so her mouth wouldn't be full.

Farrask grabbed at her mouth afterward, then looked back toward him.

"It's not perfect, and it's no guarantee," Sans warned her. "But, let's try a tooth first."

He was surprised by the sudden hug she gave him. He hadn't seen that one coming.

"Thank you so very much."

"I can't guarantee this'll work. It doesn't actually have the best odds."

"You are giving it that shot though." Her grip tightened. "No matter what it is I've ever done, you've always been fair." She looked at him.

Straight at him with those eyes. So clear. So thankful. Almost overwhelming, he wasn't used to that kind of thing. He wasn't someone people thanked like that all the time. "S'okay. We'll try this."

*Always been fair, always was precautionous, even when he didn't want to be. Especially when he thought I was someone who hurt him. Such goodness. I am so lucky to have him.*

Yeah, he wasn't supposed to hear any of that. Thoughts processed way faster than she could hold back.

"Thank you," she said again. "I haven't said it nearly the degree I should."

"Thanks once was fine," he said. He was hardly ever thanked anyhow. Once was good enough.

“Sans? I know we are all in this predicament because of me. I needed to be brought down. This imprisonment back down here. This thing with your brother.” Her voice sounded hoarse. “You take it all away.”

Hm?

She smiled at him, her eyes still full of tears. Then, being the Farrah everyone else remembered Underground. The one that he couldn’t meet half as well with his skeleton vision. He saw that something special everyone loved. What probably enticed Papyrus to her. What made everyone want to come back down to support her.

Her ability to speak to a certain person just right.

“My life’s absolute shit, but the jokes really help,” she laughed at him. “If you can’t stop and laugh every once in a while, ya might as well keel over and die.” She winked at him. “That’s a Farrah amount to absorb, eh? Sorry.” She let go.

Sans just stood there. Staring at her. How’d she do that?

“Huh? Yeah, joke was the lamest of the lames,” she admitted. “I don’t care, a jokes a joke, and if I like it, I like it. Others like it, it’s like a bonus, right?”

How was Farrah doing that? She couldn’t read his mind. *Man. This is what they were talking about. How she ended up making everyone cave to her side.* “That kinda language don’t suit you. You should be more like yourself, you know?”

“Uh? Oh.” She looked a tad embarrassed. “Sorry, ya know? It’s uh, not my fault? I can kinda invoke it but I didn’t mean to this time. I used to use it when my life was in danger Underground. But hey, I mean, it’s not ‘cause of that. I gotta ask for it for that, but I didn’t ask for it this time. It’s um . . .” She bopped her head around a little. “I just got real emotional there for a second.”

Yeah. “I get it. That’s fine. It’s got something to do with you being an amalgamate?”

“Yeah, it doesn’t last long,” she said. “It’ll fade away. Mostly comes involuntarily with nerves and feeling overwhelmed. I’m sorry.”

“Nah, it’s okay. You shoulda been nervous,” Sans remarked. “You’re right, life is shitty and it needs a joke or two to get by in it.”

“Yeah.” Her mannerisms were already changing back more to Farrah. “I’m still sorry. Life isn’t easy for either of us right now, but it’s been worse.”

“Yeah, that’s for sure,” Sans agreed. “You’ll pull through. Still a good chance this tooth might work. Uh? Let’s get you back home.”

She nodded, more than ready to get back home.

---

Jason watched from his view of the core. What should have been to sabotage Frisk's chances of fixing things without human interruption had gone slag. They already lost as soon as she touched the barrier with a skeleton.

He and Freddy had started watching however they could. Nothing suspicious, mainly around the areas. The core could be seen in several places. He was basically on patrol of it, knowing the first sign it exhibited something unsafe, it would need fixed.

"Yummy, yummy."

He bit into one of the burgers Bratty gave him. It wasn't exactly the best, getting with a monster, but it was better than being alone. That and he couldn't be that close to the core without a monster's help of magic over him.

"That was weird but cute," Bratty said to him. "We need them to have the babybones already. Looks like they're getting closer. They just need a nudge or two."

"That's not the one," Jason corrected her. "That's the brother of the one."

"Ah! Oh, we are never going to get out, are we?" She complained as she bit into her own burger again.

No. No, they had to. "Forget sabotage, we have got to get Frisk with Papyrus."

"Oh, she looked much better with the one she was with," Bratty said.

"No. It's an amalgamate thing, she was mimicking. It's got nothing to do with love," he answered. "It looked like they were about to fight before she started to hug him."

"Oh. So, how is she supposed to get with Papyrus?" Bratty asked. "Like, I could only see what happened, not hear it. What were they even doing over here?"

"I don't know." Jason didn't feel like he knew anything. "All I know is, that Frisk and Papyrus are buddies two months later, and she's only got so long to get it together. They haven't even kissed yet according to anyone."

"He calls her girlfriend."

"Appearances. They aren't together." Aah! "I am not going to be stuck Underground for years, just because she can't make do with a skeleton."

"She totally wants to stop her dad though," Bratty said.

"Yeah, and if she doesn't get it in the short amount of time left, she isn't going to be pushing for finishing any faster," Jason warned her. "We've got to get those two together already. Now."

"Sounds evil, Jason," Bratty warned him. "But nobody wants to stay down here for years because those two can't get down to it. What could we do?"

“I don’t know. Freddy studied amalgamacy better than I did in school,” he admitted. Hmm.  
“There’s also that flower. Maybe? There’s another way to use it.”

He didn't know, but he needed to go talk to Freddy.

# Oh My Child!

## Chapter Notes

Hello everyone. I am now in a situation in life where I no longer have a computer or a laptop. I just have a phone. It is not an easy situation I wish on anyone. So if updates are longer, there is some extra spacing, or a few more spelling errors, it is because I am writing only on a phone now. However, writing keeps my heart beating during this difficult time, so I will continue as I can.

Also, i cannot even change my profile let alone do anything on ff.net so do not bother looking there for updates for . . . Well, probably at least 6 months or longer.

It was weird. Hard to comprehend. It also made perfect sense. Alphys and Undyne grinned at Farrask as they set to work. Papyrus had the same kind of uneasy look.

The only words in Farrask's head was 'Where is Sans?' as she watched the Underground help out and put up the crib, stacking diapers, and Alphys and Undyne each holding a doll. A human and a skeleton.

"I don't like . . ." Papyrus' teeth chattered as he held the dolls they shoved at him.

"Waiting for papa Papyrus," Undyne said with a smile. "Time is getting closer. You and Girlfriend do not have to worry about the little things. The whole Underground donated something to help."

Close. It was close. They were making it clear that we were running out of time. 'Sans.'

"You are right!" Papyrus said out of the blue. "Girlfriend and I will be having one very soon!" He thumped his chest bone. "I bet it will not even be a week."

A week?! Why was he saying that? Everyone looked delighted around him. A week? A week? Sans!

---

"Come on, give me a big old sign," Sans talked to himself. He did not want to cut Farrah's bone. The tooth was weak, a poor signal, but he kept trying. To save Papyrus from having to become a dad, and to get them out of that bind, he had to make it.

Another part though just did not want to make Farrah suffer. He shook his head. Maybe if he got a couple more teeth and fused them.

---



When he arrived home, he saw Papyrus' room covered in babybones stuff. Cripes, that must have scared him. "Pap?" He looked around "Farrah?"

*Saaaaansss!* Farrah's mind had screamed at him. Sans felt her presence above. The roof?

Sans arrived to Farrah trying to crawl away on the higher part of the roof. What the heck? Papyrus was trying to grab her leg. "Can't a skeleton work on complicated bone and flesh projects without missing something?"

*He wants to make a skeleton, he is demanding it! What is he doing?! I do not like it, my soul is repulsed by it! Saaans!*

No way. It could not be. Papyrus would never, no matter how things . . . "Pap?" He was not paying attention. Sans shifted slightly. Even if the flower got him, why would it make him do . . . "Pap."

Farrah's mind and soul. It . . . "Stop, Papyrus." He would not let go of her leg. Sans moved toward him and forcefully removed his bony hand.

"Stop it!" That look on Papyrus. He was angry at Sans. "I get to be the hero! Everyone will love and cherish Papa Papyrus, the savior of the Underground!"

"You've flipped your funny bone!" Sans pulled Papyrus away further, this time with magic. "Damn it, who has been messing with you?"

"The whole Underground came down with gifts," Farrah said. "Then he just started chasing me and my soul does not like it."

"Of course it doesn't." Sans pulled Papyrus away further from her. "Skeletons are magic, Farrah. Papyrus could give you a little skeleton within ten minutes of holding onto you, but it would not have a long life. A couple of hours at most. In early monster history, they were considered weapons." Yeah, he understood that look. "You are fine. Papyrus isn't."

"The flower?" Farrah asked.

Yeah, and probably two conniving humans between! Sans took a shortcut inside to his brother's room. A crib, toys and everything else. Where was that flower hiding? "You had better come out and fix my brother." Nothing. He started to dig through the stacks. Nothing. What changed him?

Then Sans ducked a spear. What?

"You see, I told you!" Papyrus shouted. Undyne entered through the window. "I need alone time with Girlfriend and he will not let it happen."

What? Sans felt himself getting grabbed and hurled out the window.

Into an encounter with Undyne.

"Sans, you have to let Papyrus grow up," Undyne insisted. "Stop treating him like a babybones because now he has to have one."

Nugh?! "So I am just supposed to stay preoccupied in a fight with you, while he goes after Farrah?" No deal!

*Saaaaaaaans!*

Ah, Farrah. She would scream his name in her mind, but she did not even yell out loud. Not surprising. She always tried to be strong. It was only on the inside where her true feelings couldn't hide. Although, yelling out loud would have been more useful. Only he could hear her, so taking off to face spears would not be a good idea.

Then again if he did nothing, Farrah and Papyrus would be hurt. Sans took a shortcut back to the roof. Farrah was doing her best to climb and not get touched. Sans pulled his brother back again.

As much as he did not want to do this, he had no choice now. "Choose, Farrah, me or Papyrus."

*What do you mean choose?*

*Either accept this dreadful skeleton Papyrus is giving you because I have got no real power to stop him with Undyne after me. Or, choose me as your amalga-mate.*

*That does not make any sense.*

*I tricked Tori. Let's just say I have the right to be what your Pizza Papyrus had been.*

*So. I am going to . . .*

*Maybe and you know it is a delicate decision, but I am about to be pulled off in a second by Undyne! If that happens and he grabs you again, it's over.*

*You. Okay. Then, I must choose the right decision. Sans. You. He is the one. Papyrus is too dangerous to choose.*

Strangest little dialogue with her he had. Her voice was awkward for the decision in her head but he still got it.

He thought back to the head shake of Tori again. Got it. "I contest over Papyrus for her," he said before Undyne grabbed him again. "I have rights, call up Queen Toriel."

"Are you kidding?" Undyne could not believe it. "You are going to take your own brothers girlfriend, just to stop him from growing up?"

"Farrah is mine, she agrees, so stop."

"I will not let this go!" Papyrus protested. "I will be Papa-"

---

Oh, Sans. Poor Sans. Farrask watched as Sans had to do something he probably never wanted to do. Not to his little brother.

Sans hit him with a huge wave of power and knocked him off the roof. "You will stand down. I do not want to fight you in any way, Pap, but I cannot let you hurt Farrah."

"Farrask!" Papyrus yelled from the ground.

"Nah. Farrah," Sans stated as he jumped down lightly onto the snow in front of him. "Pap? I will find out what those humans did to you. When I do, we will get you back. Until then." Sans had been quiet a moment. Then? "You have to live somewhere else for six months."

"Farrask was his," Undyne interrupted. "I agree, something seems wrong now. If he gets better though, will you give her back?"

Sans shuffled slightly. "I dunno. That will be between the three of us."

"You are speaking to me as if I agree to submit to this moronic request," Papyrus stated. "Never! Farrask is mine you boney snake! You never ever called her by the names I chose for her, you have always called her Farrah!"

"Decent point," Undyne agreed. "You always rebelled against that."

Farrask had never minded. She preferred it, but he was right.

"Cause, " Sans said. "I wanted her to be used to it if it came down to this. Same reason she was never Sis the whole time she lived with us. I never knew whose sister she would be."

"She will be your sister! I will not give her up to you!" Papyrus insisted. "I will fight until my dying breath for her!"

"... Dang, I was hoping there was a punchline in there," Sans said. "Do not do this."

Farrask watched Papyrus throw the first blow. Sans dodged it. *What can I do?*

*Nothing. Just, accept Farrah?*

"Stop!" Toriel's voice interrupted. "There will be no fight between brothers."

"Majesty," Undyne said, "Sans stated that he also has a contract regarding Farrask. Is that true?"

Toriel did not answer right away.

"He has a what with who?" Papyrus asked. He shook his head, bones jostling around. "Ooh, I feel so strange. What has been going on?"

Temporary! Whatever happened to Papyrus, it was only temporary. Farrask smiled at first, but Sans did not seem as happy.

" . . . Damn," he muttered. "Pap?"

"You already contested, " Undyne said out loud. "Papyrus, will you give up Farrask or will you fight your brother for her?"

"What?" Papyrus looked toward Sans. "You want Farrask?"

"Extenuating circumstances, Majesty," Sans tried to backtrack.

Toriel only lowered her head. "Papyrus must leave or fight. If he fights and wins, then you must leave one year. If you win, he will be gone one year. If he leaves now, six months."

Six months? For a mistake? "That is not fair," Farrask tried to reason with her. "A short term argument."

"Ayye!" Papyrus covered himself in magic. "The flower, it made me do something!"

Now, poor Papyrus was spooked, and Sans could not comfort him. "Please Toriel?"

"As it is above, it must be below," Toriel answered. "The long wait between usually gives competition enough time to cool down when family is involved. It is not punishment."

It was this time. Poor Sans. Poor Papyrus. Wasn't there something she could do? "Options."

"There are no options, Farrask," Toriel said. "This is the way it must be."

No. There must be options. "There are always options."

"Like what, both?" Undyne asked. "You want Sans and Papyrus? Is that still a thing with you?"

Still a thing? Both? She did not mean . . . Did Undyne believe she was having a relationship with Sans and Papyrus? Both? Now?

Okay. Well. It was a way in? "Royalty should keep an open mind about these things."

She heard the slap of the skulls of Sans and Papyrus, but she ignored it. "It is the modern age now, ladies, all life choices should be open."

"Aw, for Fish sakes, Farrask, just pick one," Undyne complained.

"I cannot. I love the peppiness of Papyrus and the punniness of Sans. My heart cannot make a choice."

Toriel rubbed her eyes. "Oh, my child! I have been dreading this talk. You can only have a babybones with one."

"Well? Then, I deserve the time to decide," Farrask continued.

"Are you going to know which one it is?" Undyne asked. "I do not play in that kind of field, but I would suggest only spending time with one skeleton a day. That way you know which one you 'picked'. You will know quick when it happens."

Toriel covered her ears and both the Skeleton brothers were looking in different directions. Farrask held her ground though. "Royalty . . . has been known to modernize itself for special circumstances." Toriel gestured between Sans and Papyrus. "The one who has the babybones, will be yours."

## Date Cut Short

Farrah. Farrask. She went by both, leaving the server confused as to what to call her at Mettaton's. The move she made wasn't exactly taken as elegant by other monsters. But Sans could safely take care of his brother.

"Umm. This feels odd," Papyrus had to say. "Do we all need to be on a date together?"

"I don't want anyone to look any less choosable," she said.

"That's a Farrah statement," Sans said. "Still? Could probably divide up, and it wouldn't be a bad idea? I mean." He waved as another couple looked suspiciously at them. "I don't think every monster really appreciates the double brother dating. Not a-

"Sans!"

"-a little bit," Sans said after Papyrus. Neither were in the best mood. "Besides, I should be off and doing something else more important. You know? Things that could really help our situation?"

Testing. It was true. At the same time? *If it fails, then what am I supposed to expect. And why do I keep thinking out loud? Shoot.*

"I get that, Farrah," Sans answered. "Truth is? I'm down to the basics. If it don't work. *Then you guessed right, I am not letting Papyrus do this.*

*I knew it. You should have said something.*

*Hey, I thought maybe love would bloom.*

*That was a lazy way to think of it after this long.*

*That is me.*

*You could have told me. All this time, I was trying to get closer to Papyrus, when I should have been getting closer to you.*

*Eh. We got a natural closeness. That developed better without pressure.*

*Well? Now what?*

*Now, we only have a couple options left. If they don't work? Then we'll have the best ever 'how dad got with mom' story for the kiddos.*

"Sans, are you speaking with Farrask right now?" Papyrus asked. "She does not have kind eyes toward you. You should at least open her mind up a little to others. It is offputting."

"No can do," Sans said. "She has no filter on and her thoughts can get real dirty. Makes my cheekbones wanna burn blue."

"That's not true," she protested.

"Can't believe your complaining," Sans countered. "I mean, you are dating two brothers."

*I did not want you to lose your brother. I saw it as the only option.*

*Yeah, I know and thanks.*

*Thanks? You haven't seemed thankful.*

*Nah, I am, but if this experimenting doesn't work, you'll be mine. So, think of it as advanced training.*

*Uh?*

*You'll be with the number one comedian in the Underground. Gotta work on your anger management.*

*I have anger management problems?*

*Nah, not yet. I am working on it.*

Then, Farrah couldn't help a small smile. There was no way he could get his wish. *His comedy is like air to the lungs. Even mild irritation soon turns into a smile. I don't think I can ever be exactly what you are hoping for, Sans.*

"Uh?" Sans didn't answer back right away, but Papyrus said something.

"Oh my. I thought Sans was kidding about the dirty mind," Papyrus said, "but it must be true! Sans cheekbones are burning blue. Farrask! You must have less dirty thoughts in your head."

She ducked her head down. That in no way helped her image at all.

Sans stood up. "Come on, Farrah. Two is company but three's a crowd. Papyrus has had plenty of dates. Let's go on our own." With a snap of his finger, he led her away to a different shortcut. "Go ahead and aeat, Bro. If you're up to it, you can head on home, Pap, otherwise wait for me. Watch out for flowers."

---

Sans had zapped them to the back of his house. It was the work station where he must have been working at.

Sans went straight to work again. "I am lousy at planning my own dates. Gotta get stuff done though. Your tooth is tricky, it is hard to get it to work. I may need a couple more to fuse together."

"Can't I get a dinner and date first before you start extracting bone from me?" Farrah watched his reaction. Had she given a good joke?

Sans didn't answer at first, then glowed a bit blue in the cheekbones and chuckled. "You are sooo lucky I only heard that. It was less of a joke to skeletons than you think."

Hm? "Oops."

"Only an oops if you were going to be my sister," Sans remarked as he fidgeted around with some kind of microscope.

With that info, Farrah knew he wasn't the only one with color in the cheek region.

"Anyhow, it might be a little improper for a first date but I need some of your soul," Sans said. "Reason why I had to pull you away. We are down to my last ideas."

Oh. "How are you going to get my soul?"

"A little bit of Grillbys and a dance should help me strip it," he said.

Oh! *At least I didn't know I was talking dirty.*

"I'm not." Sans reached into each side of his jacket, and pulled out two Grillby burgers. He gave one to her.

Whoah. Sans had given them out rarely. Once to save her life before Papyrus' cooked food that would have killed her. Grillby was not in the Underground. He only had as many as he could take. So the offer was really . . . Sweet.

Oh, did it taste good. Most days she ate Papyrus' cooking, and even though nothing killed her, it didn't change the taste to miraculously good.

"Easy, I know it's good, but you are on a date with me, not the burger," Sans teased her.

Farrah couldn't help a small laugh, she knew what he was talking about. She enjoyed the burger without making as many sounds of pleasure. After she finished the burger, Sans took her hand.

Holy heck, he wasn't kidding. He actually did want to dance. Only? "I don't know how to dance."

"Yeah." He swung her arm lightly. "Neither do I." He shrugged "We'll wing it. Watch the feet."

They both barely shifted their feet. "I am no pro, Sans, but I think people use music for dancing."

"Eh." He looked around and grabbed a CD. "Ten hours of the best of Mettaton?"



"Nevermind, just . . ." Perfect moment, perfect joke. She couldn't help another smile. " We'll wing it, like you said."

He put down the CD and approached her again. He held her hand and they both stepped together. "Need some kind of music. How about an old tune?"

How was he doing that? "You are whistling?" Impressive and she laughed again. They were dancing to the tune of super Mario Brothers. Even that game had to cross the borders.

Then, Sans choose simpler tunes. It felt almost familiar.

"What is that?"

"Just a traditional tune," he said. "Trying to keep the beat. I am going to turn you in a bit."

How was she supposed to turn? He let go and she tried to turn-

- then she was trapped in an encounter and sliced, spared and -

almost fell to the floor. Sans caught her.

---

Ouch. He really hated to do that. He wouldn't be able to block all of the pain, but he had no choice. Things we're getting sticky between Papyrus, the humans, and even Farrah and him. It was time to get this done.

It wouldn't be as painful as bone, but losing soul wasn't easy. Even Papyrus who had magic said it felt like something ran straight through his marrow. Equivalently, it probably felt like half the pain of being cut. Maybe. From the way she was now, it definitely hurt. "Sorry."

She couldn't even speak, but tears were filling her eyes. She was trying hard not to scream, and she finally said something. *I know it was necessary. Thanks for the burger. This hurts like hell!*

She was trying to keep it together. Sans held her closer, trying to put some more power over her to help. *It's okay, it'll pass. At least I didn't lie?* She knew something was coming, but she didn't know exactly when or how painful it would be.

*Dating Papyrus hurt a lot less.*

"Yeah, but with me, you got a burger. Cut your soul in a surprise encounter, but a burger."

Then, even though she was hurting like hell, she smiled. *Even when I hurt, you have to make the world laugh. I know this hurt you too.*

*Not making the world laugh, I just want you to feel better, Farrah.* If he could put in more magic to make her feel better, he would. "I can't do much else."

*Anything you can do, I'll gladly take.*

Sans chuckled. "Hey, if I could do what would take all the pain away? We wouldn't need to even be experimenting, if you get my drift?"

"Oh." At least she was speaking out loud.

"It won't last long," Sans assured her. "Promise." He kept her close though. He hoped once he added some of the soul, it would all come together.

---

Freddy, Jason, Catty, and Bratty all watched Papyrus eat from a distance.

"Nothing works," Bratty complained. "It just won't, forget it. Papyrus isn't into her. Sans left with her, and Papyrus doesn't even care."

"We should flip," Catty agreed. "Give Sans some of it."

"Nah, it is still too obvious," Jason disagreed. "Sans pulled himself in because Papyrus was too off. Even if it is just a petal, it's still too much."

"What we need . . . Is like a tenth of a petal," Freddy agreed. "It has to mostly be Papyrus or Sans."

"Well, he is eating right now. Let's try Papyrus." Freddy took what was left of the petal and only put a small amount in his girlfriend's paw. "Just walk by and let it float on his food."

Hopefully, this one would do the trick, but hey. They weren't exactly masters at it.

---

Sans and Papyrus' House

Sans helped Farrah into her room to lie down. Least he could do after sacrificing a part of her soul. "Need any more help?"

"No. I will get dressed for bed when I feel up to it," Farrah answered.

"Can't help there for you?" He teased.

"Well after the Grillby burger and dance? Maybe if you hadn't cut my soul," she said right back.

"Heh. I'll give you time. I need to check out the whole combo soon for the barrier." Sans left her room and headed downstairs.

Papyrus walked in, but he didn't seem as cheery. Sans went over to him. "Hey there, is something up?"

"Uh." Papyrus looked upstairs. "No."

Uh uh, no his bony pelvis. Sans knew his brother. "Come on, Pap. Share. What is it?"

