

## Together in Pieces

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# Together in Pieces

by [Serena Walken](#) ([SerenaWalken](#)).

## Summary

Flowey aids Frisk in her journey with the best paths to take for the most money and easiest fights. In return it says she owes it. Meanwhile, monsters she had met before but didn't know on the surface appear Underground, while others claim they know her. Instead of happy, they seem to be so weary of her. Especially the comic relief skeleton, Sans.

When she reaches the ending, she grants what Flowey wanted, but the answer won't help her leave. Fed up with it all, Frisk sticks her hands in her sweatshirt pockets . . .

## Notes

Author's Note: There is male/female and female/female in this. Frisk attracting both groups of sexes does happen. Frisk gets mistaken as a boy or girl often. Covid's never mentioned but it's life now of this writing, and Frisk's modern time is life now so yeah. (2021)

This story is an important story to me personally. I express myself in some different ways I've never expressed Frisk or her world before. Today is the anniversary of the day my life changed forever. So I? I am starting a new Undertale story! :)

## **Name The Fallen Human**

Frisk checked her phone. It was Saturday and she'd already been on call for an emergency that day. What else was needed of her? Oh, it was her friend. Well, she'd talk when she got into her front door. She lowered her mask as she started to unlock it.

"Are you Frisk Perez?"

Frisk turned, expecting the mailperson, but instead seeing someone she didn't know. She put her mask back on. "Yes?"

"Hey. Jazzy told me about you," he started.

Oh great, it was a blind date from her friend. They were all supposed to go out together that night, she almost forgot. "Yeah, just, I worked all day on an emergency today. Could I take a rain check? I'm tired."

"Oh. Your work, right," he smiled. "Say, what are you?"

What was she? When she was younger, she thought she'd try for doctor. As she went through school, she thought vet fit her better. But in the end . . . "I'm still wearing my hat."

"Oh! Oh, sorry, I thought it was merchandise." He tried to smile. "So? Doing really well for yourself, good for you. I'm an insurance agent." He moved his hands weirdly. "Insurance agent and fast food chain cook. Pretty kooky pairing, but opposites attract."

She took off her fast food hat. "I'm not the cook and it's my part time job. I'm a teacher too."

"A teacher? Then, why do you have another job?" he asked.

"Because I'm a teacher." Oh this guy. "Why don't we try again tomorrow night? You're really early anyhow, it wasn't for a couple of hours."

"Oh. Well, we decided to do a movie first before we went out to eat," he told her. "Jazzy said it's been awhile since she saw a movie and got tickets. I'm picking you up for the movie, then we'll all go somewhere afterward." He pointed at the hat in her hand. "Promise it won't be there. Wouldn't embarrass you."

"Just tell them I wasn't up for it," Frisk told him again. A movie too? That meant they already had tickets then. She didn't mind it, but she was too tired. "I've still got papers to grade."

"Yeah, but it's 6:00 on a Saturday?"

"Point?" Frisk just wanted to go inside already. Gaw. If only something could get rid of this guy. "Not tonight. Just tell them not tonight." She turned to go in, when she felt him grab her arm.

“Oh, come on, Frisk. You’re not scared of going out to a movie theatre with me are you?”

No. “I was leaving because I was tired at first. Now that you grabbed my arm, I know for a fact you need to fuck off, or get out of here.” She yanked her arm away and went back into her house.

She closed the door behind her. A part wanted to slam it, but he wasn’t really worth damage to her door. She took off her hat, her mask and her phone. She texted her friend the night was off and the guy they tried to set her up with was a dick. Then, she thought better and erased dick for ‘not to her taste’ before sending it.

She heard a knock at her door again. She looked out the peephole but didn’t see anyone. Hm. She went back to her dividing thoughts. A shower, food, TV, or just call in fast food with a good movie on her tablet.

KRRRSSHTTTTBKKKKRRRRR

Frisk heard the sound of something like a tree branch cracking and falling. She opened the door and looked around. The tree on her front lawn was . . . missing? It didn’t fall, it was just outright missing? She started to come out, but felt a strong wind that blew her backward unexpectedly. When did the weather turn strong? Her own door closed.

She tried to open it again, but it seemed to be jammed.

Sometimes, weird things just happened to her. She could never explain it. Never saw anyone, but always had something weird happen that others wouldn’t believe. Tonight, it was losing her front tree and being thrown and captured inside by the wind.

Frisk got another text message from her friend asking if she wanted to come without the guy that wasn’t to her taste. *My front tree was uprooted from the ground and it’s missing, and the wind seems mad at me.* Yeah, she felt like having some company after all.

Usually, when someone else came around, the strange phenomenon would stop.

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Later that Night

Frisk slept through some of the movie which gave her the chance to get some energy. They tried to dine in at a restaurant that had a lobby, but the line was so long, they ended up going around somewhere else and bringing it back to her friend’s house. Afterward, she was dropped off in front of her own house again.

“Frisk?” Jazzy asked her. “What the hell happened to your front tree?”

Frisk just shrugged. “I’ll see you later.” She waved goodbye and went back to her door again. She messed around with her keys, trying to open it. The air felt chiller, and having her front tree abducted didn’t make her feel well.

She dropped her keys and stooped to pick them up. She tried to open it again and heard success. She went inside, ready to take a shower and head to sleep to prepare for tomorrow.

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Frisk tried to relax with some tea she found in the back of her cupboard. After her shower, her friend texted her about her missing tree. *The doctor always said the things I saw were in my head, or I was responsible for doing something that I found later.* How did that work when a whole front tree was missing? Frisk couldn't dig it up on her own and just throw it somewhere that no one could find it.

She watched the antics of George Carlin, but he wasn't making her feel much better tonight. She heard a screech coming from her bathroom. *In my head. Don't even bother.* That same screech came from the kitchen. *In my head? Maybe I should bother a little.* Frisk got up and moved slowly to her kitchen to peek into it.

Yeah, it was just the neighbor's cat. It had somehow snuck into her kitchen. Then, another cat must be sneaking into her bathroom at exactly the same time. Su-!"

Frisk was hit all at once by incredible pain. It was over fast and hard that Frisk was panting, finding herself on the kitchen floor. Was it lightning? Getting struck by lightning? But in her house?

"Come on, human, get up." Frisk heard a voice behind her speak to her with a rude uncaring sound as she felt herself being pulled into a standing position.

Standing up hurt so much. What had they done to her? Frisk stared at the people around her. But? They weren't people. No, they were. They were probably cult members dressed up as animals with horns so no one could identify them. "Bastards."

"Aw, she'll be perfect for the boss," one of them said. "You can badmouth us, but not the boss. Feel honored, human."

What? Frisk felt someone grab onto her face. She couldn't see anything. *My face is not a handle!*

"Book it, we got to go with the prize before her lame guard figures it out. Back way. Mort, create a diversion up front to distract him."

Frisk felt the hand come off her face. She had no idea what they were talking about for a guard but if they wanted to distract someone from helping her? She would try it.

She screamed as loud as she could, shocking the cult disguise members. It shocked her too, the action leaving her in paralyzing pain as she fell back to the ground.

"Damn, I didn't think she had enough strength to do that!"

"Just grab her and bail!"

“Touching her bare skin will keep the pain turning up.”

“Who cares, she caused it.”

Frisk screamed again as she felt a cold stab as someone grabbed her shoulder. Then, that same person let her go, and she hit the floor again. Then, the cycle begun again. She felt another stab against her neck.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry!”

This cult member seemed nicer about it. At least he didn’t seem to want to wear horns. Although, skeleton wasn’t much different. Then, she saw another cult member dressed like a . . . fish in armor? *The hell is going on?*

Frisk couldn’t see the action, but she heard her house probably getting torn apart. The view of her couch showed it getting tipped over. Her TV was also hurled across the room. Her hands jittered as the lightning pain seemed to seep out of her through her fingers.

As long as nobody touched her.

But, of course someone had to touch her. She screamed, feeling it all over again. This time, they kept holding her, rubbing across her. She felt herself get thrust into something.

Such unbelievable pain and another stabbing pain in her arm. Frisk could barely breathe. Her face was wet with tears and all she wanted to do was keep screaming forever.

The pain started to ease as she felt motion. She was in a car?

“It’s okay, Frisk, take a few years, Punk.”

Frisk found herself being able to concentrate. It was the strange fish in armor. Her body started to feel relaxed more. “Help.”

“I am,” it insisted. “I’m Undyne. Remember me?”

Frisk never knew any one of them. Her pain was ebbing away nicely though when she started to hear-

“Awwwwwwwww I can’t believe this!”

The skeleton she briefly saw looked in on her from driving. As unsafe as that sounded.

“You alright?” He sounded concerned. “Undyne, she doin’ okay?”

“Yeah, I’m not holding back on her,” the fish lady said to him. “Least I can do. Frisk isn’t in any pain now. If we keep her stable for a couple of hours, the pain should stop.”

Frisk moaned. The pain was subsiding, but now she felt really dizzy.

“That’s it. Even if you didn’t show up, Undyne, that’s it. I can’t do this anymore.” The skeleton paid attention back to the road. “I can’t work miracles.”

Frisk felt the fish lady move her sweaty hair out of her face. “Who are you? The costumes.”

“Friends,” the fish lady said. “We are friends to you, Punk.” She gripped her harder. “In fact, we used to be Besties. Remember?”

Ugh. Frisk just couldn’t stay awake any longer.

“Don’t worry about it. Get some rest, Frisk.”

# The Ruins

Frisk moved around slightly. She felt . . . cold. What happened? *There was* . . . she fidgeted around for something as she opened her eyes. She pulled herself up, realizing she was on the ground. It was dark around her.

One minute, she had been attacked by some cult members in costumes, and the next? She was where? She walked a little, trying to get her senses back. “There was a man dressed as a skeleton and a lady dressed as a fish woman who drove away with me.” They had seemed concerned for her, but she didn’t see them anywhere?

“Wait and don’t kill anything.”

Frisk’s eyes blinked as she saw a talking flower. “Flowers can’t talk.”

“There are so many worse things than death,” the flower said to her from the ground. “Wait with Toriel. Okay, now if I just say something random about killing you she should show up. I’m going to kill you. You’ll die. Kill or be killed. I’ll just kill you-”

Frisk watched as someone blew the flower away.

“Oh, what a terrible creature.” The woman was no woman. It was a . . .

It was impossible. There was no such thing. Right?

“Are you alright, my child?” she asked.

Hm. “I’m not a child,” Frisk corrected her. Yet, she tried not to sound snikey. The woman seemed nice, and she had a feeling she knew her closely. “Where am I?”

“You fell Underground.” The woman still took her hand. “I’m sorry. I see you are an adult, but you feel like . . . like someone close. Like a child I once had.”

Frisk let her move her around. Frisk knew that feeling too, but she also felt scared and uncertain. “A bunch of people attacked me. Two others helped me, and then I found myself waking up here.”

“Who helped you?” she asked.

“One of them was named Undyne.” Frisk remembered that much as they walked together.

“Undyne? That sounds like a monster name,” she said. “You fell Underground, chi-I? I mean, Dear.” She smiled. “I really feel as if I should know you.”

“I have that weird feeling too,” Frisk said.

“You owe me!”



Frisk looked behind her. That flower from before came up for a second, and then disappeared again. What a strange flower, why would it say that? She soon arrived to a nice little abode.

“Human? I’m sorry, but, you will not be able to leave my home,” the woman warned Frisk. “Monsters will try to kill you. You will not be safe.”

Hmm. “I don’t know what’s going on . . .” However, her instinct said to stay close to this woman too. “I will stay with you for a little while.”

“Oh, good.” She looked back toward her. “My name is Toriel.”

“My name is Frisk,” Frisk told her. “I can’t stay away forever though.”

Toriel looked back at her. “Are you married? Do you have children?”

“No, I’m a teacher,” Frisk told her.

“Oh!” Toriel looked right at her. “I’m sure you are a lovely . . . teacher.” She walked again. “I once wanted to be a teacher. It’s nice to meet someone who is a teacher. What do the children call you?”

Weird question. “Miss Perez.”

“Miss, yes, of course Miss!” Toriel looked almost relieved. “Of course, Miss. Sorry. It’s been quite a long time since I met a human.”

“Well? I’ve never met a monster,” Frisk assured her.

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Frisk stayed with Toriel for about two days, but she couldn’t stay there forever. She assured her new friend that she only wanted to get to know the outside of the ruins. Toriel still seemed against it, but Frisk promised she would be back.

Toriel continued to rant about how other monsters would hurt her. “You do not understand, Frisk,” Toriel tried once again. “Six humans have been killed to create an invincible monster to reach the surface. They only need one more soul.”

Ugh. “Then come with me.”

“I can’t. The ruins are my home, I don’t go out that way,” she assured Frisk. “Please.”

Geez. *I may have to kill her to get out. Whoah! Where did that thought even come from?* Frisk would never murder someone who didn’t hurt her. Yet it. *I feel like I could kill or not kill and it wouldn’t matter. Why?*

Frisk waited around until Toriel finally seemed to consider it night time. She received a room, and had some more butterscotch cinnamon pie she baked, and lied down. Once Toriel was in her own room safely sleeping, Frisk snuck out. As she moved downstairs, she found a long corridor that seemed to be the way out. As she walked the carpeted hallways, the same strange flower from before appeared.

“That didn’t work out, what a surprise,” it grumbled as it appeared by her feet. “Just don’t kill her, no matter how tough she is. It’s bluster. If you run low on health, she’ll even miss you on purpose. Just keep talking and she’ll give in. You still owe me.” Then, it was gone again.

Frisk thought more about what it was saying. Why did it keep saying she owed it? For the advice it was giving her? *Keep talking and she’ll give in? I don’t have to worry about that, Toriel is-*

Toriel was no longer sleeping. She stood right in front of the door Frisk wanted to go out of. Frisk tried to talk to her, but instead Toriel had pulled her into a fight!

Frisk kept talking but it did nothing. Remembering what the flower said, she kept it up anyhow. The only other choice was to kill her, and Frisk didn’t want to do that. She didn’t. She liked Toriel.

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Letting the human go was not an option for Toriel. It never could be. Grown up or a small child, nothing inside of her wanted Frisk to leave. That world outside the ruins was cruel. She could shelter her there. Take care of her there. Make sure she stayed safe, no matter what happened.

***“Majesty?” Undyne gestured to the next room. “She’s in there.”***

***Toriel didn’t like the way Undyne said ‘she’s in there’. Ever since they came back up to above ground, Toriel had been taking care of Frisk and searching for her parents. Frisk said she had a mom, and a daddy that she had never known.***

***Toriel took that as a sign that her father died or her mother stayed single. Thinking nothing of it, Toriel still assigned Undyne to go out and find her with the directions Frisk had given her.***

***As she opened the door, she understood why Undyne had not been so cheery with the ‘she’s in there’. Still, Toriel only smiled kindly. “Hello. My name is Toriel.”***

***Frisk’s mother was putting out a cigarette and blowing out the rest of the smoke. “Hey.” She addressed her, but didn’t look at her directly.***

***Toriel could tell where Frisk got her hair and eyes from. Her mom was almost a spitting image of an older version of Frisk, which made the view all that more unsettling.***

*Toriel wasn't dumb, and when the kingdom used to hold many more monsters before the war that sent them underground, it was prevalent there too. Toriel didn't ask right away, trying to warm up with some light conversation with her.*

*Frisk's mother was named Candy, and she had a sweet but sassier personality. She didn't open up that much, but Toriel could feel the same kind of soul inside of her that Frisk had.*

*Kind and gentle. Considerate of others. Toriel could tell she was raised rough, but had a naturally kind persona, that had to be subdued in her lifestyle.*

*As their conversation kept going though, the direction changed.*

*"So? I know this is gonna sound bad," Candy said to her. In fact, Toriel could see tears trying not to well up in her eyes. "I want Frisk to stay here with you, okay? With you. Majesty. Um. I love my daughter to the moon and stars and all them bits put together, but she's got a decent life here."*

*Oh. "I understand how you feel." Toriel gently touched her shoulder. "I am not naïve as to your life."*

*"Yeah. My daddy is Frisk's daddy one day if I take her away from here," Candy warned her. "I want the best for her. She should have everything I can't, and if she saved your kingdom, then it's only right she should stay." She waved her hand, trying to keep the tears away again. "I'll sign whatever documents you want, if you just take care of my Frisk. Don't ever tell anyone where she's really from. Who her momma had been. Please?"*

*Toriel watched her for a time.*

*"I know it ain't no free ride too, raising a child that ain't yours. How about I chip in so much a month? I can work harder and I'll get whatever you need."*

*Toriel couldn't judge her, nor could she let Candy pay anything for her to take care of Frisk. "This has nothing to do with you, Candy, but I'm sorry to say, I cannot watch Frisk for much longer." She watched Candy's heart break with just a look down of her eyes to the ground.*

*"I'd give up all my days with my precious little Frisk, if it made her life better." This time, Candy wiped her eyes.*

*"I won't send her just away with you in this state. I can watch her for a few more weeks," Toriel encouraged her. "During that time, I wish for you to stay as well."*

*"Oh no, no." Candy sniffled, but crossed her arms. "No, I can't afford to do that kind of thing. You know? A week off the job, I probably wouldn't wake up. Sorry." She sniffled again. "I can come back here and there, you aren't real far from where we are. Well, I mean it's not totally true, but I could make it maybe once a week. Maybe. I don't know, I'm on automatic. Um? Nevermind."*

*No. "You are a wonderful woman, Candy, and I may not know all of the details to your arrangements in life? But I know that you don't deserve to lose your daughter just to give her a brighter future." Toriel stood up.*

*She would do something about all of this. She needed to help Frisk's mother first, in order to help Frisk.*

Toriel smiled and felt her eyes starting to cry. "I know you, human, I know that we escaped once." She closed her eyes, trying to concentrate. "How is this possible, why can't I remember more?"

*A cut. Against her cheek. Toriel stared at the deceiving human in front of her. Pretending to be a good person. A teacher, so sweet, just like she always wanted to be. She acted so compassionate.*

*Yet, in the end, Toriel was deceived. The woman just sneered at her in a strange cap and different clothes. This human knew magic somehow. This human. "Y . . . you really hate me that much?"*

*Frisk's sneer just turned into an outright smirk.*

Huh?! Toriel brought her guard back up. She stared at Frisk. No change in clothes. Seemed just as sweet. Both felt real. Both memories felt so real. What was truth? "Frisk. Would you kill me?"

"I don't want to," she answered. "I'd rather not. You've been kind to me, and I don't want to hurt you."

"But you could if you needed to." Toriel watched her eyes for the answer. Yes, she **could**. She could do it with one swipe.

"I feel strange down here," Frisk admitted. "I'm not planning on killing you, you're the one attacking me."

"I know you, don't I?" Toriel didn't know what to make of the visions. "Human. You know magic."

"Humans can't do magic," Frisk told her. "Can you please move so I can go?"

"I . . ." Visions of her being evil. A cold hearted killer. Yet? Also. "Your mother talked about you like a small child."

Frisk just raised an eyebrow. "My mom has never been anywhere near monsters. Neither had I until today."

Time? *It could be time magic, but humans remember time magic. Most time magic.* It was magic that monsters had used to even try and beat them, to mess them up. However, most humans weren't fooled.

And Frisk seemed like she knew nothing of anything.

Toriel did not know what was going on, but she had no choice. The Frisk in front of her posed no threat. For all Toriel knew, someone could be using magic on her instead of Frisk.

To make her hurt someone innocent. Perhaps.

---

Following the flower's advice worked. At the end, Toriel hugged Frisk and let her go, but told her she could never come back. It was a bittersweet way to end, but she couldn't just huddle in those ruins forever.

When she started to leave, she saw the flower again. "Toriel had strange memories of my mom."

"Old monster, she's just confused," the flower replied. "When you feel frozen and get turned around, immediately shake the hand. Don't bother talking to the owner, he's an idiot. I'll do the puzzles that I can, and just ignore the rest. If you don't, you'll end up in a fight." The flower looked bored. "You still owe me." It disappeared again.

*When I feel frozen, turn around and immediately-* Frisk felt it. She did as was told of her, and came face to face with?

A skeleton with a whoopie cushion in the hand. He laughed at her, but at the same time, seemed suspicious because of her quick movement. "I'm Sans. Sans the Skeleton," he introduced himself.

*Sans.* That looked like the skeleton from the front seat when she was abducted. He didn't seem to know her though, and she still didn't know him. *It's a strange situation. I should be careful.*

# Snowdin

The feeling he was getting from this human. Sans didn't quite know what to do. Well, if he hadn't made a promise to his knock-knock buddy, he'd know which way he'd go with the human.

He'd just kill it. He would have killed it before he even knew it was there. The human seemed safe. Easy. Clothes were weird, looked more like PJ's, but human style was weird through the ages.

He chatted it up, trying to get a good grip on it. Definitely adult, but each time he spoke to it he wanted to say 'kid' instead. However, it wasn't really chatting back. It wasn't even smiling at a single joke, it seemed to want to get away from him instead. If it didn't even know he was a real threat, why was it acting like that?

"Please stop that," it requested of him.

"Stop what?" Sans asked. "The jokes? Don't like jokes?"

"No, the kid thing," the human said. "I'm not a kid, I'm an adult."

***"You're 12, Frisk, you are a kid," Sans said back to her. "Go back to bed before I get caught talking to you."***

***"Why? I'm not leaving without knowing," Frisk demanded. "Papyrus comes to see me all the time. Why don't you if you're here? How come I never see you in the Underground? How did you know that guy would try something earlier today? Is this the first time you've helped out like that, because I've had stuff happen more than once."***

***Sans didn't answer at first. "I pissed your moms off, but I was the best for the job. Papyrus is your good influence. I'm just the guard."***

***"Since the first day we came here? That's creepy."***

***"Your moms said I couldn't meet you again. I don't want to lose this job, so you better get back to bed. Pretend you didn't see me."***

***"But you have done this before," Frisk told him. "Once, when I was ten, something like this happened before. I was just thrown somewhere and then the person I was talking to was just gone. Then, when I was eleven last year-"***

***"Yeah, it happens. I take care of it. Don't worry about it," Sans said. "You better go now."***

***"Why can't you even talk to me?" Frisk asked. "You're a nice monster."***

***Sans sighed. "I messed up when you were younger. Messed up first day on the job, so me, right?" he teased her. "You'll get us both in trouble if you don't go home."***

*The frickin' hell was that?* A scene Sans didn't understand just flooded his mind. A monster didn't just dream up weird stuff without reason.

Somehow, he knew her. Sans had been on top of a roof, underneath a starry sky. *I was underneath real stars in a sky.* He was out of the Underground.

The woman in front of him, he had known her at a smaller age. She went to go to a roof to go talk to him at a younger age. Sans put together a couple things in his skull because he knew he wasn't going to get all of it.

Somehow, Underground had been on the surface, and now someone set time back so it wasn't and nobody remembered it.

Somehow, he knew this human, and this human seemed almost nervous to be around him. At least it didn't seem to be unsafe. No sense of humor, but it seemed safe.

It was also a pain in the butt. All Papyrus wanted to do was have someone enjoy his puzzles and get captured. Was that too much to ask? When the human (the one his memory captured as 'Frisk') went through the puzzles, they were either done, it seemed to know where it was going to trigger a button to solve them quickly, or it just ran through the puzzles.

Poor Papyrus.

---

When Sans' brother first saw her, he thought she was a rock. Toriel was right, monsters knew nothing about humans. Frisk felt a little compelled to talk, but she remembered what the flower said. Doing a puzzle would cause a fight later.

His advice had helped with Toriel, so she kept following it. Every time Papyrus or Sans dished her out a puzzle, either it was already done, or she was just supposed to walk through it.

It really made Papyrus angry, but she followed the flower's advice still. *I'm not here to make friends.* And as curious as she was about Sans, if she didn't remember where she met him from before the abduction, then . . .? *I just shouldn't be getting chummy with him yet.*

After all, Toriel went from expressing delight to suddenly looking like Frisk was the root of all evil.

As Frisk made her way into Snowdin, Sans caught her again. He urged her to play with the puzzles, and he sort of . . . gave her an odd warning and disappeared. She had another puzzle come up, one that looked terrifying. Papyrus changed his mind though, and Sans made his brother feel better.

Good because she didn't want to run into that one. *Who uses a white dog in a puzzle?*

Still, they were nice monsters. Frisk was starting to feel some regret for listening to the flower. *Maybe being friendly for one puzzle would have been a better idea.* However, the flower insisted that'd mess everything up, and she couldn't stop denying that he helped with Toriel. So? Frisk just continued.

Frisk expected to see a few more monsters in the restaurant she went by, or outside. Did the Underground have so little monsters that mainly Sans and Papyrus lived there? The size of the restaurant Grillbys was big, like several people should be there. There were also so many houses. Even what looked like a shop. It was empty, with a disturbing note to leave their family alone.

Frisk was human. She didn't have magic, and these were supposed to be monsters. Why in the world was everyone terrified to even meet her? Toriel had told her she was the one who should be scared and frightened. They wanted to kill her, but, it looked more like they thought she'd kill them.

The only other monster there was just a sweet kid who said he wasn't scared of anyone coming. He didn't even seem to know she was a human. It made Frisk uncomfortable, she was more than ready to get out of there.

Frisk went through the ice and came across Papyrus. His words weren't very nice, even said she was shambling about. For some reason, he said her hands had dusty powder on them, but there was nothing on her hands. Getting tired of it, she held out her hands. "I don't shamble, I walk normal, and look? See? There's nothing on my hands."

"Uh?" Papyrus rubbed his skull. "You're right. I don't know why I said your hands were covered in dust. You just seemed like you would be covered in it. For some reason." Then he seemed to snap back to his scolding self.

Oh no, a fight was coming. This guy had been a good guy. *I don't want to hurt him.*

---

## Waterfall

Sans was relaxing at his stand. He knew his brother would deal with the human in a nice way, even if it wasn't the nicest to him. Sans looked at the echo flower not very far. He chatted with a couple nearby monsters and-

***"You know, I really wanted to try for her. You know? Asgore didn't have to rule the surface and destroy humanity. Hell, he didn't even want it. But this? I didn't see this coming. Don't cross the line."***

***The human just sneered at him as it held out a dagger toward him. "Even with a toy knife, I could take you disgusting monsters down."***

***"That doesn't sound like you wanna keep off that line." Sans watched as it stepped up toward him. "Come on, Fella, let's quit this?" His voice was strained. "How much more are you going to take from me?"***



***“Isn’t your brother enough?” The human snickered. “I left you Grillby. You should have been happy enough with that. Get out of the way, I’m taking down Asgore.”***

***“Turn around,” Sans warned it again. “You don’t wanna fight me.”***

***“You mean again?”***

“I don’t want to fight you!”

Sans seemed to wake up from whatever memory happened that he didn’t understand. *Papyrus?* He headed over past the ice some. He could have sworn the human was a pain in the pelvis, but he didn’t know it could be so damn evil too!

*Papyrus, teasing about taking Papyrus. Nah, it was more than teasing.* Sans watched as Papyrus’ defenses were completely down. *No, no don’t do that!* Sans watched as the human just walked up to him.

“Good to hear you don’t want to fight?” The human seemed confused. “I need to get past you now.”

Nothing. The human did nothing. In fact, Sans had noticed that Snowdin had been pretty quiet. Real quiet. *Were others getting strange memories too? The hell is going on with this woman?*

---

Papyrus brought down all his defenses, and offered to spare her and show her the right way to live. He seemed convinced she was on the wrong path and needed a guide.

She even got a phone from him, to call in case she fell into trouble. *Aw. He’s a great guy.* Frisk couldn’t help herself, especially after ignoring all his puzzles. “Thank you so much. I’m sorry I didn’t do anything right, I was really-?”

The flower appeared at her feet. “Don’t overturn the work you did, you didn’t fight for a reason! Move on, Frisk.” They disappeared again.

Okay? *You didn’t fight for a reason.* Frisk stopped talking to the nice monster and went onward. She saw Sans the Skeleton behind a stand with other monsters standing around.

She approached him. Now that that part was over, she’d like to talk to him. She really wanted to talk to him, just to find out more about him. *Don’t mention the surface yet.* “Sorry. I should have played some games, you were right. The environment’s different down here, and I had a tough time with a friend I met in the ruins.”

“How tough?” The way he spoke now seemed different. “How’d it turn out?”

Oh. “I got through it.”

“How’d you get through it?” Sans asked. “You get through it good or you get through it bad?”

“I thought it would be bad, but it turned out to be good,” Frisk told him. Sans seemed relieved. What a strange reaction. “Staying longer turned out okay, but I think hurrying through is a better strategy right now.”

The skeleton didn’t answer at first. Almost like he didn’t expect her to say anything. Then? “Why don’t you meet me at Grillbys?”

“I’m in a hurry,” she reminded him. “I don’t belong here.”

“Small trip, hardly any time. I’ll pay, my treat.” Sans sounded insistent.

"There's nobody at that restaurant to serve anything," she told him.

"Ah, then free eats. I'll pay for it later, let's go."

Frisk didn’t like how insistent he sounded. Even going when no one was in there? “My choice is no, I don’t want to go to a restaurant with you.”

"What if I get a few monsters in there again? I'll get Grillby at least, the cook. Yeah?" Sans asked. "You're going to want some food at some point, and I doubt you've got G for it."

Then again? *How is he so charismatic?* It was that feeling again. Plus, how did she know him? *I need to get to know him, I should agree.* “I will go to the restaurant myself. I might see you there.”

“Your own terms, that’s fine.” Sans seemed to get it. “I’ll see you there.”

---

Frisk walked into the restaurant. It had been pretty empty before but not it had a couple of monsters plus the cook there. Strange. She looked to her side and saw Sans right there. Damn he was fast. “Awfully busy.”

“Always. It went quiet for a bit cause rumors, but I always liven a place back up.” Sans ordered for them and then talked about an odd flower with her. Something called the echo flower.

Frisk knew a strange flower, but she doubted it was an echo flower. He said they were blue, and the one she knew was yellow. He gave her some interesting news about his brother though. Anecdotal. Probably unimportant, but Frisk didn’t mind. Taking a few minutes to get to know him seemed okay.

Although, even though he was acting friendly, he had this strange lull in his voice. Like he still didn’t trust her. He still seemed to be watching her extra close. The other monsters who came in, seemed to be doing the same thing.

Frisk didn't get where that mistrust came from. They were powerful monsters and she was just a human. She couldn't do anything. All she wanted was to find her way out and get back home.

As she left, the flower popped up again. "Follow the monster kid closely, look around in more nook and crannies, and get good at ducking." He disappeared again. Then he popped up again. "Send Temmie to college. I'll help you play a song and teach you a trick with dog residue to get some armor. Don't worry about the cost, it's dirt cheap for you, but you'll need money soon for other stuff. You still owe me." Then the flower disappeared again.

That was a lot of information to remember and Frisk didn't get half of it yet.

She moved onward and re-met the monster kid she had seen before. It hadn't been frightened of her before. Strangely though, it really believed she was another kid. *Oh so cute*. She allowed him to walk with her as he told her tales of valor about a monster named . . . Undyne?

Undyne? Could it be the Undyne that helped her from above?

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# Waterfall

Flowey popped his head up a couple of times. Frisk was sitting on the ground while Monster Kid was hanging around and talking to her. Eventually, Monster Kid shut up and also started to sit down.

Getting tired of it, Flowey popped up, demanding to know why she wasn't moving, and was met with something he should have expected-

but at the same time didn't-

she pulled him up. Straight up, roots and all. "Roots, roots!" He warned her.

"Don't give me roots." Her voice sounded dark and firm. "I just dove a ton of arrows by another monster. None of the monsters in Snowdin come out to see me. No one is out here to see me, but I know people are here. I can tell. Even that old turtle isn't treating me very nicely. I haven't done anything," Frisk said to him. "I'm the one who is supposed to be ducking the monsters according to Toriel. Why are the monsters ignoring me?"

"Maybe because you're pulling them by the roots!" he complained. She didn't take the bait.

"Tell me why I feel so strange?" Frisk shook her head and looked at Monster Kid, then back at him. "Why do I feel more like it's impolite or inconvenient to kill . . . instead of being horrified by the thought?"

Flowey didn't know what to do. He wanted to get Frisk to the goal before she started examining feelings. "Just forget it and make it to King Asgore."

"Tell me," Frisk told him. "You yourself are impolite so don't test me," she warned him. "I was hurt severely and then dumped Underground, and now I'm dodging arrows by someone who said they were my bestie up above."

Monster Kid backed up from her some. Oh great she was undoing his hard work. Flowey groaned. "Don't lose *him*, he'll help you out if you stay a friend." She wasn't letting go. She didn't say anything else but she didn't need to. He already knew she could do it. "Come on, please? I'm helping, please. I'm not hurting you, I'm helping you as best I can, please don't kill me!"

He found himself being dropped. He tunneled right back into the ground.

"What's wrong with me? What's wrong with everything?" Frisk just sat there, looking ahead.

"Not all of them hide," Flowey said to her. She was calming down again. "Most hide, but some don't. The ones that are choosing not to believe."

"Believe?" She stared at him. "Believe what?"

“They see you helping them as a cute little eight year old,” Flowey smiled. “Then, they see themselves being recklessly murdered by you too. It’s easy for humans to kill monsters.”

“Why do they see that?” she kept pushing. “Why are they seeing weird visions about me?”

“Monsters can’t remember time magic normally, but something’s different. You’ve been through this several times. You can’t remember, but not because of time magic. I’m not technically a monster, so I always remember.”

“I don’t understand,” Frisk insisted. “Time magic?”

“Someone you trusted, and loved deceived you,” Flowey informed her. “They made it so that you can’t remember monsters. Until they lift that magic off of you, you’ll never remember.”

---

Someone she knew, trusted and loved wouldn’t let her remember monsters? Monsters never even existed in her life, so why would that be necessary. “Was it an all-encompassing spell over humanity?”

“Nah,” the flower said. “Just you.”

Just her? “Why?”

“You were doing things they didn’t like,” the flower said. “I can’t answer much. I only know what the soul inside me knows.”

“The soul inside you?” Frisk just groaned. “What does that even mean? What are you?”

“I used to be soulless. I have a soul now. One soul. That soul knows what’s going on. You kill me, you’ll never understand.”

It was still scared she was going to kill it. *This isn’t me. This isn’t right. I feel like I’m being punished. I feel like I deserve to be punished, but I don’t know why! I don’t understand.* “I don’t get it.”

“Just get through it and get to King Asgore,” the flower said. “Get Asgore to tell the truth.”

***Frisk heard the sound of two metallic things falling on a floor. A hard floor, maybe wooden. Someone was talking, but they weren’t talking to her. She was staring straight ahead at a human. It was another woman about Frisk’s age. She had red eyes and red hair. Frisk couldn’t make out everything, it was fuzzy and the voices were fuzzy. The only thing sharp in her image, was the woman. The only sound she could hear clearly was the woman’s.***

***“You’ll get them back.” The woman smiled. “Geez, Sans, I can’t believe you are still awake. From only having individual power, you sure are strong. Get some rest. This’ll be over before you know it. Just make Frisk get Asgore to tell the truth.”***

***Truth?***

***“Just destroy the lies, and it’ll be over,” the woman urged. “Just make him admit it.”***

***More muffles. Frisk just couldn’t hear.***

***“Just, I can’t say but. . .” The woman was debating. “Humans don’t have magic, so they never could have made a barrier to seal monsters inside.”***

***“Chara, shutup, don’t say anything!”***

Frisk came back around to reality. “If I can’t remember anything, why can I remember a woman named Chara?” She stared at the flower. “Chara looked human.”

The flower looked almost ashamed. “You can remember her because she was human. I have her soul inside me, probably triggered it,” they revealed, “but it’s not the Chara I knew.”

Chara he knew?

“Look, I can’t give you your answers, or I really would!” The flower looked so panicked again. “I’m trying to help, really!”

“Yeah. To survive,” Frisk said as she stared at the flower. “Everyone thinks I’m going to kill them.” It felt worse than the thought of monsters trying to kill her.

“Human!”

Frisk dodged another arrow. Nevermind, it wasn’t as bad as monsters trying to kill her. Monster Kid followed but at a distance. The kid seemed to be confused as to what to do. Frisk didn’t feel much better than him.

Seeing that the flower didn’t have much more information it would divulge (or if it did, she would have to threaten it and see the fear of death again), Frisk left it be. She simply followed it’s advice to get out of there the easiest and fastest way she could.

She visited Temmie Village alone, Monster Kid having gone off somewhere. She kept following the flower’s advice and played with dog residue (gross) and cloudy glasses. She sent the Temmie to school, and she was able to get the armor.

Temmie was nice. It was too bad most of the others weren’t around. Oh well.

When Monster Kid caught up again, it tried to make fun of her. Frisk understood what it was doing. It was just a child trying to make a grown up they admired happy. He seemed to snap out of it, and then the real challenge began.

Undyne. Frisk watched as she made speeches about killing her to escape, as well as telling her she could never win against her no matter how many times she tried to mess with time.

“I can’t mess with time,” Frisk tried to tell her. “I can’t use magic powers.” Undyne didn’t seem to believe her.

Frisk dealt with the strange fighting style. She didn't like the fact Undyne was trying to teach her to fight. *I feel quite confident I could have learned the style on my own.* While Frisk batted the attempts backwards she started to run away.

Although there was a part of her that felt annoyed she had to run away. A part that just felt like it would be easier to get rid of the monster. *The constant attacking and stalking, I should just waste her.* Then, Frisk's mind would straighten again. *No, I can't. She is a living person, and she knows something about me too.*

Her own thoughts were scaring her so Frisk kept running as fast as she could, only stopping a couple of times when Undyne caught up again.

*There was no way she would be a Bestie. How did she help me above, but could be so aggressive below?* She ran across a bridge, past Sans who was sleeping, *really?!* and found a convenient water cooler.

When Frisk looked back, Undyne fell on the bridge. Undyne was in trouble. She'd been so gung-ho to catch Frisk, she was actually about to die.

Frisk got some water from the cooler, then looked back at Undyne. She drank some of the water. Before she knew what she was doing, she was taking cups of water and dropping it on the ground. *Well, she sort of deserves it.* Just because the monsters wanted another soul to get to the surface, it didn't mean she could just chase her down and kill her.

Frisk took two more cups of water. She went over and poured some in Undyne's open mouth. *You are lucky I am merciful.* Then, she took the extra cup and dropped the water on her head. *Bye, Bitch.*

While Frisk walked away, the flower appeared again.

"Do the opposite of what the big yellow idiot says. Mettaton knows the tricks. Don't feel bad about him, he's actually just a ghost. Check trashcans. Ignore time wasting Sans. I'll do more puzzles for you. Use all your extra money I got you from the dog residue trick for Mettaton's food and remember to buy a spider donut. Ignore the trashy girls and dumb conversation with cats. Hurry up." Then the flower disappeared again.

Geez. That was more to remember this time than last time. Still, at least this part was over. Frisk wiped her forehead, it was definitely sweaty. She looked back in the distance where Sans still slept.

She just shook her head and continued on into Hotlands.

# Hotlands

Frisk did as the flower said. She got through it all, ignored Alphys advice, some puzzles were done for her, and she ignored Sans' hot dog stand (although she didn't want to).

The more she saw him, the less she wanted to ignore him. He seemed to be glancing at her with his lightguiders every so often as she walked by, like he was just waiting for her to stop over and say something.

Later. She'd see him later.

Frisk found the trashy girls and ignored them, but saw Sans again. Waiting just outside Mettaton's. *The flower said ignore him, but I've already ignored him a long time. Just a quick hi won't hurt anything.* Frisk walked up to him. "Hi."

Sans didn't quite seem like himself. "You sure have been really good at getting through the Underground well. I guess you got some time to chat finally? Why don't you take a shortcut with me and I'll tell you a couple of things. Then, I don't know? Maybe you could tell me a couple of things."

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Mettaton's

Frisk listened to Sans talk about Toriel. He didn't know her name, but she knew who he was talking about.

"So?" He stared at her. "What about you? You're behavior, it's not normal. I mean, not just by a monster standard. When you were with my brother, you were setting off traps without even looking at the puzzle to find them. You weren't exactly nice to him. Looks like you are making some really weird moves here and there. Like you know something's going to happen."

Hm. He really didn't seem all that pleased with her. "I've been getting some help. Their advice has helped me more than once, so even if I don't get it, I keep following it," she revealed. "In fact, they told me meeting you would only be a waste of time, but I wanted to meet you anyway." She smiled. "Just being able to relax feels good. Even when I wasn't fighting, going between Temmie Village and that older monster for cloudy glasses selling took forever." She shrugged. "How does he even carry so many cloudy glasses?"

If Skeletons could slouch in chairs, Sans was doing it. "Careful. Some monsters can be nice, until they reveal true intentions, Kid."

"I'm not a kid, I'm a woman," Frisk corrected him. "I told you that before." She really wanted to correct that. And? She had to find out. So far, Sans had never posed a threat, she



had to tell him. "I was on the surface, living my life, and I was abducted by what I thought were cult people in costumes." She knew that was wrong now. "I think they were monsters though. Two monsters helped me. A . . ." She raised her eyebrow. "A skeleton and a fish lady in armor."

Sans stopped slouching some, his interest just picked up. "You got monsters on the surface?"

"I didn't think so until now."

"This skeleton and a fish lady in armor have names?" Sans asked.

"I think you might know." Frisk touched her forehead. "One of them mentioned being my Bestie. Then, when the pain was over, I woke up and I was down here."

The flower popped out of the carpet and looked at Frisk. "I told you, he's time wasting. Get out of here." He popped back in the carpet.

"Kay? That the flower helping you?" Sans stared at where it went. "Human, you got my bones vibing every which way with your actions."

"It's Frisk, not just human," she told him. "I should have told you my name before."

"Frisk." Sans pulled out a comb and brushed his skull for some odd reason. "What did the flower tell you that you haven't done yet?"

Frisk told him everything the flower said to do.

"Actually, that's all real good advice," Sans confirmed. "Pretty good guesses from a flower." He glanced back at her. "I'll see you again, Frisk. Next time I see you? Let's go over what the flower wants again. As for me, I got some advice for you too." He stood up. "Don't bother the king. You've made it out this far. You'll be fine Underground, so just stay Underground. It's fine here. Gonna stress that a *little* harder."

Frisk noticed Sans' look.

"You should stay put, until you figure out things. Don't be in such a rush." Sans looked away a second, then back at her with his light guiders. "Fish lady and a skeleton?"

"The fish lady was named Undyne," Frisk told him. "I don't know the other name, and it was dark, but it seemed about your shape."

Sans shrugged. "I've never even seen the sun. Neither has the fish lady in armor I know. Her name must be really popular or something."

"I heard your name in a vision too," Frisk told him. "Pretty coincidental."

Sans didn't answer just started to walk away.

"Monsters are getting bad visions of me, aren't they?" Frisk called out to him. "I should have a lot of them trying to fight me according to Toriel. Even before I left though, she looked like

I was the devil.” Frisk met his lightguiders as he turned around. “You looked at me the same way in Snowdin right after Papyrus met me there.”

Sans still didn’t look like he was going to answer. “Humans are unpredictable. I don’t know what other monsters are thinking. Everyone’s just cautious I guess, but the more you stick around here, I bet the more they’ll come out.” He winked. “So, why not let that be a goal? Prove some visions wrong.”

“But even so, you still seem to be giving me a chance,” Frisk said. “So did Toriel. She was almost . . . I don’t know how to describe it. She was fighting me to stay, then she just showed so much love in her eyes and dropped all her guards. Then drew it all back up so quick.”

“I don’t know what to tell you, I just do knock-knock jokes sometimes.” That was it. No clear advice even half as good as the flower as he left.

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### Sans and Papyrus’ Home

Sans walked in, knowing Papyrus was on his break hours. For now. “Hey? We’ve got a real problem.”

“I am preparing for my next hour of duty, you should be working,” Papyrus scolded him. “I should be waiting outside with Undyne soon, so she can give me tips on doing a better job.”

“That human said Undyne and a skeleton kind of like me were up on the surface with her right before she fell.” Sans sat down on the couch.

Papyrus wasn’t scolding anymore. “. . . I had a scary vision of the human after I confronted it, Sans.”

“Yeah, I think I sort of did too, Bro,” Sans told him.

“When I confronted it, I complained about dusty hands right before I accepted to teach the human about the right ways of acting like a better person. But? They had no dust on their hands at all. So why did I say that? I brushed it off but . . . then there was the vision afterward. It couldn’t be. No one would do such a thing to us.”

“I think someone did.” Sans knew what he was talking about. It was the reason he came home to see him. “At some point, we are or were out on the surface,” Sans said it for him. “It’d be one weird lie to come up with for her. Oh, and it’s a her. She’s a woman human.”

“Oh. I thought a child, I seemed to think child.” Papyrus groaned. “An adult woman?”

“Guess so.”

“But? She really said all that about the surface? This isn’t fair!”

“Yeah, I know.” Sans agreed to that.

“This makes no sense, why would anyone rewind time to shove us back in, if we were out?!” Papyrus stood up and stomped his foot. “We must have been out! How? How?! We should be out!”

“Yeah,” Sans said quieter. “Maybe we were. Maybe we weren't yet.”

Time manipulation, it could be either way. Sans loved playing with it sometimes, but he never went back too far. Never really changed anything. It took a gut sucking amount of magic to perform it on a great scale. Even then, too much and he'd just be tricked by it himself. Plus, this human? If she met him and Undyne on the surface, then she must have been the one sucked into it.

“Did someone shove her into the past?” Papyrus questioned. “And for what reasoning?” He groaned. “Did somehow she save us in her past, and then someone messed around in the future, and so someone is correcting the past? Or is someone trying to change a nice future into never happening?”

Sans didn't know what to say at first. “There's someone helping her, trying to find the quickest and most painless ways to get through the Underground. When I saw her at Mettaton's, she had a freakin' suit of Temmie armor on.”

“So someone else must know what's going on?” Papyrus asked. “How will this end?”

“I don't know, just keep communicating with the human. So far she hasn't killed anything. She's stressed though and she wasn't the best to Undyne. Her name's Frisk,” Sans told him. “Maybe if we get her to stay still and not follow the flower, we can figure out what's going on.”

-----

Frisk got scolded for a bit by the flower, and then they gave her new advice for Mettaton. Eat face steak and only food from Mettaton's in the fight. Keep equipping different armor through the fight. Just write LEGS at essay time.

Frisk could see what Sans meant. “You are always so helpful,” Frisk said to the flower. “Why?”

“You owe me,” the flower said. “I'm . . . Flowey the Flower, and you owe me, Frisk Perez! Just don't kill me!” They disappeared again.

She owed them, that's all they ever said. At least she finally learned the name. Frisk sighed and continued on. She kept up with the flower's advice.

After the dance off with Mettaton, Frisk found out that Alphys had been giving her strange directions. Another time Flowey was correct. Getting onto the elevator, Frisk continued her journey.



## New Home . . . for Frisk

As she continued, other monsters told her things about the past. Interesting things about a human girl named Chara and a prince named Asriel.

Chara. “Flowey?” She called to it. “Come on, Flowey?”

Flowey popped up for a second. “. . . not that Chara.” Then he popped back away.

It made sense. That Chara sounded like she died a long time ago. Still, nothing really made sense. Frisk had to check. As she continued on her way though, she ran into him again. *Sans*. “Hello.”

Instead of the normal greeting, Sans gave a speech to her about LV, EXP, and LOVE. It was long and it didn’t seem like a normal conversation for the monster he had been. It felt like it was highly rehearsed. She didn’t know what to make of it. Then, at the end? “Do you still trust the flower giving you advice?”

“Flowey wants me to make it through,” Frisk told him. “They say I owe them something. They are adamant about it, so they need me to get through.”

“Just to get to the King. I have a bad feeling about that.” Sans had already mentioned how he felt about it, and what he would have done if it were him. “I’d really just give up. Stay Underground.”

Then, Flowey popped out of the ground next to her. “Ask King Asgore what we need to know. I’ll distract him for five minutes, and right before your fight, ask him! Then, when Toriel shows up, ask her.”

Toriel? “Why would Toriel ever show up?”

“Oh, I just used some blackmail to get someone to make a few calls. Just, get the facts or you’ll never leave!” Flowey popped away again.

Frisk looked back toward Sans. “Good advice still?”

Sans couldn’t seem to answer at first. “I mean? I don’t know, I personally don’t think you should go. Then again, I’d love to find out what question a flower really has for a king.” Then, he disappeared.

---

Frisk met Asgore. He seemed kind, even allowing her to go back and get ready for a final fight. He had all of the other six human souls around him.

She watched as he knocked out her mercy button with his triton. *Holy shit.*

Then, as promised, Flowey popped up in front of her. “Hi, Dad! It’s me, Asriel. Remember me? Sorry about that day Chara made you sick with the flowers, it was an accident for me. Not for her.”

Asgore seemed stunned. He didn’t move. He lifted his head, to see Flowey. “Impossible.”

“No, your royal scientist found the perfect vessel for the experimentation you wanted her to try,” Flowey told him. “Where did I die, Dad? Where was my dust scattered, Dad?”

“Asriel!”

Frisk watched as the king got punched out of the way by Toriel’s fire.

“Hi, Mom.” Flowey was still talking. “You really shouldn’t have taken Chara’s remains all the way to the ruins with you.” They bopped their head. “Or maybe I guess you could. As long as my sister rested in better peace than I did. I mean, look at me? You forgot all about my dust and let me turn into a flower.”

“Asriel?” Toriel started to walk backwards some. “No.”

“Ask it, Frisk,” Flowey commanded her. “Do it!”

Frisk looked toward Toriel and Asgore. Okay, she’d ask it the question the flower wanted them to answer so bad. “How did humans seal monsters in a barrier, when they have no magic themselves?”

Toriel’s face was red. Anger or embarrassment. Asgore didn’t look much better.

“Humans are mainly water, but they have some magic,” Toriel told Frisk. “They can learn it. They knew it. They had seven of their strongest magicians cast the spell.”

“I can’t do magic,” Frisk said. “Magic isn’t known to any humans. To even heal ourselves, we have to have doctors and medications. There are no quick fixes and definitely no real magicians.”

“It was once known to them!” Asgore roared. “When they sealed us down here, they knew the magic. Time has made them forget it.”

Frisk watched as a lot of monsters had started to show up. Asgore and Toriel had a lot of eyes on them. She noticed even Sans and Papyrus had shown up almost right behind her.

“No one wants to kill the human,” Flowey told Asgore. “Even your own ex-wife would rather kill you.” He cackled. “Mom would rather kill you than the human, Dad. It’s obvious Frisk is going nowhere because Frisk won’t kill. I haven’t let them gain any EXP or LV.”

Asgore looked at Toriel. She looked right back at him. The Kingdom started to question around them, asking the same thing Frisk had.

“The humans knew magic,” Toriel said with a smile while sweating. “Times have changed, but they used to know it. I’m sure they did.”

“Prove it.” Flowey used his petally head and pointed at Frisk. “Teach this human magic.”

“Me?” Frisk asked. “I can’t learn magic, I’m just a human.”

“Humans can learn magic!” Papyrus said from behind her. “You are probably mistaken, Human. Just like you were about not trying and enjoying my puzzles. You can do magic if the King says so.”

The other monsters around started to agree.

“Look?” Frisk didn’t get the point of it. “I just want to go home. Isn’t there a way to open the barrier without you or me dying, King Asgore?”

“If the human knew magic, I bet it could break the barrier.”

Frisk looked behind her. That single sentence came from Sans the Skeleton. “Look. I really can’t learn magic, Sans.”

Sans just waved at Toriel. “Hey, I recognize that voice. You’re my knock-knock buddy, aren’t you?”

Toriel didn’t seem as enthused but she did smile. “Yes. I believe I am. Hello.”

“Well then, Buddy?” Sans paused. “You wanted to save the human. Now you can. If a human can learn magic, like you said, then you can teach Frisk. Yay and all that.”

“Then the human can break the barrier for us!” Papyrus cheered. “It will all end peacefully!”

Then all the monsters cheered all around. Well, at least fifty percent of them.

*What happened?* Frisk looked at the flower. It’s face seemed to curl up into something devilish looking. “I can’t do magic. You know I can’t do magic.” They would all want to kill her when they figured that out. That flower was absolutely going to get her killed! *Sans was right, it betrayed me in the end.*

Raising their hopes up, only for them to be dashed again? *I’m dead. They are all going to kill me.* “I promise, Toriel, I do not know magic. I don’t know any magic.”

“Oh, oh!” Papyrus waved his arms. “I am willing to teach the human magic.”

“Yeah, me too,” Sans agreed.

That didn’t help at all. What were those silly skeletons doing? Frisk just glanced at Toriel and Asgore. “I can’t be taught magic, humans do not know magic. I would help if I could, but I really can’t do magic.”

Asgore looked toward Toriel, than at the skeletons. “Mankind may have changed, but maybe just some old fashioned coaching will release it again?”

“I make an excellent coach,” Papyrus said.

“Me too, yeah,” Sans said.

*Neither of them would make excellent coaches!* Frisk saw zero magic from either of them. Okay, well, Sans could make shortcuts, but? *Why would Sans even want to do this? He's not exactly a go-getter.*

“Actually, I think Alphys the Royal Scientist would be a better candidate with Frisk,” King Asgore said. “Alphys?”

Alphys was hiding in the back of the small crowd. Frisk didn't associate with her as much since she knew she was lying most of the time. “. . . d-do I have to?”

Toriel seemed to look away like she was lost in thought. “You know? It's been so long since we've been down here, they probably did just forget. Maybe, uh, Frisk can be retaught the ancestral magic.”

“Yeah,” Sans chimed up again. “Humans made the barrier. No doubt if it learns, it'll destroy it for everybody. I mean, it's not a kid after all.”

“It isn't?” Asgore looked at Frisk. “Oh.”

Oh? *Sometimes I hate monsters.* “Yes, my name is Frisk Perez, and I am an adult human.” Frisk was getting tired of it. She placed her hand inside of the pockets of her striped sweatshirt. “Hm?” She felt something in there and pulled it out.

Frisk became covered in smoke.

When she appeared again, she felt a hat on her head. Her clothes looked different. She even wore a necklace that said MISS FUCKING DETERMINATION in gold?

Frisk took the hat off her head and looked at it. It said IDGAF. “What was that?”

Flowey did not look pleased with her at all. It's devilish smile suddenly turned into a sour face. “Where the hell did you get that all from?!”

“The human knows magic? The human knows magic!” Toriel clapped. The rest of the monsters did too. “Yes, *see?!?*” She seemed relieved. “Humans *do* know magic, of course. Very basic clothing magic apparently. It's basic, but back then . . . ”

“The-the humans used their determination with their magic to create the barrier,” Asgore finished for her. “It's still very alive in them.” Asgore agreed to Frisk. “You can live down here in peace, human *adult* Frisk. You have shown us another way. If you wish to leave, then you can break the barrier using your human magic.”

“I can't believe this happened!” Flowey shook his petals back and forth. “What the hell? Why did you do that, Frisk?! We had them right where we needed them!”

Frisk sighed, once again putting her hands in the pocket of the sweatshirt. “I tend to put my hands in my pockets when I reach my limit with the kids in my class.” And she felt very fed up.



“Oh, that’s understandable.” Toriel seemed sweet, almost cuddly again. “Sure. We will work with your magic, to get it turned into something that can defeat the barrier that your ancestors put up.”

“We want to be the ones to teach her!” Papyrus wasn’t cheery about it. He seemed downright angry. “The Great Inventor Alphys doesn’t want to, and so we want to!”

“Yep, we want to,” Sans agreed. “It needs a place to stay anyway. Doubt it wants to stay with Asgore or in a lab.”

Those skeletons were working very hard on getting her for training. *Sans and Undyne. I know they were on the surface.* Undyne had shown up, but she hadn’t said a word. Last Frisk saw her, she just got her some water. “If I can’t remember monsters, then how do I remember them?” she asked Flowey.

“I can’t believe you did that, you stupid human!” Flowey cursed at her instead. “We were almost out of this repeatable hell, we were soooo close to having to make them admit the truth!” Flowey actually sounded like he was breathing hard. “Who gave you that magic ball?”

Magic ball? Frisk looked at what she pulled up from her hand, but nothing was there. There was nothing anymore. It felt like a ball she grabbed, but then it was just gone.

“Some friends you have.” Flowey actually sounded down now. “Now what?”

“This way human!” Papyrus latched onto Frisk’s arm. “You are staying with us.”

Oooh. Frisk glared at him. “Get your hands off of me.” She pulled away.

“Ooh, whoah.” Sans stepped in front of Papyrus. “Easy. My bro just got excited about our new house guest. He didn’t mean no harm.”

“Yes, I would never hurt you, human,” Papyrus apologized. “Just like you would never hurt me. Or any other monster. Ever. Right?”

“Just, let’s not make this hard, huh?” Sans said to her. “There’s still more mysteries to solve and we all want to know them. You’re gonna be down here for awhile. Let’s, uh, talk things out? Right?”

True. Him being on the surface. *He’s not denying it now.* Papyrus probably was just excited, and he was a good person. She knew that. She felt it. He just needed to learn not to grab her like that.

“This was terrible.”

Frisk looked down at her feet at Flowey. The flower didn’t seem to be mad at her anymore. Just depressed.

“My child?”

On instinct, Frisk turned to Toriel. Toriel had come over to Flowey and held her arms out toward the flower. *Oh yes, of course. The flower said he was hers.* Strange how naturally she seemed to want to answer that call.

“Oh, not you.” Flowey didn’t look happy again. “Frisk, go kill Asgore. Go on, or go touch the barrier. Go do something, but don’t let it stall here.”

Stall?

“Ah, what are you doing?!” Flowey complained as monsters started to try to get him out of the ground. “Hey, stop that!”

“They are trying to help you, Asriel.” Toriel looked so sweet. So motherly towards him. Why did that make Frisk feel so jealous? She had her own mother.

“No, no! Frisk, don’t let it end here, restart the cycle!” Flowey yelled at her.

“Alphys?” Asgore requested. “Can you help our son out of this form and help Frisk learn his magic roots too?”

“Uuuhhh?” Alphys looked unsure. “. . . Yes?”

Some more monsters cheered, but Flowey just growled. Mainly at her.

“Restart it, Frisk, restart it! Get to the barrier and restart, do it again, we are really close!” Flowey yelled at her. “We’re so close to getting them to admit the truth, we can do it this time! Run to the barrier and kill yourself!”

What? “You’re insane, I’m not killing myself.”

“Damn it, Frisk, we don’t have time for this. Come on, let’s keep going. Kill yourself on the barrier and start the cycle again!” Flowey insisted. “You’ll be fine, really!”

“Oh, my child really needs help,” Toriel insisted. “Come, let’s help find a pot for transport.”

“FRRRRRIIIIIIIISK!” Flowey continued to yell as he was carried away. “We’re so close. We’re just so close. Let’s end it, please. It doesn’t matter if you let everyone live or die in the end, it doesn’t! Even if you figure out how to open it, it doesn’t matter! Just the question, get it answered! Please!”