"Well? I don't really like Farrask as much as I should," Papyrus answered. "But? But. I still." He whined. "No, nevermind. Please, let's drop this."

Huh? No way, his brother was hiding something. "Hey, come on. You can tell me. What's wrong? Tell your bro." Poor Papyrus. "What is it?"

"Um." Papyrus clearly wanted to say. "I can't. It doesn't matter. You can't really help. Not. Really."

Sans would be the judge of that. "Then just get it off your rib bones. What is it?"

"I just . . . I think it would be nice." Papyrus sighed. "To not just be two skeletons anymore. I know it's terrible to say, but I really . . . I guess."

More than two? What? "Pap? Are you saying, you want to be a dad?"

"Well? I mean. Oh, I told you this wasn't something you can help with," Papyrus insisted. "Besides, Farrask and I? Well. She is more of . . . Farrah. She likes you. I think."

Yeah. Even Papyrus caught it. "Maybe."

"So. She'd never pick me, and I am just not into her. Still? Another little one." He shrugged. "Sorry."

"Nah. Um." Papyrus was really growing up. "Heh. Getting all used to my baby brother really growing up. First you get a mate, and then a girlfriend. Now you? You want to be a pop."

Papyrus didn't answer right away. "I think I would have been good at it. Being a papa. Raising a family. If only I had liked her. Or? If she had liked me, like she likes you. I think? I feel funny. I want to go to bed."

Another skeleton. Sans watched him walk past him. Another skeleton. He always did anything it took to make his brother happy.

His brother wanted a kid. *I am doing everything I can to get Farrah out of here without a babybones.* But. He always took care of his brother. Gave him anything he could give him.

Nah. He had to choose a moral ground. Help Farrah. But? He never left his brother unhappy. Ever. Sans even made Farrah bend for him to be his brother's mate.

Sans continued down the stairs. *It's not like Papyrus likes her or wants to get with her in that way. She's not into him either, she likes me. She likes my jokes and my attitude, I can literally feel her heart sore when I play with her.*

*And it felt good. I . . . I like her too. But, I?* Sans would find a way to save her or? *She was gonna be mine. Papyrus didn't have chemistry with her.*

Papyrus wanted to be a father though. Sans? He didn't exactly know if that was something he would particularly be good at. He would probably suck at it. Papyrus had a lot to teach and pass on.

Sans . . . didn't. *Kay. Well?* Weird thought. Strange thought. *I am going to do my best for her. I have to. But if it don't work?*

Then, maybe . . . But . . . *Nah, quit. Work on the experiment first. It comes first. Limited amount of time left, I don't have much longer to tweak it. That comes first.*

"Sans? Is Papyrus back?"

Sans turned around and saw Farrah. "You just got your soul cut, what are you doing out of bed?"

"I'm okay, it is just a weird tingle now," she assured him. "I'm guessing that was nothing close to bone."

"Guessed right, " he insisted. Farrah moving out of bed just to check things out. Great girl. Nice smile. Thirsty for jokes and life. Pretty. Liked him.

Top. Notch. Spirit.

"Why are you looking at me strange?" Her blazing smile seemed to disappear. "You never look at me like that."

Huh? "I'm a skeleton, I don't really got looks."

"I've lived with you long enough to know that's not true." She seemed nervous. "Is that a good look or a bad look? It shouldn't be a bad look. None of . . ." *None of the monsters ever cared about my scars. Only humans. It's all they ever cared about.*

Oh. She had picked up on the different look, only she didn't understand it. Humans must have bothered her a lot about her scars. "No worries. I don't even have skin, why would I judge that?"

"So that was a good look?" She asked.

"Yeah. It was a good look," Sans insisted. "Sorry."

"It had to be done," Farrah agreed. "I understand."

"Nah, I mean sorry for interrupting the date, but I only got so many tweaks left."

"Yeah. Only so much time. I really do get it," she said.

"Alright. Kay." Sans looked away. "I gotta go check on that thing now. So. I want to remove your microchip."

*Yes you may!* "Do you know how?"

"No. I mean, I'm figuring out the barrier. Then, I want to work on it. I don't want you left behind."

"Well, I'd love to come back up," Farrah answered. "No one wants to be left alone."

"I don't want to leave you alone. I know I said family wouldn't be left behind, but even if there isn't a babybones? I still want to stay down here with you. I won't quit until I get that microchip out."

"Sans." Farrah had a brilliant look on her face. "You don't have to ever feel like you have to stay down here for me. But? If you do. I would be grateful for the rest of my life. Thank you."

"Eh. I was always used to this," he answered. "I better go do that thing now." He turned away and took a shortcut out.

---

Did . . . Did it? Recognition! It was faint, but it was there! He kept messing around with the proportions, until he started to see what he had to do. His proportions were wrong. *All I have to do is get a bigger chunk.*

According to what he was getting . . .

He messed around with equivocal calculations, making sure that what he asked for was possible without killing her. But the best he could get . . .

---

Farrah relaxed on her bed and waited to hear if it worked. She heard a knock on her bedroom door. She answered it and saw Sans.

He looked . . . Sour. Depressed. Confused. Upset. Everything pointing out it didn't work. "Sans?"

"So it works, I got a signal." That was a surprise coming from him. "Pretty sure I can make it work."

What? "Then what's wrong?"

"Proportions," he said. "I got the proportions wrong."

Proportions?

"I won't sugarcoat it, Farrah. I need bone, way more than a finger, and I need 5 percent of your soul." Honest. Bluntly honest.

Five percent of her soul, and a lot of bone. "How much bone?"

"Ever heard the expression I'd give an arm and a leg for something?" Sans asked. "Well, for you? It would be an arm or a leg."



# Change

"Do it. Please."

"No. No way," Sans refused. "It is not happening, I am not taking out your arm, Farrah!"

He absolutely refused to do it. "If you are confident it would work, then I want to. I have to open that barrier, and I don't want to . . ." To.

It sounded cruel, but Sans understood. "Your freed from the gag. You just turned into an adult. Motherhood is not appealing right now. I get that," he said. "I do. Hey, I would probably take the slice my arm off choice too if I was told that when I just turned 18."

Farrah felt too young. She wasn't ready and this was no way to bring a baby into the world. Telling them they were only there to break a barrier. Sure, it was an honor, but that would not matter to them.

"When it gets older, it'll care and you can explain," Sans said. He always knew.

"Explain that I was too scared to have my arm taken, so I chose for it to live?"

Sans paused and stared at her. To anyone else, they couldn't tell. She had lived long enough with him to notice when he was observing her. "This isn't going to be a perfect play, Pretty Little Pacifist. There is no perfect ending to make this work like some dream. So you are going to have a kid that only exists to break us out of prison? That isn't exactly a bad thing. It isn't perfect, but there ya go."

Farrah still did not give up. "I am not ready. It is not ready. This isn't the right way."

"Chopping off your arm is not the right way either!" Farrah didn't know a skeleton could get so huffy. "It was great that you saved us all in the past before. You brought us to the surface and somehow everybody lived. Yay. Awesome. Life does not always work out like that though."

Sans stuck his hands in his pockets. "Sometimes you deal with the imperfect just to get on with life. This is how it has got to go."

Farrah stared at him as he came closer.

"I'm far from perfect," he admitted. "There are a lot of things I wish I could change. I am not gonna-"

Farrah didn't see it. Sans saw it, but not quick enough.

Papyrus had thrown his own weapon, at Farrah.

-----

"Farrraaaaaahhhhh!" Sans shouted all over the place looking desperately for her. Papyrus had aimed for her soul and her arm at the same time.

"I had to. You wouldn't," Papyrus insisted. "What is with that look?"

Sans ignored him now. People were messing with Papyrus again, he knew it.

He looked all over. When her soul and bone got pierced, he had expected huge screams.

Instead? She was gone. Completely gone. Except?

Sans spotted something on the ground. A staple like object. He picked it up. Fumbled with it.

Then stayed completely still. "Papyrus. Wait at home. I'll find her."

"But where did she go?" Papyrus asked. "I do not understand."

"Just go home and wait." Okay. Sans paced himself as he held the small staple. He knew what it had been.

It was the microchip that had been embedded in Farrah's soul. It was shaped like a staple. He was sure if he took it home, he could see it.

But right now? He was not moving. In that world, Gaster had once fell into the core, but pieces of him remained here and there. Like he hadn't perished, just wasn't all together.

Sans had aligned his mind with Farrah's so no one heard her mixed up thoughts. That connection. If he could hold that connection.

Maybe Gaster didn't fall into the core. Maybe something else happened. Sans remembered the Gaster from his own world, Deltarune. He never really seemed . . . That put together. His face was almost melted in parts like? "Farrah."

Like an amalgamate.

Maybe that was his undoing.

Sans called out to Farrah, hoping something of her was attached to the world. Enough to help bring her back.

He got the softest of whispers. Simple whisper. Strange whisper of the mind.

*Butterscotch pie.*

*Farrah.* He gripped the microchip in his hand. This wasn't over.

-----

Fun level 1



Frisk moved around the trees, holding onto her little knife tightly. Why that jerk! That thing pretending to be her father pushed her into a deep hole!

She jumped as one of the skeletons she met earlier startled her.

"Jumpy," he said across a stand. "You're a strange one."

Frisk just backed away. She had killed some frog monsters that had frightened her, but she was trying not to arouse suspicion. This skeleton knew who she had been though.

It knew she was human. Frisk didn't say anything, and continued to solve the puzzle instead.

Chara pulled her knife out, looking around. She was in front of some weird puzzle. Monsters liked puzzles. She walked around and saw a skeleton. "Who are you?"

He didn't make any gesture. He just said, "Yep. Weird."

Chara would sometimes be in charge. At other times, Frisk would be in charge.

Eventually they ended up somehow freeing the Underground. Then it all started over.

Again and again.

And again.

Frisk or Chara. Either way, they kept repeating. If they died, they came back. If they made it out of the Underground, they found themselves right back in it.

It wouldn't quit. It wouldn't stop. The only thing that changed?

Was them.

---

Original world

Sans kept trying to triangulate a position of Farrah in his lab. Her microchip had held a .025% remnant of her soul. He might be able to use that to signal the rest of her back. A beacon.

As he ran his experiment though.

-----

Fun level 34

Sans lost his balance as he stopped throwing his bones. For some reason, he was fighting Farrah? In the old Judgment hall?

Then, he heard a scream. He looked toward Farrah. She looked mortified and dropped a knife to the floor. "Farrah?"

As he said that, he started to remember new things. A girl coming through, and killing everyone. Even Papyrus. That girl? Looked like Farrah, but it wasn't her.

The one that was in front of him right now, breaking down. That was Farrah.

He headed over to her. "Farrah."

"I!" She could barely be heard through her emotions. "I don't. I couldn't." She covered her eyes. "I'm. F-Farrah. Sans?"

Sans went over to her and held her tight. "This wasn't your fault. Papyrus aimed at your soul and arm, and I didn't know this could happen."

"Please." He could feel her tears all over his coat. "I repeat the Underground over and over. I remember. I keep meeting you and different things happen. I cannot stop it though, I'm not all there. I'm more Chara or I'm more Frisk, but I'm never me. Only now have memories hit me, Sans! Please!"

"I don't know how to end it," Sans admitted. "I don't even know how I got here. I was trying to find you and pull you back. Instead, I got pulled here." He looked at her. Poor Farrah. Damn it. It wasn't good.

She 'd always believed in the best endings. Helping as much as possible. In that little bit of time, even her hair had grown longer. She was aging during the repeating, on a different timeline altogether from him. "I'll figure it out. I'll pull you out again somehow."

He stayed with her. Holding her. He tried to talk about the past, and he heard her tales of woe too. Sad and happy times. He spent every minute he could with her.

No matter how anyone looked at it though? Sans knew Farrah would never get a perfect ending. He would definitely settle for just safe and sound. He'd even settle for just not tortured by her other soul parts. Just let Farrah be Farrah.

About an hour later, and he found himself making small talk with her microchip again.

He was back, but she was still out there. Skipping through timelines. "I can't dwell on this forever." He looked at the time. Her time was moving faster.

Giving him a smaller amount of time to find the answer!

"Sans, Brother, flower!"

*That dang flower is after Papyrus again. Kill it, I am going to kill it!* That stupid flower would never win his brother! He was responsible for Papyrus taking that shot, he had to be.

Kill it and get back to work. No choice. No time to lose.

"You know, the whole you being afraid was fun," Flowey said from a sill as he ducked a bone coming at him, "but not anymore! I haven't done a thing to him Underground!"

Papyrus was curled up in the corner. "Sans, it is there!"

"I see it." Sans wouldn't miss this time. It would pay for torturing Papyrus.

"I haven't done anything and I'm not fighting!" Flowey warned him. "I came to help Farrah. I know she's not here, and that she is crossing timelines."

Sans held his bone weapons back. "How do you know?"

"Contrary to whatever you think, I like not having a soul," Flowey revealed. "It allows me to slip in and out of timelines. So? I saw the little hug you had with her. Actually long hug with drawn out talking for a couple of hours. Proof positive I can still move through timelines. That means I don't have even a small amount of your brother's soul, or I couldn't do that."

"If you don't have a soul, then why do you want to help?" Sans warned him.

"That's easy, I want out. I want your guarantee that you won't leave me behind," Flowey said. "Everyone left. All I have is repeating in other timelines, nothing more."

"Fine," Sans agreed. "If you stop messing with Papyrus and help me rescue Farrah, fine."

"I haven't done squat. If he's acting weird, maybe he got an old petal of mine or something," Flowey said. "I hate souls. They are just useless luggage. He was fun to tease, Smiley Trashbag, but that's it."

Hmm. Could it actually be those annoying humans were to blame again? Ugh! Humans. "What can I do for her?" Sans asked. "You better have a dang good answer."

"Give her a weapon. A new weapon." Flowey bent to the right. "Give her a bone weapon."

"She should have lost her arm and soul, and we would have all been freed. Thanks to me," Papyrus said. "It is not fair."

"Little more weird than usual," Flowey said of him. "Side affects? How many times did those humans mess with him? You should probably check that out." Flowey winked. "Scientist Sans."

Sans wouldn't even bother acting surprised that the flower knew he wasn't the lazy sap he appeared to be. "What can I do for Farrah? Every minute, her time is changing."

"You noticed, huh?" Flowey asked. "She is bouncing from timeline to timeline, from the moment she split. Except, she is splitting in different proportions. Change the proportions, change what she does. Sometimes it is good, and sometimes it isn't. Each time she bounces, time starts over, but she? She doesn't. She keeps aging throughout timelines."

"Yeah I know, so if you could speed it up, it'd be appreciated," Sans said, his patience wearing thin. Real thin.

"You got pulled to her, but you couldn't stay. Which is good anyhow, not a pleasant timeline," Flowey warned him. "You are normal. Normal soul in a different timeline. Timelines don't

like that. So, to stay or to go? You're all going to need a little?" His face changed as he cackled. "Change."

-----

**Some time later, although how much later . . .?**

"I helped too!" Papyrus announced. "I think? It is good to be back home." He looked at Farrah. "I think? We went somewhere? Hello again?"

Farrah was staring at him strangely. She looked toward Sans. "You rescued me?"

Sans had a blank stare toward her. She could not read it as well. "Barrier. Now."

He whisked Farrah to the barrier, along with Papyrus. He grabbed Farrah's hand, as well as Papyrus', and touched the barrier, with his hand in the middle.

It changed into a purple tint.

Farrah looked toward Sans. It was great to finally be back, but what did he do? Instead, he gestured . . .

toward her large tummy.



# Happy Father's Day, Papyrus? Part 1

"Do you, uh?" Sans gestured to her tummy. "You know what that is? I mean?" He was snapping his bony fingers. "You know, do you know where that came from? Mind filling us in?"

Farrah looked toward her tummy again.

"It's skeleton," Papyrus insisted. "I can tell it is skeleton," he said excitedly. "I just can't remember anything else. My brain feels so fuzzy."

Sans moved closer to it. Both him and his brother.

"That-that flower!" Papyrus yelled.

"Right Bro." That flower was to blame for whatever happened. "Where did it go?"

"Sorry."

Everyone turned around. Asriel was waiting in the doorway.

"At the time, it seemed perfect," Asriel said from the doorway. "You needed a chance to get to her after all."

"What did you do?" Sans demanded.

"Last time I was this way, it was because I stole every monster's soul. Do you remember that?" He asked her. "Well, even all those monster souls shouldn't have added up to that much power. I didn't understand, until I started to spy on you as Flowey. There's nothing stronger than a soul that has been thrown into another dimension."

He pinched his paw together. "Just a little soul mix of Sans and Papyrus did the trick."

"You snagged some of mine?" Sans said, a little in shock.

"You wanted to stay with Farrah long enough to figure out a solution. Change the soul, and it was accomplished for you and Papyrus." Asriel backed off. "3% and 3% isn't much, please? I am a lot more helpful in this form."

"I don't have memories of them connecting to me," Farrah insisted. "What happened?"

"I don't know that one. I just changed them so they could get to you." Asriel looked at her stomach. "I don't know what or whose that is. As Flowey . . . I didn't expect any of you to come back really."

"More helpful in that form? Not seeing it so far," Sans pointed out. "You don't know anything more than us, how can you be helpful?"

"I am the only one who'll be able to explain this without wrath from Queen Toriel," he pointed out. "How else will she understand that Farrah doesn't know the father of that little skeleton? You can't tell her the truth."

"Even you really don't know?" Sans asked.

"I can say that once I stole some of your souls, you were able to flow with Farrah," Asriel said to Farrah. "In that time, you got pregnant. I don't know in which way. I don't know if it's even skeleton, but Sans and Papyrus seem to know."

Farrah looked toward Papyrus and Sans. Confusion. Longing.

"You're not in any pain," Sans said to her. "Huh. Uh? Well, skeletons are already formed like hours after. I figured it was worth a shot." He was looking at her carefully.

"No pain means it isn't a weapon," Papyrus explained to her. "You weren't just grabbed and voila."

"Not necessarily, Pap," Sans corrected him. "Could be a strengthened little skeleton. We are going to need an x-ray."

"Oh yes, strengthened, that could be it too," Papyrus agreed.

Lost. Farrah looked so lost.

"That means it might be a weak skeleton that's being forced to change into a normal skeleton," Sans answered. "If somehow Papyrus had succeeded when he tried for a weak skeleton on the roof, we would have wanted to strengthen it as much as possible so it would live longer."

"It would be years instead of weeks," Papyrus agreed. "I'm sorry about that, Farrah. I'm sorry about so so much."

She nodded. "You never have to seek forgiveness from me. You've no idea what I've done."

Guilt. Sans remembered that he'd been fighting her the first time he joined her. "You would have some bone loss, but us strengthening it would change it. Daily." He tried to get her mind off of that.

"We must find out right away whose it is," Asriel said. "Can either of you feel anything else?"

"It's relation," Sans admitted. "I can feel that." *As much as I try, Farrah, I can't get any more than that. That's why I took all three of us down. I don't know if I'm Uncle Sans or not.*

She simply nodded.

"Twisting in timelines, soul changes, and body changes may have influenced your memories," Asriel reasoned. "Maybe later you'll retrieve them?"

Or maybe not. Sans approached her even closer. *Hey. Farrah. Nothing that happened there was your fault.*

*I killed your brother multiple times. I killed Toriel. Everyone. Even you. My soul itself trembles for the horror ending, I cannot take in anything else right now.*

She broke free from a hell. The pregnancy wasn't even really on her mind yet.

*Thank you for freeing me! I don't know how you did it, but I'll gladly take care of your relation without any fuss. I won't hurt them or you or anyone.*

Take care without fuss? Her expression. Her guilt. Her experiences betrayed her feelings. She might not even realize hardly any time passed there. *Not even a whole day passed here. This kiddo will free the monsters. But? Besides that, yo, I don't care what happened. It wasn't you.*

*It was parts of me.*

*That isn't you. Just 'cause parts of you were in control, it didn't mean it was you. Wait a minute.*

Wait a minute. Was that? *That's how you feel about Stephan, isn't it?*

*That reasoning feels so old. Yet. I eventually . . .*

Of course. Farrah never would want to hurt everyone. Even Stephan. Even though she had no plan, she still saw a chance to end well.

And? After all the hell he put her through. *I don't know how to fix the souls in Stephan. But, I'll . . .*

Farrah interrupted him with a hug. "Thank you!"

"No promises. I'll look into it. This whole mess isn't just yours." Sans felt the presence in her tummy as she hugged him. His child or nephew?

What happened over there?

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Okay, so Asriel did turn out to be useful. Anyone besides Toriel's own son sharing the truth would not be treated so well. Only because her son was involved, would she help them out.

"Another dimension," Toriel said to Sans. "A different kind of soul, experimenting with . . ."

The core situation. "Hey, I would have said something if it was safe."

"You and Papyrus should not be here," she insisted.

"Neither do I," Asriel said. "I have a bit of their souls. A tiny bit, but it keeps me alive to be here again. Without them, you will have to kill me I guess."



"I would never," Toriel said to him. "But? But what am I supposed to do about this?" She approached Farrah and looked at her stomach. "How am I supposed to take this?"

"Well? You know, everyone thinks Farrah loves both of them. So, either it was one after the other, or together," Asriel insisted. "We can test it after it is born."

"Hang on, hang on," Sans interrupted. "I can go ahead and go with Farrah couldn't decide who to spend her life with? I don't buy she was doing . . ." No way. "She isn't like that and everybody knows it."

"No one knows the father. If we just say a name, and it's wrong, that'll look even worse on her," Toriel said. "I am sorry, but what else do you want?"

"It's true. At least she isn't squealing about the other dimension," Asriel defended his mother. "Timelines is one thing, but a whole other dimension?"

"However it must be conveyed," Farrah said. "I don't care what people think of me."

*But I do! Call it selfish, no one is gonna think badly of you and Papyrus.* Hadn't they all been through enough? Sans knew Farrah liked him, and he felt a little similar. There was way more chemistry there. "I accept it."

"Accept what?" Toriel asked.

Sans turned toward Papyrus. "If I'm wrong then I'm wrong."

# Happy Father's Day, Papyrus? Part 2

## Chapter Notes

Apologies, apologies, apologies! Without a laptop it was hard to know what was going on. I wrote on site with only a phone and I had apparently published part of the chapter before the whole thing came out. Sorry. I went ahead and labeled this part 2 so everyone understands it was the other chapter still continued.

I do have a laptop now though, so this really shouldn't happen again.:)

“If I'm wrong, I'm wrong,” Sans said to Papyrus. “We're going to dig and find out the truth before we announce anything, but if we don't have an answer-”

“You'll say it was you?” Not just finishing Sans' sentence, a clear plea in all ways. “Maybe?”

It was skeleton. Sans could feel that. He had at least some chemistry with her, while Papyrus didn't. It made sense that . . . hang on? *What the heck?* He was starting to walk around more, but noticed something felt odd in his bones. *Something's missing?*

He didn't want to alarm anyone. “I think it's best if I go look at Farrah with an x-ray first. Some poking and prodding, see what's up?”

He grabbed Farrah and Papyrus, taking him with him.

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## Hidden Lab

Farrah found herself being sat down, stood back up, had something on her finger, and then a screen was scooted out toward her.

With a triumphant smile on Sans so big, even being a skeleton, someone could tell he was happy. On that screen, was a projection of a human figure, and something flipping inside of it. “Even I impress myself! Don't know how I did it, or why, but there it is.”

Papyrus came over closer to it too. “Her X-ray appears to have . . . Sans, is that a bone?”

“Yep, a bone somersaulting like a happy dog,” Sans said. He looked toward her. “We must have changed your soul enough with this bone to stop the timeline adventuring, which pulled us all back. Not only that? But this is just what we need I bet.” He reached into his lab coat he'd apparently put on in the rush, and shined something straight at her. “We done got a winner here.”

“We can open up the barrier with it!” Papyrus shouted excitedly. “We'll be free.”

The project Sans had been trying to do before she had been whisked away. *It's over. It's all over. The timelines, the running, the imprisonment, it's all over.*

“That's great news, Sans,” Papyrus said, “but why is it in her tummy?”

“Yeah. I don't know,” Sans admitted. “Trying to figure that one out.”

“It looked like she was pregnant with a skeleton,” Papyrus said. “She even felt like it.”

“Yeah, that she did,” Sans said as he kept looking at the X-ray. “We gave that impression to Asriel and even Queen Toriel too, didn't we?”

Sans and Papyrus continued to stare at the X-ray projection. They both seemed lost, as to why Sans did it that way. “Maybe being in the stomach, somehow, meant I didn't have to lose my arm?” Farrah asked.

“No. I mean? I don't know.” Sans shined his little gadget again at her. “I don't get how it's working. It says that the bone will connect with that barrier, and that bone is mine.” He lifted his pant leg. “One of my leg parts, so I'm going to need that back after this if you don't mind?”

“Your bone is inside her, like a weapon though,” Papyrus said, gesturing to the X-ray. “Except it's clearly not a weapon. It's a strange bone flipping up and down in her. Does this mean it will need to be born like a-”

“Like a weapon,” Sans interrupted. “I mean, like a babybones, I get it!” He chuckled. “Yeah, I guess my other self I can't seem to remember had time to figure things out. Everybody in the Underground knows you need to have a babybones to open that barrier, Farrah. Everyone but us three.”

Right. “You somehow stuck your bone in my stomach, so everyone would assume I was pregnant?” she asked. She watched Sans turn a little blue in the cheeks. She must have said something a little dirty to him again.

“Makes perfect sense. The barrier would just open up at it's touch, monsters would certainly question it,” Papyrus agreed with Sans.

“Yeah, and sneaking off and doing anything by that barrier is tricky. Monsters are up at any hour,” Sans said to her. “When it's about to be born, we'll have the excuse of curtains and everything. No one will be able to tell the difference.

“I'm going to have a bone?” Frisk asked. “Will I have to ACT somehow?”

“Ah, no,” Sans assured her. “You humans are flexible but you're birthing a bone the same way you birth a baby. You'll definitely be in enough pain. Not as much as losing an arm, but it'll be a decent amount. I'll be there to give you some relief though.”

How? How did she have such terrible memories, feel such tremendous guilt, and yet? End up this lucky. To be able to be a good person, and to help the monsters? Again?

“Sans, she's crying,” Papyrus said uncomfortably. “Do something.”

There wasn't much he could do for Farrah. Sans could see her, hear her being overwhelmed by it all. Her hell, wherever she was at, she saw it that way. Unable to stop or remember, just memories of what happened. Hell.

There wasn't much, but one thing. “I'll even him out.” Sans knew what he needed to do now. He knew Farrah well enough. Looking at her, she was about his age now. All that time, looping through timelines. Yep. He owed her this. “Hey Papyrus?” He called to his brother. “I'm going to even him out.”

“What?” Papyrus asked.

“I'm going to even him out.”

“Even who out?”

“You know, the one guy?”

“What one guy?” Papyrus was starting to get angry.

“You know. The guy that started all this?”

“Even out Asriel?”

“Nah. Just the guy. I'm gonna even the guy.”

“For goodness sakes, Sans! Even what guy?”

“Stephan.”

“Even Stephan?”

“Yep, fair is fair. I bet a farrah amount that we can play even steven with Stephan.” Sans watched Farrah start to finally smile, and holding a hand against her mouth, she was trying not to crack from laughter.

“Sans!” Papyrus was of course not a fan of getting bamboozled to say 'even steven' or giving Sans another crack at a Farrah joke, and his coloration of anger in his bony cheeks only helped the joke out more. “This is a serious matter, it was not a time for jokes.”

“Time flies so fast, I forgot when a time for jokes was.”

“Sans! Farrask is going through a very difficult time right now. Look at her, she's crying!” Papyrus gestured toward her. “Oh? Oh. Perhaps she's feeling better now.”

“A farrah amount better. Pretty even.”

“Sans.”

“Even stephan. No wait, that's the guy.”

Perfect ticket. If Sans had ears they probably would have perked up when he heard the sound of Farrah's laughter. It poured out of her like she'd kept it back for some time.

Now? Toriel could spread the rumor. It turned out okay in the end. *Great, 'cause father Sans it? It just wouldn't work out. Papyrus would be great, not me.* Although, had that X-ray had a different outcome.

Maybe for just a few seconds. Sans kind of imagined a future with Farrah and kids. A few seconds. Maybe later. Maybe when the whole world settled down and the three of them were free and on their own. Just like he promised before.

Sans looked toward Farrah. It was a good thing he could only read her thoughts, and not the other way around. “Well? That was a pretty eventful day. Probably years having fun with Farrah, slaying on and off, and now she's got a bone in her. Different audience, I could make a totally different joke right about now.”

“I think I'd get the joke,” Farrah warned him. Still, it was a playful warning. “Thank you, Sans, for whatever you did. You're a real hero.”

“Hey, hey? Save *that* for Papyrus,” Sans warned her. “Everybody's going to see you like that for three weeks. Incubation is short for skeletons and weapons. I'll take the rap as the brother who wanted to protect his little brother too much. That'll correct the weird reputation we all got from the dating two brother bit.”

Farrah nodded. “After the bone is out of me, I do have to ACT a little, don't I?”

“Nope. Too soon after that whole ordeal to pull that out. I am going to knock you out, and then I'll say that you just couldn't take the bitter end of it.” Natural. Sounded too natural. “Papyrus and I will handle the rest while you're out.”

“Handle what?” Farrask asked.

“Well, everyone will think there was a terrible loss, and you've played ACTing more than enough,” Papyrus said.

“You'll be holed up at home,” Sans said, “and by the time you want to see anyone, you will have dealt with the grief enough. Shouldn't keep popping up after that, and it's not like we'll be staying with the Monster Kingdom. Freedom is just around the corner. More than from the barrier.”

“Right. You'll be free to live in the world.” A solid promise.

“Yep, and while we find that place, I'll . . . still have to stay down here anyhow for a bit,” Sans admitted. “I have got to move my entire lab into a new place, if I've got any chance to figure out how to play even stephan. But? You don't have to anymore,” Sans revealed. “That microchip broke free of you when you went timeline skipping.”

Real freedom for her too. Wonderful. “Are we really all going to stay together still?” She questioned. “It's been awhile. Things might have changed.”

“Only for you,” Sans said to her. “You look like someone that's . . . uh, a little older.”

“We could say it's some kind of strange side-effect between a human and a monster?” Papyrus said encouragingly.

“Actually, there are side effects to birthing between monster and human,” Sans agreed with Papyrus. “But not that. One of them is brightness tolerance, which will really help out. We can hide Farrah's face up in a hoodie and some shades when someone comes to see her, and we can claim the lighted areas are too bright for her.”

Farrah felt a small tingle run through her. A hoodie. It was one of the first clothes she managed to collect as an adult. There never was much to wear. She wore that hoodie for years. For some reason, she was wearing a nice red dress though, with red shoes that fit perfectly too. Not her hoodie. “So. Three weeks.” She tried to get off that subject. “I'm pretty big. Should I be this big?”

“Yeah. Skeletons are all formed physically within a few hours. The rest of the gestation it's building up it's magic,” Sans said. “It fits as the perfect excuse.”

Perfect. Farrah tried to smile, but a part of her? A part of her. It still couldn't understand why she could remember all of the events that happened, except for when Papyrus and Sans truly arrived to save her? Was it quick, figured out in a day? Was it long? Were they skipping timelines with her?

And where did that red dress come from that she was wearing?



## Asriel's Strange Request

Asriel went toward Jason. One of the humans Sans absolutely hated for messing with Papyrus. An idiot who probably kept using his petals to bring Frisk and Papyrus closer. *The things I have to do just to keep these souls.* "Hey." He started to kick his leg playfully. "I need a favor from you."

"A favor?" Jason answered. "Wait, who are you?"

Mm. Yeah. He was in the not-so-bright point of things. "Where is the other idiot? I mean, human?" Asriel asked. "And why is any monster really hanging out with you so much?"

"We get kind of . . . lonely." Jason looked over toward Bratty. "That's all."

"Doubting that," Asriel smiled knowingly. "Really did want it to be Frisk and Papyrus though, didn't ya?" Asriel sort of shuffled himself around. "I wonder what would happen if I told Sans . . . there was actually another way to-"

"We're actually married!" Bratty blathered out. Jason tried to calm her down, but she couldn't seem to help herself. She even showed Asriel a very, very small ring. "Once we exhaust all the ways to get Sans with Frisk or Papyrus or whatever, then we'll have to -" Jason covered her mouth.

*A baby monster alligator.* Asriel knew it. From day one since those monsters had been hanging on. It wasn't the most tasteful thing, but those humans must know how to change the 'lock' too. Interesting. What was more interesting though, was this marriage thing. "How'd that happen? Did you have a cute little ceremony and express your feelings?" Bratty opened her purse and gave him a letter. It looked official. Real official, except for a couple of things?

It was typed with different names on it, and they were crossed out. On the bottom was a date, signed a week ago. The first name of the person? "Freddy can marry?"

"Yeah, poor Catty. She was mad about it," Bratty said. "I picked the right guy. He can't marry himself."

Asriel decided to just join them at their table. He slid in beside Jason. "So, let me guess? Somehow, Freddy 'married' you, so you could have a cute baby alligator? Just in case?"

"Yeah, somehow," Jason answered. "Whatever. What's the big deal? Love is love. Can't we go with that?"

"He wanted it to be legal on the human side. The humans have documents and official ceremonies with certain people who can do it," Bratty said to Asriel willingly. "Freddy had gone through it for his sister, Lisa. She apparently wanted him to learn the marriage so she could have a quiet marriage. Whatever that means."



"He got paid for it by her," Jason said. "It was supposed to happen before this. He just crossed out her and her fiance's name. Put in ours."

Oh. So? "Still living with your parents?"

"Judge so harshly, Man? I can't have a baby with someone I'm not married to, my parents would kill me," Jason insisted. "Even if Bratty's a monster, they'll accept that until they accept anything else."

And he fully intended to go back home. "So? How are you in the baby department, Bratty?"

"Eh? I like the marriage department!" She showed off the ring again. "I don't know about the other. He doesn't know either. That's why this is, like? Why Papyrus has to get with Frisk first. Motherhood really doesn't wow me yet."

"Can we stop talking about this?" Jason insisted. "We have really been trying to get Papyrus with Frisk. Fatherhood with a baby alligator is not gonna be sweet. If Sans knew though? I would have no choice. He would only keep me alive to fulfill this deal."

"If Sans could take you out, he would have a long time ago," Bratty said.

Well? It didn't much matter anymore. Sans would not want that anymore. In fact? "I need you to marry Papyrus and Frisk."

Jason looked at him a little oddly. "I can't do that. Freddy is the only one who could."

Asriel grinned. "No. You are going to marry Papyrus and Frisk, a Freddy marries Sans and Frisk." He waved his paw with a warning. "If you don't want a baby gator, you're gonna help."

" . . . weird," Jason said. "Does Sans want Frisk for real or something?"

"Knew there was something there. He like, probably wanted to hide it from his brother," Bratty said.

Asriel would not confide the truth in him. He would not even confide in Frisk or Sans about it yet. "Do you want a baby gator or not?"

"No. Okay, fine, but what are you going to say to make it happen?"

-----

Farrah answered the door to a strange invitation. Toriel was trying to explain something to her. Sand and Papyrus did not look at all happy with it. The suggestions. "Are you sure it is necessary?"

"Yes," Toriel smiled. "Asriel, my wonderful child, came up with it. The concept is sound, and it will help out with your image."

"The whole me saying 'I was just an overprotective brother' should be good enough," Sans complained. "We don't gotta overcomplicate it."

"Agreed, plus I don't want to get married!" Papyrus complained. "No way, no mutual ceremony, it complicates so much!"

*There is no way it is legal, Sans. It's more likely I will eat a spider donut than those two being official priests. They can't, it is illegal.*

*It's for show. Got it.* The monsters must not know it was all for show. They were not all knowledgeable about the human world. Sans went ahead and communicated with his brother telepathically.

"Of course, I know you do not know the real father, but you are saying it is Papyrus'," Toriel said. "Until it is born, this strategy is best. You and Sans can go through the human ceremony upstairs in secret, and Papyrus' will be public. That way we are covered both ways."

"Is it . . .?" Sans would have said something else, but he caught that look on Toriel. She didn't want a doubt in any monster's mind that Farrah wasn't an upstanding princess. Although she wasn't, just part of her soul. Chara. "Can we not get married on like Wednesday?" He asked. "Mettaton is having a two hour special."

"You are not taking this very seriously," Toriel warned him. "Do not try to skip out on this. Alphys and Asriel are helping the humans with the official speech words. This will be a lovely ceremony." She smiled at Farrah. "Dress nicely for your big day on Tuesday."

Farrah looked back toward Sans, and then back at her. "Tuesday is taco night and it always gets clothes messy."

"We can move taco night to Wednesday," Papyrus said to her. "We will all look nice, without taco stains, for the ceremony on Tuesday."

"We are just saying taco stains, and not stains in general?" Sans asked.

"Dress appropriately for an important day!" Toriel was not liking the way it was being handled. "Each will stay married until the father is found. There won't be any saving face if it is Sans', but ... At least we will not have to go through another embarrassing human ceremony." She stood up. "After it is found out though, we will plan on a monster ceremony."

Huh?! "Not necessary, yo!" Sans insisted.

"Marriage should be done both ways, for humans and monsters." Toriel bid them good day and left.

Geez. Farrah looked toward Sans and Papyrus'. "Maybe we should tell her it is just a bone?"

"Nah. Same plan. Once the barrier opens, all three of us are taking out."

"Agreed, I am not going through a monster ceremony for a bone." Papyrus looked nervous. "It is bad enough we have to go through a fake one. Let's just admit that it's a bone to her."

"Voting with Papyrus," Farrah admitted. "She and Asriel know the truth."

"No one else does," Sans insisted. "I didn't judge the situation wrong. Toriel will have to follow protocol when we get out, and Asgore? He won't let us live."

"Oh. Right." Papyrus sighed.

"It makes sense why Tori is doing this too," Sans said. "Once she tells Asgore about Farrah's secret? He just couldn't murder a monster that ended up with his daughter. At least, that is what she thinks."

It wasn't what Sans thought though. "You don't think even that would save you guys?"

"Anomalies in the world can't be allowed to live. Final word. It's too dangerous. Once we have that bone, we are splitting out of here. I will come back later for my stuff to try and help Stephan."

"But if Toriel tells Asgore, then certainly they will think to find us with Girlfriends mother?" Papyrus pointed out.

"I don't think if we are there, that she will be itching to tell so we die. That and Asriel owes us a little. We can yank our soul from him," Sans said. "Easily, so he knows not to mess around. This marriage thing might even be his idea. Tori does think of Farrah as her daughter. He who marries her? Kind of a prince."

But not really. But. Psychologically. "Like a son-in-law." That would sway Toriel.

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One and a half weeks into the birth of the bone. Farrah was trying to become more like her old self. At least the Skeletons helped her feel more at home. She was either a stranger, a murderer or a messed up combo of the people others really wanted instead.

This wedding that made them move their taco Tuesday was just another reminder. Monsters actually gathered around the property to witness it. Why? Maybe some knew the truth about her. Maybe some didn't believe she really made one choice. Maybe they were bored?

Either way. *I want this done and over with.*

*Me too, Farrah.* Sans came around her first for the small, secret fake wedding. "Won't take long, then we can go do our own thing. But hey, I get to see you in a pretty red dress again."

It was the nicest thing she had owned. The dress she had come back in from the other timeline. Sans dressed up well too. Not something he did very often. "Well you look nice too."

"Rings." Freddy came around the corner and shoved it in both their hands. "When I say so, exchange." He got behind the bed area of Sans.

Farrah sighed. Hopefully he tried hard enough that it wouldn't look fake. Toriel and Asriel were coming. They were the only witnesses. Counting on these humans? *Toriel does not know it's fake. She thinks it's just by correct words though. I hope he studied the words.*

*I don't know. These guys aren't uh, the best? If I were an aggressive monster, they'd be dead already.* "So we ready for this little shindig?"

Farrah watched Freddy. He was receiving the standard fair well. More than 'in sickness and in health'. He was using paper in front of him though. He was smart enough to get it typed out. Toriel did mention Alphys helping. That made it look much better.

Freddy even had some fairly decent rings. Real decent. Farrah stared at the ring for a time before it was time to slip it on Sans finger bone. Toriel made sure they had nice rings? *She wanted the best for Chara.*

*Aw, good enough for a princess? Thanks, that's a hell of a compliment.*

Farrah tried to hide her chuckle. *Pretty sure the ring I am trying to slip on your finger is what I am talking about? Really trying.*

Sans tried to jam it on his bony finger to stay in place. "Glue maybe?"

"Hold your hand up so it doesn't fall off during the ceremony," Freddy answered. "Afterward, slide it on a necklace and wear it."

Huh. Freddy thought ahead. Sans slipped on her ring and it stayed there. *It is so sparkly.* It almost blinded her. She put it back down. *This would make a great distraction weapon. If I ever needed it.*

*Getting married and the ceremony pretty ring just got dubbed a weapon. Only you.* "Uh, I didn't do it. Do what?" Sans spoke to Freddy, losing track of what he said. "Oh, I get it. I do."

"I do too," Farrah said. Oh yeah, last part. She playfully kissed Sans on his bony cheek. An odd look from him, but at least it was over. Oh? Freddy had papers to sign? Signing too? "Is this necessary?"

"Last part," Asriel insisted. "Then it is over."

Just? Really authentic. Of course, it wasn't. There was no way it could be. Maybe he was someone who was focused on a good job. Maybe royalty was paying him for a job well done?

Either way, it was done. Everyone headed downstairs for the public ceremony.

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Farrah glanced at Papyrus. At Sans. Then at Jason. He was not convincing at all.

"And you take the girl right there in sickness and in health'."

"Where do I take her to?" Papyrus asked. "A hospital if she is sick. If she is well, where should we go?"

"Uh?" Jason looked confused. "On a date? Anyhow. Sickness and in health' as long as you both shall live."

There were supposed to be some rings and some word exchanges there typically. Jason clearly didn't study as well as Freddy.

It looked like the monsters didn't pick up on it though. They all seemed to think it was a nice ceremony.

"Okay. Um. So, Papyrus, you say 'I do' to her, and then you say it back," Jason insisted.

Farrah and Papyrus' both said 'I do'.

"Okay. Your married," Jason said. "Go and . . . Be one to your . . ." Struggling to end it. "Shit, rings." He just remembered. "Rings are? Have a special ring of friendship to make marriage more successful."

He was so lucky monsters didn't know the human tradition ceremonies half as well.

But, at least it was over. She got some congrats before everyone left her and her new husband alone.

"Hey, finished early," Sans pointed out. "Hey, Papyrus? Let's make our new misses some tacos."

Yes! Farrah smiled. Early wedding meant Papyrus' taco Tuesday was on again.

## Side Effects

"I. I feel."

Sans watched Farrah hunching over. The bone should be coming out soon. "You want me to double check on it?"

"Will it make me feel better?" She complained.

Farrah. Complaining about simple help? She really wasn't feeling well. "Might be time. Good 'cause I hate this hobble."

"Oh, it is just so terrible for you." Yeah, she wasn't herself at all. That was complete sarcasm. Outside, she looked like she was in minor pain. Farrah didn't bow to minor pain. From that reaction?

Yeah she was biting her lip, trying not to scream. Sans poured some of his magic over her. Looked like today was the day to be free.

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### **By the Barrier**

Sans arrived early to make sure of a decent curtain setup to hide Farrah, but there was already a setup. With a familiar looking goat around it. "Asriel."

"Today is the big day, huh?" Asriel asked as he pulled back the curtains all the way. Inside was a hospital bed complete with blankets and pillows. "It is all ready for you."

"Yeah, great. Any time I don't gotta work on something, it gets a thumbs up from me." Sans didn't want to seem suspicious. "You can head out now. I got it from here."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Asriel countered him. "Aren't you going to need a doctor?"

Heh. "Don't got a human doctor down here, so not really a thing. She got plenty of help. It'll be fine."

"Well, then maybe you should get another woman to help," Asriel recommended. "After all. It's a baby. A human baby. Right? I think there will be some embarrassing areas that maybe a good female friend with the same kind of . . .?" He shrugged. "Unless, you two have that kind of relationship."

"Um? Well, there was a duo thing we did some time ago with her," Sans said. "Several people were in our house for it. Not talking about tacos." What was he up to? Sans tried to judge him slightly.

"Undyne and Alphys are on a romantic outing right now in Hotlands," Asriel said. "Give them for the excuse. Mother will ask once she thinks things through."

Sans watched him walk away. He got the feeling that Asriel might know something. Either that they were bolting soon, or that Farrah was only having a bone. *Guessing won't help. Farrah needs to get out here.*

-----

Sans came back with Papyrus and Farrah. She had a little extra trouble making it. Without a shortcut, it would have been one harsh journey. He entered into the curtain area, checked around it lightly for anything hidden since Asriel had been acting strange earlier. Seeing nothing, he went ahead and took a shortcut back to get his x-ray machine.

When he arrived, Farrah was half sitting, half sitting-slouching, half-raising her body on the hospital table Asriel had in there too. "Relax. Prop yourself up a little higher." He got a slight jolt higher, but Farrah was still in a strange position. That was strange. It was just his leg bone, this should be a bit painful, but not too bad. Why was she navigating all over the place?

Sans checked the x-ray. "Let's see, is it still busting a move in there?"

Papyrus came over and looked at it. "Not as jumpy. It's sunk a little lower." Both of them watched Farrah. "Rather more painful for her than I thought it would be. Humans are just too fleshy and sensitive. Wish we could do more."

"It won't be long. Almost over, Farrah." Sans hadn't dared to make a joke lately. Farrah really didn't seem in the right kind of mood for one. "Afterwards, we can go back home and start Sloppy Sans."

"Sloppy Sans?"

Sans turned around and saw Asriel there. *I knew he was going to be trouble.*

"Sloppy Sans is Sloppy Joes, only Sans renamed them," Papyrus explained to Asriel.

"Yeah. No way Joe is sloppier than me," Sans said. Of course, no chuckle from Farrah. Serious amount of pain. Papyrus was right, they judged it wrong. He upped his magic over her. "So, what are you doing over here, Prince Asriel?"

"I'll only be here a minute," Asriel said. "How is she doing?" He looked over by the x-ray with great interest. "Wow."

"Uh?! Babybone's look weird," Papyrus said as he turned it off. "Nothing to see there. I'm sure the babybones will be born with no trouble. None at all."

Asriel simply rubbed his fur backwards slightly on his head. "Convincing the wrong person."

"Farrah?"

Tori's voice. Sans watched as Asriel suddenly left. He watched the goat head toward his mother.

"Hello, mother," Asriel said, stirring her away. "I had to leave. It's crowded in there with five people."

"Five? Who are the others?" Toriel asked her son.

"Undyne and Alphys. They are helping Farrah through the hard part." Asriel used the excuse he told Sans to use last night.

"Oh, that's a relief." Toriel smiled and waved at Sans. "Really. I know the whole marry thing . . . but . . . that's more politics and . . ."

Yep, Toriel would have wanted to stay. *Asriel kind of saved our bacon. How come?* "No problems. It won't be too bad," Sans said, trying to calm Farrah down. "It's supposed to hurt. That's normal, won't last long." Hopefully.