Sans whistled from behind Frisk. “Wow, see what I mean?”

Frisk looked back at Sans.

“Helpful until the end,” Sans told her. “Told you that flower was a bad idea.” He gestured to him and Papyrus. “So? Are you going to kill yourself like it wants, or are you going to come stay with me and my cool bro?”

“I am very cool,” Papyrus told her. “The coolest. You will have lots of fun staying with us. Really. Monsters will like you. I mean, they do like you! You’re . . . fun.”

Frisk looked back at Toriel. She was taking her son away, happily. *Stupid flower doesn't deserve her like that. Why am I so jealous of it right now?* What was it really hiding? Why did it want that answer so bad?

It didn't matter whether she killed everyone or no one, just get it answered? *I don't understand.* She looked back at Sans. "How were you outside on the surface? I know it was you, but how do I even remember?" She looked toward the flower. "It said I can't remember monsters."

Sans closed one eyelid and then put a bony finger in front of his teeth. "Maybe we'll figure it out together if ya stick around? Just a thought."

Mmm.

"Either that, or go with Alphys. She hangs out with Undyne a whole lot," Sans warned her.

"Oh, I could totally introduce you to Undyne!" Papyrus offered.

"Yeah," Sans said casually. "Totally liked the fact you saved her by pouring water in her mouth." He looked the other direction. "Not so much the water cup left on the head."

Ooh, he was so not sleeping. "I just need to get past this barrier and get back home," Frisk said. "I really can't do magic."

"Human, we just saw you," Papyrus pointed out. "If you have magic in you, we'll have you using it very soon."

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Toriel stared at her son. His dust. He was revived and turned into a flower. She was trying to accept it, as well as other things. It wasn't easy.

"That human performed a magnificent feat," Asgore said as he came nearer to her.

Toriel took a step away. "The magic trick you used was a smart idea. I won't thank you for it. I hate this."

"I did not perform the trick," Asgore told her. "Honest, Tori."

"Do not lie." Toriel took a deep breath. "Now what?"

"We can't save it, we never could," Asgore encouraged her. "We'll have to ask my scientist to experiment on it so it will die. We'll say it helped to save our son. Maybe it will."

"Frisk was a very nice human."

"Citizens have warned me they had visions of the human killing them."

"Yes, but I had nice visions too," Toriel warned him. "If you didn't cause that magic, then who did? Humans can't do magic."

“Maybe it can. It’s been awhile since we’ve seen the surface. Perhaps they’ve learned to tap into some kind of source,” Asgore suggested. “Perhaps he can even break the barrier. I can’t fight him now for his soul, monsters would be upset.”

“Including me!” Toriel shouted at him as she snorted at him and moved further away. “I can’t kill the nice human. I know there is more to it.”

“Yes, but that question asked of us.” Asgore looked toward the flower as well. It was silent and brooding. “Our son tried to make us answer it. If Frisk has no magic, the truth will come out. We will have to provide something for the citizenry or they’ll rebel against us.”

Oh. “Frisk should have a chance.”

“How long would someone have to show no more magic before others would give up on them? Especially with something as strong as the barrier. No one will fall for it for long,” Asgore informed her. “Tori.”

“Do not call me that, Asgore.”

“The human must die.”

Toriel wound up her paws, wishing she could punch something. This wasn’t fair. This wasn’t good. “I have a past with the human, I know that I must. I can’t just give it to the royal scientist to experiment upon.”

“His sacrifice might pull Asriel back to us,” Asgore said softly. “We cannot . . . tell them. How would they understand? How would they take it?”

Toriel did not know herself.

“It will destroy the kingdom,” Asgore said firmly. “You and I know it. Then what’s left?”

“I hate this.” Toriel glared at him. “I left you alone to get away from all of this.” She covered her face. All she ever wanted was someone who loved her with all of their soul. A nice, comfy soul. A warm soul.

No soul like that existed Underground. Every monster’s heart had a degree of cold to it. Always so cold, with Asgore’s the absolute coldest. The things she had to do for him. The things she had to keep quiet. All of the things they caused to happen.

Leaving to the ruins to try and save the human children that fell. And in the end? She closed her eyes. “I can’t be responsible for more atrocities. My heart can’t take it.”

“Our hearts will be fine,” Asgore assured her. “Alphys can handle it.”

Oh, to put all the blame on that poor woman. “That’s not right.”

“They will do well,” Asgore smiled. “Truly. She managed to hide whatever happened in her last experiments I had ordered. She is an excellent ally. If I tell her to experiment on Frisk, eventually the human will die.”

“The poor scientist will feel like it’s her fault. You’re terrible, Asgore.” Yet, Toriel couldn’t really say that. They were both terrible. “If Frisk makes many friends, then no one will want to kill it for not performing magic in the end.” It was a better option. She smiled. “Yes, the skeletons. They wanted Frisk to stay with them.” Yes, one of them she had got to know so well through the ruins door through jokes. He was very filled with life. “Let’s give Frisk to them.”

“If he can’t do magic, and he doesn’t die,” Asgore pointed out (oh he just had to!) , “then they will want the answer to the question.” He gestured towards Waterfall. “We even put up plaques to account for the war between monsters and humans. Royalty or not, we won’t be alive for very long.”

“I don’t think my life means half as much anymore,” Toriel said softly. “Underground has been here so long. We probably should . . .” Just give up. “They might just seal us in the ruins.”

“Answering the question would not break the barrier,” Asgore reminded her. “There would be no reason for it.”

“It would let a nice teacher exist in peace down here.” Toriel was already accepting her facts. This was the end of it. Their kingdom would end up crumbled. Anarchy would begin to form, creating factions.

“They would never jail us, they would kill us,” Asgore said for certain. “Even if the citizenry did forgive us, more questions would reveal Gaster. Then surely our sentries would . . . make an impact.”

“Oh yes.” How terrible did she feel now? “We’ve done so much wrong, I almost forgot. My friend I met through the door. Relation.” Hmph. “I wanted to say something back then and instead-”

“What’s done is done,” Asgore told her.

“If I had left you sooner,” she managed to say. She couldn’t say anything more. She looked out toward Asriel, trapped in a flower. Trapped with a terrible, terrible attitude. “Our priorities are to Asriel now. The citizenry will let him live.”

"Then, I wish to ask you a question, Tori?" he said cautiously. "It's been awhile since I've been on the surface. The human. I've been calling it a he. But. Is it a he?"

"Why would that even matter?" she grumped.

"It's a smooth skinned he. At first from it's actions it seemed masculine, but it's . . . the voice *could* be feminine. I think it might have breasts? Not that every monster has breasts. Most don't have breasts."

Toriel stared at him. Why was he so interested in what she had been?

"If it's a woman, it could be a wife," he said. "If he gets fixed."

"A wife? For who?" she asked. "Asriel?"

"If I let the human live for you," Asgore said, "and risk it to continue to live? If Asriel is cured? If it's female? Then, we can deny the truth with our last breath, and give up rule to our son will. If the human is a full grown woman, she can have children right away. The half human monarch their joining will create will have boss monster magic and human determination. When it breaks the kingdom will assume it's because of the human determination somehow. All trust will be restored in the kingdom once again."

When her daughter Chara first fell, it lined up so well. They both figured they could hide it, set Asriel and Chara to marry when they got older, and it would be done. No one would know. Every one had such hope. It was a lovely time.

Then a disaster, just a disaster, and an even bigger disaster when Gaster snooped around.

"It is a possibility," Asgore said. "If we can cure him without the human dying. Is it a female or a male?"

"I don't know," Toriel lied. While it was good to have a backup to save Frisk, Asgore would use it as a permanent backup in his mind. "I can't tell, it's too hard. Even if Frisk is a human man, there is nothing that says Asriel can be cured even if Frisk gives him a soul."

"I bet we could ask the scientist to flirt with the human," Asgore thought. "Yes, if Alphys can get a reaction, it would be a him. I will have her do a standard health exam on our newest citizen."

"Basing on simply a reaction? We know too little. Just, trial and error," Toriel admitted. "I'd rather do the last. Let the kingdom find it's own way, whatever it may be."

"The saying 'whatever it may be' didn't work on the surface," Asgore reminded her. "It will not work any better today than it did then. It will end up even worse because there won't be any shift in what we say."

"Well, nothing is really possible anyhow." Toriel tried to tolerate him. "Just? Let Frisk go to the skeletons. They'll surely get Frisk making friends. While Frisk does that, your scientist can work on helping Asriel. At least neither one will mess up future plans. In the meantime, don't bother me."

Asgore didn't want to listen. "It's always easier holding secrets together. Haven't we . . . suffered enough already?"

"Your soul is cold, it's more torture when I am near you," she revealed. Only he would come up with a plan meaning their silence to the graves with their son marrying Frisk. "Don't come near me again." She walked off. She would visit to see how her son was doing, but she'd never visit Asgore.

His soul was never right, but it was at least partly warm long ago. Without any warmth, she just couldn't stand it any longer.

Home. Back to home. Back to where she could pretend that she was a nice monster.

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Alphys answered her phone. Frisk was talking to the skeletons but Asgore had a new task for her. "Y-you want me to what?!" Flirt? He wanted her to flirt during a health exam?

"What's wrong?" Undyne noticed her words.

"N-n-nothing." Ugh. Alphys was shivering. Getting Frisk to perform magic. Fixing a flower that was probably unfixable. And now, flirting with Frisk to see if the human was a man or woman?

"Alphys you don't look good at all," Undyne said so compassionately. "Hey, you okay? What's wrong?"

"N-n-nothing!" She said one more time. "I-I just have to perform a health exam on the human." She headed over to the skeletons who were still trying to convince Frisk to let them teach her magic. "F-frisk? C-can you come with me? Y-your a new citizen s-so I-I have to do a little exam on you?"

## A Date With Alphys?

"Okay, Frisk." Alphys didn't know how she'd flirt. If she did, the human isn't who she'd choose to flirt with. "Um? We will begin shortly." She put on a dress. That was the extent she knew to flirting.

So far, the human hadn't shown interest. She always seemed to know she was being led astray by Alphys before. *This won't end well, I know it! It probably doesn't even remember my name.* The human didn't seem to be interested in anything she said before, but Alphys had to try. It was a request from the king, and compared to the other two things? It was the easier one to deal with right now. *Remember, Alphys. You don't have to make it like your flirting, just figure out if it's male or female.*

"Are you going out after this?" Frisk asked her. She gestured toward Alphys polka dot dress she had put on.

"N-no. I -I mean I don't have plans," Alphys said. "I-If someone asked me I-I would go. S-so? Question one. What do you like in a woman?"

Frisk just looked at her thoughtfully. "I like them strong but stable."

Strong but stable? "W-what is that?" Alphys asked. "Can you explain better?"

Frisk sucked on her tongue, making funny noises for a second. "I like people who can kind of be independent but at the same time, you know, know how to chill?" Frisk answered.

"Overstimulated business types I just don't get with, but I can't handle someone that can't do nothing either. Too boring. I need a good balance."

Oh. That didn't help at all. That wasn't romantic talk, that was friend speak. "I mean. If you wanted to date someone, what would you look for?"

"I told you," Frisk answered.

"Eh?" Oh, she got it wrong? "Um." That didn't help. "Then, what do you like in a man?"

Frisk just raised an eyebrow at Alphys. "Is this really part of the standard health test you need?"

*Shoot, it's too curious! It knows something's wrong! Still, why should it trust me?* "I, um, I? Ooh, I . . ." She stared at Frisk. "I should be more direct, right?" Okay, she had to. "D-Do you like males or females?"

"Oh," Frisk said. "Both."

Both? "Both?" *Well, that doesn't help at all.*



Frisk nodded. "But, you know?" Frisk shrugged. "I'm sorry, I just don't see myself with you. Your interests and the way you do things, it's just not up my alley? It's not that you're a monster, really." She gestured toward her tail. "Seriously, that's got a nice swing."

Alphys started to blush. *I never expected Frisk to know something like swingy tails.* "Well, that's good. I mean, not that my tail is swingy to you." Oh, blushing even hotter, she could feel her face so red. "I-I wasn't flirting though. I already um . . ."

"Oh, you have someone." Frisk seemed to pick up on things so fast. "Sorry, I got the wrong signal."

"No, I-I don't." Alphys fidgeted with her hands. "I-I mean. Um. She doesn't know."

"Ooh." Frisk seemed to take interest in her for the first time. "Do you think she likes you back?"

"No. Um. Yes. Um. I don't know?" Alphys was shaken. *Why did I admit that?!* "Um. Um." She noticed Frisk's look on her. "What?"

"Nothing, you're just interesting now," Frisk said as she moved closer to her. "That flower told me from the beginning not to trust you, so I didn't pay much attention. That's why I kind of mixed up on your signals too." Then, Frisk winked. "Okay. Who is it that you like?"

Oooh. "I don't think I should tell."

"Have I met them yet?" Frisk asked. "Does she have another girlfriend? Or, is she into guys instead?"

Ooh. "I don't know," Alphys said softly. "I spend so much time with her all the time. We like anime and she loves hanging out at the junkyard with me."

"Is it Undyne?"

Alphys voice choked, then she hiccupped in surprise. "H-how did you know?"

"Sans said that Undyne spends a lot of time with you," Frisk said. "Don't worry. I've got no interest in her. She's strong but not stable. I mean, to me. To you, she probably is to you. That's why you like her, right?"

Alphys whole body shook, but at the same time? "Y-yes!" She confessed. "I really like Undyne, and-and we have so much fun together. But, more than that, I would rather spend my time with her than doing a lot of other things."

"Oh, I know that feeling." Frisk leaned up against one of Alphys testing counters. "My boss at my fast food job? Oh, she is amaaaaazing. Like, every time she walks past I just know I'm blushing and it makes me even worse. I always hope that she just thinks it's super hot with the cooking."

Alphys couldn't help herself as she smiled. "Did you ever tell her how you feel?"

“Oh no, no. For one, she’s got a girlfriend. For two, she is fighting with her ex-girlfriend in that sort of . . . ‘if anyone asks for me, get a name first’ kind of way?” Frisk shook her head. “She is exciting. She is strong. I can imagine her being a lot of fun, but just too much fun for me. She isn’t stable enough for me.” Frisk chuckled. “I just enjoyed being around her. Especially with the hot green she just tinted in her hair last week.”

Alphys stared at Frisk. She just didn’t . . . it should be but . . . “You like guys too, right?”

“Yep,” Frisk said. “Oh yeah, I’ve probably dated more guys than girls. I’m not a real big fan of like the sweaty muscles kind. At the same time, I can’t just go for guys with brains either. They’re . . . boring. What about you?”

“Oh? Oh, uh, no one.”

Frisk tilted her head. “Mettaton kind of hinted you liked King Asgore too. Attracted to power?”

*Nyah?!* Alphys knew she was blushing terribly again. “Maybe. I wouldn’t ever though, it’s just . . .”

“It’s *really* Undyne,” Frisk said. “Asgore is eye candy but Undyne is the one you could see yourself being with.”

Oh, the way Frisk talked. It just. It really felt like. “Are you a woman?”

Frisk didn’t look real kind at her. She sighed. “Is that what you were really trying to get at this whole time?”

“Well?” Alphys felt bad. “Asgore wants to know. The king and queen don’t know.”

“The queen?” Frisk seemed surprised. “She knows what I am. She said she didn’t?”

“Uh, yes?” Alphys said. “I’m sorry.”

“Why did Toriel not tell Asgore what I am?” Frisk looked at Alphys curiously. “Why does he want to know?”

“Oh, I don’t know. The queen knew what you were?” Alphys asked. “She didn’t want to say then.” *Oh no. Not good.*

“I am a woman,” Frisk admitted, “but if you tell Asgore that you couldn’t figure it out, I’d appreciate it?”

Oh. “I can’t really do that. I. Sorry.”

Frisk took a deep breath. “I get it. You’re stuck in this I guess.”

Yeah, unfortunately. “If I can do anything to help though, I will,” she admitted. “I think you would make a really good friend, Frisk.”

“Thanks. I’ll find out if there’s a chance with Undyne for you too. I think she’s a total bitch.” She crossed her arms. “I think somehow though . . . we could be friends. Papyrus could probably help.”

Frisk would help her find out if Undyne liked her? Really? Really?! “Could you r-really find out without giving away that I-I like her?”

“I think so, sure.”

“You’d. But. How would you?” Alphys asked. “Why . . . why would you even bother? I can’t help you with Asgore.”

“Not every girl in the world wants to date another girl,” Frisk said to her. “Unless you know for a fact they go that way, it’s kind of scary. Especially the first time you need to find out.”

“Okay. O-O-kay! I trust you.” This time, she really did. “I’ll try and figure out something for you too.”

“Actually, I kind of know a way.” Frisk lingered on her for a few seconds. “Undyne is a huffy one with her feelings, right?”

“Undyne can be huffy. I love her huffiness,” Alphys admitted.

“Go on a date with me, in . . . two days?” Frisk asked. “It’ll give me a chance to know you, and no doubt Undyne will hear about it. I’m really good at reading people. I might be able to see if she’s jealous or not.”

“G-go out?” Go out with Frisk? “Go out?”

“Yes.” Frisk asked again. “Will you go out with me, Alphys? Let’s go to that junkyard you were talking about. If there is any heat for you, that’ll rev her engine hard enough I can find it.”

Alphys was starting to breathe so hard. “Why are we delaying the date? That makes it tougher.”

“Humans don’t date right away,” Frisk told her. “We usually schedule a time and date. I know I’m probably going to still be around in two days.” She smiled. “In the meantime, I can get to know the real you. Not the fake you that led me around the wrong ways.”

“Then? Then Asgore will think you are a man. Probably,” Alphys said.

Frisk shrugged. “I have a feeling if Toriel didn’t tell him, there’s a reason. Can you say we both just liked each other either way?”

“Okay, you did answer both,” Alphys decided. “This will probably frustrate him, but I’ll do my best to confuse him. But, are you staying with me too? That would be weird. A date in two days if we are already together all the time.”

“Yeah. You’re right,” Frisk agreed. “I wonder if I can stay with Toriel or Flowey.”

“Sans and Papyrus want you, don’t they?”

“I . . . think so.” Frisk didn’t seem to show whether she liked it or not. “I don’t know about it though. It feels like it could be tougher with them.” She stood back up. “Any advice on them?”

Hmm. “Skeletons do have some amazing abilities. I’m more into scales and smooth skin. Bone can do some amazing things though with the vibrations they call forth.” Alphys noticed Frisk’s look changed. “What?”

“Your mind is in the gutter,” Frisk laughed at her. “I mean, advice on staying with them?”

Oh! “Oh!” Now Alphys felt stupid. “Sorry, yeah. I. Um.” Hmmm. “Sans likes jokes.”

“He likes driving his brother crazy with puns. Papyrus likes patrolling and fixing uneatable pasta.” Frisk apparently knew them that well. “Papyrus likes puzzles. Sans is . . .” she shrugged. “I don’t know what to think of him yet.”

“I don’t really know much more than that.” Alphys only knew the surface of their personalities. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. Can I go now? A plus on the physical?”

“Ahh!” Alphys blushed. “The test. Yes. A plus on the physical.”

“Great,” Frisk said. “You get an A on the physical too.”

Alphys chuckled while she sweated. “Umm? D-did you just flirt with me?”

“For funsies. I just really liked the way you blushed,” Frisk teased her. “Sorry, I’m terrible. Anyway, anything else needed at all?”

Oh. Frisk was sweet, but she seemed strong. Yet, her type that she liked? Nope, no way did Frisk fit.

She could be such a good friend though. And, she would probably draw a lot of attention from Underground anyhow because even though Frisk was raised on the surface, for some reason, Frisk looked quite comfortable in a place she’d never been. She seemed fine with not only people she never talked to? But a whole other species from herself. “If you don’t go back up, you’ll probably start to like monsters,” Alphys told her. “You should think about what you like for them too. We aren’t really the same kind of thing as humans. We, um. We have different ways of . . .” She could never blush too much. “Interacting? That’s what I was getting at with the, um, the time you said my mind was in the gutter? Some interactions are better than others.”

Frisk just laughed. “I guess? Wasn’t really thinking about that much. Really just trying to get a grip on my reality. It sort of shattered.” She shrugged. “You’re right though. Maybe I should think about it one day. Right now though, I don’t see how I can ever even . . . can I tell you something?”

Alphys nodded.

Frisk's voice was hoarse. "I'm pretty good at reading people. The way the king and queen looked at me? I'm pretty sure . . . I'm going to die soon."

Oh. Oooh. "Frisk." Oh.

"I see that look on a lot of monster's faces. If they know I'm human, it's right there. That look." Frisk stared right at her. "I didn't see it on Toriel's. Until then. So?" She shrugged. "It's okay. I'm a human, Underground, and everyone wanted to take my soul. Then, they had bad visions about me. Now? Once they see I don't have any magic." Frisk wiped her eyes. "Ugh, I'm a bit of a weakling in this area. I really don't want to die, but I just don't know what to do." She stifled a laugh. "If I really was just a little kid, I'd just refuse to die. My mom always said I was such a stubborn kid."

"I'll try and help, I-I really will!" Alphys proclaimed. "Y-your my friend a-and your probably right. I don't know what anyone will do, but if you don't make magic . . . I'll figure something out. I-I'll figure it out." Alphys tried to stop her own tears. She had no idea she'd meet such a good friend in the human. "In the meantime, try and get a date with a nice guy monster too. That'll confuse the royalty even more." The less Asgore knew, the safer Frisk might be. "Asgore will assume man if it's just me. Just older monsters don't think the same way."

Frisk looked off into the distance. Probably thinking about what she just said about death. Frisk nodded and took a deep breath. "Bye, Alphys. I'll see you in two days for a date. Say, 6:00?"

*She will still help me, even though she doesn't really think she'll make it out of the Underground.* "If you really want to, but you don't have to. Really. You have enough things to do. I do too. I-I need to figure out how to get you magic, a-and turn a flower into a royal prince. Somehow." She started fighting her tears. "I-I think we both bit off m-more than we can chew?"

"No. I want to help," Frisk insisted. "It'll help me take my mind off my own situation a little too. I like helping friends. I won't be able to do that anymore."

"And you won't get to look at the woman you like anymore, e-either. That can't be easy," Alphys added.

"Yeah. It's tough." Frisk smiled. "She could take in half a room."

"Half a room?" Alphys asked.

"Yeah. When she would come in, she knew everyone who worked there. She talked to everybody as she walked past, usually giving a high five, or a quick hey, but always different. Never repeating a 'hi, hi' you know? Different situation, different person. She cared for a lot. Really miss her right about now." Frisk sighed. "She made everyone feel comfortable with just her presence coming into the room. Even employees in a bad mood would just . . . Alphys?"

Ooh. *Sans, she will fit like a glove to Sans!* He didn't handle part of a room, he handled the whoooooole room. Everybody turned to see him walk through the doors of wherever he went to. *She's going to feel so much better with him after all.* "Go with Sans and Papyrus, n-not the queen or the flower."

Frisk just looked at her confused. "Flowey stood by me the whole way. Toriel is someone I should warm up to more if I have a chance at living."

"No, the King would overrule her," Alphys added. "It-it'll just make it harder on her. That's probably why she left i-in the first place. Go to the sk-skeletons."

"Why?" Frisk asked.

"I-if your life i-is pretty hard right now, then don't you want to be a-around some comic relief to distract you from it?"

---

Alphys picked up the phone as soon as Frisk left. She was supposed to call back King Asgore right away. It was tough to decide what to say. It was risky too, but she had to try. She didn't want anything happening to Frisk and the wrong answer might hurt her. "H-hello, King Asgore?"

"Ah, Alphys. Hello. Did you get Frisk's exam done?"

"Y-yes sir," Alphys said. *Breathe, Alphys, you can do this.* "Frisk is neutral."

"Neutral? What do you mean by neutral, Alphys?"

"Well, a-according to our test, Frisk isn't male o-or female," Alphys answered. "Frisk is both. Frisk is Frisk."

"What?"

"Y-yeah? On the test, Frisk was 50/50."

"Then the test was inconclusive?"

"Pretty much, Sir."

"Okay. Well? Humans are different. Does Frisk . . . ovulate?"

Ovulate? *What the heck is he asking that for?* "I would need another exam, a-and even then the tests aren't attuned to humans. I-I couldn't answer exactly," Alphys insisted.

"Neutral. Humans have become neutral. This is surprising, but if they now wield ma-i-umm? Mastery over the surface then . . . I forgot what I was saying."

*I don't understand what you are saying either.*

“Anyhow, evolution seems to have added some exciting new changes.”

“N-new changes?” What was the king talking about?

“If you can, find out if neutral humans have kids naturally, or if there is another process involved?”

*Oh! He actually thinks . . .* Asgore didn't think she messed up a test, he thought Frisk was physically both genders. “No, uh, majesty. I-I gave a written sort of test?” *What did he want with ovulation?* That couldn't be good. Ovulation involved pregnancy. Asgore wanted her female. Right? Would an answer of male kill Frisk?

No, it couldn't be that, or Queen Toriel would have told Asgore the truth. What did he want that ability for? How could that ever help? “I-is ovulation super important?”

“Oh, yes. If Frisk is female, I will let her live if she can't break the barrier. If Frisk is male, I will probably have to not let her live.”

“Because of o-ovulation? H-how is that a thing?”

“Oh. It's not important.”

“No, i-it actually is?” Alphys wanted to know. “A-a s-scientist does better with all the facts?”

“Oh. I can't give you all the facts,” Asgore announced to her. “But, um? If Frisk cannot perform magic, then we can use the boss monster touch to create something that could break the barrier. Since humans designed it, a little push of human should break it.”

That was weird science to come up with all by himself? *It sounds like. Like. Like humans are all like Frisk. Like they don't have magic. Then who made a barrier to put us all in?* “Oh.” *Then who made the barrier?* “But? If that's the case, then w-why did you just collect their-”

“Too many questions, Alphys,” he interrupted her with a warning.

“O-okay.” Still. *If a human could join with a monster all this time, then why didn't they do that a long time ago? It doesn't make sense why he is thinking of this now. Six humans died for this!* Terrible. A waste of innocent lives. They could have grown up and helped break it somehow, o-or their children afterward if they were male. *This is sick. This is . . .*

It was another reason Asgore was just eye candy. Frisk was right. Alphys loved that power, but Asgore couldn't be read properly. Even the queen must have had trouble controlling him. *It's not fair and I can't ask. He already made that clear. Maybe that question?*

The question Frisk had to ask for the prince. Neither of the royalty answered it before Frisk changed clothes. *Is that his doing? Did the royalty trick everyone into thinking she used magic?* “Uh? I will see what I can do, Majesty.”

“Great. When can you ask about it?”

Well? “I, uh, I have a date with Frisk in two days. I could ask then I guess?” Frisk wanted word to spread about that.

“You are dating a human that you don’t even know is male or female, Alphys?”

“Yes. I don’t mind either one,” Alphys answered. Then thinking faster, “neither does Frisk! They said they liked both too. Tha-that’s why the testing was harder.”

“Oh. Well then, I suppose that should be easier for you to bring up then. Thank you, Alphys. I look forward to your answer. Have you seen any other magic Frisk casted though? Or have you seen any way to give Asriel back his original life again?”

“N-not yet, Sir,” Alphys said nervously. She hadn’t even looked at the flower yet.

“Okay then. Let me know how you are doing when you find something.”

Alphys heard the phone hang up. Well. At least she got Frisk out of a tough situation. Partly. At least for two days. “M-maybe I should . . .” Talk to Queen Toriel?



## Toriel's Warmth

Frisk exited the lab and saw Sans and Papyrus waiting right outside of it. *Not a big surprise.* “Okay, you don’t need to follow after me everywhere.”

“Yes we do, we will be the ones to train you!” Papyrus announced. “We’ll start with color changing. Anyone can change colors.” He pointed to the lava. “Try to turn that blue.”

Frisk just looked at the lava near the lab, then back at Papyrus. *There’s no way.*

Then she was surrounded in smoke, and then back to her normal clothes again. Purple striped shirt and all.

“Well. That just happened,” Sans teased her. “Good thing. Your necklace did say Miss on it before. If you want Asgore to stay confused, he can’t read that.”

What?! “How did you-?”

“Sans!” Papyrus scolded him. “Were you playing in space and time again? Now, of all times?” He groaned.

Sans just shrugged, but Frisk glared at him. It was obvious he must have been spying. Just like that day with Undyne, he hadn’t really been sleeping. *What am I supposed to think of him?*

“Concentrate, human,” Papyrus told Frisk. “I see no color change at all on the lava. You weren’t supposed to change your clothes, you were supposed to change the color of the lava. A good try but try again.”

“I didn’t mean to change my clothes!” Frisk held out her hand. “Here, see? This is the ball I originally felt when I first changed. It disappeared and now it’s here again.” She gave it to Papyrus. “It’s probably responsible for the magic, not me.”

Papyrus looked at it. “I do feel magic from it.” He looked at Frisk. “You are still a rock.”

Rgh!

“You feel as numb as a rock,” Papyrus said trying to be clearer. “Rocks have no magic. They feel like humans.”

Sans grabbed the little ball from Papyrus and threw it up and down. He seemed to hold it in the air about five seconds, before it dropped back down again into his hand. Then, he tossed it up letting it linger in the air again before it fell back down. He kept it up casually.

Frisk watched it move up, lingering upward, and then moving back down. It was kind of cool. Simple magic, but something different than his shortcut.

“Let’s skip the magic lesson and head back to our house for a bit? Not for like major decisions,” he said so casually as he kept tossing the strange little ball up and down. “Just, let’s talk some simple stuff out, yeah? After that, if you still think living with us is a no, we’ll stop following you around. Fair?”

Okay. A talk. That seemed fair.

---

This was not fair! As soon as Frisk walked into their home, she found herself being attacked with rope that wrapped her up on the ground. She couldn’t yell either, a handkerchief had found it’s way around her mouth. *Asses!*

“Okay, I lied,” Sans said to her as Papyrus stood watch at the window. “We need to figure out what’s happening. Playing with time isn’t cool.”

Playing with time? “Iharn’t.” The gag was too tough to speak out of.

“Someone did,” Papyrus said from the window. “Every monster we know has had a vision of you viciously killing them. Almost all of them. We took a poll.”

“Iharntilledobody.” Frisk tried again.

“Not this time,” Sans said as he came closer. “If it were just that, this’d be extra tricky. Except, Papyrus and I got visions too. They weren’t just killing kind of visions. More like hanging kind of visions. Not in ‘hanging’ hanging.”

“Visions of friendship,” Papyrus corrected him. “We see death and friendship in your past with us.”

Past? “Looionetaisons.”

“We know you don’t get the visions,” Papyrus offered. “That’s because you were probably sent into the past. Uh? Oh, this feels weird. Umm . . .” Papyrus bounced his skull back and forth. “We believe that when you were smaller, you probably came through and set us freed.”

“Then, something shoved us back in again,” Sans added to the conversation.

“Yes, and that past uh, might have made you kill everyone? But then, something helped again and you did better this time?” Papyrus sounded like he was grasping. “Look, time and space magic exists. Sans uses it all the time for pranks. He can’t go back very far, but-”

“It’s fun,” Sans just added to that. “Whoever shoved you back here has a lot of power, Frisk. That flower that was being buddy-buddy with you?” Sans stood over her and looked down. “I’ve got into it a couple of times with it. It never wanted no question answered before, and what it wanted you to ask? Well? It wouldn’t just ask something cause it was curious. Not that flower.”

“aestshunabowaarr?”

“Yeah, the question about the barrier,” Papyrus answered. “The human part especially, uh? You’re like a rock. Even I can feel it, you are no different than a rock. So? Eh.”

“It’s full of shit,” Sans answered. “No magic humans made a barrier, and whatever got us out last time, has to do with the answer to that question the flower wanted.”

“Yes, and the end that ranting about sparing or killing not mattering? It, um, left an impression. That maybe, heh? Royalties been . . . lying about things?” Papyrus was hesitant. “We also followed you to the lab, and Sans did too. On purpose. I knew, I’m sorry!”

“That’s okay,” Sans said, “you don’t need to apologize to me.”

“I was apologizing to her!” Papyrus yelled at Sans. “Anyhow, we only spied because we thought the Great Inventor Alphys might do something to murder you.”

“Mururee?”

“Royalty probably planned on murdering you,” Sans answered. “No human, no questions about magic. If you didn’t do that thing with the clothes? Uh. Who knows what would have happened.”

“Iohiustonehose.”

“Yeah, we know you don’t get the clothes,” Sans said. He brought out the ball again and looked at it.

How did they know exactly what she was saying through that gag so clearly? Even Frisk couldn’t make out what she was trying to say? “Owououeeae?”

“How do we hear you? We just do.” Simple Papyrus answer.

“How do we even understand your language is a better question to ask, Frisk.” Sans answered. “I took an interest in every human that came down because of that.”

Came down? “mo?”

“Yes. Um? They were sad cases,” Papyrus said. “History shows that they were picked up and taken to Asgore for safe keeping. But, um? They just kept.”

“Killed,” Sans said for him. “He just killed them.”

The way he said that. It didn’t please Frisk. There were humans that fell like her, but children and small. Helpless. And he just . . . “Noodeelpsucuoan.”

“Yeah, yeah, nobody helps the humans.” Sans didn’t sound like he cared too much. “We’ve been down here trapped for longer than anyone even remembers. Pardon us for not wanting to die to try and save anyone. Cuz it wouldn’t matter, it’s pointless. They die, or you die and they die.”

“Happily, we’ve never seen a human so we haven’t had to deal with it until you,” Papyrus said to Frisk. “And you lived, so it was a happy event to see you.”

Frisk didn’t get that feeling from Sans. Still, she understood what he meant. Even Alphys pointed it out. As nice as everyone said the king was, in the end? He was the final say. Even the queen couldn’t stop him. That’s why she left.

Yeah. She doubted two simply comedic duo brothers could have done much. In fact, Frisk got the feeling Sans probably got a few humans out of the way of his brother. So he never had to bring them away to Undyne or anything.

Life was never black and white. There never was just bad and good. Even these visions, and the news she was hearing. Was it really true? Was that where the visions were coming from? “Ionurtaona.”

“Yes, we see. You’ve been very good and haven’t hurt a single monster,” Papyrus aid. “You did ignore my puzzles though. That wasn’t very nice, I was trying very hard with those!”

Ugh. Monster priorities. Sometimes they missed the point. Just like human priorities. “r-re?”

“I accept the apology,” Papyrus announced. “Meanwhile, you must stay down, here and alive, as long as possible. We don’t know who cast this on you, but magic is a waning type thing. It doesn’t last forever. While you might be ‘cycling’ it seems, the longer the stretch between cycles, the easier it will be to piece together what is happening.”

Staying alive?

“Yeah, so, were going to be teaching you magic.” Sans chuckled. “Magic, uh, tricks. The more you show off a little bit here and there? More likely you survive.”

“Then, we should start getting a much better view of these visions and what is going on!” Papyrus declared.

“When we know that, we can come up with a next step to beat it,” Sans said. “So, yeah? If you want to live, you’ve got no choice but to stay with us.”

Ugh. The handkerchief and rope lost all intensity and just laid on her. She kicked them all off and stood back up. Frisk looked around. That was home?

Papyrus gestured toward the couch. “Behold! Your sleeping chamber.”

The couch. “Really?” she asked.

“The visions of you are unsettling,” Papyrus reminded her. “I don’t want to share my room with you, and Sans’ room is unsanitary and could kill a human. The couch.”

“What do I look like in the visions?” Frisk had to ask. “You polled everyone, right? What was I like?”

“You had the same clothes that you wore before,” Papyrus told her. “The alphabet hat and such.”

The magic clothes from before. *I feel so stuck.*

“Not every vision,” Sans added to Papyrus. “Just, normal clothes sometimes.” He stared at her. “Just. A different kind of normal.”

“Yes, but unfortunately, we are the only other ones with memories of that different kind of normal,” Papyrus told her. “Everyone remembers kills or okay human in what you are wearing now. Sorry. I’m off to bed!” Papyrus declared. “Good night, Frisk. Enjoy the couch.”

Frisk looked at the couch. She doubted she’d be sleeping any time soon. “Can’t I just stay with Alphys or something, and just come here for the magic lessons?”

“Why Alphys?”

Frisk stared at him. He was spying, right? She had assumed he spied the whole time. “You spied on our conversation.”

“No, no,” Sans chuckled. “Just a little to make sure she wasn’t sticking you with nothing. Then I just spied on her talk with Asgore afterward. You got like a date in two days for her to figure out what you are, right? Not exactly a romantic thing.”

“No.” He didn’t know after all. “I have a real date in two days with Alphys.”

Oh. He seemed surprised. “You and Alphys? Human, we’re gonna distract royalty with a magic trick. You go after Alphys and Undyne will kill you. She’ll kill *us* to get to *you*. Knock it off.”

Well, that sounded like the answer Frisk needed. “That’s good news, sort of. If she cares for Alphys, then she will talk to Alphys about it when she finds out.”

“Cha, that’s a gamble.” Sans didn’t seem to like it. “Undyne isn’t exactly an easy ear to talk to. You might have forgot that already.”

“Royalty thinks I know magic, so no one is going after me, so I can break a barrier,” Frisk pointed out to him. “By the time Undyne figures out the truth, the date would be far over already.”

Sans shrugged. “Your funeral. Just, try not to die while we figure things out? That flower didn’t act like this chance comes up this often. There might be a certain set of things that have to happen to get you not killing everyone.”

Rgh. “I wouldn’t kill.”

“You did. These aren’t just made up fantasies, you even had the same clothes at one point,” Sans pointed out. “And I know you think you’re safe because of this cover story of the barrier? But. Undyne also probably has a bad vision too. You are going to be near someone

she really treasures. Think about that.” He held his hand up. “I’d just pitch it all in, if I were you. Night.”

She watched him march off to his room too. Frisk sighed. *Live or die? I’ve only got three advocates on my side. One is scared to tell Asgore how she feels. The other two are more interested in figuring out the visions than my actual life.* It was obvious from the way they talked about other humans. She really wasn’t that much more valuable.

She could be a key to escape. That was it. Royalty probably wanted to kill her because of it. The skeletons wanted to save her because of it. *I wish I had a real friend down here right now.*

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## Ruins

Toriel came back from seeing her son. Her flower son. To say he was sick was an understatement. Even the magificence of Gaster would have been stumped by him. All she wanted to do was help the human, and deal with the visions she had seen.

Her phone ringing probably wouldn’t help. She gave the scientist her number to make sure Frisk ended up okay with her. Even though she saw herself being ended by her, she still felt compelled to keep it alive. “Hello?”

“U-um? This is Alphys?”

“Yes, hello.”

“Sorry. Uh. I looked at Frisk, and I had um. A talk with Asgore. You know what Frisk is?”

“A female human.” Yes, she knew. “What did you tell Asgore?”

“That I couldn’t tell? How dangerous is it for her when he finds out?”

“Oh, not terribly, but I hate giving him all the power,” Toriel confessed. “Second in command, means first to know they can’t win. Frisk will live.” She sighed. “Possibly.”

“C-can you tell me w-what he’s w-wanting?” Alphys asked. “Really?”

“Who ever knows what he really wants. Once upon a time, I could.” Toriel sat down. “My soul feels so cold these days. It’s always cold, but now it feels so extra cold. I don’t know why. I-”

***Toriel saw Frisk’s mother again. This time, she didn’t look so good. She dressed a little better, knowing this time she’d meet royalty, but she was also wearing shades. When Toriel demanded she take them off, she didn’t want to at first.***

*When she was coerced, Candy shared the truth.*

*“My little visit up here last time got questioned by some people,” she admitted. “I shouldn’t have come back up, but I wanted to see Frisk. I got them off my back for a short time only.”*

*That was it! “You are marrying Asgore.”*

*Frisk’s mother didn’t react right away. “The King?”*

*“The complicated rules being set up between kingdoms and nations right now, it makes it impossible for royalty to simply give money to anyone without cause. It makes it very hard to do anything without cause. It is supposed to prevent corruption between us, but this hurdle can be overcome if you marry Asgore,” Toriel assured her. “I know it sounds absurd, but if you have Asgore’s support, you can live a new life somewhere else.”*

*Toriel continued to watch her reaction.*

*“I don’t know this King, and that’s pretty stupid. Sorry for saying that to you, I should find a nicer way to say it. But? I could like take half a kingdom.”*

*“No, there will be papers drawn up to protect the crown,” Toriel assured her. “Candy? Our money is gold, and has been accepted through all ages. It converts properly to today’s money too. With it, you can live in a new town. New neighbors. A better life for Frisk and you.”*

*“Someone would find us,” Candy said as she shook her head. “I’m gonna wind up dead. People will never accept any exit fee.”*

*In that time away from Candy, Toriel looked into more details about Candy’s exact situation. “There will be no exit fee. You will be given a new life and a new chance.”*

*Candy rubbed her legs unsurely. “I’m gonna trust a King to keep his end of the deal? For Frisk. He’d be good I guess.” She was nervous. “I don’t know, Queen Toriel, I don’t know! I mean, trading in one for another. One with some ring too?”*

*Scared. Candy was scared. Asgore had met her of course, having heard the situation. Toriel had already let him go (and good riddance) but . . . “Would you trust me?” She blushed lightly.*

*Candy blushed too. “Marriage? Or just to help pull me out?”*

*“No. Asgore and I have been ruling the Underground together in a mutual agreement and contract since we came to the surface,” Toriel explained. “You wouldn’t gain any powers because of our agreement on how to handle things. But? Um.” Oh, she was truly blushing! “Arranged marriages have been happening for thousands of years. I would do nothing that would make you uncomfortable. It would be just in name if you wish.”*

*It was an option Toriel would take. Frisk’s mother might not feel the same way about the option, but if she would rather be with her than trust Asgore. “You have a good, kind heart.*

*I like that in a person."*

*Candy looked at her in the eyes. "I'd be a lot happier with you. If you'd be happy with me?"*

*Toriel smiled delightedly. She could feel Candy's soul even stronger now. Filled with warmth and love.*

"I had a warm wife?" Toriel barely knew what she said. "I think. I remarried. I think. I?" Was that why she felt so cold? Like, she lost something so important, but was not allowed to remember? And if she did then. "Someone stole my wife."

"U-Um? Uh?"

Toriel felt tears welling up in her eyes. Someone stole her. Someone stole memories that were rightfully hers. "We were on the surface again, we were! And the same problems, they were still there. I know they were there." She tried to hold it together. "I think I married Frisk's mother long ago." That meant. That other warm feeling she couldn't understand for the simple human. The simple woman Frisk. The reason she took to an adult woman the same way she took to an innocent child. "She's my beloved daughter."

"Oh? I'm sorry you don't remember. Sounds like time magic. Uh, what same problems were there?"

Oh no. No, as much as Toriel wanted to vent, she couldn't. Not to a scientist she didn't even know. "Where is Frisk?"

"I-I told her to give the skeletons a chance to live with. I don't think she wanted to follow it though. Frisk is a really sweet human!" The stress almost seemed out of nowhere. "If she's your daughter, then can you help me save her?"

"Frisk. Frisk is a sweet human." Toriel tried to block all the visions of death in her eyes. The sneer. Instead, filling it with the knowledge she saw there. "She feels so much like her mother."

"Your . . . wife?"

Toriel tried not to cry. "I can see her. I remember the feelings she portrayed. I had to marry her, because she didn't trust Asgore and-" and that was all. "It's just a piece. A piece to a life I must have had." The same conflicts. It must still be out there on the surface.

"Um, but, c-can you help save her?"

". . . without the surface. I need to rule over Asgore and I don't have that kind of power," Toriel confessed. "Once he deems her not important, he'll fight me to take her on."

"B-but you think he'd fight you to get to her?"

"Yes." Yes, he would. Even she had to consider it. "I'm not strong enough to take on Asgore. Just, make sure Frisk isn't kept out in the open much. Keep her secured and safe."



“Oh? Sh-she’s going out with me in two days.”

“To do what?”

“To . . . to date?”

“Frisk is going on a date with you?” Oh, her cold heart felt just a little warmer. Frisk could still feel love before she was killed. “That’s wonderful, I’m so happy.”

“N-no, don’t be! Sh-she’s doing it so someone gets jealous. She’s just helping me, but I wanted you to know. It was at the junkyard. I-is that secure enough?”

Oh. *Keep her secured. Your mother instincts took over, didn’t they, Tori?* “Can you heal my son?” Toriel asked instead. “Frisk’s survival hinges on him. I can’t give her a perfect ending, but if you can heal him. I.” *Asriel can take over and have her. I will die or be imprisoned with Asgore if need be.* “It could save her life.”

“Ugh?! A connection? Sorry, o-okay. I’ll look into it right away. I’ll go and see your son. How healed does he need to be? Can he remain a flower? Just, well enough not to . . . you know, talking about killing people?”

“The best that you can,” is all she could say. “It is a last chance though, Alphys. Do not jump to telling Asgore anything. Although Frisk will be saved down here, someone put her here. We have these visions for a reason. We lost . . . things for a reason,” she said firmly. “Until we remember more, learn more, figure out more . . .”

“Be quiet a-and careful,” Alphys said. “I understand. Good bye.”

“Good bye.” Toriel hung up. A part of her wanted to rush to find Frisk and bring her to be right there in the ruins. Extra protection may stir Asgore though. Although he missed, and he always said he loved her . . . it was not enough to keep him from killing humans.

No matter what she promised to him, he would follow his own wishes as king. As sweet and considerate as he pretended to be, the only thing that could help save Frisk is other monsters. Asgore was firm in his decisions, except when many others started to stand against him. Then he would be wishy-washy.

Terrible for a ruler. Good for her. *If I hold her here, then I won’t want to let her go.* With the skeletons. Out in the open. Making friends. To survive with the best of outcomes, Frisk needed to be out there making friends of the Underground.

Drowning out the visions of fear, in hope of friendship.

Frisk tried to get comfortable on the couch. It was tough to sleep that night. Too much was on her-

*"Hey, Frisk."*

*Frisk looked behind her and saw one of the guys in her classroom following her. Oh no. "Hey." She tightened her grip on her backpack. "I didn't know you lived this way too."*

*"No, I just wanted to catch you when we weren't in school," he said. "Bryan. Remember?"*

*Frisk nodded. "Yeah. What is it?"*

*"Well? I thought that, if nobody asked you out, maybe you'd like to go to the dance with me?"*

*How to handle this? Her mom both said she should go to prom, but she didn't want to take anyone. That and . . . "It'd be strange."*

*"Strange?" he asked. "Strange to go with me?"*

*Oof, she didn't mean to make him feel bad. "Well? I'm not technically going with anyone. I just don't want to go with anyone."*

*Yes, she knew he must have a broken heart now, but she couldn't lie, and she needed him off her trail now. She didn't want someone following her home from school. Something tended to happen to people when they did that.*

*Missing a car. A branch almost falling. Some friends even thought it was cursed.*

*It was probably something set up by her moms, or it might be- Either way, it never ended well.*

*Plus? You never know, - moms might -. "You can stop following me now."*

*"Are you sure you don't want to go?" Bryan asked again. "You're beautiful when you're happy."*

*"Nope, I don't want to. Sorry, I have to get home." Frisk rushed home faster.*

*She opened the door and saw her mom. "Hi, mom." She looked in the next room. Her other - "Hi, -."*

*"That was yesterday," she -. "It's okay. Not much different." If her - here, then did that mean- as n't? "Is - here?"*

*Frisk jumped as - showed up, hanging upside down in the kitchen window.*

*"Hey, P." Frisk did that on purpose.- "Just a friend." Frisk sighed. "He was asking me to prom."*

*"It might be a good idea." Her mom Cindy came over toward her too. "Going to prom might help Frisk decide about her future more."*

*"Right," Cindy added. "It's time for things to change a little."*

*"I don't want to go to prom anyway," Frisk said.*

*Then someone knocked at the front door. Frisk went to answer it. It was the guy from earlier again. "I really don't want to go to the dance with you."*

*He just smiled. "Look, I just want a few minutes to talk to you out on the street. That's it," he promised. "After that, I'll leave you alone if you really don't want to go. Give me just a small chance?"*

*Frisk sighed but came out. She walked down the street with him. He talked about his feelings, and how they fit together-*

*-and then she was shoved hard into a bush?! Frisk had scratches on her body from all the branches too. She pulled herself out and looked around.*

*No one was there anymore. "Hey?" Hm? Frisk forgot his name but he was gone. It was like he just pushed her into a bush since she wouldn't go out with him, and just left? That was mean.*

*Frisk started to head back home, but she heard something from behind her again. It was the guy again, except now he had wounds and he was holding a knife. What?*

---

Sans slept standing up next to his bed. It was usually easier than cleaning the bed. He didn't really even care if he had a room, but a place where he kept all of his secrets to himself was always imperative.

Except this time, his room wouldn't really hold anything that he knew of. He woke up only because the white dog woke him up. It liked to sleep on the tornado in his room.

Sans always had that tornado in his room. He had no idea why it was there. It was just a formed mini tornado that never came from the corner or had much power. Constantly spinning. Kept on spinning, as if it had some kind of purpose.

Like life in general. Sans had looked into it before but, all he ever found out was that it didn't mean anything. It was just a fluke of probably the magic down there in the barrier. Nothing much else. Sometimes mini tornadoes were really just mini tornadoes with no reason for them.

Pretty much what he thought of his life. Monsters lived in the barrier thanks to humans. It was something he wondered about too, just like his little tornado. Especially when he could understand the humans coming through. How did they understand each other so well?

Hm. Anyhow. He decided to stay up a little longer to make sure the human went to sleep. Each day she survived, the better their chances to learning the secrets that was hiding from everyone. The better the chances they could break the secrets.

Then, he had another vision of the human. Not half as cute. Pretty . . .

. . . devastating. . . yeah.

Sans went downstairs and saw Frisk. She seemed to be in a nightmare of her own. Welp, right now, from what he just saw? “Hey.”

Frisk glanced at him. “I can’t remember. Just, pieces. Sounds aren’t clear, visions are so bad. I don’t know what to do.”

“Ah. Just, get some sleep?” Sans recommended. “Here, let me help ya. Lie down.” Using his magic he pushed her down on the couch. “There. Now I’ll tuck you in.” He wrapped her back up with the rope, this time to the couch. “Comfy?”

“No!” Frisk complained.

“Scream and I’ll add the gag accessory again,” Sans warned her. “Look. Everybody’s working out the thoughts in their head. Yours aren’t so good either? Join the crowd. But, in the meantime? I *know* you messed up more than once down here, and my kid brother isn’t too far away. Neither am I, and you do like to sneak up on others when *they are sleeping*.” He put added emphasis on it. “Stay tucked in and I’ll release you in the morning when I’m up. Probably. Night.”

He turned and headed back upstairs. *I should kill the human, I should just kill it. I should. She already made it through once, there was no promise this time. She killed everyone. She stood against me. She wouldn’t quit, and she pissed me off enough that I still fought her.*

He wanted to just get rid of the problem then and there while the visions were fresh in his mind. Forget tying her up, just off her. The only thing saving her was that royalty was blocking some kind of truth. A truth that dangerous flower really wanted to reveal.

Time was in some kind of cycle, some kind of loop, and he wasn’t sure exactly on those details. To kill her would probably be a waste in the end. She probably had some kind of magic over her that would pull in the time cycle when she died.

Pointless. Waste of energy. This might be the only chance they had to solve this mystery.

He was surprised to not hear any belly aching. She probably did have a lot of things going on in her own head too. It was best not to kill her, but to make sure the human was secure for the night.

Then, to feel better, he went ahead and texted a dumb joke to his new friend. Instead of having to wait for the knock-knock door, he could text dumb jokes back and forth to her. Heh.

Yeah she was a powerful queen probably hiding secrets and whatnot but . . . she was fun to hang out with.

# What Frisk Was Supposed To Do

## Morning Time

Frisk's body *ached*. It was the roughest night she had in a long time, and she had been through some wilder parties in her college years. On one she found herself waking up on an actual set of stairs.

Not able to move. Tightly wrapped around the couch with a rope. Her body was throbbing and screaming for release. The only reason she didn't yell is because she didn't want Sans to throw a damn gag on her too.

Or worse. That look in his eye. She glared as Sans slowly came down the stairs. Real slow. *Be nice. Just make him let you go.* "Good morning."

"Morning," he replied. "Sleep well?"

"Not really," Frisk admitted. "Kind of hard to sleep all tied up."

"Really?" Sans came over closer. "Slept like a babybones knowing you were all tied up."

*Bastard.* "You could release me now?"

"I could," he admitted. "I also could just move onto work and forget all about you."

Ngh! "Let me go, Sans."

"Eh." Sans shrugged. "In other timelines, you were a genocidal maniac."

"I wouldn't kill!"

"You didn't play with Papyrus' puzzles."

"It doesn't mean I would kill."

"You threw water on Undyne's head."

"I thought it would help."

"The water in her mouth was great. The water on her head wasn't nice."

"She was a bitch, so sue me." Boy, Frisk was getting really tired of him.

"See, now those aren't words a pacifist would say."

“Let me go, Sans, you can’t just keep me locked to this couch, this hurts!” Frisk was tired of it.

“Hurt? Ya . . . hurt?” The little lights in his eyesockets changed. One of them went pitch black, while the other side had a strange multi-colored flame in it. “Let me tell you something. Do you know how many visions I’ve had of you so far? How many ways you hurt other monsters? How you took out Papyrus in the worst . . .” He paused. “Nah. It’s not supposed to matter, right? Just other timelines after all.”

“It’s just a vision. I wouldn’t actually kill a monster,” Frisk insisted. “I admit, I can be kind of an ass or a bitch myself sometimes, okay? But, I wouldn’t kill-.”

“Liar,” Sans interrupted her. “I don’t believe you. I’m never gonna believe you ‘cause I know what I saw.”

“In a vision you stupid ass fucking moron!” Frisk had it. “Let me go, there is no way I am staying here with you.”

“You also don’t have a pacifist kind of mouth,” Sans warned her more closer. “Now, you should really be nicer. I guess you don’t get any kind of visions, or you’d get that I’m not someone you should be trying to make mad.”

“You are the one who tied me up and won’t let me go. I am not the one trying to make you mad, I’m the one that wants you to let me go,” Frisk insisted. “You and Papyrus also have different visions than others, right? Follow those.”

“Yeah, we do. We got good visions. Some nice visions,” Sans admitted. “Real cute visions without death or anything. Usually of a nice little girl trying to do the best she can. Underground. In school. But?” At no point did his eyesockets change. “Cute just doesn’t really rule over genocide. Cute was first. Cute was when you were smaller. All of the bad visions, they line up with more along your age now. Simple things like that, kind of make it hard to trust you.”

Sans looked away to his phone. He played with it for a second and then looked back at her. “See? True friends are people that want to text jokes back and forth with you. Not be a brother killer and dust everyone you love. Gotta learn the difference.”

“Fucker.”

“Are you really a part time school teacher?” Sans asked. “Seriously, you’ve got a hell of a mouth for a teacher. Do you have any other-”

“I’m not telling you jack shit you bony ass mother fucker.” If Frisk could kill, she would have started with him.

“That’s a pelvis,” Sans answered, “and I guarantee I’ve never done the second thing. I also guarantee you ain’t no damn teacher.”

He was wrong. “When people are nice, they try, or if they are just annoying kids, I hold my temper just fine,” Frisk said. “I’m polite. I’m sweet. I’m patient. But for a monster holding me against my will, I have zero fucks to give.” Frisk tried the nice approach. It didn’t work. She tried desperation. It didn’t work. So Frisk was using her determination to let her bitch side ride the wave.

She didn’t know where that wave would take her, but that wave would move her somewhere.

And, it did move her. The ropes that had bound her to the couch all came off. She felt a power propping her up, and she was tied up, sitting up now.

“How many fucks do you not give? Two?”

Frisk felt the ropes getting tighter.

“One?”

Frisk could barely breathe as the ropes got extremely tight.

“You might want to give at least one fuck. Zero fucks is going to kill ya,” Sans said as if the whole thing was half revenge and the other half some morbid joke. “So? Get this straight. I got up super early for a reason. To make sure you don’t hurt anyone. Well, I’d never get up super early *without* a reason, that’s for sure. Anyhow. Your beefy language needs to knock it off. I don’t need Papyrus learning a bunch of new vocabulary words from you.”

Frisk could breathe again as the ropes loosened.

“We’ll stage our little play. We’ll try and look like we are teaching you magic,” Sans insisted. “But, I’ve also got my eye on you. You hurt anybody, or you curse in front of Papyrus, and I’m just going to believe? That you really have *zero fucks to give*, if you get the hint?”

Well, she rode the bitch wave and it did crash her somewhere after all. It wasn’t a pretty consequence, but it had to be done. She couldn’t stay tied up like that for much longer. She couldn’t stay at anybody’s mercy.

“Keep your short fuse in check,” Sans warned her as the ropes fell loose around her.

As long as he didn’t tie her up.

“Good morning, Human,” Papyrus said as he was coming down the stairs. “We will start with the color red. Let’s go outside and change the house red.”

“Yeah, Human,” Sans said real casually, “let’s go change the house red. Not the Underground, just the house. Get it right this time.”

Frisk ‘ughed’. “You have a gross sense of humor.”

Sans shrugged. “You have a gross past. We both gotta deal with it.”

---



In front of Sans and Papyrus' House

"Red, Human." Papyrus gestured toward it. "Turn it red."

Frisk stared at it. *Red. Turn red. Do something.*

"That is blue," Papyrus said to her as the house turned blue. "That's not red. Red, Human. Try again."

"My name is Frisk Perez," she told him. Blue, it turned blue. Did Sans do that one?

"No, No, that's green, Frisk," Papyrus said to her. "Really. Green. G-R-E-E-N."

She sighed. "Verde. I gotcha."

"Got? What?" Papyrus looked at her. "Vair huh?"

Hm? "Verde." It was just green in spanish.

"What's a veear day?" Papyrus asked. "Wear day maybe?"

"It's green in spanish," Frisk said out loud.

"Spanish?"

Frisk looked at Papyrus and Sans. *You've got to be kidding me.* "You could understand me bound and gagged in english, but you don't understand spanish? I thought you had some kind of . . . telepathy or something."

"No."

"Why would we have something weird like that?" Sans asked her. "Nah. Stick to the monster language please. Makes it easier."

"It's not monster language, I've been speaking english." *No way. It's definitely true, Sans was on the surface. But, if they remember me being little down here, then the first time, I would have communicated the same way.* "Is there another language spoken around here?"

"I don't think so," Papyrus said. "Oh no, wait. There are some in the ruins that don't always communicate real well. They usually get the basic gist of what is said though."

*Okay. No. Even if english was around whenever they fell in history or whatever, it wouldn't be like this. We wouldn't speak so clearly to each other. There'd be different words, conjugations, something.* Frisk had a thought. A terrifying thought. "How long have you been down in Underground, Papyrus?"

"Oh, it's been thousands of years at least," Papyrus answered.

"Oh. Is that cool to you?" Frisk tested it.

“What? No, of course it’s not cool to me,” Papyrus said, quite huffily. “Would you enjoy being trapped down here for thousands of years? No!”