"Of course it hurts. It hurts very much, but the reward is always wonderful afterward." Toriel hugged Asriel. "It's worth the pain." Another echo from Farrah.

"Don't think she wants to hear that right now," Sans said to Toriel before waving at her and going back behind the curtains. He turned on and checked the x-ray machine again. It was harder to see now, Farrah was in a position that, well? He knew he shouldn't, but some things. They just had to be said. "I bet it'll slide out soon, Farrah, considering you're in the shape of one." Her arms were propping her lower body up, like there was something beneath the bed that wouldn't be good for her back. Her feet were the only thing grounded on the table. Her head was pushed backward so far, if it nudged anymore, it would break her neck.

Papyrus looked back toward the x-ray too. "Wait. It's not flipping anymore?"

Papyrus was right, it seemed to become still now, and it wasn't close to dropping out. It actually seemed to sink the other way. *Dang, what the heck? This whole time the bone has been acting right.* If it kept leaning, it was going to run into something in Farrah's body that it shouldn't. "Okay." Sans went toward Farrah. "Hey Ms. Slide, I need you to slide down more. We've got a problem."

Farrah didn't even want to talk, and she wasn't cooperating.

"We have to push it back up, and get it to start coming out," Papyrus said to Sans.

Yeah, but without seeing the bone? It was inside of Farrah. *I have never magically grabbed a bone from something I can't see. It's way too dangerous. We didn't have her go through this pain because we wanted her to make squealing sounds. The Great Papyrus. If we mess up what we pull-*

"We'd disembowel her, I know," Papyrus said out loud. It didn't seem to matter. Farrah couldn't seem to hear. "It's a part of you, Sans. Feeling for a piece of yourself, you would have the best chances. I know the risk, but if we don't do something, that bone will keep falling and hit her soft organs, look at the x-ray!"



Sans looked back at the x-ray machine. Papyrus was right, it was getting too dangerous. This bone wasn't going to shift back up, and it wouldn't come out on it's own. Sans looked outside the curtain and saw Asriel not far. "Plan B. What do you really know?"

"I know that there's just a bone on that x-ray," Asriel said casually. "Why are you bothering with asking me though? Is something wrong?"

Sans looked around. He had expected a larger crowd to be lingering. "Farrah is having the last piece that is supposed to break the barrier finally. How come no one's coming yet?" Farrah's yell, Toriel's knowledge, someone should have come to watch. They were supposed to be breaking the barrier.

"Why would they? There is still one more piece," Asriel said. "The dad's birthday of the bone. I mean babybones," he said sarcastically. "Remember?"

"Not this way." His and Papyrus' birthday, yeah. The rest of the Underground might be thinking that, if someone spilled all the original steps involved. "Did you help with that?"

"Less people around in the beginning is better," Asriel answered. "So, what is wrong?" Asriel looked inside. He looked at Farrah. "She became a kid's slide." He looked toward the X-ray. "The bone moved."

"Yes, and it moved in the wrong direction!" Papyrus panicked. "I don't know what to do anymore! It's risky to move it, but it's more risky to just leave it there. It will hit her sensitive human organs!"

Asriel scratched his cheek lightly as he kept looking at the X-ray. "Oh, I see. Neat."

That's neat? Farrah was in trouble and that was-

"She is going to die, it's not neat!" Papyrus yelled, putting his feelings much more succinctly.

Sans stared at Asriel. He didn't look like he cared for Farrah's fate at-

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***"369 times, human. I don't know. Maybe I should watch out."***

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Huh? Sans just remembered something. A memory he couldn't have had before. Last time Farrah was down in the Underground, she was younger. In his vision, she was just about as old as she had been now. She was in the water, staring at him, but upside down. Meaning, he was upside down when he was talking to her. Hm. He looked toward Farrah, and noticed she stared back at him.

*How?*

She was communicating at least telepathically again with him. *Did you remember something weird too, Farrah?*

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*"249 times you were nice. 102 times you barely talked to me. I get the second, that can be typical where I used to be from," Sans joked with a wink. "Not everyday a human in crisis sneaks Underground and gets so bent out of shape they start bathing in the middle of Waterfall. Tempted to help. Really, really tempted but? You kind of killed my brother at some other time. A lot. Me too. Bad scores. 369 times, human. I don't know. Maybe I should watch out."*

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"I'd never!" Farrah yelled from her weird position. "I'd never bathe in Waterfall right there, never!"

"Oh, the memories are coming back from the other timeline, aren't they?" Asriel asked.

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### **In Another Timeline**

**She continued to stroll. She had just fought Papyrus again. She let him win. She was tired of it. Winning. Losing. It just took more energy to kill. She didn't want to kill everything senselessly to have that power. It was just a waste of time. Actually, everything was a waste of time. Every little thing. Before this, she had never wanted to kill or needed to kill. But after reaching a good finish line, seeing the sun and then suddenly being right back at the beginning with no one knowing you? It wore her down.**

**She tried everything too. She even tried to stay with Toriel. Everything. Eventually though, something always happened. She was discovered in some way. She died in some vicious fashion. The monsters who were her friends before never showed, and she would be trapped. Trapped to die. Trapped in an abyss forever, until she was taken back to the beginning again.**

**Over and over and over. There was no escape. So, she lost it. She tried it. She murdered, and nothing happened. She murdered everybody, and nothing happened. She would continue to still end up at the beginning. No one knowing except one lousy flower. But that flower never talked to anyone important. Or, at least no one who would ever do anything. Besides, what would it matter?**

**Nothing. It wouldn't matter at all. Move. Don't move. Several times her memory seemed to regress and she'd find herself in a new position too. It was mostly toward the early days. Maybe in the first year or so? After that, it was just constant. Constant walking. Constant talking. It was always the same. It never changed. Never.**

**The only that changed from each time, was her. She felt a little happiness when she realized she still grew older over the time. While everyone else reset, time kept going for**

her body as it did with her mind. Meaning, she wouldn't be trapped there for an eternity. She would die one day naturally, and the pain and misery would be over.

Nothing really mattered. All she could do was take care of herself until that day came. She wrinkled her nose and looked at the water. She needed a bath. She had to take one sometimes. She stopped caring about formality, embarrassment, or what could be in the water. If she felt embarrassed, later on it'd just be over anyway. Didn't matter.

She took off her clothes and hopped in the water. It was cold. Nice and cold. Made her feel alive.

"Uh?"

Oh. Sans found her. She was sunk in the water up to her neck, he couldn't see anything. Not that she much cared anyhow. Maybe an inkling would have cared, but then she'd just change it next time around. She watched him lie down and look at her upside down. His skull hung above the water. "What?"

"I can read you like a book."

"More like a calculator," she disagreed. "I'm bathing. What do you want?"

"You know? I was kind of thinking of doing you a favor. Like, make sure you actually get out," Sans said. "Kind of not so easy when you just take a bath between here and Snowdin. Just saying."

The more strange the action, the different reaction. Something different. "Then lure me out, Mister Skeleton."

"Oof, human. You don't make things easy."

"Oof, Mister Skeleton. Maybe I am tired of easy. It's all getting old." She didn't know what he'd do, but it didn't matter. A new action. That's what she wanted.

He seemed to start doing his calculator thing. "249 times you were nice. 102 times you barely talked to me. I get the second, that can be typical where I used to be from," Sans joked with a wink. "Not everyday a human in crisis sneaks Underground and gets so bent out of shape they start bathing in the middle of Waterfall. Tempted to help. Really, really tempted but? You kind of killed my brother at some other time. A lot. Me too. Bad scores. 369 times, human. I don't know. Maybe I should watch out."

Hm. There went something different. "I won't kill again. I haven't for awhile. I don't really even know why I did, it just started to happen."

Sans didn't answer back at first, still doing his calculator thing. "I can't tell when or if that's true."

"Yeah. You're a calculator." She knew his limits. Well. "I fought you a lot."

"I can see that Pretty Eyes."

Wait. Did he just flirt with her? "Pretty Eyes? Can you forget the other numbers you see?"

"No, you're a monster killer. You still have pretty eyes though." He shifted his skull. "How come? I see what I see, but I don't know how it's true."

Strange. This conversation. So different. So exhilarating. *I wish I didn't have to leave. He's so different now. If I were a monster . . .*

*If you were a monster, what?*

*Hey. Don't intrude on my inner thoughts. He shouldn't be able to do that. None of the other monsters could.*

*Guess I've got a tighter connection with you than even I understand. Normally, I just wouldn't care for an average human making it out. I see numbers, but I feel something else. Do I know you?*

*I don't know. Is he flirting again? I just don't know flirting well enough. Should I flirt back? Probably shouldn't. I did end his life a lot.*

*Few things get under my bones more than you. I'll make you a deal. Those clothes look like they aren't the best. Come on out, and I'll get you something new to wear. Pretty new scarf? It'll keep you warmer.*

*A scarf. I really want some new clothes.*

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"What was that?" Sans stared at Asriel. He had to know. "You know more stuff than you should, and this whole other memory thing isn't cute. Tell me what's going on."

"Not as much as you think," Asriel said. "When you first came back, it wasn't quite the time all three of you remembered, it was a little before that. You made me aware of a few things, and I had to take some steps to help. I do need these soul bits, so I have to keep my end of the deal," Asriel admitted. "Basically, you did some kind of science move where Farrah was bearing some kind of weapon."

"A weapon?!" No, that was impossible. "Never, we'd never do anything like-"

"I said scientificky," Asriel interrupted Papyrus' rant. "Sans used his own leg with the power. He managed to change quite a few things that normally happened, but he did say that this part would be the hardest, and I should be here to use one of those strange things. So. May I kiss your wife?"

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Farrah arched her back in a weird position. The bone was so intense inside, and she was starting to get a few memories back. Sans didn't just come after her and magically bring her

back lickety split. She remembered feeling depressed, in despair, and as confusing as it all was on the brain, at least it distracted her from the pain.

And then, she felt fur against her lips?

Asriel kissed her! She wanted to take her feelings out on him, but she started to feel very different. She heard Papyrus start to shout.

"Asriel kissed Farrah and she just-she just?!"

It wasn't the world's biggest kiss, and when she was freed from that strange event, Farrah watched Sans come over.

"Are you oka-a-a-ay?" He said it almost like a bleat. "Normally I don't think hubs are supposed to let others kiss their wives, but this was okay. Not ba-a-ad at all."

Why was Sans teasing with those noises? Farrah felt her body able to relax and stretch again. She also noticed as it relaxed that her hand did not look like her regular hand. It had fur.

It was a paw. A goat paw. "Did I . . . turn into a goat?"

"Temporary," Asriel promised. "Welcome back to the true horror of timelines for amalgamates. Even if you escape, there are consequences. Luckily, this one is helpful right now. You have a little bit of boss power, enough to survive. However, I am fairly sure your husband can help much more."

A goat. She was a goat. "I am like some open conduit."

"Yep. That's a tale for another time," Sans winked. "Didn't see that coming."

"So Farrah will turn into whatever touches her?" Papyrus asked. "She didn't have that problem before."

"She is an amalgamate, giving birth to Sans' bone, in a way that probably even you two can't figure out, to open the barrier. Even if it is just a leg bone, magic is pouring in and out thanks to it and you. All of it broke her wide open. Sans said that might happen when you first came back." Asriel smiled at Farrah. "Don't feel bad, it was bound to happen. No one would leave you in vast amounts of pain and eventually get killed. You are the legendary Pacifist human that did save all of the monster kingdom before, but aww. Look at you. You make a cute goat."

Farrah would have answered but she felt a strange shift in her body, and all the pain came rushing back!

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"The power was that short lived with a kiss? Well, I can't help much more," Asriel answered. He looked toward Sans. "Looks like you'll have to lock lips with your wife. Or? Whatever skeletons can do."

Sans heard a blood curdling scream from Farrah. She had been protected from the pain, and that relief was just taken away. "Kiss her again." He'd remember to kick his own butt later for trying something so stupid! Why didn't Asriel confess that little tidbit until now? *Occam's razor. He's an asshole.* Asriel could just be enjoying them being in the dark, or it could be something else. Why didn't he just write what he did on a piece of paper, why did he confide in Asriel of all people? *Messing with human DNA with magic, there is going to be some nasty side effects 'cause of this. I know it. Being trapped in another timeline though, it was going to take something radical to get us out.*

Asriel groaned but kissed Farrah until she became a boss goat monster again. "It doesn't last long. Get your stout pelvis over here. She is your wife, you come do something."

Sans looked at Papyrus for a little while. Not much choice.

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Asriel backed away slightly, his eyes wincing. Sans and Papyrus had actually brought out their magic tongues. One blue, and one orange. A skeleton's tongue was rarely ever seen. Most monsters didn't even know they existed. One would consider it an honor, a gigantic sign of trust to see it, but- "You two are licking her cheeks like you are a pair of her dogs."

Papyrus pulled his tongue back in. "See here! We are trying to help. If she were a skeleton, all of her pain would be gone. Some royal composure and support please!"

"She isn't turning skeleton," Asriel answered. "You'll have to get closer than licking cheeks and I am sure you've probably figured that out. I am out of here." Asriel left the both of them. Farrah was starting to moan in pain.

"Damn. Didn't think it . . ." Sans looked over at Papyrus. How to phrase it? "So, um, do you want me to make out with her?"

"Yes please, just don't waste time!" Papyrus insisted.

Farrah was barely even conscious of his presence again. Now all of the extra, extra pain made sense. *Okay, no time for explanation or thinking about it. Not the way I ever wanted to start this, but no choice.*

Sans opened her mouth, closed his bony eyelids, and snaked his tongue inside hers. Humans from the inside tasted different. Soft and fleshy. Tender. Warm to his cooler tongue. *Don't think about it, her bones are probably gonna fuse together if you don't do this.*

Then he didn't taste the soft flesh anymore. The tongue wasn't as warm either. It wasn't cold, but cool. Longer. Magic was vining back on his.

"Farrah is skeleton, you did it, Sans!" Papyrus congratulated him. "Now just stay like that, until this whole ordeal is over."

Sure 'cause that was easy? Sans opened his bony eyelids.

There were a pair of eye sockets staring right back, wondering what the heck he was doing and what was going on. Sans would have broke the contact, but Papyrus explained it all. Farrah seemed to deal with it considering the other option was pain and maybe death.

She was dealing with it. Her tongue didn't go after his, but he knew it must be a magic tongue. He could feel similar vibrations when he touched it.

She started to try to move her tongue. It would be difficult for her, it wasn't her usual little pink tongue. Unless it was? Had her tongue stayed pink, or was it a different color? *Knock it off, don't think about that.*

"Sans, it is coming, I see it sticking out! Should we pull it out?" Papyrus asked. "Brother?"

Sans left her mouth and immediately stood at the edge. Skeleton meant no fleshy barrier. It was practically out on its own, sticking out of the medical blanket that had covered her. "Careful." He gently pulled on it with his magic sense. As it came to his grip, Farrah was already changing back to human.

Just in time.

"Great," Asriel said as he patted Farrah's shoulder. "Since the babybones was supposed to be half monster, I'll lie and say it was dusted. Mother won't question it."

"Aww, thanks Asriel! Mighty good of you to do that for us," Farrah winked. Goat Farrah winked.

Sans watched as blue and green magic seemed to wind its way around Farrah. "Yeah, magic, amalgamacy, and human DNA. This might change a few things." He held his bone tight. All of the concentrated magic in it was intense. He held it up to the barrier, watching it finally dissipate away like it was nothing but a harmless fog.

Papyrus went over and patted Farrah's hand. Now she turned into a skeleton goat. "It will be okay? I am sure this constant changing is only temporary."

"I know you are right!" Farrah said excitedly putting her bony hand over his. "The worst is over, only good things can happen now!"

"Yes, that is just what I was thinking!" Papyrus admitted.

*Uh oh.* Sans had a feeling it wasn't time to celebrate just yet. He went over and touched the top of her goat skull. "Ya alright there?"

Her voice was slurry and smooth, like his now. "The whole birthing bone thing wasn't a walk in the park, but eh, I'm alright. Could go for a Sloppy Sans after that whole mess, but I figure we got more important stuff to do, right?"





## Sans Tricks Farrah

*It's okay. Everything is alright.* Sans tried to convince himself of that. He didn't even have to hide from everyone when they found out they were freed, Asriel's excuse of a monster baby being dusted had been enough to convince everyone.

"So, what is the next step?" Papyrus asked as everyone started to leave. "Do we get Farrah's mother and go back to her home, Sans?"

*Why are my bones saying it's not a good idea?* You know, that instinct thing. He should be laying out a plan to get his things before everything got sealed off. He already had an idea he was going to put into action.

He just hadn't put it into action. Sans looked back over toward Farrah. She was normal again. Fine, just an average normal amalgamate again. Ready to work on the next leg of the plan.

"What is it?" Papyrus asked him. "You should feel freed and at least a little energetic, Brother. We made the impossible happen! We are freed."

"Yeah, I know."

"Then why does your soul not feel freed to me?" Papyrus asked him.

*Farrah had my bone. Inside of her. She just went through a lot of funky changes having it, to open the barrier.*

***I get that Brother, I've been here! What's the point?***

*How long did it take me to come up with that plan? Nothing like that struck me at all, and I have no idea how my bone could have ever ended up in there. My 'gut' is telling me something is wrong.*

***Like what?***

*Farrah. I got some memories during the bone birth, and Farrah did too. I mean look at her Papyrus, she went from 19 to a little older than me.*

***Well? Timelines, humans, and age. She's freed though from it all, she has been. You have been trying to take responsibility for the carnage of her other parts in control too, remember? Why are you finding fault with her now?***

"Just how long were we over there?" Sans said out loud. It needed to be said out loud.

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“Over where?” Farrah came over to him, finally feeling better herself. “Are we going to go after the huger crowd coming, or now?”

“Uh, afterward.” Sans didn’t say anything else.

“Should we go get your mother, Farrah?” Papyrus asked her.

She would be waiting in the Monster Kingdom. If they went for her, they could go back home. Then again, they could probably just go there without her. *No, I shouldn’t leave mom just waiting.* She would just have to let her know that Sans would need room for his laboratory work.

Now wasn’t the time to relax. She still felt some pain from that birthing. The whole changing into different things and personalities wasn’t fun at all either. Neither was whatever happened to her bones, but getting out was really her first priority. “We should probably get mom.”

“Hey, Farrah?” Asriel came over. “How is the microchip now?”

“Everything seems okay, but I won’t know until I get further.” She trusted Sans though. If he said he broke it, then she believed him. Sans was kind of hanging around a few feet away for some reason. Maybe he was wondering how he would bring his stuff?

He would have a decent amount of stuff to carry if he really wanted to help with Stephan. Maybe he’d need help? She went over toward him. “Sans?”

“Huh?” He looked over toward her. “Hey, Frisk. I mean, Farrah.” He slapped the back of his skull playfully. “Whoah, big screw up on my end there. Sorry about that, just thinking about something else. I can’t handle too much of that.”

Yeah, right. *You’re a genius.* “Do you need help with the lab?”

“Why don’t we let most of the Underground head on out.” *Then we’ll discuss the lab stuff, Farrah. There’s a way I gotta get my lab stuff out of here.*

Made sense, he couldn’t just carry it on his back. Even if he did, someone was bound to ask what they were carrying.

“You stay here, Farrah. I’m gonna go talk to Papyrus.” Sans headed over toward Papyrus while Farrah hung around. Some monsters seemed to show some compassion for her for her ‘dusted monster’. Some only looked at her with empathy. Others didn’t bother her.

“Are you okay, Frisk?” Queen Toriel asked as she came near. “I’m sorry.”

Farrah only nodded. She didn’t want to simply say ‘it’s okay, I’m fine’. The less she spoke, the more convincing it would be.

“Most of the Underground has headed out,” she told her. “There are representatives on the other side. There will be a new area we can re-establish our kingdom, but everyone is technically free to do what they will. As a precaution, they should have disguisers though for everyone.”

Not a surprise Queen Toriel had already gone out. Farrah nodded.

“Frisk, have you seen the other humans?” Queen Toriel asked. “I mean Farrah. I’m sorry. I don’t know why I started that. Or is it Farrask?” She smiled. “It’s your choice. You are free just as we all are now.”

“Farrah is best,” she admitted. “I haven’t seen the other humans.” She didn’t think they were up to anything though. “Are they hanging out with their girlfriends?”

“Bratty and Catty?” Toriel looked amused. “Surely you gest. They are free now. I’m sure they bailed at the first sign of their freedom.”

Farrah didn’t know if she liked the way Toriel put that. The humans were nothing good, that’s for sure, but they had also surprised her when they ‘married’ her off to Sans and Papyrus.

She’d seen them around too. Though Sans had threatened them, it had seemed ages ago, when she first touched the barrier. From what she heard, they hung out with Bratty and Catty regularly.

“Is something wrong, Farrah?” Toriel asked.

“No.” Still, Farrah didn’t want to hide it. “I still think you should look for Bratty and Catty. They’d been with them for awhile. Maybe they are still together.”

“Uh?” Toriel seemed surprised. “Do you really think so?”

“Just . . . you know human or monster. Maybe they got used to each other?”

“Of course it could with you, Farrah,” Toriel answered. “Those two humans though? I wouldn’t get your feelings confused between their feelings.”

Her feelings? Oh, Sans and Papyrus.

“You promise you are going to take me there?” Catty asked as she came up with Freddy, squeezing him. “You better.”

“Yeah, of course.” Freddy came straight through with her. No thanks for saving us or anything. Not a word to the queen. Just Catty holding him on the side.

And his arm on the other shoulder of Catty.

Farrah looked toward Toriel, as if to say ‘people can change’.

“As long as I can hit it,” Freddy said not from far away.

“Yep, and I’ll get one of the sexy disguisers for you for in public!” Catty exclaimed. “But in private, you’ll get all the sweet pu-”

“Anyway, some people change?” Farrah said interrupting the sound current so she didn’t hear the rest of that phrase. “Not completely though.”

Toriel just sighed with a small chuckle. “Coming, Farrah?”

“In a little while. I am waiting for Sans and Papyrus.” She urged her to go ahead.

Most of the monsters were out now. Bratty was out too, with Jason. Once again, not a word.

“Sans wants your help!” Papyrus exclaimed as he came over toward her. “I will be waiting on the other side. Our duty as guards was to ensure no monsters were left behind. I will do a double check on the other side.”

Farrah nodded and watched Papyrus go through.

“Hey, uh? Quick check over here.” Sans approached her. “Need to take a shortcut with you back to Snowdin. No biggie.”

For the lab? “Okay.”

---

Sans’ and Papyrus’ Home

“Great. Just wait here. I’m going to go do one double check over Papyrus’ double check,” Sans insisted. “You go ahead and head to the basement for the lab. Should be unlocked.”

Farrah watched him leave and she headed out the door to the back’s private door. Yep, it was unlocked. How did Sans want to take all this?

The lab really had several things. Was he going to start moving the small things? Would his magic let him take most of it at once? “It’s pretty far,” she said out loud to herself. It was far to her mom’s house. How was Sans going to move it?

She waited five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Twenty minutes.

Did Sans fall back into his lazy habit and fall asleep somewhere? It shouldn’t take long to count 52 plus the humans. Or were the humans 52 as well?

She didn’t know, she was out of her sanity at the time. Still, it shouldn’t take that long. *Maybe I should go and check on him?*

Farrah walked out of the house. Snowdin was deserted again, as it should be. Not one sound of merriment was heard from the merriest areas of Snowdin. She kept walking, sure Sans would show up at some point.

She reached Waterfall. *Okay?* On the verge of Waterfall, she could see Hotlands. She wasn't permitted to go any further than there on her own because of the danger of the core now.

Farrah sighed and walked backwards. Staying still was never her thing for too awfully long. She was back in Snowdin.

She went back to the lab room, and there he had been.

"Hey there, where'd ya go?" he teased her. "I've been waiting."

Oh he knew very well how to find her. He must have been in a real good mood to leave.

"What do you need me to help with?"

"My leg bone," he told her. "I had to do something with my leg bone."

---

Barrier

Farrah found herself at the edge of the . . . "Sans?" The barrier was up again? "Sans, what happened?"

"Oh? Uh, so the core is real dangerous to humans," Sans said. "After everybody was safely over, they brought down the barrier again."

Wait.

Wait.

"You knew I was over here, and you came over here." Farrah stared at him. "What's going on?"

"Heh." Just a single 'heh'. Not his usual funny 'heh's either. "Farrah. I know why you gave birth to my leg bone."

"To get out from the other timeline," Farrah said.

"Nah, that's not what I mean." Sans held out his pinky bone. "I had to combine magic with human. Why'd I pick something as big and painful as a leg bone? Why didn't I use my itty bitty finger bone?" He took off his left slipper and lifted his foot, wiggling his toe bones. "Why didn't I just lose a toe?" He slipped his foot back into the slipper.

Hmm . . . "The bigger the better?" Farrah guessed.

"Hey, good guess," Sans told her. "Really good guess. Magic don't work like that, but good guess. I mean, I totally didn't get it at the time either. Heck, it made the whole birthing thing

that much harder.” He shook his skull. “I really didn’t get it. When I don’t get something, I just go with the flow and hope I eventually get it. Kind of how the whole world works.”

Farrah looked toward the barrier. She looked back toward Sans. “Then you get it now?”

“Yeah.” He sounded dull. “Yeah, I do.” Sans scooted closer to her. Real close. Closer than he usually did. Geez, if he had a nose, they’d be touching. “A sacrifice.”

Sacrifice? Farrah watched his eyes. They weren’t solid black, but his usual cheery light guiders were gone in them. “Sacrifice?”

“I didn’t know until afterward.” Sans looked at his bony feet for a bit before he continued. “I can feel things from a soul, Farrah. Not everything, but I can feel and see when things change. Even if I don’t get it.”

Her soul. No. “Am I still microchipped?”

“No, but you might as well be. You and me, we aren’t leaving this place until your soul feels like it can.” Sans’ missing bone appeared in his hand and he threw it into the ground deeply. Real deeply. “Try and budge that, Farrah.”

Budge it? She could barely see the edges sticking out. Farrah started to grab it.

“Come on, Farrah, I need you to take that out,” he assured her. “I know it don’t make sense, but if you can’t do it on your own, everyone who’d been trapped in here will die in five minutes.”

What?! “Are you joking?”

Sans shook his head. “Give it all you got.”

Five minutes? Farrah tugged at it. “Can’t you help?”

“No,” Sans told her.

Why not? Farrah kept tugging at it, pushing her feet into the ground to get a good grip. It still wouldn’t budge. “Why is this happening?”

“Something to do with the zoo,” Sans assured her. “I know, Farrah, I’m sorry. Can’t explain, but you only got three minutes left. Hurry.”

“I’m trying!” Farrah put her whole soul and strength into it. Everything she could. She pulled so hard, she screamed feeling her back almost wanting to break.

“Farrah, less than a minute, don’t let Papyrus die!” He yelled. “Please!”

Farrah screamed putting everything she had into it. Everything!

“Time’s up.” Sans’ voice didn’t sound urgent anymore. “That’s deep enough, but just in case.” He took his hand and waved it over the bone, making it sink even deeper. Almost out

of sight. “With everything you had, you couldn’t pull that.”

It had to be a trick, he was way too calm after believing Papyrus just died. “Sans! What’s going on?!” Farrah was mad. He made her believe that everyone was about to die and she failed.

“Simple. We aren’t leaving until I take that out.” Sans gestured to the almost bone in the dirt. “When I get it, I’ll put it back in the barrier. Done.”

“Explain. Now.”

---

That look in her eyes. “I had no choice, Farrah, I had to test you in the hardest situation.” He hated it. “I’m the sacrifice, Farrah. If things go bad.”

She looked confused, and he didn’t doubt her.

“Your soul, it feels different since the birthing. Divided.” That word seemed to trigger her eyes into understanding. “Amalgamate. You went funny in the other timeline because you didn’t belong. That’s not just it though, amalgamates can do some weird and unexpected things.”

“You got Papyrus and everyone else out.” She seemed to understand. “You want to make sure that I can’t reach that bone when I become . . . evil again.”

“Not completely, exactly?” Sans struggled. “Farrah, I don’t know for sure if you will. I think it was a precaution. I don’t remember what happened in that timeline, but I’m betting it is. Especially if you had killed that Sans and his brother and loved ones . . . many times over. I can see that.”

Farrah rubbed her neck. “Forget Stephan, I’m the real threat.” Tears started to pour down from her as she covered her mouth.

“A warning.” Sans wanted to rub her tears away. “Doing that bone thing messed you up with a lot of magic. I don’t think I knew for sure.”

“If I go evil, I’ll kill you.” Farrah continued to cry while she spoke. “I’m sorry.”

So often, she was so good at hiding those deeper emotions. She’d just gone through too much. Everyone had a bullshit limit, and Farrah was way past hers. “I’m gonna make this quick, so we can get this over with and go home.” Sans sighed. “Okay, so that bone is still connected to me. If you try and get out, I’ll stop you. I won’t try stopping you unless you kill me. If you kill me, the bone will disintegrate and you’ll be trapped behind the barrier forever.”

Farrah didn’t answer at first. “You left someone a note?”

“Yeah, I slipped it with Asriel,” Sans revealed. “He knows a lot more than he likes to let on. I figured if the me I can’t remember kept doing that shit to him, I would too.” He watched Farrah shiver. “If you decide to just go for the bone to release yourself, it’s in too deep. You’ll never get it out.” That’s why he had to test her.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry you’re the sacrifice to keep me in check.” Farrah slid to the ground and sat on it. “I would never want to hurt you.”

“It’s a precaution,” Sans said again. “It’s not guaranteed, I don’t think the part of me I don’t remember knew for sure.” She had to understand that. “I don’t know what’ll happen, but I’m not just going to sit back and let it happen, GP.”

“I’m not in the mood for a new nickname,” she muttered.

“Nah, GP means Guinea Pig,” Sans answered. “First, I’m going to figure out how to fix that soul of yours to be peaceful a hundred percent of the time. You know, be you. Then, we’ll work on Stephan.”

“I don’t have powers,” Farrah told him. “I just become . . . a murderer. It would be smarter to run away.”

“It probably would be,” Sans confessed. “I just, I don’t think I can. I need to try and save you.”

“Or you’ll need to kill me.”

“Yeah. Or that.” Sans kept his voice lower on that part. “I don’t-”

*//// “I’d rather you die, Frisk, than continue to live like that. I’m gonna keep killing you as long as I can.”////*

“I don’t want to,” Sans continued as a slight memory came back. “Staying like that, it’s no way to live.”

She nodded her head. “I’ll do whatever it takes. If you can break this, I’ll do anything.” She hugged Sans. “I’ll even go out and have a hotdog witcha. With plenty of catsup. Sorry ‘bout that, Sans. I’m doin’ it again.”

Sounding just like him. Overwhelmed with emotion. *Huh. I think I feel that Frisk part of her. So the parts of her souls move back and forth in their power a little I guess.* More emotional. “I get it, Farrah, nothing to apologize for. Heck, most monsters always liked when ya mimicked ‘em.” It wasn’t for him though. He just enjoyed her being herself. “Let’s go see what’s on TV?”

“Mettaton is gone,” she reminded him. “Everyone is gone. You saved them all.”

Eh. “Then, we’ll just head off and go chat for a bit. Not so bad.”

Farrah closed her eyes. “I don’t want to hurt you, Sans. I wish I had some control.”



“We will try to get it under control,” Sans said encouragingly. “It was a busy day though. Maybe your soul just needs a freshening up? You went from goat, to skeleton, and to goat skeleton. Not to mention the whole birthing leg thing. Let’s go home and relax?”

“How is it you can even look at me?” she muttered. “When you know what I could become?”

Boy, that determination had really taken a beating in that other timeline. “It’s not Farrah you, just parts of you. It . . . wouldn’t be Farrah to not give you a decent chance?”

His joke hit right on the money. Through her tears, he actually made her laugh. She wiped her tear away. “You’re right. Just, be careful with me?”

“Don’t worry. I like living,” Sans reminded her. “I think it’ll be okay. Just a precaution.”

Just a precaution. A small precaution. That was all.

## Getting to Know Frisk and Chara

Sans tried to relax her with some cheerier chat for the evening. Since it was harder for her to find cheery moments being soul-gagged for so long, he took the reigns of the conversation.

He told her about some moments he had with Papyrus, when he got the best of him. Some of them made her laugh and smile, but not for a decent long time. *Okay, me. We broke her heart, her soul's divided, and I know you didn't do that for shits and giggles. What can I do?*

He sat with her in the living room to watch some old rerun channels of Mettaton. He just went to the station, grabbed some old disks of Mettaton's, and shoved them in.

He basically controlled all of Underground TV, just for them. As he sat back down with her, he noticed his pocket was crunching. Not like his Grillby wrappers though.

"Do you have a Grillby burger in your coat?" Farrah didn't miss the noise either.

"Probably just a wrapper." Sans reached in and felt a few sheets of tiny paper. *What the heck?* He pulled out the pieces of scratch paper hanging out in his pocket:

**Blame yourself, you were the one who commanded I get you as close as possible to her before I left.**

**Yeah I already knew, Duh.**

**No, I'm not telling Papyrus.**

**You're married to her for real, Smiley Trashbag! Ha!**

Sans looked at the notes and tried to rearrange them in the right order. Either way, he knew he wasn't going to be thrilled with the whole thing. *Maybe this is the first one? I left him an explanation.*

**Yeah, I already knew, Duh.**

*Then . . .*

**No, I'm not telling Papyrus.**

*Why is he not going to tell Papyrus?* Sans wanted him to tell his brother that him and Farrah were over there until things got better. Papyrus was gonna be worried.

**You're married to her for real, Smiley Trashbag! Ha!**

*Damn it. What the heck did he do that for?*

**Blame yourself, you were the one who commanded I get you as close as possible to her before I left.**

*Damn it times two? Why'd I say that?* Sans wasn't a loving sucker. If he was somehow infatuated with Farrah on the other side, he wouldn't just decide to make that happen.

The order looked right. Asriel telling him off, being mean to Papyrus, then telling him the marriage was real and he said so. But? This was the last message between them.

He could have written everything down on one sheet. That meant it was supposed to be a puzzle? *Dang monster thing over here. I swear, we never did this in Delta Rune.* So the answer probably wasn't exactly what he was easily finding.

Not if it were a puzzle.

"Are you okay?" Farrah asked him from her chair. "Sans?"

"Yep." Thank goodness she could never hear his thoughts. He tried rearranging again. Maybe the Papyrus thing was too close together to the 'duh' statement. Otherwise it would have fit together on the same sheet. Then where could it go?

Sans studied the pieces for some time. Asriel was definitely Asgore's son, this was tricky! Freaking King of Puzzles kind of guy. Even Papyrus would be feeling stumped on this one. *Final message. There's gotta be an explanation hiding in here.*

"Do you need help?" Farrah asked. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." *Just somehow commanding myself to get married to you, while at the same time trapping you in the Underground.* "I got it. It's a puzzle for me. Fun times." *Not.*

Sans shoveled the four messages through in different ways. There was only one way though that seemed to . . . work. That gave the best message he could get.

**You're married to her for real, Smiley Trashbag! Ha!**

**Yeah, I already knew, Duh.**

**Blame yourself, you were the one who commanded I get you as close as possible to her before I left.**

**No, I'm not telling Papyrus.**

The best combination he could get. Sans tapped his bony fingers on the arm chair. *I don't get to remember the other timeline I guess, so I had to be logical. I could have just told Asriel everything, but why would I tell him? I still don't get that part.*

Sans kept looking at the papers. *Asriel married me off to Farrah for real. Short funny gag, it's a human thing, but it sounds like I wanted that?* Why would he want to be married in a

human way?

He glanced back toward Farrah. *No way.* “Hey, Farrah? When’s the last time I used my magic on you?”

She looked back toward him. “Magic on me?”

“Yeah. Like uh, this?” Sans made the tiniest nudge, not even a 1/4 of the strength he used when she first walked through the Underground and met him.

Farrah’s chair went flying backwards, almost hitting the wall. He quickly stopped it. Even her hair had been pushed backwards oddly.

Farrah fixed her hair. “A little more gentle maybe?”

Oh. “So, I’m married to ya.”

Farrah shrugged. “I’m married to you and Papyrus.”

“Nope, just me, and not just the way you are thinking.” Sans took his little thumb and scooted her easily back in place. “Asriel got us married to the human that was a real marriage official guy.”

Farrah didn’t seem to know what to say. “Why would he bother?”

“There’s only one reason.” Sans got out of his chair and disappeared.

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## **Waterfall**

“Come on, you guys are growing all the time, where are you at now?” Sans looked around for some echo flowers. If he was going to say it, he wanted to do it in at least some kind of nice way. The ecosystem kept changing without all the monsters contributing.

He finally found one. He appeared back in his own room and grabbed something too.

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## **Back to his home**

Then he appeared in front of her again. “I would have given a Grillby burger if I could.” He gave her some monster candy and an echo flower.

Farrah took both of them but looked confused. “Why are you giving me this?”

“Because, I’m married to you as a monster,” Sans revealed. “Since I wanted Asriel to get closer to you more on your side?” How could he explain it? “Okay, Farrah, say you didn’t want to share too much about another timeline. It should stay forgotten, mixing timelines is bad.”

“Uh huh.”

“Yeah, but you needed to make up for something. So, you would need to find a way to make it happen. Enter an ass that took part of your soul that you can take back? A little deal was probably made.” Even Asriel would be cautious about what to say.

“ . . . uh huh?” Farrah’s cheeks became red. “We are . . . so I mean, we really were . . .?” She looked toward the gifts again. “You said you would have given me a Grillby burger if you could. So this isn’t just a normal ‘we-fell-in-love’ thing, is it?”

“Nah. I think I married you to kill you.” Sans watched her eyes. He could feel her soul changing. “Farrah?”

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### **/The Other Timeline's Past/**

She

held her knife tightly. She watched the skeleton. She had tired him out enough, he should be able to go to sleep soon. Like always. Nothing changed.

He had tried to befriend her. They had even gotten closer. Good friends. Even though he couldn’t remember her each time everything was undone, he was still able to see they were friends.

They seemed to pick up each time, so well together. Farrah felt like she had even started to become more than friends. A couple of times when she saw him, she started to blush and felt a little overwhelmed.

The last time she saw him, he was at his hot dog stand. Waiting, awake for once, while Undyne came by. When she asked how he’d been able to stay awake, he just admitted that he was worried about her.

She was ‘a cutie that didn’t deserve to be chopped up so easy’.

Farrah never blushed so hard in her life.

Then she woke up, there. On the ground of judgment hall. Memories of moving back onto the murdering path plagued her vision.

She tried to talk to him, but he wasn’t having it. *I screwed it up! How? I never raised my knife. Was it really because I felt so flustered I lost control of myself?*

“Okay?” Sans stopped to look at her. “Are you telling me you went psycho just ‘cause . . .” Sans whole body seemed to droop even lower. “You murdered so many just ‘cause you liked me?”

Oh, that’s right. *He can sometimes read my thoughts.*

“My brother is dead just ‘cause I said you were cute?” Sans was far from relieved. “Great. Humans become killers when they like a guy. Note to self.”

Damn. Embarrassing wasn’t even close to the surface. *Amalgamacy. I hate myself so much. I can’t even like a guy without becoming a killer.* No friends. She would deal with this timeline, and when it started over, she’d never deal with it again the same way.

Not a single friend. Not a single conversation. Nothing.

“You know, you make a regular monstergirl a lot more becoming,” Sans said. “They make a lot more sense too. I can see how many times, somehow, you’ve killed me. You’ve killed lots of us.”

*Calculations.*

“You’re trapped in some kind of time?”

*Yes.*

“So times repeating and all, but you get murderly when you like someone? ‘Cause I need to understand this, I don’t get it.”

*I’m amalgamate. Two souls in one. I’m stuck in another timeline than I should be. It screws me up. I want to die but I can’t. Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry-*

“So I guess you’re sorry? Not even going to risk speaking to me out loud now. Had no idea I was such a dangerous chick magnet,” he joked. “Your thoughts really betray you. Can’t help thought though, they come through all unfiltered.” He waited. “This is hell here. It’s hell because you keep killing us, and it’s hell because you can’t stop and die.”

*Yes but I grow old.*

“So you still grow? Then, your body and soul can stay changed?”

Farrah felt something on top of her. A very heavy but invisible weight. *Squishing me to death won’t help.*

“Nah, ‘cause you never die for good. Getting a feel on you. Gonna do something else just as sick. See if that works.”

*What?*

“Fight me.”

*You want killed.*

“I won’t die and I won’t make it easy for you.”

“Resisting is pointless.”

“Not if you can never win. Fight me. There’s no choice.”

Farrah fulfilled his wish. She fought the hardest she could, making sure he felt satisfied that he put his all into his fight. He even managed to clip her leg a couple of times.

Bleeding from her legs, she watched him eventually succumb to sleep. She would land the final blow soon, watch him scoot away calling for Papyrus to join him at Grillby’s.

Like always.

When she almost hit him, he tried to move. Like always. This time though, he moved slower. The final cut still dinged him. His whole body shook as the ketchup he carried poured onto his shirt.

Still, he had a few seconds left. In that time, he spent his last moments talking to her.

“Blood or ketchup?” Sans took the smeared red from across himself and rubbed it across the crack in his bone.

Farrah almost jumped back as he touched her mouth with it.

Strange action and sickening. She watched him stumble to the actual ground. *This was so much worse than usual.*

Then, he did the strangest thing of all she’d ever seen. A strange large tongue tasted the blood on her ankle. No, it- ow!

What the heck? *What is he doing?!*

“Saying I do to my demon wife.”

What? “What do you mean?”

“I mean welcome to the honeymoon from hell.” He popped up. “No matter what, you can never win now. We will always fight *forever* in this hell. Cutie.”

What? Farrah watched him stand back up, renewed. She looked at his hit points.

His hit points were half of hers. What?

“A little bit of a cracked bone from me,” he said slyly as he moved back over to his side. “A little bit of a bone scrape from my tongue for you. Heh. You want to make the next move or should I, Wifey?”

Uuh? “I don’t understan-?”

Farrah started bouncing around the place until her bones started to break. Then she started over at the box again. She approached him. “What was that?”

He seemed to stare at her for a bit, his light guiders completely gone. Full black. “Oh? That’s interesting. Hi Honey. This is our second fight since we got married, huh? Lucky me.”

Married? “Bone exchange.”

“Sure, take all the romance out of it. Works for me. Let’s see, how to start this? It’s a beautiful day-”

Farrah felt herself once again get bounced back and forth from the top of the ceiling to the ground.

Her legs were already broken. She could barely breathe.

“ . . . for me. A day out of hell for you. Let’s start after a nap. Don’t move.”

Sans didn’t feel like fighting back for a good twenty minutes. He kept his word while Farrah was busted up and couldn’t move. He took a nap. She even watched the Z’s pour from him and she couldn’t do anything.

When he woke up? He ended her.

She was right by the box again. *I can’t go that way.* He had half her hit points, and he slept when she was too wounded to move. He also had some kind of control of her that was just . . . way too much, she couldn’t fight it. Even during her turns.

She tried to walk backward, but she found she couldn’t move. *Sans! Let go!*

He didn’t answer. She was dragged back toward the center, and spun around to look at him.

“Whoah, hey? Now that’s interesting.” Sans said to her. “I was just giving the usual little pull to grab attention, but I just grabbed the whole you? How come?” He stared at her for about twenty seconds. “Alright then, I can’t complain. Hi Honey. This is our third fight now since we got married? Neato.”

Farrah was flung over to the wall.

When she got back to her feet this time, her face was filled with rage. “Hi to you too, Honey. Name’s Chara.” She held her knife tightly. “Let’s dance.”////

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**Correct Timeline**



Sans watched as Farrah started to break down. She was blowing her nose on her shirt. Making lots of noise. Didn't seem to care about being reserved at all. *Guess I better do this before it gets worse.* The marriage explanation was on hold. "How you doing there, Frisk?"

She looked toward him with blue eyes. "Y-you're a?!"

"Yep, no shit, I'm a monster. Your soul is strong so be nice and try not to kill me. You'll just hurt yourself too, my leg is stuck in the barrier. Kill me and there's no way out." He explained it all up front. "Don't plan on hurting you either. I'm here to help."

She looked at herself. "What is this? Why is my skin so old?"

Frisk died when she was a young teen. How was he going to tell her without having her freak out? "You know Stephan?"

Frisk glared at him. "He pushed me down a hole. What an ass, yo!" She pushed herself to her foot and looked around. "I hate that guy! He's sooooo not my dad."

Frisk moved around the place like she'd never been there before. Farrah was long gone from her mind. "How did I end up here?"

"You fell down a hole. I found you and nursed you back to health with some magic." Huge ass lie, but she wouldn't know better. Besides, he kind of needed her to lower her guard.

The first step to help Farrah and Stephan was now in action. "Welcome to Underground, Frisk."

"Talking . . . skeleton. This is sooo going in my diary," she muttered. "I mean. Not that, you know, there's anything wrong . . . with that."

"Yeah. You are one too. You got one inside of ya," Sans reminded her, trying to make her feel at ease.

"Uh. Sure. I should go," Frisk said as she headed to the door. "I need to contact mom and the police and everybody. He freaking tried to kill me!" She got overwhelmed again. "I hate him, I sooo hate him. I don't know what to think of this place either."

"Nobody here is gonna hurt you." Sans had a new lie. "They are all pretty terrified of humans. Probably won't find a single one out there."

"Then why'd you help me?" Frisk asked curiously. "Are you a doctor?"

Doctor Sans? "Technically in a way. So, if you see other monsters, just remember they aren't there to hurt you."

"Yeah, yeah." Frisk didn't seem to take it to heart. "I guess you're okay. Thanks Mister Skeleton."

"It's Sans," Sans corrected her. "Sans the Skeleton, Frisk."

“Uh?” Frisk looked at him weird. “Guess I’m Frisk the Human.”

Was that a joke or not? He couldn’t quite tell as he watched her head to the kitchen and . . . grab a knife. “Hey, that’s not such a good idea.”

“There is who knows what out there,” Frisk answered him. “I’m just a teen with like elderly skin and weird clothes and a shitty dad. I have no idea how or what is going on. I’m not taking chances.” She didn’t attack Sans but headed out the door.

Well? The moment wasn’t going to get any better. Sans disappeared into his lab and grabbed the same thing he used to cut Farrah’s soul. *Sorry there, Frisk. You’re a part of Farrah, but you don’t get to run the show. Also, sorry? Can’t save anybody without you either.*

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## **Waterfall**

Frisk had rushed toward the warmer weather of Waterfall. Not a surprise, many humans hated the kind of cold weather Snowdin offered. Sans stood a ways away out of sight. Poor Frisk looked beside herself. Scared of even her shadow. Her trusty knife she swiped from his place was front and center though.

Yeah. If he hadn’t sealed her, they’d be in trouble. The more LV she would get, the worse her need for murder. No wonder poor Farrah always kept on murdering everything.

Sans judged the distance between them. Nowhere near close enough to get struck with that knife, but not so far he couldn’t bring out her soul.

Yeah, Farrah definitely wasn’t Frisk. Frisk was jumpy and cursing at the shadows in between bouts of crying.

Sans made his move, and snuck up behind her, bringing her soul out. Before she could figure out what to do, he cut part of Frisk’s soul.