*He knows what ‘cool’ means.* Frisk tried again. “Aw, I’m sorry. Deadass, I forgot.” She watched them again. Nothing.

Except Sans. “Let’s watch the language a little bit closer, huh?”

“Well, you just started here. I’m sure it’ll sink in as time goes by,” Papyrus said almost too sweetly. “Now the house is still green. Change it to red.”

“Sure, I’ll try again,” Frisk said, “By the way? Can someone explain undernet to me?”

Oh it’s a communication social media for monsters,” Papyrus tried.

*Just like the internet.* “Alphys gave me texting on mine.” Same kind of words. Even Sans had used those words. Sure, some things fall into coincidences but? *Familiar words. Same slang. Even the word texts being the same thing.*

“Frisk? Red? For the house, please?” Papyrus asked.

“A red house? Red never suits much.”

Frisk glanced behind her. *Toriel.* Something bubbled from inside of her. “It’s just a *red* herring.”

Toriel chuckled sweetly. Papyrus looked annoyed. Sans looked surprised.

“Yes, a red herring.” Toriel came near to her. “Are you having visions too, Frisk?”

Visions. “I can’t remember monsters,” she said.

“Oh. Yes. Someone must have cast a small spell on you” Toriel hugged her and gave her a kiss on her forehead. “I’m sorry.”

---

Sans didn’t exactly know what to do after Toriel kissed Frisk on the forehead. It was just a nice gesture, but? The human responded strangely. It felt like a wave of energy came off of her. He prepared himself to watch out.

“The human feels very strange now.” Even Papyrus sensed it.

“Is that better, Frisk?” Toriel asked her.

Frisk clung onto Toriel tighter. “Mom. How . . . how could you do *this* to me?!”

Mom?

“So, you remember.” Toriel hung onto her tighter. “I see. I am the one responsible for putting the spell on you. I’m sorry. I’m afraid I don’t know why. I’ve only had a vision of the truth.”

Frisk hung her head low. Real low. She didn’t want to say a word. “All I need is a stick to kill you.” Her eyes looked back toward Toriel. “Why? Why did you do that?”

Toriel didn’t answer at first. “I don’t know why I took your ability to remember monsters away, Frisk.”

“Not that!” Frisk backed up in a yell, and brought out a stick. “That is *not* what I’m talking about. Why did you make them all forget the surface?”

“Oh.” Toriel tried to coax her sweetly. “Let’s not talk about that, Frisk.”

“They were up there. Everyone was up there. You made them all think they’ve been down in the Underground thousands of years, why?”

What? Sans watched Toriel now too. “What’s she mean?”

Toriel’s mothering took a back turn as she attacked Frisk. Frisk dodged it.

Hold on, hang on. Mother fighting daughter? This was getting weird. Sans kept Papyrus out of it, watching as Frisk kept flipping backwards to avoid being hit.

“Quiet your rage,” Toriel demanded.

“My rage is the *only* thing that fuels your lies and this world.” Frisk’s eye sort of . . .

No way.

Frisk’s clothes changed again into the IDGAF hat with the necklace that said MISS FUCKING DETERMINATION. “You trapped us all here.”

“I don’t understand how I did that.” Yet, Toriel was still trying to hit Frisk. Frisk kept jumping and moving out of the way. “Please stop this. I want to talk to you in private about things, Frisk.”

“So you can bury them even more?” Frisk took her stick and shoved it out straight. While she did that, it slowly transformed into a knife.

Then she reappeared with something else in her other hand. She hung it around her neck like the necklace. “Tell them the truth. Tell them that they had been on the surface. It was your enemies who put them down here.”

“I see,” Toriel simply said. “The enemy had put us back down here. Unfortunate.”

“Not just *that* time,” Frisk said. She held the knife close, but she had tears in her eyes. “How did a little 8 year old happen to know the same language as monsters, Ma Toriel? How did they speak english? Why do they use the words cool and dude? Why do you have the internet

and texting? They took their knowledge with them, mom. You could make them forget, but you couldn't erase everything!"

"What do we do, Sans?" Papyrus questioned him. "I don't like what I'm hearing or seeing. I don't know which to . . .?"

"Wait," Sans instructed. "Survey it."

"The human has massacred huge amounts of us before, Sans, I remember that!" Papyrus warned him. "In that outfit, and she clearly has magic now."

True. But? Frisk seemed to be advocating for them.

"Why are you doing this to them?" Frisk demanded. "And why am I trapped here too?" She pointed at her with her knife. "And why are you even fighting me?"

"You are the one who has a knife," Toriel said to her straight forward.

"That's because I have to!" Frisk held out the knife to her. "To get to the barrier. Again. And again. And *again*." Her hand was trembling with the knife. "Why?"

"I don't know," Toriel said. "I don't remember."

"But you know what you have to answer," Frisk said to her. "You have to answer it by the barrier. You *know* what you have to answer. Be ready for it." She started to twirl the knife. "I'm going to get Flowey back first from Alphys, and then I won't quit until I reach that barrier. Get Asgore and yourself over there. This has to end."

Frisk darted off in a run. Some monsters saw her actions and became scared.

Frisk was moving fast. Sans was watching, trying to keep up with her speed. It was like she'd memorized every square inch of the Underground. She only stopped for a couple of things. Her actions were scaring monsters though, and most of them started to hide up ahead.

None of the monsters truly came out to Frisk that he knew of since she came down. Now, they were scattering as if she was killing.

So far, she hadn't killed anyone. Some of them she actually did hit, but then he figured out it just made it faster to mercy them. Others, she would just hit flee.

She didn't mess around with anything that she had to. She really did head straight through to Alphys lab.

Sans watched. For some reason, she was stabbing her knife into a door. He heard the sound of metal 'shing shing' as she carved at it. It finally opened and she forced her way in. Not knowing where she was particularly going, he caught a ride with her in the elevator. "L3 please."

She didn't laugh.

“You were supposed to change the house red,” Sans told her. “Not run with a knife and scare all the monsters then tear up an elevator to cram into it. That’s worse then when you messed up and made the house green.”

Frisk rolled her eyes at him. “Sansy Honey, I’m not in the mood right now. I won’t hurt anyone, but I need Flowey. He’s either here or at the castle, and the royals have to answer that question. We can’t leave until it gets answered.”

“Why? What’s going on?” Sans asked. Although, his mind was also focused on what she called him. *Sansy Honey. Sansy Honey? Why would she call me Sansy Honey?*

“I don’t know. I was knocked out by Chara,” Frisk said. “Not the Chara that watched over me the first time down here. This one was once a friend.”

Frisk got off the elevator. She went through doors and strange looking monsters until she reached a room where Flowey resided for Alphys to observe.

“It’s about time,” he complained as she came over toward him. “They have to answer that question somehow. The magic trick you pulled tripped up the monsters though, and it gave them an easy way out.”

“Not this time. I love my Ma Toriel,” Frisk said toward him as she held his pot, “but this has to end.”

Sans followed her out and to the barrier, where Asgore and Toriel were. They didn’t look like they intended to answer the questions. Instead, they both looked like they were ready to battle.

“Just answer,” Frisk insisted. “Just answer. Please.”

“Clearly humans have magic,” Asgore said to her. “You had changed your clothes. I heard you were changing a house different colors this morning. Humans have magic.”

“This magic is not mine. It’s not even really magic,” Frisk told him. She looked toward Toriel. “Ma Toriel. Please? Nothing will change, it will keep going round.”

“Humans sealed us in,” Asgore insisted. “Plenty have seen your magic. It may be weak, but it is magic. Now? You need to stop this, Human. With your help, monsterkind can break the barrier. It is an easier way to go than this.”

“Momma?” Frisk tried again. “Don’t make me reveal everything.” Toriel didn’t answer. “Momma.”

“I wanted to be your friend Underground,” Toriel told her. “I wanted to be affectionate, but it all backfired. I had no idea I was the one who put that spell on you.”

Frisk twirled her knife. “Why would you?”

“I don’t know. I hardly have visions of you, Human. I just know that . . . that you are who you claim to be,” she said.

Frisk ran at Toriel with her knife to her side, but never struck. Instead, she just wanted to get close. “Why?”

“I don’t know what is out there,” Toriel said to her. “I don’t know why I erased monsters from your memory. Why we are down here a second time. If this is time magic, you may not have anything up there that is a home to you. So, you should be a good child, and stop pushing this question.”

“I can tell you this,” Frisk said to her. “I have died several times in several ways, seen many things, thought I killed *many* monsters, and saved many of them too. I did everything as someone who didn’t know who she’d been or where she’d been from.”

Frisk looked at Flowey. “He’s the only reason I didn’t have amnesia this time. Thanks to Chara somehow.” She looked back at Toriel and Asgore. “You are not in control. *We* are not in control. They are just out there. Now. There isn’t a choice.”

Sans watched the royals. Only some monsters were brave enough to be there. *Tori looks like she’s starting to want to say something.*

“Stay near Alphys,” Tori commanded Frisk. “If Alphys can fix my son, then he can become a leader that everyone can get behind.” She smiled but started to cry. “I remembered a few more things about you, Frisk. Before we do this-”

“Tori-” Asgore warned her-

“-I know you just want this to end. I know, I can see through you. There is poison in your memories and in your heart. I want you to know, afterward, that I never blamed you. You’re right. We are postponing the inevitable.”

“Toriel!” Asgore shouted.

“It won’t be easy. Sans, my friend?” Tori looked straight at him. “My human girl will be in grave danger. Please watch out for her.”

“There is no danger if we stay silent!” Asgore tried again.

“No. I can tell through Frisk’s eyes and words. This isn’t just confession,” Tori said to him. “They are listening and waiting.”

Frisk backed away and placed her knife down. “Say it.”

“Humans have no magic,” Tori said to the few who had shown up. “The Kingdoms were in a rivalry with the monster nations. Kingdoms work differently than nations, as some of you will soon see. In the end, we lost to the nations. We had a choice between dismantling our kingdom . . . or being sent Underground.”

Huh? *Is she freaking kidding? It was the royals who sent us Underground?*

“All of this happened nearly twenty years ago.” Tori just had to hit everyone there with that bomb. “When we came down-”

“We erased everyone’s memories of the surface,” Asgore said, “except for the oldest out of courtesy.”

“We only have memories of the Underground because you erased our memories?!”

“That’s not fair!”

“You chose your kingdom over letting us stay on the surface?!”

Many monsters were starting to go nuts, and word was getting around. Sans himself was trying to piece it together.

“When I came down, I was eight,” Frisk said to Toriel. “When the barrier opened, it was just more proof in your corner that humans created the barrier. After everyone came out, your first course of action was to protect your citizens by making sure they couldn’t leave your kingdom. You also made it nearly impossible for anyone else to join it either. But? You revealed yourself to humanity, making it impossible for the nations to stand against you this time. You worked out a different deal. For them to leave you alone, in return, humanity only knew of your kingdom.”

“I see,” Toriel said to her. “So, that’s how we did it. Humanity only knew about us, while we kept the nations existence in the dark, as long as they left us alone. Smart. I wonder why it didn’t work?”

“Me and C,” Frisk said oddly. “Does C ring a bell?”

Sans watched her expression as the indignant shouts started to increase. It didn’t take long for the news to reach out. Almost every monster from hotlands looked like they were there, and no doubt more were coming.

“It wasn’t fair, we didn’t get a choice!”

Even Papyrus’ voice was venting it’s frustration.

Sans just continued to watch and observe. Frisk was missing some kind of memory, how she made it in there. Other than that, she seemed like she was the one in real control of all the memories. However, King Asgore and Queen Toriel clearly remembered being on the surface. And it wasn’t thousands of years ago.

“C. It does sound familiar,” Tori remarked. “C.”

“I love you,” Frisk started to break down. “You raised me with so much love, and you had Sans and Papyrus near me to keep me on the right path, even when you couldn’t be there. You pulled me from a life that would have been terrible, you helped my mom begin again, and you let her love grow so much. But I can’t . . .”

She couldn’t be quiet any more.

Tori just smiled sadly. “You’ll understand one day. I love you, and even though I can’t remember you with my mind, my heart remembers, my child. I want you to find where you

belong. I hope everyone finds where they belong.” She stretched her arms out to Frisk.

Meanwhile, the monsters around them were growing restless. Words were getting louder. Gestures were starting to include throwing things.

Even the royal guards didn’t care as a pop can hit King Asgore. “There are a thousand reasons nations are not something we wanted. Underprepared. Immature. Their ideals and concepts. They do not replace a kingdom.”

“Well, now you’ve gone and done it.” Gunner was right there. The oldest monster. The one that supposedly fought in the human-monster war. “This is gonna get messy for everyone.”

Yeah, every monster knew Gunner remembered the human-monster war. So if he did, then he had to know.

That there wasn’t one.

“Don’t throw things at me!” he warned everyone. “You all are too naïve. The surface isn’t worth the aggravation they’ll put you through.”

Still, the voices and gestures were getting louder.

“Stop!” Asgore commanded, but it wouldn’t stop.

“You never wanted to tell me when you were alive because I was ‘just a child’,” Frisk said to her. “Tell me now. Please? Make me understand? I can’t be silent and let monsters suffer upon the lies, but tell me, Momma. Why?”

“I know you can’t. That would not be my sweet child. As much as I hate that you did this, I was the one who caused this with Asgore.” Tori sighed. “Kingdoms and nations were fine, side by side, once. Then so many more felt nations were so perfect, that fighting continued until only we remained. We wanted our kingdom to live on without strain or conflict by what happened. There had been enough of that on the surface. So, we decided the human lies would be the right thing to do.”

“We did make up for it,” Asgore insisted. “We took in a child that fell as our own.”

“Then killed six others,” Frisk reminded him.

“Yes, but the visions?” Asgore came back on her. “So many monsters remember you killing them. Are you telling us that is a trick?”

Sans heard the shouts and saw the throws turn directions toward Frisk now.

“All seven souls to be invincible and destroy humanity,” Undyne said toward Asgore. “It was not to destroy humanity. The whole Underground helped you, as our King! We were responsible for bringing those six human children to you!”

“Humans never even did anything!”



“We helped them kill children for nothing!”

It was so gross. Sans could barely think. *There wasn't even a purpose. He wanted invincibility to crush other monsters so the kingdom could take over? Damn.*

“Sans?” Papyrus whispered to him. “My tummy feels so incredibly sick. I don’t even have a tummy, but I feel so unwell that I don’t know how to describe it.”

“Yeah, I think a lot of monsters are feeling that right now,” Sans said back to him. *Whose gonna do it though?* It’d be more than one. It’d be a lot. But? One of them would go first. Someone would start the fighting with royalty or Frisk. Then more would start to fight out of anger, guilt and shame.

“Royalty is supposed to be our voice!” Undyne yelled. “Our trusted voice. Our harmonious reasoning. It’s supposed to be for the good of every monster, and instead, you’re the reason we’ve been down here!”

“And it wasn’t even that long ago!” A Madjick monster agreed.

“We have no memories of the surface, you took so much,” A Knight Knight agreed.

Yep. Sans watched the first strike. It was by a Final Froggit.

“Please explain,” Frisk insisted again to her mother. “Please?”

“You’ll learn,” she simply whispered. “I love you, Frisk. And I . . . I know I must have loved-”

It was so fast. Once one took a simple shot, Sans knew it would go crazy. Tori didn’t even bother to fight.

Asgore didn’t fight, but he did defend himself. “Listen well.”

“No one will ever listen to you again!”

“If you get Asriel fixed, you will have a fair ruler.”

“No more Kingdom! No more King! No more Prince!”

“Spare Asriel, he had nothing to do with this. He had not even been born yet,” Asriel insisted. “If Frisk can procreate, a child between the two can break the barrier!”

Yet. The King had power, but even he could not handle the fighting. So many weapons were being used, it was impossible to avoid. A fight with one monster was easy, two monsters were a little tougher.

Over fifty monsters were pulling the king into battle.

“Stop, wait!” Frisk demanded as she tried to help defend Toriel. “I want an explanation! She was a good queen and mom, let’s hear her out!”

“No one will listen to you, you’re just a killer too!”

“Frisk, no!” Tori moved in front of her taking the brunt of the hits. “I loved you and your mother. I know that. Her warmth, I remember her warmth. Just remember that.”

“Momma Toriel!” Frisk yelled as she shuddered. “Momma Toriel.”

King Asgore shuddered too. The last movement, right before the fall.

Sans watched as they both blew away and their souls lingered only a moment, before breaking. Frisk was the only one there. *Can't.*

Since she exposed the lie, everyone went after the King and Queen first. The words about breaking the barrier was probably also saving her. But, emotions were strong, she killed them so many times, and she held the last bit of royalty left. *Shit.*

Sans went over by her. “Hey, hey?” He waved at all the monsters. “Okay, everybody needs to take a deep breath. Human souls are strong, maybe we can use her to break the barrier. Let’s think before we take her out, huh?”

Then, a bright light came from the barrier. A very bright light.

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Asriel moved around and opened his eyes. He seemed to be in some kind of hospital room.

“Oh, you’re awake again. Good.”

Asriel watched someone come over. He’d never seen her before. “Who are you?”

“I’m Chara. Not the Chara you knew, a different Chara, Little Sweetie.” She held his hand. “The one that helped you. How do you feel?”

Asriel was monster again. No more flower? “Where am I?”

“The Underground Treatment Facility,” Chara said. “You’ve been here for nearly a year. How do you feel?”

Asriel shook his head. “Weird.”

“Yeah. It’s okay. Monsters take this kind of thing really well. I’m sorry though, Asriel Dreemur,” she apologized. “I should have done something sooner. Looked into it sooner. Donovan kept giving the excuse that pulling Frisk out would terminate all of the good she wanted to do. It turns out, he was the cheater the whole time.”

“Donovan?” Asriel groaned. “What is going on?”

“You lived Underground for fourteen years, and then you were needed to get the simulation running right. So, we collected you. In a balance exchange, we also fixed you for your cooperation.” Chara patted his hand. “All of those years were erased from you. I’m sorry, but

I doubt they were real glorious anyway just being a flower alone underground. A lot of things were already taken away from so many. That's what we're here to correct though. Now, your mom and dad are safe too. They gave us the answer to the question."

Asriel didn't really know what to say next. "Simulation?"

"Everything you remember about Underground is true mostly. You were born to your parents. You had a sister named Chara. You came to the surface. You . . . died. Normally, we would have just terminated you when you opened Underground, but because you were not responsible for your actions and didn't leave, you were left alone for fourteen years," Chara said. "All of that is correct."

"Okay?" Then? "What's the simulation?"

"You and the other residents of the Monster Kingdom were put here, and using our tech and magic, you were brought back Underground in your minds." Chara pointed to her head. "You've been here for about a year, and now that the task is done, you will be freed again. This time, to a much better ending."

It was too weird to believe, but Chara opened up the other curtains on each side of him. A temmie was there on his right. In a gigantic bed next to him on the left was Onionsans.

Asriel tried to move his body out of the bed, but it hurt.

"It's okay, it won't take long. You are monster and we can give you healing magic at great speeds. You can start walking around in about an hour," she told him. "You won't be able to stay with your parents right away though. They are older monsters, and will need some extra time to heal."

Asriel's head felt so fuzzy. *The royalty still exist? My . . . parents are alive?*

"It might take a little time to adapt to everything. Just relax. No one from Underground is leaving right away." Chara moved some sweaty fur from his eyes. "Take some time. Relax and heal."

"Frisk?" He had to ask. "What about Frisk?"

"Oh." She didn't look as well. "We really did think it would only take a week or so. Frisk was always so determined and sweet. But? Nasty hallucinations from traitorous friends left her in a state of hell. She'll be okay, but it's going to take a lot of time. Meanwhile, I have to prove that Donovan was really to blame in the first place." She shrugged. "Getting that isn't hard, but it's going to take time, and Frisk doesn't have time."

What did that mean? "What's going to happen to Frisk?"

"Just get some more sleep," Chara insisted as she hooked something up to his IV. "I'll find a guardian for you before your parents wake back up."

"But, they were . . . it was . . ."

“There was a lot of medication running through each of you to keep the simulation alive and running,” she cautioned him. “Just think of Underground as a shared dream space for you all. Don’t think so hard. No punishment will befall you, Asriel Dreemur.”

But . . . but . . . he watched her head out. *No. I don’t . . .*

He rolled out of the bed and to the ground. *I’ve dealt with things worse than pain.* Asriel made it to the door and looked out. He caught her walking down a hallway. *You are taking me to Frisk.*

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# Visions Aren't Memories

## Chapter Notes

None of this is taking place in this time, so you can skip it if you want. It will get back on course in the next chapter. This is a longer chapter, but I don't even know if it was completely necessary. This past is interesting, and it's the catalyst that causes the skeletons to do what they do, but it really is forgotten. If you want to read this forgotten past as a whole, read *Secrets of Life*. (shrug) Just, enjoy the forgotten journey.

/////Frisk combed her mom's hair who'd been on the phone. The monster kingdom was amazing. Frisk never thought that someone as young as her could have been their ambassador or that they could help her get back home.

She didn't think anyone would be able to get her back to her mom safely. Frisk loved combing her mom's hair. It was always put in different styles in funny ways. Less funny now though since Toriel became her second mom. Still fun to comb though.

Her dresses had changed too, but for some reason she was back in her old dressings. She said her other mother wanted her in it for that trip.

Frisk watched as Toriel, Sans and Papyrus all came into the room. She jumped off the pail and waved.

It was her skeleton friends. They had helped her Underground months ago. She didn't always get time to see them, so it was nice to see them. She should make an effort to be real nice to everyone she met.

Her mom always taught her that. Don't make serious eye contact, but be real nice.

"These them?" Her mom stood up and walked over to the skeleton brothers.

They were always so funny. Papyrus looked half scared when her mom went up to see him. She even bent down to get a better look at Sans.

Frisk's mom shrugged. "People are people."

*Yes they are.*

"Out the door a second for momma, Frisk," her momma said. "I need to talk to Toriel and your friends."

Toriel smiled and waved at Frisk, telling her there was extra pie waiting in the kitchen for her.

Ooh, pie.////

////“Hey, you’re a little chattier than you were before in the Underground,” Sans noticed. “Feeling better about this move out here?”

Oh. “It’s different. My moms are really happy.” Frisk felt kind of good she got to call Toriel her mom. With her own mom being really cool, it almost seemed unfair to have two great moms. “As long as I don’t fuck up, everything will be a-okay.”

Oops.

“I mean . . .” Frisk went silent. She screwed up. The new neighborhood would have different people in it. The move had been exciting enough to actually have a nicer conversation with Sans.

And she blew it.

Sans just leaned to the side. “Don’t sweat it, Kid. I don’t have ears, so I couldn’t have heard anything.”

Frisk nodded. Sans wouldn’t tell on her. “Sorry.” She didn’t want to risk anymore. There was a way to talk to people, and a way not to talk to people. From Underground, to her old home, to her mom’s ‘frenemies’ (that’s what she called them) and to her new home.

It was just easier to stay silent. Toriel tried to coax her into talking, but she was trying to make sure she didn’t mess up either. Frisk’s momma had the same trouble. Dialogue. Between where she used to live, and where she lived now. “Dialogue’s shitty,” she murmured under her breath.

“You’ll get better.”

Sans heard her?! Frisk whispered that really low. “Sorry, Sans.”

“About what?” He let her get away with that too. “You’ll adjust to your environment. No worries. Besides, you already got the idea of what you shouldn’t say anymore.” He pointed to his skull. “You just need more practice so it’s more instinctive. Whispering or staying silent isn’t gonna help with that, Kid.”

Oh.

“Neither is not looking at people. You always ignore looking straight at everybody, like you’re gonna make them mad if you do.”

She felt Sans try to move her hair more out of her eyes.

“I’m here to make sure you can look at people with your own two eyes, okay?”////

////Sans watched the little girl come into the room. “Hey, Frisk. How was your new school?”

Frisk shrugged.

“Gotta use them words,” Sans reminded her.

“I don’t think people could tell I was a girl.” Frisk looked down at her clothes. “Could monsters tell I was a girl?”

“Not at all!” Papyrus never needed an introduction. “We barely could tell you were a human and not a rock or something.”////

///Frisk started to head back home, but she heard something from behind her again. It was the guy again, except now he had wounds and he was holding a knife. What?

He was charging right at her. He was charging right at her? He was-

Frisk tried to run, but he was faster. He tackled her to the ground, flipped her over, and Frisk saw the tip of the knife ready to plunge into her. “Learn rejection!”

She tried to hold her hand up on the knife. Her determination helped, but this guy was more powerful.

“Fuck it.”

That was an unusual voice. She heard that voice a few times in her life. Mostly when she was young. Sometimes, she would hear it when she visited the Monster Kingdom. But overall, it wasn’t a voice she knew real well anymore.

But it’s baritone and interesting sound had always been unforgettable. Frisk watched as the potential date turned maniac was lifted off of her and sent into a nearby tree, cracking his skull against it first.

He was motionless. He was dead. Frisk was about to scream at the sight of such death but- she couldn’t. She couldn’t move a muscle. She couldn’t make a sound.

Sans moved in front of her. He just held his bony finger up to his mouth and shooshed her. “Don’t scream. Don’t tell your mom’s you saw me.” Then, he seemed to stare at her extra hard. “You’ve grown up a lot, haven’t you?”///

////Frisk bit into one of the hot dogs she gave to Sans. “I smacked the shit out of a boy today.”

“Ouch.” Sans glanced back at her with his cool lightguiders in his eyes. “What did he do?”

“He said he liked me and he puckered his lips to kiss me,” Frisk said. “I raised my arm back and knocked his lights out. My hand really hurts because of it. Moms were mad.”

Sans chuckled but shook his skull. “Aw, Frisk. I’m supposed to be protecting you, not others from you. Guy sounds like he got more than his heart smashed.”

“I didn’t know what to do. What, I’m gonna just fall into his lips and arms?” Frisk stuck her tongue out. “No one’s gonna kiss me without my say so or I’ll beat the shit out of them.”

“Sounded like he was waiting for say,” Sans said to her. He wasn’t on her side. “Sounds like your ma’s did make the right choice, Frisk.”

“Yeah, I know. I moved too fast. I made up for it,” Frisk informed him. “I brought some flowers to his house, apologized, and said I didn’t want to be with him, and that I was sorry for punching his lights out by his locker.”

“Locker?” Sans groaned. “Did you punch him out right in front of the whole school? Pretty embarrassing. Poor guy. Thought he found something sweet but got something sour.”

Frisk finished the hot dog and crossed her arms. “I do have a nice reputation. I help out in school events a lot. I guess I am sort of a teacher’s pet. But-”

“Sour Patch Kid.”

What? “What did you call me?”

“First your sour, then your sweet.” Sans chuckled. “SPK.”

Oh no! “You better not, Sans.”

“I give all my friends nicknames,” Sans reminded her. “Aren’t ya happy you get to be treated like them finally?”

“No!” Yes, she wanted to be his friend. Yes, she knew he gave all his friends nicknames. No, she didn’t want that. “It took you forever to just call me Frisk instead of Kid all the time. You can’t call me Sour Patch Kid.”

“Come on. You punched a guy out in the middle of school, and showed up at his house later with flowers. Sour Patch Kid,” Sans insisted.

No! Anything but Sour Patch Kid! “Sans, please, anything but that! I’m not a kid anymore, I’m growing up!”

Sans laughed. “You walked right into that one, Frisk Sweet.”

Oh. Oh no. Frisk’s last name.

“Frisk ‘Sour’ Sweet,” Sans said fully. “Perfect. Sweet was too cute. Never fit the Frisk, but Sour Sweet?”

“Sour Sweet doesn’t go together right,” Frisk complained.

“You’re right. Let’s get an N in there. Sour N Sweet.”

“Sans!” Not fair! “Then, then I’ll call you Sansy Sweet N Honey!” She stuck out her tongue and looked away.



Sans just started to laugh and kicked his knees off the roof. “Your terrible at jokes.”

“Whatever, Sansy Honey.”

“Frisk ‘Sour’ Sweet.”

“Sansy Honey.”

“Hey, who can last longer with our new nicknames?”

Grr. He shouldn’t test her determination.

“Time’s up, Frisk, but I had a good time with you tonight,” Sans said to her. “I’ll see you in another three months. Try not to punch any other guys out unless they are actually doing something wrong. Telling you their feelings and waiting for a kiss isn’t smackworthy.”

Hmph. “What if someone tries to kiss me instead of waits?” Frisk asked.

“Huh? Oh yeah, then smack the shit out of them,” Sans agreed. “Night, Frisk.”

Frisk found herself back on the ground and looked back at where he’d been. “Night, Sansy Honey.”/////

////“Mister Mystery never shared his birthday date,” Frisk said with a smile. “So, I wanted to do a double sharing of it this year. I’m sorry the five minutes is up.”

Sans opened the gift. “Aha, Yes! This is perfect.” He held out a new coat. She got him a new leather black coat. He always tended to wear black, probably so he wouldn’t be spotted.

“Hey, it’s soft too.” Then, he noticed the second thing. “Black furry slippers. Double yay.”

“Sorry, I couldn’t get much after the jacket,” Frisk apologized. “Just one more thing.”

“Ooh, what’s this?” Sans went in and found the best thing hiding in the paper.

Frisk was waiting for it. He pulled it out just right making her giggle.

He winked at her as he slid his black shades on. “So wasted on a skeleton. Now I can wear my sunglasses at night.” He broke out his sax and started to play an improvised riff of the song.

Yep, he got the joke. She winked at him. “You look good Sansy Honey.”///

////Frisk choked as dust scattered heavily in the air. The air was thick with it, almost like fog. With her senses coming back, she coughed as she headed toward the house.