It was still Farrah’s as a whole, but the Frisk part specifically was close to the front since it was in control.

At first, Frisk freaked out, and then she mellowed out.

Then, Sans felt the soul shift. He met the other side of Farrah. The side Farrah didn’t ever get to know well.

She knew Frisk’s mom. Took her name. Tried to act like Frisk. Could feel some of Frisk and the past. When it came to the other side?

This would be a whole new experience for Sans.

The eyes of her were red. "Skeleton man. Did you just strike me?"

"Yeah." Best not to lie.

"Not smart." She looked around herself. "Underground sure has changed. I am in Underground, right?"

"It's had a few makeovers," Sans agreed. "Chara, right?"

"That's my name." She held her knife out. "What do you want?"

"Thanks for asking. Can I have a piece of your soul?"

"Can I have some chocolate?" She asked back.

"Sure. I think I got a bar here somewhere," he joked. "So are you going to try and kill me?"

"You were trying to kill me," Chara answered. "I'm Asgore's daughter and Asriel's sister, Jerk. You picked a fight with the wrong person." Chara held the knife with less shakiness. Precision.

Yeah, that explained it. *Frisk comes out and gets scared, wicky whackying them and gaining LV. When they get tough back, it calls to Chara with her precise fightin' to step in.* Asgore definitely would make sure she could defend herself.

When everything calmed down, Farrah would finally emerge. She would be left with the memories of Frisk and Chara from their acts, get depressed and emotional and if she went too far down the emotional path.

Frisk or Chara would gain the upper hand again. "What if I was to tell you that you've been dead a long time, Chara? Like a hundred years. Maybe a thousand? I forget." He shrugged. "Anyhow, a part of you is alive. You're tied to this great lady called Farrah."

That seemed to shake up Chara. "Why are you telling me that?"

"Because you're a good person," Sans told her. "That part of you that's alive, she's a good person too. You don't want to be down here fighting anymore, do you?"

Chara started to spin the knife, showing that she did indeed know how to use it. "I fight and I fight and I fight. I fight for the lame side of me that just swings out of fright. I fight for the one who can't stand me. I do nothing but fight anymore."

Who couldn't stand her? "Farrah wouldn't mind knowing part of you. She knew a great deal about Frisk, but nothing about you. She gets headaches and stuff when she tries to learn about your side."

Chara looked at her knife. "Okay, so maybe I haven't shared much of myself. Are you serious that I'm really that old, Skeleton Guy?"

“Yep.”

“I’m just too different.” Chara looked back at the reflection in her knife. “I felt forgotten. So forgotten that I forgot to speak up.” She lowered her knife. “Asriel?”

“He’s fine. He was a megalomaniacal flower, then he took some of my soul, and he’s cooled off.”

“You’ve got a penchant for either bluntly telling the true or lies. Makes it harder to tell what to do with you,” Chara admitted.

“I can’t help you with that one.” Sans stared at her. “Can I have a bit of that soul now?”

“What do you need with this girl’s soul?” Chara asked.

“Well? Frisk, the one that you keep protecting when things get hairy?” Sans pointed out. “Her dad got stuffed with a spirit of an ancient monster and an evil spirit from another dimension. He’s running for leadership over the humans. I need-”

“Frisk.” Chara seemed to understand. “You want Frisk to connect to her dad. Makes sense. What do you need my soul part for?”

Hmmm. “Well? I kind of married you in the wrong way I think? I really need to see how that’d be done. Oh, and yeah, if Frisk comes back too strong I can kind of shoot your soul at her to calm her down to be Farrah.”

Chara had a funny expression on her face. “You married me wrong? What the hell does that mean, Funny Guy?”

Sans kicked his foot around a little. It looked like some of her memory was coming back. “I think . . . maybe I was fighting Frisk. I might have saw an opening, to uh-”

“You dirty fucker!” Chara’s memories seemed to come back to her. “Sssssaaaans.”

“Look, I don’t know for sure whether it was nice or not.” Sans’ asking for Asriel to link them up on the human side was a warning it wasn’t.

However, the fact Sans wanted it done the right way, meant it had to be okay in the end. He thought. Maybe? “We square?”

Sans did have the ability to weigh someone down with his magic, or make them lighter. He could even cause them to scoot a little bit. When a monster was properly married, the strength over each other with magic grew stronger. It was a natural thing from before ancient times, a monster wanted to protect it’s weaker mate if it were in trouble.

A monster would be able to use their magic in a defensive manner like putting a protective shield over them or to quickly move them out of harm’s way.

Sans probably used that to bounce Farrah around like a rubber ball. Especially with the way Chara was staring at him. “So? How long did it take for her to beat me?”

“Never.” Chara spun her knife around her finger, like she was itching to get it into Sans. “You played with me. Not nicely. Over and over. Sometimes you would just grab me right away. Other times, you played fair until you were getting tired. Then you’d force me into your fucking gaster blasters you bony assed mother fucker!”

“Yeah, but. Things must have got better,” Sans reasoned with her. “Farrah got out with my leg, right? We escaped.” He watched her eyes.

“I wasn’t in control whenever that happened,” Chara confessed. “I’m not always in control. I’m not the conductor.”

Oh. Dang. “So, can I have a bit of your soul now? I promise I’m not gonna use any power on you. Just a tiny bit?”

“You don’t need mine, you just need Frisk’s,” Chara disagreed. “No, you shouldn’t use me to shoot into her. That’s not going to help, I don’t care if she’s in control. Don’t bother her.”

“Don’t bother Frisk?”

“Right. Leave her alone.”

Chara seemed possessive of Frisk. “There a reason?”

“She doesn’t need a monster messing with her!”

Hmmm . . . “So, how much of Frisk is you? I mean, Farrah?”

Chara didn’t answer at first. Then? “Her life became tough, and it ended in a hard way. She didn’t want to go. She pleaded for help.”

That? *I see a lot of Farrah. A whole bunch of Farrah.* “How much of you is Farrah?”

“Normal teen human. Pitiful death but her determination wasn’t nearly as hard. She was right there, seeking help.” Chara didn’t seem as focused on her knife. “She just wanted help. Beside her, I make her feel better.”

Sans saw a division of the soul still, but he saw something else too. The division had a clear inside and outside. The inside was small compared to the outside. “She’s less than fifty percent, isn’t she?” Probably much less.

“Most of it was gone. Human souls move fast if they don’t have as much determination,” Chara confessed. “About 15 percent.”

Fifteen percent. *I knew it. Chara almost feels like Farrah.* Subtract the want to kill, and making the attitude a little more friendly, and boom. Farrah. “Your soul is wrapped around Frisk. Kind of like a pig in a blanket.”

Chara wasn’t as amused. “So?”

“You are a lot of Farrah, but Farrah can’t tap into you,” Sans reminded her. “Can you tap her instead?”

“Why?”

“I like Farrah,” Sans said casually. “I don’t want to leave her down here alone. I’m thinking of warming up to a real date soon. Would she like a chocolate bar?”

“No. You should give it to me,” Chara decided. “I’ve been covering her ass for awhile. I should get it.”

“Maybe you should work it out?” Sans didn’t know exactly what to do but he doubted this division needed his scientific solving. And? He was starting to get some new ideas about the barrier. “Maybe you can reach out instead of hiding stuff from Farrah and blaming her for not being as close.”

Chara seemed to think about that. “Farrah is Farrah, she doesn’t need to know about me.”

“She knows a lot about Frisk though. She knows way more about her, and that’s only fifteen percent of her total,” Sans reminded her. “Farrah gets divided when she gets emotional.”

“Not with the soul-gag. There was no problem with it then,” Chara told him. “Amalgamacy doesn’t always happen right. Rare enough to even attain it.”

“You balance because you want to protect Frisk.”

“Yeah. So.”

“You are mostly Farrah’s soul. Farrah needs to balance with the both of you just right.”

“Eat me. I don’t talk to Farrah.”

Ugh. “Listen, Kid. I know you can’t talk to Farrah. You can talk to Frisk though.” Yep, there it was. Sans saw that look. Chara never shared anything about herself with Frisk.

What made Chara care so much about Frisk to join her? Did they have anything in common? Similar pasts? *Farrah can read Frisk, but Chara puts up a huge block.* Farrah could join with those two successfully, blend just right.

If Sans could make Chara break something to Frisk. “Okay, I’ll give you the chocolate bar if you tell me just one thing to say to Farrah. What was the old family life like?”

“Queen Toriel, King Asgore, and the King of Dorkness Asriel.”

No, no. “Before you fell down here, Kid.”

Chara glared at him. Then, it softened. “My mom was named Farrah. She died when I was six. I really liked her, what I remember of her. She said she named me Chara so we would be cute together with rhyming names. She was . . . good. She worked in a chocolate factory.

Whenever she came home, she'd give me hugs smelling like chocolate. After she was gone I went to live with my dad. You better have a damn good candybar."

The dad. Chara talked a little about her mom, but cut right off on him. Telling. "You didn't like your dad, huh?"

"The fucker is lucky I could never reach him." That's all Chara would answer.

"Your language is pretty violent. I guarantee Toriel wouldn't teach you that."

"I didn't speak that way around her. I said only pretty things to nice monsters. Except you."

Then she used all that language in her old life. "When'd you kick the bucket? What age?" Sans knew a lot of them messed up on Farrah when she came down. Especially him with his skeleton vision. "Older than 12?"

"Fifteen, and that's a freebie. That's not about my old family."

It kind of had been. Sans could see a deep connection. From the way Chara glared and acted? He couldn't confirm it, he really was just a calculator for the soul, but? *Frisk died because of her dad. Chara's dad probably hurt her and chased her down here too.* "Not a big fan of your dad?"

"Dads," Chara said. "Asgore never hurt me, but I never liked him much."

Sans got one thing confirmed. Saying 'Asgore never' and not a word more meant her other one did. Now, to pursue to the next part. "Asgore wasn't nice to you?"

"He was fine with me. I just had a problem with his side collection of human souls. They made him feel more powerful. His family power was strong but he's a wimp inside."

Uh? "Weren't you dead before he started doing that?"

She shook her head.

Did Toriel know about that too? *He started collecting human souls when he still had one as a daughter?*

"I don't think he ever planned on using them. They were just pretty. He kept them in pretty collectible jars. Where's my chocolate already?"

Sans nodded. A promise was a promise. He left and brought back the little candybar. He tossed it to her.

"This is a joke!" Chara complained as she waved the mini bar.

"It doesn't rain candybars down here," Sans told her. That and he was saving the good one. "It's still legit chocolate."

Chara opened it and bit into it with a smile. "I love chocolate."

Hmm. How was he going to be able to convince her to . . . to . . . Sans had a real good balance for missing one of his top leg parts. He lifted his pants to see for sure. “. . . shit.” Shit. “Shit, shit, shit.” Shit! “Damn!”

Chara looked at his leg. “What? I don’t see anything.”

“This is down in the ground deep so Farrah can’t get to it if things go nuts and I die.” What was it doing back there on him?

Chara just laughed at him. “Barrier Noooooooooob!”

Sans looked at her. Was he missing something critical? “What?”

“You can’t break a barrier the same way twice. Duh,” she teased him. “Even in my time, they keep stuff that usually involves death behind them. Even if they open once, it doesn’t stay open, and it won’t open the same way twice. If you went out with that leg, then you can’t go out with it again.”

Whaaaaat? “There’s nobody down here but me and all the Mrs.”

“Stop joking,” Chara warned him. “Anyhow, it’s a barrier. Only a perfect amalgamate can bust out of it or it’ll just kill us if we touch it. So how now brown cow?”

“I moooove to someone else’s ideas cause I’ve got no idea.” What was Sans supposed to do? “Shit. Do I need to have a baby with Frisk to get out?”

“Dweeb,” Chara teased. “You wish. We just need a little extra power behind our hands. Then, I guess we just need to sort things out.”

Sort things out? “Love to hear that idea a little more clearly.”

“First. Do it,” Chara commanded him, “but be nice.”

Do it? “Like . . . like what?” What did she want? “I’m not into kinky.”

“Geez!” Chara complained. “Do the bopping us around with your magic thing. Let’s see how powerful it is when it’s a different timeline.”

“I tried before,” Sans said. “Really powerful. Too powerful really.”

“It should be tough, but not overpowerful. That’s a sign it ain’t working right. It should be more precise. Try again.”

Good point. Sans tried to move her just a little. She didn’t budge. He put more into it. She budged a whole bunch, grabbing a tree. “Real weak or too powerful.”

“Then make it even out and precise, Hub! We’ll need some kind of magic to survive the test to open that barrier. At least five minutes.”

“Great idea. How should I fix it better?”



“How should I know that? I just know that barrier will want to kill us instantly. Make it more balanced around us, it feels like lopsided magic. Get Farrah to . . .” Chara shrugged. “To massage your bones or something.”

Ooh, a nice bone massage. “Starting from the heels?”

“I don’t think you caught the kinky drift intended this time. Once her feelings settle down, I’m out and she’ll pull together again. After that, try something with her.”

The kinky drift. Oh. “I was kidding?”

“Do you want Farrah or do you want me killing you along with an excitable Frisk?”

“Rather have Farrah.”

"Then better find which bone has the romance, Funny Guy."

# Farrah and Sans Coooozy Time

## Chapter Notes

Cozy time! It's not full on graphic intensity. It's mainly some nudity and making out. Also, I had another story idea for a new Undertale. It'll probably start coming out shortly after this finishes. (I should have this all up and completed for you by tonight.)

Sans watched Chara take a nap in the chair Farrah always sat in. Most likely when she woke up, she'd be Farrah. Great. Now? *How the heck am I gonna do this?!*

Liking her was one thing. Asking for a date was one thing. Sans knew what Chara was referencing was neither of those. *Okay. Do I tell her what should happen? Na, that won't sit right. Then do I just kind of make it happen?*

Yeah, right. He was not Mister Suave. He didn't even date in Underground, just Delta Rune. A lifetime away. In the Underground, he preferred to just do things like himself.

Greasy Grillbys. Endless jokes. A bowl of ease and laughter. He was good with that. Not really attracted to any monster anyhow.

Wash up. Change outfit. Comb. *I'm dead. There's no way Farrah is going to let me get that close.* He looked over at her sleeping. She's always had to share a room with Papyrus.

Everyone expected everything with Papyrus. She was girlfriend for him. Even when she claimed to be with both of them, you could tell most of them thought he was being an overprotective brother.

When Papyrus wasn't well, he even told Undyne that Sans was being an overprotective brother. That was fine at first when he first met her. Especially when he thought she was Kris.

Afterwards wasn't too bad either. He was still older than her, she was much closer to Papyrus' age. Now though? She was even a little older than him. What did that have to do with anything? *Stop distracting yourself with stuff that doesn't matter. How do I get her to get in a groove with me?*

He knew she already liked him. He'd used that to his advantage last time to take a bit of soul. *Don't mean I'm gonna get that close.* At least not right away.

It was not like Stephan was going to be president in just a day either. Slow and steady might be the way to go. *Start slow, and work up to being romanticcy.*

She started to bat her eyes open and looked at him. "You're okay?"

“Never better. Things are fine,” he assured her. “Lose some time?”

“I did change.” Farrah tilted her head down. “I knew it. I’m glad I didn’t hurt you.”

“No, no hurt.” He came a little closer to her. “I met both sides. Neither one is going to kill me, we’re all square.”

Farrah looked back up at him. “You met the souls of me? Do you understand why they kill?”

“I get more than that.” Sans came even closer, lying his bony hand on her shoulder. “I got some goodie news for you. Baddie news too, but you can get the goodie news first. What do you think of the name Farrah?”

Farrah? “I like it.”

“Do you like it as much as Pacifrisk or Farrask?” Sans rubbed her shoulder. He had started that just because it was another combination of names. He liked it because he got a pun out of it, but he only really made it stick because she seemed to like it a lot more than anything else.

She just raised an eyebrow at him. “I like it more, it’s pretty. Are you okay? You’re rubbing my back, and you’re sort of . . . sideways.”

Yep, he sucked at this. *Slow and steady, yep*. He straightened it back. “Sorry. I was trying to be romantical and crap. Looks like it didn’t work.”

“Oh.” Farrah blushed slightly. “Oh. I didn’t think you’d . . . especially if I . . .”

“You’re fine. You want some hotdogs or a hamburger?”

Farrah fidgeted. “Like friends or . . .?”

Was he really that bad at it? “I was thinking like a date?”

“A date? Yeah. I had those before. We had one, technically, when you took some soul. Um.” She was still fidgety. “Sure.”

“Sure?”

“Sure. Yeah. Hotdogs or hamburgers.” She tapped her fingers. “Should I put on something special? Like you did?”

“That’d be okay.” Sans snuck into the kitchen. He’d tell her the news after their awkward date. Funnily though, come to think of it? Farrah’d been soulgagged before she was even technically ‘born’ when she fell Underground. There’s no way she even dated anyone for real. (Him and Papyrus didn’t count either.)

They both probably knew that, which is why they both felt more nervous about- “Don’t burn, don’t you dare.” Sans warmed up the hotdogs carefully. He’d warmed up hotdogs easily in

the past, but now he felt like he was going to mess up. *Don't mess up. Not eating burnt hot dogs. This is easy. You need to get it together. It's just a date. You've had those. Turn or it's gonna burn!*

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Farrah didn't know what to expect when she woke up. She had a vague recollection of talking to Sans, about chocolate, and having a knife.

She in no way expected him to ask her for a date. *What do I wear on a date?* Being soulgagged before . . . boys never even looked at her, let alone asked her for one. Not for real.

There was one time that someone asked her as a joke. It didn't get very far since she couldn't answer anyway. They laughed after a minute and said they'd never ask someone that looked like her.

Frisk had been pretty. Farrah was covered in scars from the Underground. She just accepted that no one wanted to be with her in that way. Not until Papyrus or Sans, but that felt so different. It was more of a way to make peace, and then it was to open the barrier.

Farrah had been nice to Papyrus, but in all honesty? There was only one brother that she ever wanted to date. *What do I wear for him? What does he like? Does he really like me this time, it's not a ploy to something?* She couldn't think of anything this time.

It was just him and her in the entire Underground. Sans was good to her, he'd never try to trick her into anything. His way of asking, it may not be like it was on TV or in the movies, but it was true. *He likes me.*

Red. Blue. Purple. Dress or jeans? White or black? Farrah brought out several things and found the mirror Papyrus always loved to use to look at himself. *I don't know! What would he like?* Her heart pounded.

A negative nancy thought bumped into her head. Maybe Sans thought she was harmless to him, but she was too dangerous for the world. Maybe they'd never escape so he was making a move on her because she would be all there is.

Then she slapped that thought down. Even if it were true that they never escaped, Sans wouldn't ask her out just for that. To her own knowledge, he didn't even date Underground. She didn't know about Delta Rune. Did he date on Delta Rune? *Don't think about it, Farrah. Keep it together. Use whatever's left of your determination to figure this out.*

She ended up going with a purple dress and a heart shaped gold necklace that went with her ear piercings. *I don't know. This feels too plain. Shouldn't I get gussied up with things like makeup for a date?* She didn't own any makeup, and she didn't keep tons of jewelry.

Were those sorts of things just for the fancy dates that were at expensive restaurants? *What am I thinking, he's probably only fixing hotdogs!* What if he was waiting on her? He probably

had been.

Farrah went back downstairs and toward the table. The hotdogs were done and he was waiting for her. “I-I didn’t keep you long?”

“Nah.” Sans patted the seat next to his.

Farrah sat next to him. She could feel her face getting red as she reached for a hot dog. *Relax, Farrah! Geez, he’s going to think something is wrong with you. It’s just hotdogs. Am I supposed to be doing something else? Making conversation? How do I make conversation while I eat?*

“Not that I’m not trying to be Farrah about this,” Sans joked, “but uh? Usually the next step on a date is getting to know each other. We already know each other. So, mind if I try something else? I’d like to tell you more about yourself instead.”

Like opposite? “What do you mean?” *Oh no, I forget he can still read my mind, has he been able to read my mind this whole time?!* He wasn’t reacting to the outburst in her head. Maybe she was safe. Maybe it cleared up?

“I found out about your other side you haven’t got to know,” Sans said as he bit into his hotdog. “Chara.”

“What did you find out about her?” Farrah watched as Sans slid something in front of her. When she was in front of it, her heart hammered for a little while. It always did with chocolate for some reason but she didn’t reach out for it yet. *Am I missing some other kind of ritual? Is this like the flower in the suit or something for monsters?* “A chocolate bar.”

“It’s yours,” he said. “How do you feel when you see it?”

He knew about the strange hammering? “Chocolate bars make me feel odd. My heartbeat moves fast for just a bit.”

“Chara’s mother worked in a chocolate bar factory. Her mom used to come home and give her hugs, smelling like chocolate.”

Awww. “That isn’t what I expected to hear about her.”

“Yeah. She loved her mom Farrah a lot.”

Wait, Farrah? “She had my name?” Was that why he asked about the name Farrah? *I always thought it sounded so pretty.*

“Yeah. This part won’t sound proper for a date, and sorry about that,” he apologized. “I know why the other parts of you are so dangerous. Frisk doesn’t seem to get she’s passed on. She’s scared, jittery, and she’s ready to stab anything but me. I was nice to her, and she thinks I patched her up and saved her life. She’d kill anything else in her way.”

Frisk. The real Frisk in her. “She doesn’t know she passed away and she’s scared.”

“Uh huh. She kills and gets LV. She isn’t real skilled though, so when something comes up that she can’t beat, Chara steps in.” Sans finished off his hotdog. “Pretty purple dress, it matches your eyes.”

“Oh?” *I picked right!* “Thank you.” That moment was between the conversation though. How was she supposed to pick back up?

“Chara’s got skill, and she knows she’s long since dead,” Sans added. “Also found out Chara’s mom died when she was real little and she hated her dads. Her main dad in particular, I get the feeling he was real terrible.”

“Real terrible?”

“If Asgore holding a human soul collection wasn’t at the top of the list of hate, I’d say yeah,” Sans said. He looked at his empty plate. “Honestly, there isn’t much Frisk in you, Farrah. About 15%. Chara protects Frisk’s soul in you, kind of like a mother. That bond of never letting go. That’s why you were born.”

“Chara’s . . . 85 percent of my soul.” She never would have imagined. “I never knew so much about her. Thanks for telling me, Sans.”

“No problem. Need another hotdog?”

Should she? “You ate yours. If I don’t, is the date over?” She could have sworn she heard Sans chuckle.

“Yeah, yeah. Date’s over.”

Farrah let out a huge sigh of relief. Then, she realized what she did and could feel herself growing red. “Sorry.”

“Nah, I was nervous too. Never dated a human. Especially one I liked as much.”

She felt his bony hand cup hers.

“Thanks for making me feel more suave, First Timer.”

Did? Did he just tease her? “Well, pardon me. I just- I never-”

“I know.” Sans stood up. “You want to go watch some reruns of Mettaton on TV?”

Farrah stood up too. “Sure.” As she moved, she felt Sans arm wrap around the side of her waist. That was new. “Are you sure we aren’t on a date anymore?”

“Nah, it’s over. Let’s go sit on the couch together this time. I’ll grab your blankets so you can stay nice and cozy.”

Farrah went over to the couch. She usually liked her chair, but it was chillier and it would be nicer to sit next to Sans. When he came over, he draped the blanket around her.

“Greatest Hits?” Sans asked. She agreed and he disappeared for a little while. He returned and joined her in the blankets as the TV came on.

“Comfy?” Sans asked her as he wrapped his arm around her again. She leaned over on his shoulder.

Thank goodness that date was over. Now she could just watch some TV with Sans. She should say something about it though. “Nice date?”