She found herself stopped though and taken farther backwards. This time, she couldn’t keep up with the scenery around her. One second she was on a driveway, up on a car, above some

bushes, and above another car. She had to close her eyes to keep herself from getting dizzy. Still. “Moms!”

“They’re out, Frisk.” Sans’ voice answered her. Good. It was Sans carrying her. “Keep your eyes and mouth closed.”

Good idea. Frisk tried to imagine traveling with Sans this fast was just a scary amusement park ride but she failed. This was battle, a battle for her life.

If Sans lost, she was dead.

“In a battle, leave a message please.”

Frisk heard Sans phone and his voice answer it. Why even bother answering in the middle of battle? He was already being slowed down by watching out for her!

“Got it,” Sans answered. Sans didn’t say anything else for several minutes. Frisk felt like getting sick from all the constant fast traveling.

Then, it stopped. Frisk opened her eyes. The sight was gruesome. There was a ton of dust in the air, along with the smell of blood. There was lots of blood on the ground and bodies. One was still alive and twitching, but from the look of it, he’d be dead soon.

She lost it right next to Sans all over the pavement. As she did that, she felt his bony hand rubbing her back. He didn’t say anything as Frisk finished and wiped her mouth. “Sorry.”////

////Sans didn’t answer as his door swung open. “Chez Sans. Enjoy.”

Frisk looked inside, still waiting for an answer, when she found herself smiling. This was the Sans she remembered.

There was a half put together puzzle on the floor. Pictures of Papyrus and him in frames. A new sock collection forming in a doorway to another room. Books and more folders strewn about the room.

This looked like it was Sans’ alright. “Lovely home.”

“Mind the decor,” he teased. “Don’t mess with the profiles. They are in an organized mess, and I don’t want it getting mixed up at all. Especially after tonight.” He scooted some of the profile folders over to the left side of the couch so she could sit down.

Frisk didn’t want to sit down yet. She started to look at the bathroom first. His toilet lid cover was up, and it covered the whole thing with the face of a duck. His toilet lid was the duck’s beak. The towels in the room were covered in ducks. “Like ducks?”

“Oh yeah,” Sans said to her as he showed up beside her. “How could I forget? You have to explore new surroundings. Papyrus likes ducks. I got him the same thing for Christmas.”

Oh no. “He does not,” Frisk said, “and I know you bought something for him for Christmas. It was a couple of years ago. He was yelling all about it.”

“Yeah. Reminds me of home,” Sans said as he left the room.

Oh. *The ducks don't remind him of home, giving ducks to Papyrus to drive him crazy still reminds him of home.* “Do you have ducks for bedsheets too?”

“Let's see. Here, you can sleep in here. Papyrus sleeps here when he comes over.”

Frisk stared at the extra bedroom. *Poor Papyrus.* It was covered in ducks and bones, and duck skeletons. The curtains were covered in bones, the ground rug was a huge duck, and the bedsheets? Were duck skeletons. “Don't miss an opportunity to mess with your brother, do you?”

“Huh?” Sans asked. “What? You want my room instead?”

Frisk shrugged. She followed him to his room, and couldn't help but grin. The bone curtains were now ducks, the ground rug was a huge bone, and it had the same duck skeleton bedsheets. “There's no one else out there like you, Sansy Honey.”

“Yeah. It's a good thing, I think the world can only handle one of me.” He went over to a lamp and turned it on. It quacked.

Frisk snorted before she could stop it. “I'll just stick with the guest room, thanks.”

“Don't be surprised if Papyrus makes an appearance early,” Sans said to her before she left. “We have to figure out the next step. Get some sleep, Frisk, and I'll see you in the morning.”

Frisk went back to the guest room. The covers at least looked comfortable. As she turned on the lamp though?

It mooed instead of quacked.

She snorted in the darkness, then tried to hide her laugh afterward./////

///// “I don't know what to say,” the attendant said to her. “You've just got rare dimensions. You can buy one and have it customized, but prom is tomorrow night.”

Yeah, of course they knew that. “Thanks for your help.” Then, Frisk felt a tapping against her. She turned and saw Sans.

He had a white prom dress, that looked like it might actually fit! “Where did you find that?”

“A couple of shortcuts,” Sans said as he gave it to her.

It wasn't just white, it was beautiful. There was no settling, it was the most impressive dress she'd seen. “It's beautiful. Thank you.”

“Yep. My tux isn't gonna be half as cute. Poor you,” he teased her.

“His tux?”

Frisk saw the high schoolers near her look at them.

“Frisk? Are you really going with the . . . guy dressed as a skeleton?”

“Hey,” Sans said without pause. “It’s skeleton dressed as a guy.” He pulled out the shiny silver object Frisk saw before and put it in front of him. “I’m a hottie. You secretly want to yank me away from Frisk at the prom, but you can’t, because she’s better than you.” He put it away again and winked at Frisk. “Prom’s gonna be fun.”

*Damn it!* Frisk tried to hide her snort.

“Anyway, don't thank me,” Sans stated. “That came from the fella who helped you most in the world.”

Aww. Frisk smiled. Right about now it would be so good to see-

“Friiiiiiiisk!” Papi spun her around. “I am so sorry about everything happening! I knew after losing so much I had to find you a dress! I searched high and low for the perfect dress. Mainly high!”

High and low? “The stores just opened an hour ago or so.”

“In certain places. I search many, many stores!”

Poor Papi was crying rivers of tears. “It's okay. We all survived,” Frisk said gently. “We are okay. Thank you for the pretty dress, Papi.”

“Who is the guy dressed as a skeleton next to the hottie? Her dad?”

This time, Frisk didn't hide the snort.

“Oh humans. Monsters exist!” Papyrus corrected them. “It’s been how many years already?”

“Not in their little worlds. News reports don't make a diff to most,” Sans corrected him.

“Especially around here. Big things happen away from small towns in Oklahoma.”

“Hey.” One of the high schoolers seemed offended. “We are big enough that we are separated from the elementary building, so don't give us flack just 'cause you think you're special.”

Frisk moved Papi from the topic. “Are you staying with us too, Papi?”

“Absolutely!” Papi assured her.

“Frisk?” One of the high school girls were getting braver. “Why do you keep calling one of the . . . uh . . . guy skeletons . . . Papi?”

“Yeah, that might be a little misconstrued out in the real world.” Sans shrugged. “But hey, we’re monsters finding a prom dress. Doesn’t matter much.”

Frisk smiled and gestured to Papyrus to the other high schoolers. “This is Papyrus. He’s one of my best friends ever, and practically raised me. My mom always called him Papi, so it just stuck over time.”

“I am proud to be Papi. Although I don’t see why the word is such a big deal?” Papi looked up the meaning with his phone. “I am all these things! I am a special man! I am attractive!”

“As long as you stay loose in the definition of ‘man’,” Sans kidded him.///

/////Frisk didn’t know what to say as she shuffled around with Sans at the prom. “Ma Toriel still wants me with you, against Ma Cindy’s wishes. That’s why I’m at the prom with you, isn’t it?”

“Good guess,” Sans answered. “Truth is? I don’t really care when you say yes. If you want to make Queen Toriel happy, then we can get it over with. If you want to live out the rest of your forty years? I mean, I’m just saying. That last year. Maybe, if you haven’t found anyone . . .”

If she didn’t marry by the time she was almost 68 years old. “Would I do you a solid and just marry you?”/////

/////One day he’d get her so well, that she’d keep laughing and not be able to stop after the snort. Not tonight though. “This dude’s lame.”

“It’s getting later,” Frisk said. “These are upcoming comedians.”

“Still suck,” Sans complained. “How come no one works well with puns? It’s the spice of life. Salt, pepper and paprika of living.”

“Sense of humor is different between monsters and humans.”

“I made you laugh though.”

“Yeah, but I had Ma Toriel. I wasn’t raised strictly the same way as every other human.”

Yeah. Speaking of Tori, he did have to go soon. “These ones are too lame to watch.” He stood up. “It was nice spending some time with you, one on one, Frisk.”

“Yeah, it kinda was,” she admitted. “I liked kicking back and just watching shows with you like a lazy bum.”

“Eh, a woman after my own heart.” Sans patted his coat’s chest. “Guess that’s where it went, huh?”

A smile. Not everything would be a winner, but it was a tender smile. “Night, Sans. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Almost.” Sans felt his stomach seize. Yikes. “A parting gift?”

“You better not,” Frisk warned him. “You’re gross.”

“I’m Sans.” Sans went to her bathroom. Human food was his main diet. There were drawbacks and bonuses to it. He came back out of the bathroom. “Chocolate-”

“Rose as a parting gift,” Frisk finished for him, “and no, I don’t want you to leave one to remember you by!” She rolled her eyes. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Sans.”

Sans laughed but saw which comedian was coming on. “Ooh.”

Frisk forgot all about Sans grossness and focused back on TV. “Oh, no one beats him.”

“*He’d* find my joke hilarious.”

“I don’t doubt that, it would be something Carlin liked.”

As Sans sat down and started to watch TV again, he remembered something else. Since Frisk didn’t want marriage without love, he’d figured he’d learn a thing or two. A little romance like dates or whatever in a short marriage wouldn’t kill him. So? He learned how to dance. Now probably wasn’t the time he could do anything with it though, but he’d try anyway. “Wanna dance?”

Frisk looked sideways at him. “To George Carlin?”

“Sure.” He shrugged. “I learned how to dance.”

“Oh. I still never learned.”

“I could teach ya?”

“Rather not.”

Hmm. He’d save that one in the back pocket for later then. They were watching George Carlin. What could he do?

He pulled out his phone and pulled up a list of songs. He researched more than dancing. *Let’s see how much she got into chick flicks.*

He put his phone over his head. Frisk looked confused. “New interpretive style.” He played In Your Eyes by Peter Gabriel. No snort or even a smile. “Yeah, you aren’t a real chick flick woman. Why you shooting for love when you don’t even wanna watch it?”

“I . . .?” Frisk shrugged. “What does playing your phone over your head mean for love?”

“Hell if I know, it was a human meme thing, not a monster thing.” Strike out. “You know more about Joe Pesci I bet than about love.”

“Joe Pesci was funny in his day, but I don’t get what you’re talking about.” Frisk groaned. “Are you trying to be romantic or something?”

“Think I’m doing the something,” Sans said. Oh yeah, now she gives a small smile? “Why do I even bother looking up fanciful romance stuff. I could start singing Chicago’s Your My

Inspiration and never get anywhere. What about Aretha Franklin's At Last?"

Frisk started to snort, and she couldn't hide the laugh afterward.

"That wasn't even a joke, why'd that make you laugh?" Sans complained.

"Oh. I just envisioned telling you that you had a lot of bones, but not a romantic bone. I just made myself sort of laugh." She shrugged. "It was funnier in my head. It's late. I should probably go to bed."

"On a scale of 1-10, how'd I do with the romance with you?"

"I'm not the best at it," Frisk admitted, "so I'm not a good judge. Five?" She winked at him. "You made some headway into being stronger friends with me though."

"Ouch, friend-zoned." Sans put his hand on his coat. "999999."

Ha, that made her explode with laughter, even more than before. "That's morbid for monsters, Sans!"

"Hey, you laughed at it, not me," Sans reminded her. *Got her.* He knew what made an impression on her now. Would it just bring him more into the friend zone, or was she attracted to the joking too? She definitely liked it. ////

////When Sans reached the safe hotel, he gave them the red passes, some money, and rented a room with Frisk. *Finally.* He put the suitcases on the ground, glanced at Frisk, and held his arms out. "Come here, Frisk. Give Ol' Sans a hug."

She accepted the offer and launched straight toward him. He gently moved her to the bed with him where she could cry and sit next to him. Boy, he wanted to let her do that for so long, but stirring up more emotions would have been even easier to track.

Now they were safer.

After Frisk dealt with her emotions for awhile, Sans laid down next to her on the bed. She was still curled up on his side, exhausted. She'd probably be sleeping soon. He gently touched her arm up and down with just the tips of his finger bones.

"Do you think Ma Toriel knew something?" Frisk asked.

"Yeah. A monster can feel how close they are to running out of hit points or their magic source. Your Ma Toriel probably used a lot when she saved your Ma Cindy," he explained. "She didn't want you or your Ma Cindy to worry, so she kept it secret. Even from me."

Frisk was quiet for awhile again while he gently stroked her arm. After a few minutes, she spoke again. "What are we doing?"

"Bailing," Sans said, knowing this conversation was coming. "Tori wouldn't want what happens next this way. Although your Ma Cindy was protected from getting any royal assets, none of it excluded you. Now that Tori's gone, you are technically queen."

He felt Frisk sigh deeply. "I don't want that."

"Yeah, but it's not a choice. Asgore has to either kill you or marry you."////

////Sans kept driving straight. He stopped for lights and obeyed the sign limits, but he didn't turn. He just kept it straight. The less Frisk moved, the less Frisk had her skin touched, the easier it would be to deal with the pain.

He had no idea what they used on her. They looked like they were emu monsters with one bat monster mixed between. "From the look of it, she'll survive. That magic is frying her humanity's level for pain though. You'll have to stay on her until it's completely out."

"Assholes," Undyne told Sans. "Straight-up assholes, they didn't have to gang up on her with magic, she's freakin' human for fuck's sake, she couldn't have done anything!" She growled. "It made her seize and paralyzed her. Just a human of all things. I can't believe they made it past you."

"Hey, I couldn't talk to her, couldn't see her, and I wasn't allowed inside of the actual house," Sans reminded her. "Tori made that clear. No presence at all."

"Yeah, but if she spotted anything, it'd be bad on her to not know what's going on," Undyne said.

"Oh yeah, it was. It was getting worse every year. Frisk straight up thinks she's schizophrenic. She's got the whole nine yards of help, but there's nothing anyone can do when the delusions are actually real." The perfect ordinary life Tori wanted was never gonna happen as long as others were after her.

"You did tell Queen Toriel the original plan first before this crazy stuff was recommended, right?" Undyne asked. "About just marrying Frisk? You're no threat to the knowledge of the kingdom."

"Yeah, I asked," Sans answered. "Doesn't matter much. Hey, before you bite the big one if Frisk doesn't find a way out, can I marry you?"

Undyne gritted her teeth. "I'm already married to Alphys."

"If you're gonna die, you can divorce her and marry me," Sans said back to her. "Please? What about like the day before? Papyrus and I will be taking care of the little skele-fish or skele-lizard with Alphys."

"No, I will never put Alphys through that."

Sans banged on the wheel softly. "Yeah, I know you wouldn't. I had to try."

"Take her."

Hm? Sans looked back at Undyne. "Take who?"



“Frisk.” Undyne gestured back to her. “Take Frisk. The Queen all but promised you her fifteen years ago, Sans. Queen Toriel has made you watch over her whole family, and Frisk, while keeping silent in the background. It’s not fair, and a deal is a deal. Take Frisk as your wife.”

Boy oh boy. “Easier said than done, Undyne.”

“Nah. You can use your magic without worry again. When Frisk visited I learned a lot about the outside world, including Las Vegas. Before we pull the wool over Frisk’s eyes once, let’s pull the wool over the Queen’s eyes once.”

Heh. “Frisk doesn’t remember a thing about monsters,” Sans reminded her. “Doomed.”

“No. You have a specific magic just for that, Sans the Skeleton.” Undyne winked at him. “Take what you are owed.”

Specific magic? “Oh.” It took a second before Sans knew what she was talking about. “Temporary restore.” It wasn’t very useful. It could be used for a short amount of time. Nothing of it would exist afterward. It was used when he felt something messing around with the timeline. He could use a restore, remember, and write it down.

He was never able to retain it though, all he could do was write it down. “It’s fifteen minutes of really nothing, Undyne.” Especially with all the backwards stuff that flower had tried in the past.

“It’s enough time for her, to remember you, and understand the situation,” Undyne told him. “Fifteen minutes is all you need to get her to say yes. Tell her the truth.”

Well? “No shame in trying.” Hell, he did ask if he could marry Undyne right before she got herself killed. “Hold onto her tight, we’re gonna take a turn.”////

“You’ve gotta be shittin’ me,” Sans’ voice came from the dressing room.

Frisk watched as out came a . . . interesting looking . . . “Sans?” Sans got a convertor that changed monster age and energy into a physical disguise for one hour at a time.

Sans came out with real short blue hair, a rebellious looking outfit that said ‘Freedom or a Nap’ on it, a button pinned onto him that said ‘Die Laughing’ and a weird silver chain. One eye was grey and one eye was blue. His coat and shoes were now lined with spikes on them. “This is crap, there’s no way this is a proper conversion.”

“It’s a proper conversion,” a monster insisted as she came up front towards him. “Your energy signifies that you are a 200 something rebel that’s lazy and disinterested in many things. Converted to human, you are a 20 something rebel and everything is the same.”

Sans looked at the shirt. “The Freedom or a Nap shirt is me.” He let go of it and touched the button. “This is me too, but there’s no way the rest of this is me. All these spikes and chains? I’m a simple coat and slipper affair kind of guy.”

“If you aren’t a rebel and your energy is spelling rebel and anarchy?” The maker of the resource concentrated on him. “Why is your energy spelling rebellion?”

“Aw, nevermind. Yeah, total joking Total rebel.” Sans looked at everything over again. “Nah, spikes are cool. It’s all cool.” He went over toward Frisk. “Shit, Frisk,” he whispered to her. “This is the best I’m gonna get, she’s picking up on me knowing that I’m committing treason.”

Hm. “At least it’s just an hour,” Frisk said trying to make him feel better.

Frisk was up next. What kind of conversion would happen with her? The magic was supposed to last only an hour, and it shouldn’t be real transparent that it was magic. Sans called it pocket magic, something a lot of people had so it wouldn’t be picked up on so easy.

Frisk held a small orb in her hand for five minutes while she answered some simple questions. The conversion lady took her orb and spoke to her.

Frisk closed her eyes. Whatever she became, along with whatever clothes went with the look, would stick with her for one hour of using it. Would it be similar to Sans? Different?

When Frisk opened her eyes, she looked in the mirror. What? She couldn’t see anything.

Nothing. She couldn’t move either.

“Now try, Frisk.”

She could hear. Try what?

“Try to open your eyes.”

Frisk opened her eyes and looked at Sans. It looked like she’d been moved from the back toward him. She looked at herself.

Whoah. “Skeleton?”

“Yeah.” Sans seemed kind of surprised by it too. “So? I’m just dishing you a small amount of magic. Nothing ‘you-know-who’ can sense,” he said to her. Noticing the conversation lady still watching, he added, “that father of yours is such an A.” That seemed to make her back off.

“Your magic? Is that how I can see?” Frisk lifted her arms around. She looked at a cute, frilly dress she was wearing. Strange. She also felt something on her head. Not hair. She touched it.

It was some kind of ornamental decoration?

“I sensed delicacy, justice and cowardism,” the conversion lady offered.

Cowardism? *Running away. She senses that about me.* Frisk couldn’t correct her.

“Redo,” Sans stated to the conversion lady. “Just ‘cause she’s dealing with a dad thing don’t make her a coward. She’s brave, get it right, and make her a different monster this time.”

Frisk expected a definite argument, but Sans whipped out a lot of cash.

“I’ll repay to get it done right for my friend.” Sans handed the money over. “Not skeleton. Not cowardly, but not like spikes and chains either.”

You still want the first conversion ball?” the lady asked. “Price is still the same. You must pay for the balls.”

“I’ll pay for her two, and I’ll pay for my one. Although it should be two.” Sans chuckled. “Human jokes. That’s a new one for Ol’ Sans, right, Frisk?” He looked at her happily with his mismatched eyes, pleased with himself over his crude joke.

Wow. Seeing Sans as a twenty year old, making a rude joke that a twenty year old guy would make, but then hearing ‘Ol Sans’ made her head spin.

“Second attempt,” Sans insisted to the lady. “Thanks. Sorry for the messup, I bet we’ll get it right this time. Frisk?” He called out to her. “Remember this time, what you are fighting for and who you are. Not what you’re doing.”

Frisk nodded and headed away. She thought about the right to live and not having to marry Asgore or anything, but it also felt selfish. She didn’t want to end up in a selfish conversion, so she tried to think of something pleasant. Why she did things in the past.

This time, when she opened her eyes?

Her hair was in a pony tail with a hat on her that said IDGAF. Her shoes were black and rugged. Her clothes were a regular T-shirt and pants but they were patterned with camouflage in colors of pink and a darker pink. She had a necklace around her neck that said MISS FUCKING DETERMINATION.

When she came out to see Sans, he wasn’t graceful about it.

At first, he started to crack up laughing. “Yes! That is definitely you, Frisk.” He came around her and even touched her necklace. “Got it right from head to toe. Only one thing wrong.”

Ooh, now the conversion lady was glaring. “I gave you two shots! You want a third, you are paying for a third, and the extra ball too.”

“I said monster,” Sans corrected her. “She can’t be human, she needs to be a monster.”

“The only monster closeness I sensed was skeleton and . . .” She paused. “The kind whose only species left are of royal descent. They are not an option if you want to stay hidden.”

Oh. Ooh.

The conversion lady grabbed Frisk’s balls from her hand. “You can wear them both at once too, and sometimes you will be skeleton, and sometimes you will be human. Here.” She

threw Frisk some hot pink sunglasses. “Wear those to block your eyes if you want. You look nothing like the human that just came through here. A disguise is a disguise, and this screams conversion and disguise, which is what you *both want*.”

Oh no. *She knows*. She had to know something. Frisk looked at Sans.

Sans groaned and rolled his eyes. He forked out more dough. “Fine. I guess my disguise should throw them off enough.”

“Just don’t use your own magic much higher than hiding her and yourself,” the conversion lady said as she took the extra money. “That is how every other monster in the world is brought around to handle it, Monster Kingdom resident.”///

///Frisk woke up. For once, feeling very clear-headed. She popped up fast, seeing she was in the backseat. “Monsters attacked me. In my house. Moms made me forget.” She looked next to her and saw Undyne. “Undyne.” She looked at the driver’s area.

Nothing.

“Hey, so, out, Frisk. Have an explanation and a favor to ask ya.” Sans’ voice.

*Sans*. Frisk extended her hand as he helped her out. “Sans. I forgot you. I wasn’t able to remember so much.”

“Yeah, um, that’s temporary,” Sans warned her. “It’s a little old fashioned magic that usually doesn’t do very good ‘cause it’s way too short. Anyhow, this’ll be a lot to take in. Do you wanna go ahead and get married over here?” He gestured behind him at a place that advertised quick weddings.

“Sans, not like that!” Undyne complained.

Frisk didn’t care. “Yes.”

“Uh? Sweet, that worked.” Sans chuckled. “Hey, never know, huh?” He shouldered her. “This way. I got your ID and the papers we need. This place is known to be monster friendly, so no prob. We’ll be legal to humans and to monsters.”

Frisk walked alongside of him. “What’s going on?”

“Your mom didn’t like you remembering the future and felt like you were wasting your life trying to help the kingdom,” Undyne told her. “She flushed out every memory she could of monsters to keep you happy. In the meantime, time passed and the kingdom turned into a real shit-show.”/////

//////Sans was still holding onto her very tightly. He burned out part of his magic life to bring her back, and they were talking about power like it was a game. “Sans?”

“Even if you share power, time has a price,” Sans warned the intruders that stopped the wedding.

“We won’t let anything happen to Peaches,” another one said. “We still remember our friendship. This is what she wanted, a way to make peace. To let the monsters decide.”

“We know that you just attempted to marry Frisk,” another one said to Sans. “That’s how we’ve all been following you. Your plan isn’t good enough, that’s only good for you, but who else?”

Plan? “Wait, so you knew?”

“That’s how they are here, they knew we’d be here. They went back in time to intercept us.” Sans didn’t let go of Frisk. “Minds of monsters and humans alike are tender. Especially sensitive monsters.”

“It’s true, you might remember some of it,” the friend that gave her her magic balls back again agreed. “It won’t be a beautiful paradise, but eventually some memories will be restored at the end of the barrier. There might be some slight restoration along the way at points, but it won’t be too bad.”

“I know you monsters, you’re too new to the classics. You know, to tradition,” Sans warned them. “Say what you like about humans, you all live just like them compared to how monsters used to live. So, I’m gonna say a word and I want to see how many of you recognize it. LV.”

No one moved.

“How about EXP?”

No one said anything again.

“Do any of you know that LOVE isn’t always a nice word? No? Then stop what you’re doing, you’ll destroy Frisk!”////

Chara watched Sans fade off. Frisk was almost unconscious herself. “Let’s get this over with. I hated the way he looked.” She really did. In fact? “Does anyone know about that LV and EXP thing he was mentioning?” She started to pick up Frisk. “Is that going to harm our plan?”

“No, but, it was like millions of years ago probably,” another friend of Frisk’s had said. “Kingdom related. It can’t be important.”

“Sans was really worried.” Chara passed Frisk onto a stronger person as they headed away.

“This won’t take long, Chara,” one of Frisk’s other friends said to her. “Seriously, probably a week. Frisk is perfect for this part. It’ll all be okay. Frisk will definitely . . .”///

# Reunion

The visions and memories were all a blur. A mix. A spinning before his eyesockets kind of thing. Sans didn't know what to make of it all. He'd known Frisk a little more than just 'as a human moving through Underground'. He knew her personally. He and Papyrus were practically her family.

"Frisk Sweet," Papyrus mumbled softly. "My little Frisk Sweet. I called her that. She called me Papi. What strange names we called each other."

Sans moved from a bed he was in. Hospital bed? Yeah, they were both in some kind of hospital. "I, uh?" He looked at some monsters around him he'd never seen. "Can I get a book of cliffnotes on the visions I saw?"

"That's not funny!" Papyrus cried out. "I saw her for most of her life, and I don't even get to remember it. The visions, there were so many, and already they are fading."

"Sorry, we had to bleed that off of her mind before we took her away," one of them said. "It'll go away pretty fast, it's just evidence we needed."

Evidence? "So, did I marry her?" Sans asked. He knew what Papyrus meant, the memories were fading super fast. Soon, there wouldn't be much more than mini-nuggets hiding in the back of the skull.

"No," one of them confirmed. "Don't worry, you've mostly healed. You've been delusional for about three days now, but you seem to be coming along nicely."

"The Monster Kingdom was disbanded," another monster said, "and you are in the process of joining the nations."

"The Monster Kingdom caused that?" Sans asked. His mind was in a tizzy. "Hang on. Trying to remember. Did I tell Undyne to marry me before she killed herself or something?"

"I don't know," one of the monsters mentioned. "Our job section is just this. First shift went home too, so . . ." He shrugged.

"Don't have to . . . where is . . ." Wiped. Exhausted. . .

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When Sans woke up again, Papyrus was asleep. The visions rocked both of them too hard. The monsters from before were already gone. "Pap, wake up."

He groaned lightly.

"Things are really turning out bad to the bone." Sans was greeted with a 'Sans!' so Papyrus was awake now. Good.

“You’re all done,” a sweet-looking deer monster said as she released both of them. “It looks like your minds are all cleared out and you are conscious enough to make decisions now. Good for you. That was really helpful, and the paperwork shouldn’t take too long. The next thing we’ll do will give us more of a basic idea of where you want your home to be.”

“What about Frisk?” Papyrus asked.

“Oh, she has her own process. Let’s head to the left.” She started to walk. “So what kind of landscape do you enjoy?” She stopped. “To the left.”

“What about Frisk?” Sans asked too.

“What about?” She seemed confused. “You’re done with the visions. That is all over now, let’s focus on your future instead of miserable pasts.”

“No, it’s not!” Papyrus declared. “I was her guard since she was an itty bitty human and I was not miserable. I may not remember, but I know from visions and-and my soul *feels* it.”

“I almost offed my almost wife,” Sans admitted. “Ooh, that would have been a bad day for past me. So, can we recover the longer term memories? You know, childhood and all that on the surface the royalty took too?”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the deer monster said, “but those memory blocks were done by royalty. Our magic works differently. Two different forms. Frisk only lost hers because Toriel Dreemur accidentally took that off.”

“Oh. So. We’re screwed there?” Sans asked.

“Yeah, I’m afraid so, but the nations are helping you begin again. You and your emotionally enhanced wonderful brother will be just fine. So, if we walk to the left? Have you ever wanted to live on the beach, or on top of a mountain?”

Sans glanced back. They weren’t in a hospital room anymore. *Barely remember them taking us out.* They weren’t answering anything. *If I’m all confused, she’ll be twice as worse, and she won’t have none of those memories that shaped her.* Even he didn’t really have them. He had visions, but he felt it. Even as brief as it had been. “We aren’t scooching until we know what is happening to Frisk Perez.”

“I don’t know, she isn’t part of my job. I don’t make the rules. No one monster makes the rules because everyone makes the rules,” she said.

“I don’t trust you with Frisk.” Papyrus made his intentions clear. “I am not leaving without her.” He pointed to the flower. “That either. Flowery looks absolutely horrid and wilted. What have you been doing to him?” He strolled over and grabbed him. “I won’t leave either one of them. Now where is Frisk?”

Except that, um, he didn’t? “Papyrus, that’s just a regular flower pot.”

Papyrus looked at it. “Well?”

“A simple life on the beach somewhere?” The deer monster tried to appeal to Sans. “That sounds like a nice life after losing all your memories of the surface, right? If you could just talk to your brother, it would make things easier.”

“Why me talk to him?” Sans didn’t get it. “What the heck does emotionally enhanced mean?”

“Due to the extreme magic of the barrier, a sensitive emotional monster can become a more extreme sensitive emotional monster. This also means that although he is getting closer in age, even when he’s 20, you’ll probably want someone dependable living with him.”

What? Were they saying something was wrong with his bro? “My bro is cool.” Sans moved over by him. “Anything he does is cool. That means this is cool. We’re not leaving without Frisk or Flowey.”