“Food was mediocre. Conversation was awkward and dumb. I hate dates,” Sans admitted. Still, he didn’t move his arm. “I’d rather just say let’s curl up together on the couch and watch some TV.”

Yeah. *I want that too.*

***Yeah, of course. Your mind couldn’t keep yourself together, Farrah.***

*You could hear! You didn’t say anything.*

***Eh, it was your first date. I didn’t want to ruin that.*** “Besides, pointing it out wouldn’t have us on this couch snuggled up together. I’m lazy, Farrah, not a moron.”

Oh. He was probably right. “Sorry.”

“Dates are just a way for two people to get together to find out if they really like each other. They make people into nervous wrecks. I know that I like you. You know that you like me. We already know each other. We don’t really need them.” Sans rubbed her shoulder gently. “I just needed it for one purpose, and now I got it.”

“What purpose?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“But what was it, Sans?”

***I just pointed out that lazy doesn’t mean moron.*** “Hey, hey, I remember this episode. It’s a good one.”

---

The word date had frazzled her, and him too at first. Until he heard the thousands of thoughts pouring through her head as they just ate a hotdog together. Sans needed to make sure he was doing the right thing, so he tried a harmless date.

Farrah was a hundred times more nervous than him, making him loosen up about the whole thing. She was worried about the smallest of things, that he figured he’d better pull out.

He wanted to get out of Underground and figure out how to stop Stephan, but he wasn't going to push her if she just wasn't ready. He decided to put the whole thing on hold.

Once he did that, Farrah surprised him. She was even more receptive than she had ever been. She was even leaning on him comfortably for the TV. He wrapped his arm around her, but she was the one who leaned on him.

Overall analysis? Date was a social term that had 'rules and regulations' in Farrah's head. Her past also clouded her mind about what it was supposed to be. Now that it was simply settled that they both knew and liked each other?

Chara made it pretty clear what he should do before she went to sleep. He needed to bond his magic closer to her body again. They were still married but because of the distance they had between each other, he couldn't tug her so much without it all going off balance.

So he needed to touch about every inch of her body. There was only one way he knew to do that.

Try and play a curious idiot. Partway through the TV, he made his first move.

The back. Rubbing her back wasn't too hard. He even took off his arm when she wasn't looking to stroke down lower.

Farrah didn't even notice. She was that comfortable with him. "So, uh, Farrah? I was wondering something."

"What?"

"Never had a human girlfriend." That wasn't a lie. "Can I feel around your body to get to know it?"

"Uh? What parts?"

"All of it of course. Why?"

"All? You want to touch my entire body?"

"Yeah, sure. Monsters do it all the time." Lie number one. "What is it?"

"When you like another person, you feel every part of them?"

"Yeah. It'd be pretty rude not to." Lie number two. "You not okay with the monster way? I mean, humans and monsters are different. It'd be disrespectful to do that to another monster, but you are human. I get it." Lie with tacked on guilt for her.

"No, I mean, I respect their ways. Your ways! I didn't mean their." Flustered Farrah. "What is involved in it?"

"Nothing big." Lie. "Hands just wander and discover, that's all. Humans call it making out I think?" That was lie four maybe? Lie five?



“Making out is kissing mainly,” Farrah corrected him. “I think you're thinking of groping.”

“Oh.” Yay for playing dumb. “Sounds like we can combine the groping and making out. See? Monsters are the same.”

“Making out. Um. It takes lips.”

“Naw. Just a tongue.” Sans pulled her closer. He gently nudged her mouth open.

No turning back.

Farrah was startled at first. “Blue tongue? Skeletons have blue tongues?”

“Yuh huh.” His tongue still awkwardly stuck out. “We don't show them off much. Just to the closest.” She didn't seem to remember they already made out while she was birthing the bone.

He brought her closer to him.

---

Farrah felt his tongue on hers and her memory came back. *We did this!* “Thee did thith!” Then, she felt terrible. “Thrry Thans.”

Sans just chuckled as he continued to do whatever he was doing. She felt him exploring her mouth and her tongue. She felt him dabbing hers like she should be doing something.

She tried to touch tongues with his, but he was dragging her closer.

She could feel his teeth now. She was in his mouth with her timid tongue. The shock of that move almost made her miss his new attraction to rubbing around her. He stroked her butt, her legs, strangely her ears, her stomach and- she backed away when she felt him feeling her chest.

“Huh?” He looked half dazed, like someone brought him out of a very nice dream. “Nuh uh, back here.” He reached for her again.

“The movement is fast,” Farrah said.

“You don't like my tongue?” Sans asked. “I thought you did.”

“No, the groping. If that's what it's called.”

“Oh.” He brought himself closer to her and entered her mouth again.

It was different but it was comfortable and nice. She found Sans yanking her closer again, pulling them back to their regular position.

The longer they did that, the more Farrah loved it. It felt good being so unbelievably close to Sans. It also made her heart swell because Sans wasn't being lazy in it at all.

He was loving it. He was loving being near her too. They both wanted nothing more than to make out while the dim sound of the TV droned on in the background. The house lights somehow dimmed too, leaving them alone in the simple light of the TV.

She couldn't keep track of time, nor did she want to. Farrah felt him starting to reach for her again. This time, she didn't want to stop his wandering hands.

*She just . . . He is everything. He makes me laugh when I need him to. Watches for me when I don't even think I need watched. He gave up a lot just to stay here with me. He still likes me, even with murderous souls. I love him so much. I love him.*

***Love you too, Farrah.***

Love. He said love too. He loved her too. She didn't even bat an eye as she felt him do more than touch here and there.

She was in his arms, half aware that he snapped her bra off and was playing with one of her breasts. Meanwhile, her right hand was moving down his spine near his head while the other stroked his ribcage.

Maybe he still knew she wasn't ready or looking for sex. Maybe he literally couldn't have sex the same way. Either way, each of them were both practically naked and making out on the couch. The bra long since off was barely clinging to the blanket. Her purple dress was on the floor. Her hair was a travesty and she didn't care. Snowdin's cold weather was felt on her bare breasts as more than the blanket didn't even cover them.

It didn't matter though. Only Sans next to her mattered. They literally touched every part of each other.

Except one, which, Sans just did. Touching her womanhood made her twitch in his arms.

Sans just lazily moved her away. He looked so content. He twisted his bony finger slightly.

Farrah felt her hair move in a strange way. A circular silly motion.

Sans seemed satisfied with that. "Did you have a nice date, Farrah?"

Date? "I thought you said that was over?"

"Oh yeah, I did say that," he teased. "Sorry. Next time can we skip the date and just go straight to the after date stuff?"

Definitely. "Sounds fine to me. Dates are stressful. I would rather just do this." She leaned against him. "What do monsters call it?"

"Sleeping." Sans shucked her up slightly. "Tomorrow is going to be tougher. Get plenty of rest."

Oh. "As much as I want to, I don't think I should." She would hurt herself just sleeping at that angle with him.

"You're right, you are human." Sans stood up and pulled her mostly naked body up. "Off to bed upstairs." He pulled her along.

She watched his actions carefully, wondering what to do next. Would he put her back in Papyrus's room? Did he expect more of her if he put her in his room?

Sans stopped in front of his room and unlocked it. He kept holding her hand and sort of looked at his bed. "Well? Single doesn't make this easy."

Make what easy?

"Sleeping alongside my Farrah." Sans took her out of his room and toward Papyrus's.

He stayed though and climbed into the bed. He patted the side next to his.

Farrah moved over to the other side. "I'm not in my pajamas."

"You aren't in anything but a cute pair of purple underwear," he said. "I haven't had a problem with it."

Farrah tucked herself deeper in the covers with him. "Goodnight Sans?" It wasn't a euphemism, right? He didn't expect sex.

"Goodnight Farrah." His eyelids were shut and she watched Z's float from him. Monsters sleeping were so cute. Sans at least.

Okay. Farrah smiled to herself.

***Never gonna do nothing unless you're ever ready.***

Sans. One of the many reasons she loved him. He didn't even say until, he said unless.

***Hey, you aren't the type of girlfriend that gets mad if I say a lie or two, are you? You're bigger than that, right?***

A lie or two? *Everyone makes mistakes.*

***Thought so. Goodnight, Farrah.***

Farrah watched as Z's drifted from him again. He didn't mean that he already lied, right? *No. Probably precaution. I don't think he's had many girlfriends.* He better not have had many girlfriends. *Stop.* Nope.

Turn off the brain. Cuddle up near Sans. Go to sleep.

## Harmony Within Farrah

Farrah awoke to a strange feeling in her hair. Sans left hand was under his chin bone while his right hand was dancing around in the air.

“Morning,” he said to her. “I know breakfast in bed or something romantic like that would be better, but I was too lazy. So?” His hand stopped dancing around. “I made a flower out of your hair.”

A flower? Farrah touched the side of her head. It felt intricate. She got up to see it in the mirror. *How did he make it so detailed?* It was definitely a braid with a strange twirl like a bun, but with more outer curves to it. It was beautiful. “Better than breakfast in bed. Thank you.”

“Uh huh.” Sans still didn’t move. “So since you are out of bed and so thankful, you can flip the stereotype of the guy always doing it.”

*Tricky little monster.* Farrah looked back at him. “A hotdog?” It was about the only thing she trusted herself to make on that stove.

She went downstairs and grabbed the hotdogs. She also grabbed her dress from last night and her bra she forgot to bring upstairs last night. When she finished up the hotdogs, she plated them and took them upstairs.

Yep, he hadn’t moved an inch. She joined him back in bed to eat. “So, Farrah? Day is going to be a little bit different today.”

Different? “Since I’m your girlfriend?”

“Nah, because you are going to have to risk your life to open up the barrier to bring yourself all together.” He finished his hotdog off fast. “So I may have said a lie or two last night.”

Farrah stared at him for a bit before quickly finishing off her hotdog. *What did you do?*

“So, I not only talked to Chara last night,” Sans told her, “I also discovered my leg won’t open the barrier up again.” He dropped the covers lower.

Farrah stared at the top of his leg. How did she not notice that? “It’s back.”

“Yeah. It turns out that you can’t open it the same way twice. Another precaution.” Sans covered his leg back up. “The only solution is for us to get down with our bad selves and create a little skeleton of our own.”

What?! “Are you kidding?!”

“Nah, it’s not, I kid,” Sans teased her. “I’m kidding you, but I’m not 'kidding' you. Heh.”

“Sans, usually I love your jokes, but not now,” she urged him. “What do we do?”

“The solution, is actually a solution that we can use against Stephan too afterward. If you are willing to work with your other selves on it.”

Other selves?

“You’ll have to put just your hand on it, Farrah. My magic hold on you is going to keep you alive until you become what Chara called the ‘perfect blend’. Chara and Frisk will both come out and meet each other. Any conflict between the souls has to be settled. Once it is, you’ll come back, and we’ll be free.”

She would have to willingly let them come out?

“Nobody is here but me, and I know they aren’t going to go after me. How could they anyhow? They’d die.” Sans gestured to her hair. “Apologies. Nobody should have that much control over another monster, and in such a precise way. That’s the result of monster marriage.”

“You said that before, but you never explained it,” Farrah reminded him. “Why are we married?”

“From what Chara said, I get the feeling it wasn’t for happy reasons.” He gestured to the flower in her hair again, like he was trying to give her reminders he was a nice guy.

Farrah touched the flower on her head. *I’ll remember. Please tell me.*

“You lose yourself when you get overwhelmed emotionally. Apparently, one of my selves must have found out. Probably because I can read all of your thoughts sometimes. Since you were so weak emotionally, and connected already with your thoughts?” Sans took a deep breath. “I must have tricked you. To marry skeletons, it’s an exchange of bone to bone.”

“Bone to bone?”

“Yeah, I thought about that one. Most likely, it was to the end when you’d approach closer. Somehow, I must have got my bone dust on you, to make sure you’d ingest it. Afterwards, I’d probably collapse close to you so my tongue could scrape your bone.”

His tongue scraped bone? *Powerful tongue.*

“It can be gentle or hard. In that case, it was hard.” Sans glanced in her direction. “Once I did that and we were married? It really didn’t matter how many times we fought. You never could win. Even if you got one on me, I’d have taken some of your hit points. From Chara’s reaction, it was years.”

Years? They fought for years? “Did it ever end?”

“Not to Chara. Something must have happened because I am over here with this leg. Maybe something inside started to piece more together than ‘how many ways can I kill this human’?” He said it with no glee.

Farrah watched her hand float to him as he took it in his.

“I’m sorry, Farrah. I don’t know anything after that. Even that’s just a guess ‘cause I don’t remember the other side.” He held her hand gently. “You don’t have to do this. We can choose to take the slow path, or try this when you are ready. It’s just that-”

“Stephan could be ruling the world by then.” Farrah was getting it. Even if Sans could find a way to stop him, they needed to get out first. “You said the way out could also stop Stephan. Do you plan on trapping him here and making him do the same thing?”

“Amalgamates aren’t perfect. Different souls, they rarely clash. I’ve seen your other sides, I know you can beat the barrier. I’m not just rooting for you, I know you’ll win it. Stephan though?”

“Half ancient monster and half spirit from another dimensions with some of Frisk’s father.” Not a pairing that would bring harmony so easy. “Frisk’s father was good.”

“Yeah, Stephan will break. Probably not the perfect way you want,” Sans warned her.

“It’s no way for him to live.” Farrah knew he wouldn’t get the perfect ending. “He’ll be freed of it. I’m sure that’s the most important. Being freed of something that causes . . .” If only she could do that too.

“Don’t you be thinking too hard about that.” Sans must have picked up her thoughts. “Big differences between the two. His other selves are evil to the rotten core, Farrah. Your other selves are just defending themselves and they are scared. Frisk just gets scared, gains LV, and eventually Chara takes over to save her.”

He patted her hand. “So don’t think of trying to bump off from me. Got it?”

Farrah nodded. “I guess from the rose in my hair, you are strong enough to handle this against me?”

“That barrier won’t get past me at all. I strengthened our connection last night too. Kind of lied last night about monsters groping and making out. They don’t do that right after a date, sorry.”

*Oh, a part of me knew it was just-*

“If I had told you the truth, then you wouldn’t have liked me touching you all over. You would have that ‘it’s only to strengthen the magic’ thinking, and I didn’t want that,” he corrected her. “That’s why I lied. I so wanted to touch you all over. Everywhere. You with me too. It just sort of . . . gave the push we needed.”

*I think I get it.* “Then . . . you do want to be with me?”

“Oh yeah, every night.” Sans touched his chin and gave it a gentle push. “My bed is yours. Once I get a double. Are you ready for this?”

Farrah nodded. There was no use in prolonging it. “I’ll get dressed, and we’ll start.” She looked toward Sans again. “Can you get to Stephan before the barrier comes back down?”

She watched Sans remove the top of his leg. Sans flipped the part of the leg he birthed. “This isn't just a paperweight. Do you know where he'd be right about now?”

Not exactly. “He might be in his office. If not, he'll be out there campaigning.”

“Then I'll check the office first. All I need is the general direction from there.”

“Are you sure that's enough?”

“Yep. He's part of my father-in-law, I should be able to track him easy. We'll get this done, Farrah.”

Wow. “We are really taking him down already. It's unreal.” Too bad she couldn't remember how they stopped fighting and came up with the ideas in the other timeline. That part, she couldn't even access it at all. “Let's go.”

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## **Barrier**

“I've got you, Farrah,” Sans assured her. He stayed back away, but he definitely had his magic on her.

She felt some resistance, but she moved just fine. She felt like she was wrapped up in plastic wrap as she moved. It was a good feeling when she knew that without him, she'd be dead once she touched the barrier.

*Okay, other selves. Please get along. Let's get along and do this.*

Farrah touched the barrier, and felt herself split before she lost consciousness.

---

Chara held her hand on the barrier. “One night? Too easy wasn't it, Sans?” She complained, knowing he was behind her. She could feel his magic on her. Also, what the hell was going on with her hair?

Ah, nevermind. She looked beside her. Frisk hadn't shown up yet. “Sans, do something that'll trigger the Frisk in Farrah!”

“Like what?”

“How am I supposed to know?” She never talked to the Frisk in Farrah. What could she do?

“Yo, Frisk, come out!” Sans yelled. “That do anything?”

“That was so lame!” Chara complained. Ugh. Well? Chara only knew one thing. She hated to use it, but Frisk had to come out. “Frisk, your dad’s coming!”

“He is not my dad!” Frisk appeared, her hand on the barrier. “I hate that thing, it’s not - him?” Her tirade stopped as she noticed her hand on the barrier. “What’s going on?” She looked around.

“Take it easy. Ignore the skeleton in the background, we’re trying to break free of the Underground,” Chara explained to her. “I’m going to need your help.”

“Who are you?” Frisk asked her.

“I’m you.”

“What?”

“When you fell down the hole, Frisk? How do you think you survived that long drop?”

Frisk almost took her hand off the barrier. “What?”

“Keep it together, Frisk, because you do live on. Just, not like yourself anymore. I joined you,” Chara tried to explain. “Our souls joined together.”

“I’m an amalgamate like he was?” Frisk started to cry, getting emotional. “I’m dead.”

“No, you’re joined,” Chara corrected her. “You’re safe. No one can hurt you anymore.” She emphasized it. “He can’t hurt you anymore.”

Frisk tried to keep her hand on the barrier. “How am I still alive? If this is a barrier, I should be dead if I was like an amalgamate.” She stared at her hand. “I don’t understand anything.”

“No one can touch you. No one can hurt you. Your soul is usually safe with mine,” Chara explained. She took her arm and wrapped it around Frisk as she shivered. “I make sure you never take pain. I make sure your memory is never infringed upon. I wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“You didn’t even know me.” Frisk was starting to believe. “Why?”

“I fell down, but I survived. There were monsters near me. They became my family,” Chara explained to her. “Before that, I had a hellanasty father too. I wanted to . . . I couldn’t ever take mine out, and I couldn’t take out yours. I just . . . I wanted to protect you. It was the only thing I could do!”

Chara started to cry. She haaaated it. She rarely cried, but they had to become one as possible. “I wanted to protect you like my second momma protected me, Frisk. Most of your soul was gone, but I wrapped myself tightly around you.”

Frisk continued to cry, but she leaned into Chara. “I’m sorry. I’m just a weakling that had to run. He wasn’t him. He really wasn’t him, my real one would never do the things he did. I couldn’t see anything in him, and when I realized what he was doing, I couldn’t do



anything.” Frisk curled up closer to Chara. “I’m sorry. I killed so many because I was so afraid. So afraid of everything.”

“Yeah, and when it got tougher, I took over and fought for you,” Chara told her. “Your memories are flooding this way. By protecting you, I left you out in the scary cold too. I’m sorry as well. You aren’t weak, Frisk, you’re strong too.”

Frisk kept her hand on the barrier strongly. “I am strong. I used to have a lot of strength.” She moved her other hand to the barrier, while Chara joined her other hand too. “I won’t lash out at everyone anymore. No one can really hurt me. I’m just a soul now. A soul with you.”

“Yep.” Chara changed hands that were touching the barrier so she could wrap her arm around Frisk again. “We’re souls, but we live on in Farrah.”

“That was your mom’s name,” Frisk said quietly. “She smelled like chocolate.”

“Yeah. Yeah, she did,” Chara said as she faded away.

They both formed together, and Farrah was there again as the barrier came down all at once.

---

Sans came toward her and looked at Farrah. Her eyes were slightly different. It was a darker shade of purple, like more red had been added. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” she assured him. “Go get Stephan. He’s been living overtime in a world that isn’t his.” She put her hand in her pocket. “The good parts will be okay, but I’m sending the rest of him to hell.”

Yep. That felt more blended than Farrah ever had been before. “Stay here and prepare yourself. Frisk is up for this one.”

## Beautiful Collections

Farrah watched as Sans brought back more than she expected. Their connection and his leg gave him quick control.

Stephan was looking around himself, along with 'Leader Larry'.

"What the hell?" Leader Larry asked.

"Yeah, I figured since I was helping to save the world in my own way, I'd go ahead and fix the monster kingdom problem too." Sans held his hand out toward Larry, who started to run away.

Scaredy cat, the barrier wasn't even back down yet. It probably wouldn't last long though. It made sense that mankind didn't want to keep it open for long.

Sans had retrieved him again. "Leader Larry, Barrier. Barrier, Leader Larry." Sans also looked over toward Stephan who was just glaring at him. "Hi. I'm your partial son-in-law. Human side and monster side."

"Bullshit," Stephan corrected him. "There's no way Frisk would do that."

"Her name is Farrah now, Pops," Sans corrected him. "And, oh yeah. For awhile now. I've definitely been hitting that."

Farrah felt her cheeks light up. It was an intense moment, but still her embarrassment had to surface. Some of Frisk coming through with Sans saying that.

"In all kinds of ways like a rubber ball I guess in another timeline. Wasn't so fun for her, but I did her hair with it. Looks good, don't it?" He glanced back toward her. "I'll try a heart next time."

*Sans.* He was literally killing time for the-

The barrier appeared back into place.

"Hm." Sans moved over by Farrah now. "So. Barrier fell. Anybody got any ideas?"

Stephan stayed silent. Leader Larry went over to it.

"Touch it all you want," Sans told him. "You'll be fine. You're gonna need someone to join with you though. You and I, we won't mesh. Stephan isn't gonna mesh, trust me. And, if you touch Farrah, I'll live down here forever with her and I'll just kill you."

Leader Larry didn't seem half as brave anymore. "What do you want to open it?"

"Thinking the monster kingdom freed with our own land," Sans said. "A decent amount. Some will stay there. Most actually, we prefer to kind of hang around each other. Some will

go off and forage in the world.”

“Do you have paper for a contract?”

“Yeah, sure, a second.” Sans took Farrah with him to go into his place and grab some paper.

“You doing okay so far?”

“Felt like breaking out the whole monster kingdom too?” Farrah asked. “A little messy, but good idea. Everyone should be free.”

“Yeah.” Sans looked out his window. “He was the easy one. I don’t know what the barrier will do with Stephan. I don’t think it’ll be as smooth.”

“Frisk has to reach her father.” Farrah looked out the window too. “I’ll have to touch that barrier. Are your memories going to be okay around Stephan?”

“Since he doesn’t know what’s going on, I don’t think he’ll risk playing around with them. If so, he won’t be able to bother yours. You aren’t monster.”

Sans moved them back toward the barrier and handed the papers to Leader Larry. “Okay, so better cover the basics. If you need any help, I’ll help, but we’d start with some blood pacting over it so you might try and cover all the loopholes yourself.”

“Fine, fine.” Leader Larry was upset but he started the contract anyway.

Stephan stared at the barrier. “If I touch it, it’ll kill me.” He glared at Sans. “How the hell did you get the power to move me and that fast?”

“He wasn’t kidding,” Farrah stood up for Sans. “I did marry him.”

“I also got her to birth a bone. Magic is strong with me,” Sans warned him. “Best *not* to use any of your ancient tricks against your son-in-law.”

“I’m not as dumb as the other one,” Stephan warned him. “You aren’t going to seal yourself in here forever just to keep me in here.”

“Yes they are,” Leader Larry disagreed with him as he handed Sans the contract. “There’s no other way, only those two can do it with a kid in a few months. Don’t bother them. Let them just get to it like jack rabbits and cut your losses.”

Sans looked at the paper Leader Larry gave him. “Stable. Want something about being able to leave the kingdom too. Oh, and that nobody else has the right to rule over us. I think it’s about a B. Make it an A paper.” He handed it back to Leader Larry.

“I admit, it’s a smart idea.” Stephan gave them credit for it. “Entrapping me in here. I’m amalgamate, if I touch it, I die. It’ll take a good three months to have a little skeleton. Another I suppose. How did the first batch break free?” He gestured to Sans leg. “That weapon?”

“My leg? Yep, I gave them all a leg up in life,” Sans joked. “You know barriers though.”