“They are not my concern,” she said harder. “This is not some kingdom where the loudest prevails. Stop before things get worse.”

“Have you had fun with paperwork yet?”

No way. Sans stared at the figure not very far away that just spoke. Impossible. “Gas?”

“Oh, not that word, Sans,” Gaster complained as he went over to him. “I am glad to see you’ve noticed who I am still. Most wouldn’t. Royalty magic erased most traces of me.”

“Not family, nothing erases family!” Papyrus let go of Frisk’s hand and grabbed onto Gaster. “Gaster!”

“Yes, yes, I’m alive,” Gaster said to him. “I figured out how to get out of the barrier. Asgore didn’t know what to do, so I suppose he just tried to erase my existence.”

“Please be gentle with Papyrus the Skeleton,” the new monster warned Gaster. “He is emotionally enhanced.”

“He is not emotionally enhanced,” Gaster countered him. “He is in touch with his feelings more. Don’t try and come back with ‘that is emotionally enhanced’, emotionally enhanced means a monster doesn’t have the sense to ignore things that may impair their lives and can’t tell the difference between right and wrong.”

Hmph. *I knew they were saying something about Papyrus.* Gaster definitely knew the surface. *How come I didn’t have any visions of him up here?* Sans would wait on that question, they needed help first. “We want to save the human and the flower. We think we used to take care of her.”

“Frisk? Oh, I knew her. I wasn’t allowed to break anyone out because it would defeat the purpose of why you were in there, but even I was working on getting permissions to start involving myself. I mean my goodness, it’d been a year.”

“A year?”



“Right, a year,” Gaster agreed. “It would have taken a ton of paperwork and petitions, but I’d eventually get you out. Now, um? This could be dangerous though. I had seen her in several spots before and she wasn’t always a nice person.”

“She was just confused,” Papyrus told him.

“Pfft.” Gaster shook his head. “No, she’ll kill.”

“But she was almost Sans’ wife.”

Gaster blinked. “Really?”

“About as believable as me asking Undyne to be mine after she offs herself,” Sans said it like a joke. “Which is actually true. *Why* would I be having problems like needing a wife?”

“Written law by royalty,” the paperwork monster answered. “The Dreemur Kingdom was the last kingdom. Before they were put down, they had to write down all the laws they had decreed, and then what they would decree since things would change Underground.”

Weird “Never heard about any weird problems before.”

“They were royalty. A lot of the rules weren’t fair, but they could change things as they wanted below,” the paperwork monster added. “A percentage file needs filled out now.”

“Aw, just get a poster with a bang your skull here circle on it,” Sans complained. “I hate paperwork.”

“Most of it’s probably done,” Gaster appealed to him. “I already filled out the paperwork to take you into my residence. You have to fill out a percentage file though, it’s something you must do. Once a week, once a month, or once a year. You can also fill out for emergency use, but you’ll need very good reasonings for it.”

“Then what is this percentage file?” Papyrus asked.

“How much power of yours you get to keep,” Gaster explained. “We don’t all have our own power levels anymore. You decide how much magic you need, and then the rest is put away into a stock by collector monsters. The less you use, the more money you are given too. Monsters usually just keep 20% of their magic.”

“To leave your magic though? Magic sustains us!”

“Power collectors distribute it. Monsters typically live even longer in nations because no one overuses their magic. They can just come back and pick more back up.” Gaster handed a form to Papyrus. “I keep 40.”

“Oh. Then I’ll keep 40,” Papyrus agreed.

Gaster handed Sans a sheet too.

“100,” Sans said. “I want to keep all of it.”

“Ah? You’re scared of things happening?” Gaster figured. “Then keep 99. If anything happens you can petition for extra power. Also, be aware, you’ll only get like fifty dollars for it.”

“ . . . fine.” Sans signed away 1% of his power. But? *I don’t like this. Who has all the power? We get money for power? Is power equal to money?* “So. Frisk.”

“Sans, I already explained it. She is too dangerous to take,” Gaster said again. “Her and the flower are no longer our concer-”

“Bullshit it’s not our concern.” Sans couldn’t take it much more. “I just had a fast past drilled into my skull for some ‘evidence’, but I know that someone I once cared about isn’t here, and everyone’s quiet about her whereabouts. I also noticed, by the way, that I had never seen you in any of those visions forced down my skull.”

“Y-yes . . .” Papyrus also admitted shakily. “Our skulls are . . . hurting in several ways. Why weren’t you there?”

Gaster just turned to the paperwork monster. “Okay, fine. I doubt it’s good, but? Let me see the paperwork on Frisk Dreemur.” He held out a badge.

“Security? Oh.” The paperwork monster dug around his desk and pulled out a file. “Here.”

Gaster looked through several of the papers. “Is she unconscious right now?”

“Yes,” the collector said.

“Okay.” Gaster closed it back up. “Gentlemen. They are following orders to terminate Frisk as we speak.”

“What?!” They both shouted.

“Stop it, don’t hurt her!” Papyrus demanded. “Where is she?!”

“It’s too late,” Gaster said again. “Look. In order for Frisk to be released back into the environment safely, she will have to be retrained. No one wants to do that, which is why she is being terminated instead.” Gaster shook his skull. “She lost the legal access that could have helped her live. All of her tasks in the Underground are done. She was at the end of a cycle with nothing left to do.”

“Left to do?” Sans asked. “What do you mean?”

“A prior engagement. Just, of any kind could have saved her, but she’d already gone through all of her activities, and much more than once.”

“A new activity she hasn’t done before?” Sans asked. “What about a date? She had a date with Alphys tomorrow at the junk yard.”

“Ooh?” Gaster seemed intrigued. “Had she never done that before?”

“It was a real date, not a fake practice one,” Sans said. “Different plan and everything.”

“How many monsters knew of this task?”

“Me. Papyrus. Alphys. Probably Asgore. Probably . . . the queen.”

“Then she does have legal access still,” the paperwork monster interrupted. He picked up his cell and dialed out. “Stop the termination of Frisk Perez, she has legal access still.”

Gaster nodded at the paperwork monster. “Thank you.” He looked back toward Sans and Papyrus. “Okay then. What we need to do, is weed out the evil from Frisk’s soul.”

“Well how do we weed it out?” Sans asked.

“It will take work,” Gaster said to him. “Do you want to put in work?”

“ . . . gone this far already, should see it through I guess.”

“Wow, Sans. You really do feel an attachment to her. You’ll work for her?”

“Something of me knew her.” And it was already unfair that he didn’t get those memories. None of the surface of the first time, and none of them the last time either. *And he still hasn’t said why I didn’t see him in a vision.*

“Fine. I am a science security monster,” Gaster said as he looked at the paperwork monster. “I need registration for a virtual room in my home. I will need permission to use more hallucinogens for the case, meaning I need applications for applying my own degree and resources.”

“Sans, stop banging your skull against the table!” Papyrus scolded him. “We need to help her and the flower.”

“Hello?” Another monster came through. No, wait. It wasn’t a monster, it was a human. “Hi. Sorry. Uh, I’m . . . I was a friend.” She turned to look at Sans. “A friend to Frisk. I was there when we wanted to help, in a way Frisk or you didn’t like.”

Hmmm. “Oh, yay, someone that knocked me out before I got married. I guess that’s a thank you since it’s not a thing I need now? I don’t know, I don’t get it,” Sans said.

She handed him a phone. “This was taken at the marriage. Undyne filmed it on her phone. I’m sorry. It shouldn’t have happened this way, we were all just trying to set you free into the nations. None of us meant to cause this to happen to Frisk.”

“Well, it happened.” Sans looked at the phone. Twenty minutes of footage. *Why does she want me to have it? It’s pointless now.* Whatever, a thing for later. He pocketed it. “Thanks.”

“You should look at it, Chill. I mean, Sans,” she said to him. “Before anyone takes Frisk away, you should look at that.”

“In due time, but maybe?” He shrugged. “Maybe something inside just really doesn’t want to see your face right now.”

“Yeah,” she said softly. “Yeah, we messed up. Sorry. Just, keep it. It’s part of your past. I’ll go now.”

“Good.” It came out of his teeth before he even recognized he said it. *Pure instinct. I knew I was pissed off. Even with no memories, I feel like I could almost kill that human.* He just turned back to Gaster. “Okay, so spill. Why don’t I see you in a single vision of my time up here last time?”

“Uh? For the same reason you ended up running with Frisk so she didn’t have to marry or get killed by Asgore,” Gaster said. “The Monster Kingdom could have tried to come after me. I’m not dumb. Sans, I found a way out to the truth, and I manipulated King Asgore to believe he killed me. I knew if he did that, the endless questions would make him and the queen play with the imperfect art of erasure. I used that to my advantage by setting up little traps of my own.”

Sans just watched him pat himself on the back with his extra hands.

“It’s not fair,” Papyrus said slowly. “We were up here for so much longer than we were ever down there, and we aren’t allowed to remember?”

“At least now with the royalty out of commission, I can see you two,” Gaster told them. “It will be okay. Even if you don’t remember it, I will teach you two the simple things to live up here again.”

Sans just shook his skull. *For better or for worse, royalty is gone.* This was what Frisk had wanted anyhow apparently. “Okay, pen to paper.”

---

*Not Frisk.* Chara didn’t lead Asriel to Frisk. It was just the skeleton brothers. As he looked in, he also saw a third skeleton. That was strange. Asriel tried to stay out of the line of sight as he headed further down. *Frisk. Where are you?*

He continued going down but was soon spotted. He tried to run, but still healing, he fell instead. “Let me go!” he shouted “I have to find Frisk!”

“Be gentle, he’s just a kid,” one of the monsters said. “Come on, straighten up.”

“Well if he’d stop kicking, I would be easier!” the other monster complained. “How can he fight so hard? He should be in a ton of pain.”

“That kid *is* in a ton of pain. It won’t stop him from what he wants.”

Sans’ voice. Asriel looked over toward him.

“Ooh. Nice soul,” Sans complimented him. “Hits me like a firecracker trapped in snow.” He started to come over to him. “Ooh. Ouch.”

Asriel shuddered. Then, he did something he didn't want to do. He really, really didn't want to do. He acted like his true self, and started to cry.

And he didn't care! His friend was gone. He was forced to figure out how to live with himself again. He wasn't a flower, so he was forced to feel things emotionally. Everything was different. He felt bamboozled. He was also bleeding and it hurt. It hurt a lot more now that Sans broke his edge by looking into him.

"Oh, it's gone ragdoll," one of the monsters holding him complained. "Come on, back to your room."

Sans whistled to his brother. "Hey, Flowery became a kid. Do you still want him?"

"Yes!" Papyrus yelled from behind Sans. "We want Frisk *and* the flower! If the flower was him, then he is ours!" He went over to the crying little goat.

And bawled right beside him as he hugged him. "I know, life isn't fair! Your bleeding too, look at you. There's a trail of blood all the way down the hall. Don't do that, that is dangerous!"

"Oh not this," the third skeleton complained. "It's not even a flower that would just sit in the window now. It's a snow poff." Gaster shook his head. "Useless."

"It is a snow poff?" Papyrus looked at Asriel. "Well, you are white like snow."

"No," Gaster corrected him. "I mean he's as useless as snow."

"Yes. He is like useless, white snow." Papyrus hugged him extra tight. "Snow Poff. You are coming with us."

Asriel was still crying. He heard the conversations, but he couldn't tell whether they were being mean or nice to him. He just wasn't the same when he wasn't a flower.

"You can't have him, he's a patient that's still healing," one of the monsters warned them.

"We filled out paperwork already for the little snow poff," Gaster groaned. "It's under Flowey. It's the same person."

Asriel held on tighter to Papyrus as he cried. It felt like he hadn't cried for years. Years and years and years. He was also in so much pain. So much pain!

"Injured means he should stay," one of the monsters warned them.

"I Disagree," Sans said.

Asriel watched as Sans came over and looked down at him with his lightguiders.

"They are confusing this place for a hospital, when it was just a place that kept us believing we were Underground. You wanna come with us, Snow Poff?"

Asriel didn't know, but he didn't want to be there at that place anymore. And? And like it or not, he really wanted hugs. He used to get hugs all the time and Papyrus was really good at giving hugs.

He hugged Papyrus more. "This snow poff will come."

"I swear." Gaster slapped his bony hand against his skull. "Only Papyrus can flip a meaning around like that."

"Yep," Sans agreed. "That's what makes him cool. Come on, Snow Poff. Pap. Gas."

"And somehow, I still get the worst nickname," Gaster complained as they continued down the hall with Papyrus carrying Asriel.

They were all heading toward the last one in the new family.

---

Frisk.

Frisk was in bad shape.

*Real* bad shape.

Asriel cried lots of tears on Papyrus, while Papyrus cried lots of tears too.

"There, there. She isn't dead," Gaster assured them. "It's just going to take a lot of time. It was going to take a lot of time anyhow since she was human. We just have some more physical problems on top of the other problems."

Sans just sort of stared at her and stubbornly wiped at his own tears he often didn't get. *I really liked her. Something deep inside is breaking. Something I don't understand.* "She'll be okay," Sans told his brother. "We'll get her fixed again bro."

"They shattered her!" Papyrus cried.

"I don't really like that word," Gaster said to Papyrus. "She's just a little broken in her inner skeleton, but she is all there, and we will make her better. You will be together soon again."

"Yeah," Sans choked, not meaning to. "In a way." But, it would never be what they had before. Nothing from those visions. Nothing from the surface. It was all gone. To them.

And to her. All her surface memories had been drained to them so their own magic could use it as a recording. As evidence as to her character. As evidence Frisk wasn't worth saving.

All this used-to-be friend he had watched had been washed away. She was just a person with no past and no future, stuck in dreams and nightmares of Underground.

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# Getting Frisk Out

Frisk felt the whole world start to change around her. It always happened right before the end. Whether she got desperate and massacred everyone, or gave it the happiest ending. Never mattered. It was always the same.

Until today. Frisk raised her eyebrow as she saw Sans checking on some kind of equipment next to her.

What was he doing?

“Hey there, Frisk.” He winked at her. “Want another hot dog?”

*What?* Frisk couldn't figure this one out. Sans didn't have a hotdog. He had a syringe. She looked at her wrist. It had an IV in it? “What?”

“Hm?” His lightguiders seemed to focus on her longer. “Hang on.” He reached over and grabbed a light, shining it on the sides of her eyes. “What's your name?”

“Frisk,” she admitted. “Why aren't you at your hot dog stands?”

Sans just chuckled. “How many hotdogs you want? One? Two?” He started to put the syringe through the IV tube. “30 milliliters, Kid.”

Huh? “I don't understand, what are you shoving me with?”

“Well, it looks like my human did come around.” He stuck his gloved hand out. “Heya, Frisk. Welcome back to reality.”

He threw the syringe away. “When you were just a kiddo you were this cute kid coming through. You made friends and were so cute you crushed hearts. Even Undyne couldn't seem to want to smack you. She made every spear miss.”

Undyne's spears? “Undyne is vicious.”

“Nah, you were too cute. She kept letting you run away. Mettaton couldn't do anything either.” He pulled out a fresh syringe. “He was more interested in seeing you dance. The only one that could was Asgore.”

“King Asgore?”

“Yep. One and the first hit and you were almost dead,” Sans admitted. “Everyone came out and yelled at him and we all seemed to decide that saving you was more important than reaching the surface.”

Save her?



“So? Monster magic with a human has to be taken slow,” Sans said. “Real slow. Total is 30 milliliters a day. It took a loooong time to pull you back together. You have a ways to go still, but you fell out of the fever nightmares finally. Good sign.”

“Fever nightmares.” Was this real? A trick?

“Yeah. I mean, they are terrible, don't get me wrong,” Sans insisted. “But, you were able to talk and still sort of experience life.”

Frisk didn't know what to say. She tried to stand up and immediately regretted it. Ow!

“Whoah, whoah, human! Sans?!”

Frisk was in so much pain that she almost missed that voice. Papyrus?

Papyrus stood in front of her in a white doctor suit. “Easy, easy, stop! My that must hurt. You *can't* get up human.” He sighed. “Take this phone and ask for advice when you can't figure out what to do.”

“That won't work anymore, Pap,” Sans told him. “She fell out of the fever for the first time.”

“Oh? Well that was unexpected,” Papyrus said, “and unfortunate. The human's body is still in recovery.”

Frisk tried to move her arm. It was fine. She tried to move the other. Ow!

“Don't move things around to see what hurts.” Papyrus pulled out a clipboard and started to take notes. “Your right arm is na, your left arm is na, your neck is not fixed, and your back is not fixed.”

Frisk just remained there. Thinking. “Nyah?”

“Nyah? No, na as in it is not available for you to use,” Papyrus said. “You were absolutely shattered by Asgore's hit. Even he was surprised by how you fell, but still survived with just a little body and soul. We are basically repairing you.”

“It just. But? I fell as a child.” She did. Frisk even looked at herself. “I was trapped Underground for years.”

“Yes,” Papyrus answered her. “Yes, it has been years. You have been stuck in magic fever. You deliriously experienced life instead of the real thing. Your body and mind still matured. You just lived in a false reality.”

“False . . .?” Then, it all disappeared and she was right back in the snow. “What just happened?”

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“No, no, no!” Papyrus proclaimed. “That's not fair. She was speaking to us and her mind was clear.”

Sans watched Gaster come into the room. “She finally regained consciousness from the hallucinogenic magic.” Still, bummer. “Not even a full few minutes.”

“You didn’t overwhelm her with a full explanation?” Gaster asked each of them.

“No,” Sans said. “Just like we practiced. Asgore beat her, she’s still in Underground, and she’s been in care since she was little.” It was something simple that Frisk could understand. It was a lot easier than she saved the Underground, Tori married her mom, Sans and Papyrus watched over her, Tori died, Sans ran with her so she wouldn’t marry or have to get killed by Asore, Frisk tried to free the Monster Kingdom, failed because her other mom was trying to take her place, Tori was regranted life almost killing him, and she made Frisk no longer remember monsters, she was put down into a brain simulation to believe she was Underground, and was now starting to heal from the experience.

Even with the cliffnote version, it was just too hard to understand.

The nations provided the notes, they had listened to Sans’ joke about it. It was a crazy, wild ride of a life apparently. Even he and Papyrus could barely keep it straight with the help of the cliffnotes. Not only that, it didn’t matter. Who cared? Sans turned back the flow of time apparently almost ending himself in the process once.

From future examinations, they figured out Papyrus had saved him. Sans’ magic had been cut by half instead, and so had Papyrus’.

And all of that whole nonsense? Was the second time they made it to the surface. There was nothing for the first time, only the royalty could have granted those memories. The ones that had been around. Not Asriel.

Or they would have asked the snow poff to help when he got his soul restored. As it stood, Toriel and Asgore were still unconscious and unable to leave the simulation.

“Did Frisk get better?” Asriel walked right in. “Frisk? Is she better? I thought I heard her voice.”

Nah, the little poff didn’t remember anything. He was just a snow poff, a meaningless little guy that tried to help. It started as an insult from Gaster to Asriel, but the kid didn’t catch it like that or mind it. Instead, Papyrus caught onto it because he liked the little furry kid and thought snow poff did sound cute. Plus, since he wanted to take care of the flower as well, then they took the leader role (Papyrus did) to be his guardian while his parents were unconscious.

So, Sans just stepped in the line. It really was amazing that what he thought was an ‘ancient evil flower’ really was still just a kid. “Missed her, Snow Poff.”

“Oh.” He touched his mouth gently. “Darn. I wanted to say something to her.”

“No snow poffs allowed,” Gaster warned him as he slowly turned him around and patted him back out. “Shoo, shoo. Exam room is off limits.” He looked back toward Sans and Papyrus

when the kid was gone. “The first stirring. Good news. We must be very careful not to mess up. When is her date with Alphys?”

“The 25th of next month,” Sans said. “Alphys will call and cancel on the 22nd of next month and move it to the 23rd of the next-next month.” As long as Frisk had business to finish Underground, they were able to use some of the magic. As long as that business kept getting changed within a month, it would count.

It didn’t seem important, a simple date, but that date saved Frisk’s life just because of a legal loophole. When they were tossed back down there a second time, Frisk was given not only magic to wield to help her chances, but legal ‘do-overs’. The whole thing with a broken skeleton inside Frisk was because she had been at the end of her ‘adventure’. The nations hadn’t liked seeing her kill lots of monsters, go back in time, and do it again. Even though it wasn’t real, it showed what kind of person she had really been.

Her friends had convinced several supporters, with several contracts, that Frisk ‘Sweet’ Dreemur would be a sweet and loving human that probably wouldn’t need any do overs.

They wanted to pin all of the ‘nightmare’ deaths on her and we’re trying to do so by stating she fell out of the cycle that protected her. That cycle was an event cycle, things that were planned to happen.

Basically, they thought they found a way they could off Frisk and make her pay for every death. Since Alphys date was a planned event Underground though, then they couldn’t use that excuse. Monster law wouldn’t allow it. Even now, none of the skeletons trusted that the nations wanted to play fair, so they kept up that same date with cancellations and reschedules above the surface.

But the human Chara was working on bringing information to show that Frisk was being intravenously drugged that was causing the nightmares. So far though, nothing had turned up, but if exonerated, Frisk could go back to her old life and stay with her other mom if she wanted, and she’d also get some money. As soon as she was considered ‘competent and not a threat’.

So, fast forward six months, Frisk was still trapped in a dream state. Sans, Papyrus, Gaster, and even sometimes the little poff (when no one was looking) tried to talk and share with her some good things.

And even after she did finally come out of that state, Frisk was in bad shape still. She’d need time to recover. Luckily, Gaster had been a credited doctor. That’s how they were even able to take care of her there.

Sans and Papyrus were registered as emergency doctors after they passed several doctor tests. They couldn’t get Gaster’s status until they had gained experience, but it didn’t matter. Their status gave them what they needed.

To take care of Frisk.

“The first stirring,” Gaster repeated again. “The first stirring.” He glanced at Sans. “How do you feel about the first stirring?”

“Uhhh . . .” Damn. “Look? I don’t know. I tried to reach her when she was doing bad things in other visions of the Underground. I have tried with the hot dogs more.” He held up a syringe. “It still, even this calming magic serum only sometimes works, maybe fifty percent?”

“We need 100% before they let her go,” Gaster reminded him. “To believe it is truly only nightmares that makes her kill, she needs to have no need to kill at all.”

“She just gets scared, and sometimes, it uh . . .”

“If she gets scared, she can’t kill,” Gaster said firmly.

“If she just gets a chance to see her mom, and see there are personal reasons not to kill. If she can see that she was actually a person instead of just a nameless human trapped in the Underground forever?” Sans tried to hide his groan. He’d been over this with Gaster. “She’ll be old and maybe dead before she’s freed.”

Gaster sighed. “Then I guess the money will go to her funeral.”

“Fuck you.” Sans slapped the front of his skull. “Sorry, Gas.” The unconscious need to kill that hit Frisk sometimes. He understood it, because he got it too. Not the instant kill, just, little instances like that. He’d say something before he even knew he said anything.

Something in her made it habitual if it was easier to get through. He’d seen total pacifism. Total genocide. Killing every other monster. Killing no bosses, just monsters she ran into. Killing all bosses except monsters she ran into. She explored everything to find a way out.

When the cycle restarted though, only she remembered. Everything played out the same way until they interfered. It was probably just causing more madness. It had looked less and less like Frisk would ever get freed with her sanity intact.

But, something had stirred in Frisk, and she’d come away from the fever she’d been stuck in. As much as Papyrus hated the thought of her being in pain when she woke up for good, her chances for an intact mind were better that way.

Sans sat back down in the chair in the private room they were in. Frisk’s room was pretty much a hospital room. “She stirred. I was hoping I could get her at least 60% guaranteed she wouldn’t spring for a kill. Habits die hard.”

“When there’s no memory to hold onto,” Papyrus added softly. “Only the memory of going around and around in the cycle. Never dying, yet never leaving. That knowledge must hurt.”

Sans watched the little poof scooch back in behind Gaster to see Frisk. The kid had something in his paws this time.

“No, no, no,” Gaster called out, sensing what he was doing. “Kids need to stay away until she is safe.”

Asriel groaned and gave her a hug, ignoring Gaster. "I want to help." He gave Sans a cell phone.

Oh, wait. He recognized it. "Little snow poff thief, huh?"

"I was curious, and it looked like you forgot about it under all of the papers," Asriel said. "There's a lot of neat things on there. No, wait," he said as Gaster tried to shoo him out again. "Wait, I know what we can do to make Frisk stop killing."

Huh? Sans looked at the cell. "I forgot all about this." *Nah, I didn't. I didn't want to see it.* Just a sample of some past he'd never need. Just more visions. He didn't need it.

"What can we do to make Frisk stop killing, Snow Poff?" Papyrus asked him.

"Give her hope. Without hope, it all falls apart," Asriel said. "Just give her hope."

"We've fed her. We've joked with her," Sans told him. "There's not much we haven't done."

"You can flirt with her."

Sans almost laughed. That was a good one, but Gaster seemed interested in that. "What?"

"Frisk now has somewhere in her head the thought of her being trapped in a virtual world," Gaster said. "Since she made the first break herself, we should be able to intrude for a second break. It's worth a shot."

Total Gaster. Saw an idea in someone else's other idea. "So no flirting?"

"Just talk to her. Mention the hotdogs. It shouldn't cause her fragile mind any undue stress now," Gaster encouraged him.

"You should be the one to flirt," the little poff said as he looked at Sans.

Sans noticed him gesturing back to the phone. Was he trying to say there was something there? *Neither of us remember nothing, it'd be worthless to watch.* If anything, it might just make him feel bad. But? "Was it a favor or did she really like me?"

Asriel just smiled. "If you flirt, something will happen, I'm sure of it. The machine'll beep or something."

Just like a kid who didn't know what he was talking about. Still? "If I habitually start flirting with her, she'll remember that." Hm. "Sounds good. I suck at flirting though. I don't flirt with no one."

"Silly poff boy," Gaster said. "Flirting isn't needed. Keep a positive attitude when you see her again, Sans. Where is she in her mind?"

Sans turned on the hallucination machine. From all the data that happened last time Underground, it was easy to get that simulation up and running. "Ruins." Frisk was having a

conversation of the data hallucination of Toriel. Her brain just plugged in the same conversation.

Aye. He didn't want to see that. "I'll be meeting her soon." He picked up another needle. "I'll be sure my whoopie cushion makes her feel better."

"Since she just stirred, it probably increases your chances she'll stay good," Gaster said. "I am ordering lunch now."

"McDonald's!" Asriel said. "Please?"

"The bill is so high for burgers and there is no dine in," Gaster reminded him. "We'll get something local."

"It's not fair." Asriel laid his head on a counter. "We shouldn't have to deal with it, we aren't affected like humans."

"Corporate chains run by humans can't be found breaking rules," Gaster said. "Unauthorized humans would come down and investigate. I can order from Marty's again?"

"Oh, not again," Papyrus complained. "I can fix something."

Heh. "Grillbys isn't too far from her." Sans watched as Gaster, Papyrus and Asriel all left the room to discuss what to eat.

Sans just watched her hallucination monitor. *This is crazy.* It wouldn't change anything. He checked the records and her current stats. No killing so far. *That little poff is a nut.* Still? *For science. I do this, I can check the stats and then put it behind me.* Yeah.

For science. He had to try something different.

---

Frisk continued onward. She didn't know why she was continuing onward. She had that strange dream where Sans said she woke up from a fever. But? It was just a dream. She was right back there again. Maybe she ate some bad monster candy? She had to remember not to take as much.

In a second, Sans would come and take her hand and use it with a whoopie cushion. She knew it. She had visions of it before. A lot of visions from before. A lot she didn't understand, and most she ignored. She wouldn't even know her name, if it wasn't for the fact Sans and Papyrus used it on her. They knew it for some reason.

As he played his same joke and introduced himself, she was ready to continue. Frisk had a tendency to accidentally find a monster dusted in front of her. Once she did it, it usually kept happening. So far, that hadn't happened. If she could just stay that way, maybe she'd find a way out this time.

Only thing was, monsters did try to hurt her too. Sometimes, she'd just wake up in the beginning again and know that it was because a monster tried to kill her.

“Pretty skin.”

Frisk stared at him. That was new of him to say? She decided to keep going.

“You have pretty skin and a pretty shirt thing,” Sans said to her as he walked alongside her. “So, come here often? Go ahead and go through the bridge, Papyrus always makes it too big.”

That felt weird. What was he doing?

“Shit, what else do I say?” he said out loud. “Did it hurt your skull-I mean head- when you fell?”

Huh? Frisk shook her head. *Why is he asking about me falling? What is going on with him?*

Hmm. Sans seemed to stare at her with his lightguiders.

Frisk felt uncomfortable and looked around for Papyrus.

“Nah, he’s trying to stop Gaster from ordering Marty’s,” Sans answered. “Hey, I know. I think you like this.”

Frisk watched him bring out a saxophone. She thought he would play a trombone like he did between jokes with Papyrus. As he played, she felt herself starting to get warm. *I’m blushing? Why? What the hell is this?* “I have to go.” She started to head away.

That was weird. Real weird. And geez. *Did I actually speak back to a monster?*

Papyrus and Sans both seemed to say the usual thing now. Sans didn’t even act like he did anything different. Frisk easily solved the puzzles, and so far, she hadn’t seen any monster dust. That was good.

Then, she went into Grillbys. Not much knew that she had seen. A lot more were there since she didn’t kill anyone yet.

“Hey everybody, miss me?”

“Sans, you were here fifteen minutes ago.”

“I know, I was gone extra long.”