“Can’t get out the same way twice.” Stephan looked at Farrah. “You had to raise it to get me. How did you do that? It was way too close to the others leaving for it to be anything baby related.”

Farrah glared at him. “Courage. Something you don’t have.”

Ooh, that got him. Stephan’s eyes glowed a second. “I don’t have courage? You think you know me?”

“I know you better than you’ll ever know me,” Farrah told him back.

“You touched the barrier.”

“Which means it won’t open with just my touch again.”

Stephan looked at the barrier. “How?”

“A little help from her hub,” Sans said next to him. “Tell me, does it suck being drained of most of your real magic being stuck with a human soul?”

Stephan growled. “I underestimated you some, but you are clearly underestimating me. I never said I didn’t have any real magic.”

Farrah felt him latch onto her, but she also felt the plastic wrap feeling again.

“Yeah, I figured you might have something like that.” Sans had taken off the part of the bone Farrah had birthed and held it next to him like a bat. “That’s why I think I probably got this big old thing over here. Did you forget?”

Stephan was angered. “To marry another monster’s daughter simply to gain some power over it, it would have casted a death sentence upon you in ancient times. Not to mention creating a weapon too with her, sick freak.”

“Hey, hey. Sick-Freak-Son-In-Law Sans, please.”

Sans was pushing all his buttons. Stephan looked at the barrier. “I know you don’t expect me to just wait here for months, waiting for you to bang on with my daughter to have a kid.”

Sans shrugged. “Undyne’s house would probably suit you. I technically could let you live with us, Pops. I’ve got a spare bedroom but I just don’t think it’d work out real well.” He looked toward Larry the Leader. “You . . . let’s see. You’d probably be comfy in a hotel room up by Mettaton’s.”

“For three months or so?” Larry the Leader asked Sans.

“Oh, we aren’t even, like you know?” Sans whistled. “Nah, not there yet. I’m not gonna rush her either so . . .” He wiggled his bony hand. “It all depends on the speed she wants to go on that, let alone how long it takes before she’s ready to become a mom.” He shrugged. “Could be a year. Could be five. How should I know?”

“I am not staying here five years!” Larry the Leader complained. “I signed that contract, even made it myself, and you aren’t holding me down here that long!”

“Hey?” Sans gestured toward Farrah. “Even at the risk of the Monster Kingdom, I can’t just rush my girlfriend into something she’s not ready for.” He winked at her.

Leader Larry groaned. “Are you trying to be romantic because now isn’t the time.”

“I kind of suck at romance so if I see a place to gain points for the future, I’ll use it,” Sans said honestly.

“Damn it. Frisk!” Leader Larry yelled at her. “Will you just get with your husband? I’ll pay you afterward too. Here.” He pulled his wallet out and flashed her some money. “Really. Just, get on with it.”

“Hey, don’t give my girlfriend money for sex,” Sans complained. “What kind of person are you?”

“I mean, for you, not for me.” Leader Larry looked back at her. “Please?”

Farrah stared at Sans. How long would he keep it up?

“You’re magic protected her against the barrier.” Stephan walked up to it. “You’ll do the same thing for me.”

“Well, gee, you could at least ask,” Sans teased.

The teasing ended when he grabbed Farrah and put her hand back on the barrier with his. Stephan grinned at Sans, like he expected him to be shocked.

Instead, he and Farrah started to split apart.

Sans watched as Stephan started to split apart. It didn’t feel right though. Chara and Frisk had separate into two. He saw a shadowy figure, an ancient monster that made Asgore look like an ant, and one person.

The person was probably Frisk’s dad.

---

Frisk looked over at her dad. “Dad?”

He looked over toward her. “Frisk? What’s going on?”

“Daddy!” Frisk got emotional. “It’s you, it’s really you.” She looked at her hand. “We’re opening a barrier. We’re part of amalgamates now.”

He stared at her longingly. “Frisk. I . . .”

She shook her head. “It wasn’t you, don’t think about it.”

“I don’t know how I could . . .” He looked beside him at the shadowy figure. “What is that?”

“Amalgamate, dad,” Frisk said again. “It’s part of you. You aren’t you anymore. You would never hurt anyone.”

He stared back at his hand. “What do I need to break out of this? Just let go?”

Frisk nodded, not able to say the words.

“How about you though? Are you okay?” he asked. “Frisk.”

Frisk nodded again. “I’m good, dad. I’m good. I’m okay, I’m good here.” She shrugged. “I kind of married a skeleton. It’s hard to explain, but I’m okay. The parts of the new me. It’s me and the person next to me named Chara, and Chara’s good. She’s really really good and . . .”

“Okay.” He nodded toward her. “I just want you to be happy.” He looked backward at Sans. “So? That him?”

Frisk looked back toward Sans. “Yeah. He’s part mine.” She waved with her other hand at him. “I know, it’s weird to explain, but he’s a good guy. I got good memories of him. The whole of me, it really likes him. Like, you and mom used to be.”

“Wrap it up, Frisk,” Chara warned her. “Sans can’t keep it up forever.”

Frisk nodded at her and looked back at her dad. “I missed you. I almost want to leave with you, but I can’t. I’d tear someone good apart. In a way.” She glanced toward Chara. “We’re still living.”

Chara nodded. “As Farrah.”

“Right.” Frisk looked back at her dad. “I love you, dad.”

“I love you too, Frisk.” He reached his free hand out toward her. “Don’t worry about me anymore. I’ll be . . .” He dangled for a little while. “I’ll be okay now. You live your life however you need to.”

Frisk tried to wipe her tears away. “Okay, dad.”

He lifted his hand and disappeared, like he was never there.

But it wasn’t over yet.

The ancient monster and the shadowy figure still remained.

“That’s a good thing, thanks!” The ancient monster yelled toward Frisk and Chara. “Now that the idiot is gone, I can-?!” He kept his hand on the barrier. “Shit. I still can’t take my hand off

too? It's that strong?"

"Never underestimate barrier strength!" Frisk yelled at him. "Jerk. Screw you for killing me!"

"Okay, Frisk. Let me take it from here," Chara insisted as she jumped over her, still keeping her hand on the barrier. She approached between the shadowy figure and the ancient monster. "What Frisk actually meant to say is fuck you. Go to hell and suffer for an eternity."

The ancient monster growled. "Do you have any idea who I am?!"

Chara sneered. "A bitch."

Sans chuckle could be heard in the distance.

"You'll think that. Once I figure out how to meld together correctly again, I'll even be even more powerful," he declared.

"Trust me. My husband might seem lazy, but he knows his shit," Chara informed him. "He fucking pretended to be dying to get me to marry him. There's no shit you can do he won't be ready for."

"He can't do anything to me anymore. Frisk's father is gone. There is no more connection, I am hanging onto this by my own power."

"Power doesn't last forever, Moron, then what are you going to do?" Chara asked him. "Take the hand off and accept it."

"No. It's not over yet. I am coming out of this even stronger than before," he warned her.

The shadowy figure started to show up more.

Chara stared at it. "Oh. You're the Kris that ruined Sans entire career. I think you're up Sans."

Sans started to approach closer. *Don't get mad. Don't lose your grip on the wives. Just talk.* "Kris."

Kris. The thing that destroyed Delta Rune. The same annoying clothes. Same haircut. Same neighbor. He was hidden behind a mess of hair and didn't want to speak.

"I know you destroyed Delta Rune." No need to beat around the bush if he wouldn't talk. "I don't know how, but I know it was you."

Kris glanced at him. Barely. Then paid attention to the barrier again.

"You killed everyone. Everybody," Sans continued. "Your own mom. Your friends. Everyone that ever existed there. Why?" He prodded. "Why?!" He was starting to get angry. "I've lived out here in this dimension, trying to put it all together. How did some human little boy take

out my entire dimension? Why rip apart everything I had ever known? For fuck sakes you little shit, you even took out your own mom! What did Toriel ever do to you?!”

Kris looked at him again. “. . . Sans.” He wiggled his head and looked back at the barrier. “A thousand thoughts. Drive through. I ripped my soul out to quiet it all but it doesn’t work.”

Not right. Sans stared at Kris. This thing, something was wrong. He kept his focus on his wives, but there was still something wrong. How did a normal kid do this? “How did you do that?” What did he mean by a thousand thoughts?

He showed up a blurry shadowy figure. Sans could see him now, but Kris still looked unfocused. Even the way he talked. He didn’t like to talk much over in Delta Rune either. Pretty quiet. Real quiet.

In fact, this was the first time he even heard Kris’ voice. *Nah, it couldn’t be. Toriel would never put her kid into a soul-gag, ever.* Then why was he so quiet? *Quieted the thousands of thoughts maybe? Why was he having thousands of thoughts?* “Just tell me what you did, Kris.”

Kris still didn’t answer right away. “Can’t. Know.” Kris was beating at his chest in his other hand, like he was trying to rip out his own heart. “Can’t stop the noise.”

Noise? *Human kid. Normal. Lots of voices. How could it even-?* “Asgore.”

That name made Kris look straight at Sans for once.

Yep. Asgore. *How did I not . . .* “What’d he do?”

“Nevermind, Sans, I’m taking over after all,” Chara declared as she came toward Kris. “I’ve been feeling a lot off about you. Asgore. Something happened with him, right?”

Sans contributed. “Toriel left him. I know that, but I don’t know why.”

“He liked collecting things, didn’t he?” Chara asked Kris.

“. . . eggs.” Kris touched his forehead. “Eggs and pretty things.”

“Yeah, pretty things. People are similar in your world, right, Sans?” Chara asked him.

Right. *If Asgore was collecting human souls here . . .* “He wouldn’t have a reason to.”

“Collectible eggs pretty,” Kris said. “Walk. Fall.”

“Sans,” Chara instructed him. “Back away, Sweetie, this isn’t just Kris.”

“I don’t. I don’t. Even. Remember.” Kris looked back at the barrier. “Where are my slippers? Why am I not in the hospital? Mom, are you still visiting? Where’s my brother? What’s going on, I’m not in my bed?” While Kris spoke, the echoes of voices that weren’t his fell out of his mouth.



What was that? Sans watched Kris. Those were voices of young girls mixed in with different boys too. There even sounded like a couple of adults in there.

“Hey, Hon, I already said back off,” Chara warned Sans. She looked toward Kris. “He liked pretty human souls. He still kept them somehow, didn’t he? You aren’t Kris. You’re a container of souls.”

Sans watched as four other human souls besides Kris suddenly moved to the wall. *What?*

“He probably injured himself,” Chara said. “Asgore cares about *his* human kids, but not really others. He probably brought Kris toward his collection, knowing they’d join. Poor kid is just a cacophony of souls. See the way he wanted to rip out his chest? He was trying to rip out the extra souls.”

“Then Kris was never Kris when I met him.” Kris had already been transformed. A human melded with a bunch of souls? Amalgamates was a blending of parts of souls. Full souls shoved into one?

Asgore probably didn’t know what his project did to him, he just thought it saved him. Not only that, but combining what those voices said with what Asgore was actually capable of. “Chara? You think that Asgore was collecting the fallen from a nearby hospital?”

For his pretty collection.

Sans dimension wasn’t destroyed by a single evil spirited kid, it was destroyed because Asgore liked the pretty collections of souls. *It’ll never happen again. This is my home. No one will kick me out of my home again.*

He heard Kris screaming now. It looked like the memories were invading their minds. More than that though, the ancient monster himself was getting worried.

“Don’t move!” It urged the souls. “Don’t do it, if you do it, we’ll all die! We all continue to live as long as we are together!”

These souls though were good souls. Sans watched them, one by one, take their hands off the barrier.

Kris looked toward Sans. “. . . sorry.”

Sans did the only thing he could do. “Don’t sweat it, Kid. It wasn’t nobody’s fault. Sayonara.”

Kris smiled at him before he faded away.

Only the ancient monster soul had his hand on the barrier.

“Everything’s gone, give it up,” Chara warned him. “Kris is gone, Frisk’s dad is gone, it’s over. There is no one else to join.”

He was getting weak too, Sans could see it.

“I am eternal! I am forever!” the ancient monster yelled. “I can’t die!” he screamed before the barrier lit up.

And blew everyone back.

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### //The Other Timeline//

Sans watched as the entity that killed everyone showed up to him. He read it and was surprised to see a lot about it. A lot. It was apparently his wife and he’d beaten it . . . 999 times.

999 times. Did it never stop? It looked tired out. It’s soul felt tired out. It had purple eyes again, instead of blue or red.

“Hear me out. Don’t. I won’t hurt anyone.” It looked sincere.

“I think that’s the voice of something that just wants me to give up because it can’t beat me.”

“Let me move backwards. I will not mess with you.”

Nope. “1000. Don’t think I have to say anything else.”

Yep, he tested it. His magic bounced her around real well. She didn’t want to fight back either. He stayed still long enough to give her a free shot. “Come on. Put some soul into it.”

She just bowed down on the ground. No, no. He was beyond that. He scooted her straight over to him and stood her up.

The spirit in her eyes were still saying she wouldn’t fight back. “Remember, Sans. I love you. When I am me, I will *never* fight you.”

Strange response. He almost ended it but? Well. “This constant fighting isn’t great for either of us. I won’t let you win, but I can’t keep this up either. Spending the rest of our lives like this is a real-?!”

Nevermind. Her eyes turned red and she started to fight.

He matched her, blow for blow. He could easily kill her, but it would just start over again. How could he break this endless chain?

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As she scooted right by him, he managed to knock her off target and landed on top of her. She was on the ground breathing hard.

Breathing real hard. It seemed to remind him of something. Something with Papyrus . . . a name. "Farrah."

"It took a Farrah amount of time to remember me," she said. Her eyes were back to purple. "Hi, Sans."

Ohh . . . "What have I done?" He helped her back up and held her tightly. He just needed to stay in the space with her long enough to jog the memory. "Farrah."

"Your brother was supposed to marry me," she teased. "Had to beat him to the punch?"

Aww. "I'm sorry." Soon, they were bound to forget again too. What could he do? "Farrah? Can I mark your soul?"

He could read her soul like calculations. If he physically put some real calculations on it before he forgot . . . something that he could read.

Red eyes is fight. Blue eyes is fight. Purple eyes is nice wife. Don't hurt your wife.

"I don't know how well it'll work, but I think I'll think before-" Sans didn't get to finish his sentence before red flashed in her eyes again.

---

At round 1200, Sans and her were now finding it easier to remember. It didn't change the fact they were still trapped and were bound to forget.

But it did make them treasure there moments together.

"Hey purple eyes," Sans flirted. "Missed you, even though I don't know you. Word on your soul is your my nice wife somehow." There's only one way something would be carved like that in there. He did it. He wished he knew more.

She looked at him strangely with a small smile. "I hate to fight. I'm glad you know that."

"I got these in the middle of the battle. Just in case you showed up." He had some flowers from Asgore's garden. "Wish I got more of a chance to get to know you." He brought her closer. "Before your eyes turn red."

How? How did some poor wife of his get stuck inside some evil creature? He didn't finish as he just pushed his tongue toward her mouth.

All he really knew, is that if he carved that on her soul, he must really care. He could feel it. He didn't even know her, but somehow his bones thumped whenever he saw those purple eyes.

She reacted just like a wife would too. She didn't mind his action at all, she relished it.

He smiled, trying to figure it out. "So how is it I got a nice wife inside a freaky evil entity that kills everyone? That's not real fair." He stared at her a little longer. "Oh yeah, another timeline." His cheekbones turned blue. "Hey there, Farrah."

She smiled with her own blush. "Hi, Sans."

"Hey."

"Hey."

"So. I got a crazy idea. You want to be a guinea pig?"

---

It took several more times of fighting, memory trips, impromptu makeout sessions, and jogs to the lab until Sans found the answer with her. To change her chemistry enough. Since she was already connected to Sans, he would use the precision of his magic to give her part of his leg bone placed inside. "This should work. When it does, I am going to make up for all this. I'll marry you like humans do too. It's only right."

"It's a different timeline. Will we remember any of this?" Farrah asked.

"We might or might not, but it doesn't mean I'll break that promise. I've got an ass named Asriel that'll owe me."

"Are you sure about this? I know if things go bad, you can take care of me. But. Are you sure you should risk it?" Farrah wasn't so keen about the idea. "You're putting your life on the line with this plan. If you even see it in time if you forget."

"I'll see it. Once I figure out how the hell and why I would put my leg bone in you, I'm sure I'll figure it out," Sans assured her. "We'll be okay. Besides. If it takes staying in the Underground forever just to keep you and everyone safe? Then so be it." He winked. "Does this give me brownie points for later on?"

"Making sure every monster is safe, and putting your life on the line, just to stay with me." Farrah hugged him as she watched his finger gently move around. "Be careful. I've never had such a big bone placed in me."

Sans chuckled.

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## **Back to the right timeline . . .**

Sans moved around. That blow from the barrier jogged his memories some. His guesses were mainly right. He didn't remember everything. Not much at all, but the constant fighting and flirting that took place mainly in judgment hall.

Moments between him and Farrah mainly, those stayed with him. He got up and looked for Farrah. That had disturbed his magic around her for a few seconds. "Farrah?"

"Here." There was nothing to worry about. Sans had put so much magic on her being careful at the barrier, she still had a sheen of sparkling blue around her. "I'm okay." She looked around. "He's completely gone."

Yeah. Kris, and all those souls shoved into him.

"How do you feel?" Farrah asked him.

"Well enough to make sure Leader Larry isn't going too far," Sans said as he froze him in his tracks. He looked back toward Farrah. "It was never Kris' fault. It was more Asgore's fault for collecting fallen souls, but . . ."

"It wasn't really his either," Farrah agreed. "I should speak with Toriel."

"Mmm." Sans wasn't so sure about that.

"You're her Son-In-Law by 85 percent," Farrah warned him. "Asgore is your Father-In-Law too."

Ooohh . . . he didn't need those reminders.

"They can't bump you or Papyrus off, you are not only relation, but essentially possible next in-"

"We can close the door on that next word," Sans warned her, but he also got the hint from her wink she just gave. "They let me and Papyrus live, in exchange for nobody knowing I married a looooot of Chara and could be their next king. Good job." Even with a timeline threat, who would want Sans to be king?

Bleh. Still. *It'll be nice not having to watch my back all the time with him anymore.*

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

Thank you for staying with me for the story. I started it during Covid and I never thought I would finish it still during Covid. But, that's okay. A lot of my life changed in the duration too. And? I still have another Undertale to write. I hope you had a great time with the story.:)

## Epilogue

Toriel smiled at Sans as Farrah hugged her. She frowned at Asgore over in the corner. "I can't believe you."

Asgore just heard from Sans and Farrah the truth about another dimension and? "I can't help it, human souls are such pretty things."

"Try collecting angels or happy clowns," Asriel said from his side. "Let's not have you screw up this dimension too."

"I don't hurt anyone with them," Asgore insisted. "Besides, no humans have died around here. I currently don't have any."

"Your 'pretty collection' ended poor Sans' dimension!" Toriel yelled at him. "You had better never collect a single soul again."

Asgore sighed but looked at Sans. "Do you collect anything?"

"I collect angels, but I only have one so far." Sans pointed to Farrah. "Well? Technically I guess two. Maybe three? I don't know. We'll call it an Angel Combo and make the fries and drinks cheaper."

Farrah just laughed. "Your collection is complete too."

"Yes, there is a good idea!" Papyrus piped up. "Sire, you could collect something that has just so many pretty figures. Like in toy machines."

"Oh, goodness no, don't recommend that!" Toriel scolded him.

"Ooh, a set collection of something. Perhaps dragon stickers. There are 200 of them. The kitty slimes in the little balls of the toy machines--"

“No toy machines!” Toriel insisted. “You’ll end up getting the whole kingdom hunting those down just for you to get all of them.”

“I’d rather that than a dimension ending?” Farrah suggested to her.

Sans watched as Leader Larry headed over. While upset, Leader Larry wasn’t half as upset as Sans thought he’d be. He wasn’t allowed by the government to have any monsters as ‘animals to be watched at a zoo’ anyhow. He did however like to advertise that monsters had been in the natural preservation area. It’s just nobody could ever see them that he never advertised.

Instead, sneaky bastard was now charging them ‘rent’. Eh. Toriel and Asgore and the whole monster kingdom was still doing fine. They had enough G to cover the bill.

Meanwhile, Sans hadn’t changed his plans. No one else besides him, Farrah, Papyrus and the royal family really needed the gritty details.

Including other Mom-In-Law. No one even bothered to tell her about the new rules of the Kingdom being freed.

Sans would handle all that, with a small assist from Farrah.

“Frisk,” Torah called to her. She headed over with her sunglasses and purse. “Honey, let’s go. Where’s Papyrus your mate and Sans?”

“Um?” Farrah went over closer to Torah. “Mom? I had a talk with Sans, and we felt it would be better if he was my mate for the time being.”

“Oh, good.” Torah looked toward Sans. “Good idea. You know how to treat a girlfriend, don’t you?”

“Oh yeah,” Sans assured her.

“Good. Plus, Frisk’s . . . *thing* . . . seems to have aged her some. You’ll look better with her.”

Heh. Humans sometimes.

They would all still live together, until Sans found a decent way to make money and be on their own again securely and safely. He still just wanted to live just the three of them: Farrah, Papyrus, and him.

Until then, he’d be boning up more on the human way people did things. Get better disguisers. Figure out the human traditions of that dimension from the one that he came from. Things like that.

It wasn’t a huge rush to disappear. Even Farrah seemed to be more at peace with Torah now, feeling like she understood both parts of herself. Farrah not only knew Frisk, but could see into who she was the most. Chara.

A soul wrapping around another to protect it.

“Sans, grab the suitcases,” Torah insisted. “Have your brother and Frisk take one too. I have mine.” She thanked Toriel and Asgore for their help, but was more than ready to get out.

“Glad to be of service,” Asgore thanked her. “By the way, do you collect anything?”

“Take care,” Toriel said curtly. “I will come after you if you wrap Farrah up into anything like a soul-gag again, human.”

Torah didn’t answer back, and that was okay. Torah probably wouldn’t do such a thing again.

If she did, she didn’t have to worry about Toriel. *She’d have to worry about me.* In fact, he’d probably have a private conversation soon here down the line, to make she understood what she should and should not say to Farrah. “Got the suitcases, Torah.” For now, he was just delightful Ol’ Sans.

“Come visit again soon.” Toriel hugged Farrah tenderly. “I will fix whatever it is you would like to eat, and nothing else. Farrah.” She kissed her gently on the forehead. “Good luck.”

Yeah. Sans already had a talk with his first Mom-In-Law.

“Oh, goodie. We get to go and see all of the skyscrapers again from a far distance,” Papyrus said. “A far distance is just fine for me.”

“Yes it is,” Torah insisted as she started to head out with her own suitcase. “Let’s move everyone. This time, we’ll take pictures along the way of Frisk and Sans like they had a honeymoon or something. Some kind of proof that a marriage exists this time for you. You need to pretend to work on looking like you are getting closer better, Frisk. Don’t take any chances, I don’t want the park having to come and get you again. Same bedroom too, and you’d better be working on kissing.”

Sans grabbed Frisk and showed they had that part down real well. He could feel Farrah smile as she lingered on him too. When he let go, he noticed Torah was now looking at them at an angle with her sunglasses almost falling off. “Got it. I’m good with the girls.”

“ . . . maybe Papyrus is a-”

“Nah, we’re good,” Sans said as he took out the suitcases. “Coming, Frisk? Oh yeah, I need a name for you. Something sweet. How about Farrah?”

She just chuckled beside him. “Farrah sounds nice.”

“Great, and I will be The Legendary Fartmaster.”

Farrah just laughed at him, Papyrus just groaned, and Torah just walked out with a sort of blank look on her face as everyone bid them farewell.





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