Frisk looked back and watched him high five some friends. He went over by the bunny and paid for her drink. He joked with the monster with almost nothing but huge teeth.

“Taking a bite out of crime yet, or just food?” Sans asked him. “Undyne’s opened up the royal guard more, so don’t forget to check it out.”

The royal guards cheered him on and he went over to see them. Frisk was sitting right beside some lazy birds.

“Hey, hey, the sleepy Twofer birdies, need a round to wake up enough to go back to sleep?” he said to them as he sat right next to her.

Frisk’s face was burning warm. Her heart was hammering. What happened to her? *He just entranced an entire establishment.*

“So, can I buy you a burger, human?” he asked her.

“Yes.” Her voice squeaked a little. *Oh, he had to have thought that was strange. I thought that was strange. What is going on with me, and why is he not doing what he usually does?*

“Grillby, a lovely burg for the lovely woman,” Sans said. “What a wonderful idea.”

What a wonderful idea?

“I mean?” Sans seemed to be arguing with himself. “It’s a lovely idea. That’s a lot of lovelies. You really aren’t helping.” He glanced back at her with his little lights. “Sorry, I uh, argue with myself sometimes. Not often. I’m not crazy. No. No, you don’t think I’m more crazy ‘cause I said that?” Yeah he was arguing again. “Just eat the burg.”

Strange. Frisk was losing the strange feelings she had felt. She could just concentrate on the burger now.

“Hot dogs and needles ring a bell?”

Frisk quickly looked at him. Hot dogs and needles?

“You’ve got to snap out of this,” Sans told her. “This isn’t real, Frisk. There’s a reason nothing changes no matter what you do. You’ll never know unless you visit the real world again.”

Now, the Sans of that world, was talking about the Sans in her dream? “You’re sitting down right now at Grillby’s.”

“Only in your mind. Your mind saw me sitting down at Grillby’s,” he said. “As for greeting everyone, I miss them. The kingdom isn’t a kingdom anymore. Everyone’s strewn about the world somewhere. You freed us again,” Sans said to her. “Better or worse, don’t know yet, but we aren’t here. We are out. You’ve got to get out of here.”

Out? *This Sans agrees with the same thing that the other Sans said.* She didn’t understand. Nothing really new. She spent her life knowing nothing. “How did you know my name was Frisk?” If she was going to get out, she had to start talking to monsters.

If she had to start talking to monsters, she’d speak to the one who believed there was a way out.

“I knew your name, because I knew you personally,” Sans said. “Believe it or not, you had a whole other life on the outside that you were forced to forget. By your mom, and then by monsters. And? Don’t worry, I feel that pain too. I don’t remember much either. Just the days



of the *real* Underground, the sim, and the few months I've spent on the surface." He gestured to the burg that appeared in front of her. "Eat that."

Frisk looked at the burg. If this was fictional, then she never did need to eat. It might explain why she never needed a whole lot of food to survive. Even now, she didn't feel hungry.

When she did what he said and reached out for it, she felt something in her arm.

"I gave you something," Sans told her. "It usually calms you down, makes you act better so you don't start in on nightmarish killing. Only, I'm trying to wake you up so I changed it."

Frisk felt a jolt in her body. She grabbed onto the bar.

"Wake up, Frisk. I admit, it's not going to be the best," Sans warned her. "You're not in peak health because some monsters didn't like the way you ran things down there and tore you up pretty bad. You'll have some healing to do. You're also stuck in a kooky household with three skeletons and a snow poff you used to know named Asriel."

Asriel? Three skeletons?

"Toriel and Asgore are alive though," he also added, "just, they haven't woken up yet. No one dies in the sim, but it's harder to wake up from it. Other than all that? Life is actually pretty good right now. Sun. Skies. Not watching snow. It's not real bad."

*I don't know how to wake up.* Her body felt very energetic. She started to drum all over the bar. Her legs started to kick underneath her seat. *How do I wake up? I want to wake up! If this is all just an endless nightmare, I want to wake up. Let me wake up. There has to be a way to wake up.* "Help me wake up."

"I'm not used to getting called out by you to help," Sans teased her. "I don't know how you did it the other time. Just, you know this world is fake now. You've seen the real one. You can't stay in the fake world any longer, Frisk."

"I want out." She did. "Even if I don't get to remember who I am, I want out. I want out." She looked at a burg that appeared in front of her again. She already reached out for it. She'd been holding it before. The visions were breaking.

She reached toward it.

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# Frisk's New Life

Real world

Frisk opened her eyes. Her blurry vision started to clear and she saw two people. Sans, with his neverending smiling mouth and the boy she had met down there in the sim.

“Frisk!” The little goat boy hugged her extra close. “Don't leave again, stay.”

Stay? Stay. Frisk stared at him. What could she say to that?

“She is stuck staying, no worries snow poff,” Sans said to him. “She only remembers Underground. Has no life above. Doesn't know anything. She's stuck whether she wants to be or not. Heh.”

Stuck. “All I know is that I am a girl.”

Sans chuckled. “Debatable in monster standards. Technically right.”

“That’s all I know,” she said.

“You are also good!” Papyrus said as he came by. “You are not a foul killer like your nightmares made you feel. You never harmed anyone. That’s the reason you even knew Snow Poff’s side, because you were truly good.”

Snow poff?

“Me,” Asriel said as he continued to hug her. “It doesn’t matter. Who needs all those extra memories anyhow? I was just an evil flower alone in Underground in fourteen years. I don’t need that.”

“True, for someone like you, your memories are best left forgotten.”

Frisk watched as a third skeleton came in. It wasn’t the joker Sans or Papyrus. “Who are you?”

“Gaster,” Papyrus answered her. “The royalty almost had erased him from Underground. He is helping to take care of us. We all take care of each other,” he said as he went toward Asriel. “Even Snow Poff tries.”

Frisk didn’t speak at first. “I’m not evil?”

“Technically, no, yet until it can be proven for sure, you are,” Gaster said oddly. “It means you must rest within my care until evidence proves why you kept having such killer nightmares. No one wants to free a genocider to actually kill. Bad idea all around.”

Uh? “Your care?”

“Yeah, until you finish your Underground business,” Papyrus told her. “The date with Alphys you made turned out to be a good thing, Human! It saved you.”

Date with Alphys? “You mean the confused date about the letter Undyne gave her?” Frisk asked.

“No, no. A real date,” Papyrus promised. “That date keeps getting canceled and moved around, so that it doesn’t happen until we find the evidence to clear you.”

“Chara thinks someone was poisoning you with some kind of bad drug to make you a killer in your nightmares,” Asriel said to her. “We have to prove it first.”

Chara? “Your . . . sister?” Frisk understood things even less.

“No, a different Chara,” Asriel said. “I know. It’s probably tough not remembering. You just remember the Underground as this thing that moved through it with no memory of her own. Practically an empty shell just following the will of medicine.”

“Thanks,” Sans told him. “I was just trying to figure out a way to make her feel more depressed. Didn’t think it existed, but you nailed it.” He winked at Frisk. “Kid talks differently sometimes. He’s mostly around for crippling depression to balance out the comic relief.”

“Sans!” Papyrus scolded him. “Don’t say that about Snow Poff. He’s a good boy.”

Frisk tried to move around, but she suddenly remembered she shouldn’t do that. A spike of pain rolled up on her.

“Not that side and don’t rush yourself,” Gaster warned her. “It will take time to heal. You’re human, you can’t have magic at the same rate as we do.”

“I’ll help you out however I can, Frisk,” Asriel said to her.

“Yes, me too,” Papyrus said. “We will help you.”

“Yeah,” Sans said. “They’ll help you.”

“You can help too,” Papyrus almost groaned at Sans. “Quit being lazy for five seconds.”

“That’s a five second bet you are sure to lose,” Gaster warned him.

Frisk tried to think about what to do. She seemed to be stuck in bed. She wasn’t Underground, there was light coming from a window. She tried to raise her arm to it, but aye-! No. “The curtain.”

Asriel moved away and opened the curtain for her. “You are on the first floor of our home. We have two floors. Isn’t it pretty?” He pointed outside. “Usually, everyone looks just like themselves. Sometimes, we get this little update on our social that humans are within twenty

miles or so. Then, we just seal ourselves in our house or go out in disguise until the threat passes.”

Frisk wanted to move from the bed. It looked so pretty outside. Besides wanting to move and go outside though? *What now?*

What now. Who had she been? Where did she belong? What was she supposed to do with her life? Was she really going to end up staying with three skeletons and the flower turned good boy? “Who was I?”

“Frisk,” Sans said. “Really. Nothing else anyone says is going to change much.”

“You saved Underground for real when you were eight!” Papyrus told her. “Then um? We watched you. You called me Papi. I don’t know why. Sans didn’t know you as well, but he watched you. He probably screwed up on the job too much. Your mother married Queen Toriel. The Queen died and Asgore was looking to kill or marry you. So was Sans? Not the kill part, the marry part. I don’t know why either.”

“See?” Sans gestured to his brother. “Nothing else anyone says is going to change much.”

That seemed like a heavy past with a lot of secrets. She didn’t know it though. “Do you remember that?”

“No, just cliffnotes.” Sans went over toward a drawer in her room and brought out a book. “Facts aren’t life. It must have been interesting. Sounded like a blast at times.”

Frisk could see what he meant. She read the notes, but didn’t feel anything out of them.

“I don’t need anything for me,” Asriel said to her. “I was a flower for fourteen years alone, I don’t need that. Living with the skeletons must be better than that. It’ll be better living with you too.”

“Yes, and the first thing this family needs to decide is what is for supper,” Gaster said to her. “I think Marty’s.”

“I think I should cook,” Papyrus said. “Sans, what do you think?”

Sans shrugged.

“Not an answer.” Papyrus looked at Frisk. “What do you want to eat? Oh!” He came over by her. “Oh well we can get rid of all these tubes now. Not the magic meds but the nutritional.”

“Still shouldn’t stress her stomach,” Gaster said, “so liquid diet for her. Marty’s for us.”

“I can make liquid spaghetti,” Papyrus announced proudly. “I have done it more than once.”

“It has to be more than edible for the human, it must taste good,” Gaster stressed to Papyrus. “Speaking of tasting good, did you spray today?”

“Oh. Oh yes.” Papyrus glanced toward Frisk. “It’s fine. You’ll be fine. I will spray again.”

Frisk watched him spray above her. It was some kind of flower fragrance, that turned into a smell of a two week uncleaned toilet, back to flowers! Frisk tried to cover her nose. "I don't need that."

"Yeah you do," Asriel told her. "Most monsters have no interest in humans. Some monsters like the taste of humans but hate foul odors. Some like the taste of humans but hate good odors. Since you are a resident and not a stranger, you'll be a great meal to some of them. So? You'll move in between the aromas, so you'll be able to walk around safely when you get better."

Ugh. She went from an extreme flower to a nasty piece of - *it's disgusting*.

"It's okay. I limped myself down a hallway bleeding to try and find you," Asriel said, "so I can handle a little pain to the nose. The others are skeletons. They aren't allowing themselves to smell a thing."

It still didn't make her feel better. Frisk just felt lost. She didn't think she could feel more lost. Looking at the cliffnotes though, she only felt worse too. She had a mother who cared, and Toriel became a mother who cared. She went to college and became a teacher. There was a question mark at the end of teacher though. *Even the people who made the cliffnotes don't know everything*. Frisk just handed the notes back.

"Told you they wouldn't help." Sans took the paper back. "But hey, at least there's no regret in the back of the head like 'knowing would help'. Now you know? That it doesn't."

"It did. I achieved my goal." According to the cliff notes, she spent over four years trying to free the Monster Kingdom to become a nation.

"Yeah. Yay, you did it. Now what?" He tucked it back away in the drawer. "See what I mean? Good or bad. We're all beginning again anyhow."

*All beginning again*. Frisk kept staring at the window, then looked at Asriel, and then everyone else in the room. Her life. After everything she'd been through she was stuck in a bed, and completely reliant on them.

She tried to maneuver the other way.

Sans caught her before she almost put herself in undescrivable pain. "Hold on, no."

The skeleton was stronger than she expected.

"Down. Easy. Don't twist your back," he warned her.

Aye, aye, aye! Frisk got back in safely with his help.

"Ugh. Now my work begins," Sans told her. "Until you heal, I am your nurse."

What?

“Gaster is watching you medically,” Papyrus told her. “I am adding money to our budget with a job. Sans promised he would be your nurse.”

“It was the easiest at first,” Sans told her. “Now, not so much.”

“I can help too!” Asriel insisted.

“Not so much,” Sans disagreed. “I mean give her high hopes or psychological lows, but don’t touch her.”

“She will need several days before she will fully heal,” Gaster agreed. “Only I, Papyrus or Sans are qualified to deal with her if she needs to get up or move.”

“The arms should be healing though,” Sans said to her. “It’s not instant, but the ‘ouch’ should be less.”

For getting up or moving? Frisk tried to wiggle her legs. They felt okay.

“Legs fully healed already,” Sans said. “If there is any cement feels, it’s from not moving for awhile.” He shrugged. “Magic’s strong but not perfect.”

“Without it you would either be dead, or paralyzed for life already,” Gaster told her. “Thank me if you wish. If it weren’t for me, you’d be dead. I allowed you to stay with me.”

Sans tilted in front of Gaster. “We wanted you saved. Gaster’s a vain pushover. I’m sure you’ll like him.” He tilted away.

Okay. *A soulless now sweet flower-boy, two comic reliefs, and a vain pushover.* Still, Frisk may not know who she was . . . but she knew how she always survived. ACTing right. “Thank you for saving me.”

Like she thought, Gaster seemed better. “Well, you’re welcome. Besides, you did save the Underground one time.”

Sans tilted in front of Gaster again. “Which he couldn’t the first time. He was able to leave and never came back.” He tilted away again.

Gaster scoffed. “Look? It was not possible to save others without putting my life on the line. I’m important, nothing can happen to me. I’ve made great strides in-”

Sans tilted in front of Gaster again. “Just nod your head and go ‘uh huh’ for a bit.” He tilted away.

“Oh, fart nuggets.” Gaster was getting mad. “Dangit to the tulips, you. The human should listen, you are making it not listen.”

“Nah. Humans are thick.” Sans pointed to his skull. “Got to be gentler with words with them. That’s all I’m saying.” Sans winked.

“Well? It . . . it better be.” Gaster sounded like he cleared a throat. If he had a throat anyhow. “After you get better, we’ll all decide how you can contribute to the household share, Frisk. Everyone does their part.”

Frisk nodded. “As soon as I can help, I will in any way possible.”

“Good, good.” Gaster seemed delighted again. “That’s good. Until then, we will provide for you without you having to do anything.”

“Not true,” Sans said. “Nobody gets a free ride. She has to bear with me the whole time.”

Gaster paused and glanced at him, then back at Frisk. “I mean, until then, you’ll have to bear with Sans somewhat. He will be helping you, until you get better. Then? Sans will do something to help out too.”

“Aw?” Sans glanced at him. “Can’t it just overall count?”

“Not when she’s better, Sans,” Papyrus agreed. “Gaster is looking into how to help Frisk’s case. I am bringing in extra money. You are being the nurse. Things will change when Frisk is better and can help too.”

Asriel raised his hand. “This snow poff will help you feel better though, Frisk. In whatever way I can. You can drink, right? Do you want some cocoa and snow poop?”

Gaster and Papyrus both slapped the front of their skulls while Sans just winked.

“Sans?”

“Yuh huh?”

“Did you teach the child to use that word?”

“Snow poff likes snow poop. They went hand in hand,” Sans said.

Frisk just watched Asriel smile at her. “If snowmen could shit . . .”

“No naughty language in front of the impressionable,” Gaster scolded her.

“Snow shit, Frisk, watch your mouth,” Sans joked with his own pun.

“Good grief on so many levels,” Gaster complained.

“What is snow shit?” Papyrus asked.

Gaster gestured toward Papyrus. “You see? He picks up on bad traits very quickly.”

“Marshmallow,” Sans said to Papyrus. “Just say marshmallow.”

“She can’t have cocoa and snow- marshmallows,” Gaster corrected himself. “Now, come on. Let’s go to Marty’s.”



Papyrus crossed his arms. "Then I get to cook tomorrow!"

"Uh, Gas?" Sans questioned him. "Know your brilliant and all, but uh?"

Frisk watched Sans. What?

"What?" Gaster seemed confused too.

Sans gestured back toward Frisk. "Come on. Work with me here."

"Work. Frisk." Gaster snapped his bony fingers. "Of course, yes. Frisk, Sans is an official doctor and nurse for emergencies. You will be in the best bony hands."

Sans groaned. "Try again, Gaster. Don't think she cared if I was accredited."

*Actually, I did.* Still, what was Sans wanting?

"Family ring a bell?" Sans said to Gaster as he pointed to Frisk. Oh. No. He pointed to Asriel who was next to Frisk.

"Oh. Yes, sorry," Gaster said to Sans. "Slipped my mind. Yes, the snow poff. Sorry. Your parents are still comatose."

Sans shook his head. "But, Frisk connected with them while she was under too. They're okay, and if Frisk is coming around, the probably will be too."

Asriel clung to Frisk. "I just . . . it's tricky. I know what you want, Sans, but I don't want to."

"Kid, it's your mom and dad," Sans said with no hint of a joke. "Once they get better and figure out things themselves, you're going back with them."

"But Frisk is my sister technically!" Asriel cried out. "She doesn't have to go back."

"Yes she does," Gaster said. "You should be with your parents."

Hang on, what? "I have to go back to my parents?"

"Oh yes, I forgot briefly. You will be able to see and go back to your other mother figure after you have been cleared of not being a closet genocider," Gaster revealed.

*Almost forgot? I don't know this life she's from. I know from the cliffnotes she wasn't the best of people. Toriel liked her, but did I? Did anyone? I'm an adult, why do I even need to bother with this?* "I don't know her. I don't want to go."

"Frisk doesn't want to go either," Asriel said toward Gaster. "We just want to stay here."

*I never said that either.* "I don't know what I want yet," Frisk said to Asriel. "I just don't like being narrowed on my options."

"For now, you stay," Gaster said to Frisk. "For now, the snow puff is here too. That is as far as we are going right now. The future will be dictated by itself later."

“The future takes it’s own dictations?” Sans asked as he tilted in front of Gaster again. “Cool. I’d love to see it’s own script on itself. Which tense does it use?”

“Sans!” Papyrus and Gaster both scolded him.

“Sans, do be a little more open to interpretations.” Gaster felt around himself. “I forgot where I put my debit card.”

“Front corner of your jacket, Gas.”

“Oh yes. Where did that go to?” He felt all over his jacket. “There’s no pockets.”

“Your other jacket, Gas.”

Gaster felt around a second jacket that apparently hid under the first. “Where?”

“Front corner.”

“Right, right.” Gaster grabbed the card. “So we all agreed on Marty’s.”

“I didn’t, I want to cook liquid spaghetti,” Papyrus reminded him.

“Oh yes, Frisk can’t eat. Uh, but no. You can cook tomorrow Papyrus,” Gaster said.

Frisk sighed. Well? *My future is my future. Once I get better, then I’ll figure out what to do. Go on and explore this human world from place to place. Move back to a mother I don’t know. She looked down at Asriel. Or stay with this strange group.*

A vain but sweet talkative skeleton who thought he knew everything.

A vain but talkative skeleton who did seem to know everything, except what he forgot.

A comic relief skeleton she battled in her nightmares more than once.

A soulless flower turned into a sweet but meaningless snow poff kid.

Frisk didn’t know, but she was fairly sure it wouldn’t be choice number three when the day came that she could decide.



# Manipulation

Frisk watched Sans lightguiders eyeing her every once in awhile. She knew what it was about. It didn't make it any easier.

Sans moved closer toward her and shrugged. "Come on?"

Frisk still didn't act like she knew what he was talking about.

"I know there's some . . . friction," he admitted. "It's not the easiest to do this with someone you trust, let alone someone who pingponged your soul like they were trying to win a competition."

That definitely did not help.

"It doesn't matter. It was like a shared dream in our heads," he assured her. "You're fine, you and the snow puff. If you weren't, you never would have woke up again. Now, I know you need to move."

Grr. She felt him actually touching her. *He better watch them boney hands.* He seemed to putting them strategically on her.

"I'm going to push you forward on your side," Sans told her. "You can push yourself up while I hold your waste. Your feet should follow. It might not be as easy as it sounds but we'll get there."

Frisk found herself doing just that. She was sitting up on the bed. "The whole marriage thing was a sham somehow, right?"

"Ah." Sans shrugged. "Don't know. Probably considering I wanted to marry Undyne too."

Okay. Frisk knew she would have to get help soon. This was going to suck, but she couldn't wait days to . . . "How long until the magic heals me?"

"Not fast enough for what you need to do." Sans already knew.

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Five Days Later . . .

Frisk was doing the majority of her own moving, with Sans only watching over her every once in awhile. The magic really did help. The more she moved around though, the closer the future seemed to come. What should she do?

She won freedom for everyone, but that wasn't the end of her life. It was nice that she apparently accomplished her lifetime goal, but it didn't make her feel any extra good. She lost everything else.

Winning but losing. Everyone else was in the same boat, but it still felt more unfair to her. While they didn't remember the surface, Sans got to remember Papyrus and vice versa. All those years Underground were theirs. Even Gaster got to be remembered by them and eventually escaped his fate.

But her? She was in a world that wasn't made for mankind. She got through it as a child, and medically dealt with it psychologically when she was older. That's it. That's all she had.

A loving set of moms. Two guards, with one that shouldn't see her. She couldn't know any of it, just words on a page. It wasn't fair.

Fair didn't pay the bills though, and as she got better, she knew that walking around with no plan wouldn't solve anything anymore.

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"Where are you taking me?" Frisk demanded as Sans took her hospital bed out of her room. One minute she was in her room and then she was out in the open, right in front of a TV set.

"It's time for you to join the annual Skeleton Watching Celebration," Papyrus told her as he sat on the couch next to Gaster. "You are a Skeleton now."

Frisk raised an eyebrow. "I'm human."

"I want to be a Skeleton," Asriel complained from her other side. "I can watch, but they still want to send me away when mom and dad wake up."

Hm?

"Yeah, uh? So." Gaster twirled his boney hand in the air. "Chara couldn't get that proof that she wanted, so, we have a problem."

"You are eternally stuck in a pre-date situation with Alphys," Sans answered her. He winked and pointed his finger at her. "Also? You're considered still guilty, can't leave, so you are stuck here for the rest of time. So, you aren't a skeleton, human. You're a 'the Skeleton'."

"I'm stuck with you?" No way. There was no proof? No medical proof of anything? She watched as Sans just took a spot on the couch next to Gaster.

"More like we are stuck with you," Gaster corrected her. "If I don't take care of you, no one can. You'd die of starvation or lack of shelter. A well-to-do person like me couldn't let that happen under my watch."

"Eh, it's fine," Sans said as he slouched on the couch and grabbed some popcorn from Gaster. "You were practically a 'the Skeleton.' Almost married you anyway."

No excuse! “As close as marrying Undyne!”

“Ooh, the Frisk has some attitude today,” Sans teased her. “Look, the only other one who would watch you is Undyne, but uh, she kind of hates you. You ruined her chances with Alphys forever. She can’t date her, as long as you are in a pre-date. Break the date and you are toast. Also, um? She sort of . . .”

“The medication sort of made those nightmarish . . . she just doesn’t forgive as easily,” Papyrus told Frisk.

“We have foiled two of her attempts to kill you,” Gaster revealed bluntly.

Frisk just closed her eyes and groaned. “Where did the proof go?”

“Cover up probably,” Papyrus reckoned. “So you are now attending the annual TV Watching Celebration. We do it every night. That makes it annual.”

No. Oh no. “This can’t be it.”

“Hey, not everyone gets that perfect ending,” Sans told her. “You’re stuck with funny and weird skeletons for the rest of your life. It could be worse. You could still have your head on the chopping block.”

“Less violence,” Papyrus encouraged him. “The only other choice is-”

“My parents!” Asriel practically yelled at her. “When they wake up, you can come back and live with us. Mom and dad will have to accept you.”

Mom and dad? “I had two moms. One was Toriel.” Frisk felt something off. “Asgore wouldn’t be with Toriel. My other mom should be. Right?”

“Not if there’s no memories,” Asriel told her.

“No, but . . .” Ugh. “She was married. No, they *are* married. Can they even see each other?” Frisk didn’t remember either of them, or her past on the surface, but she did know that marriage was sacred. If Toriel had married her mother, and if they did love each other? Then she shouldn’t need to stay with Asgore.

“One mother remembers while one doesn’t,” Papyrus reminded Frisk. “Ergo, I have no idea how that would work? Also, your other mother is human. So. Considering the way nations work.”

“She’s married to Tori, she should be allowed in,” Sans agreed.

“If the former queen wanted to see her. I mean, she probably would. It’s just that nations got some different rules too here and there?” Papyrus pointed out. “Especially considering she hid a lot of secrets from the Underground. I don’t know how that will pan out.”

“You don’t want to go with her,” Gaster said firmly to Frisk. “You’re considered evil. The only thing keeping you alive is your protection under me,” he reminded her. “Do you think

they'll let you happily live with one of your mothers? Just the loophole and me are keeping you alive. You've quit dreaming already, just realize it too please."

"Too hard right there with that phrase," Papyrus scolded Gaster. "She knows she isn't dreaming anymore. Now, we need to stop this nonsense." He looked back toward Frisk. "You are a Skeleton now, case closed. Safest for everyone, let's watch tv."

"If Frisk gets to stay though," Asriel started to protest-

"No," Gaster said firmly.

"Why?" While Frisk was seething on the inside about what was happening, another part was ultra focused on the fact Asriel was not allowed to stay. "I'm Toriel's daughter but I can stay here. Why does he have to be forced away?"

Everyone turned around to look at her.

Sans just, "Hehehehehe, when did Skeletons become so cool to be?"

"The snow puff is younger," Gaster said to her. "There is no choice for him. He needs to stay with his parents."

"Parent, not parents." Frisk really noticed that.

"So, I'd like you to meet the Frisk I knew, Gas." Sans said to Gaster. "Inquisitive minx. If you're hiding anything, she'll figure it out. So? Watcha hiding?"

Gaster didn't seem to want to answer. "I forget. Let's watch some TV."

"Oh goody." Papyrus flipped through the channels.

"What are you hiding?" Frisk wouldn't let that go. "Don't give me 'you forgot'. Our parents are different."

"I forget where I place my keys all the time, so I'm not going to remember things about different parents," Gaster said. Still, she didn't believe him. "I don't know the future of the parental figures anyhow. How should I know what they'll let the former queen do?"

"There is a new B movie on the originals for streaming," Papyrus said in between. "That might be fun to watch."

"You seem pretty confident Asriel will get taken in by them, so why shouldn't you know more about what they'll let Toriel do or not do?" Frisk insisted.

"Boy, she really does love pushing buttons, doesn't she?" Gaster asked Sans.

"All of them and everywhere," Sans insisted. "Told you it wouldn't last long. Tell her so we can watch some TV already."

“Ugh.” Gaster gestured toward Asriel. “Snow puff is a child. As such, he will be able to go back to his parents because they are his official guardians. You however are an adult. They have no say over you in any way. If I kick you out, you’re dead.”

“This also looks like a good one,” Papyrus said as he continued to look at shows. “It’s another original.”

“Without any proof of innocence, you look like you have to die,” Sans said to Frisk. “Being here is the only choice. Even Undyne wasn’t really a choice, we were just teasing you. Although the trying to kill you thing is real.”

“Then I need to get out there and find proof of my innocence,” Frisk insisted. “It was Donovan, right? That was the name? There must be security footage of him near my bed mixing medications.”

“They already looked,” Papyrus said exasperated. “All of the security footage has been checked, and some nights were stolen. While the ‘some nights were stolen’ sounds suspicious, it doesn’t make a case. It’s over, Human. Now relax and watch a film.”

Relax and watch a film? *I have been waiting calmly through this whole ordeal for the proof to surface, and then I was supposed to decide on what to do next. This isn’t right.* She started to move around.

“Not fully healed.” Sans pulled himself off the couch and stopped her from trying to get out. “Really, don’t do that. Lie back. I brought you out so you could get some air out of that room. Relax. Join us and watch something, okay?”

Watch something? Her whole life, a life that she didn’t even get to know, was-?!

“Nothing you can do,” Sans interrupted her thoughts. “The end of the journey is here, Frisk. Sorry it isn’t what you wanted. Three idiots and a snow puff. It’s life. Accept it because it’s not changing.”

No, but, “I hate being stuck!”

“Yeah, I know,” Sans said. “Our shared dreams and nightmares also showcased your whole personality. You hate doing things halfway. You hate not being in control. It’s the same reason Toriel and Asgore never told anyone else the truth probably, and look what happened?”

When he said that, Frisk quit her rebelling and stayed down for him. He was trying to help, and she was being a spoiled brat because she didn’t like where she ended up. Those words about Asgore and Toriel also probably rung true. Control. They couldn’t let go of control.

“There,” Sans said casually with a wink. “That’s a good Frisk. I know it’ll take some getting used to us all. Start with a movie. You’ll slowly get there.”

“Then a job,” Gaster insisted. “I can’t pay for everyone forever.”



“Ooh, this one!” Papyrus said as he selected a show. “It has skeletons in it. It must be a good show.”

It would probably be a horror.

“Hang on.” Sans walked over and took the remote. “I bet there’s something a little less horrifying.”

“I’m big enough!” Papyrus insisted.

“I meant the snow puff,” Sans said as he gestured to Asriel. “I know you’re old enough, Bro. Gotta watch out for kids.” He picked a safe family show to watch. “Here, have fun with the minions. Probably some moral in there somewhere.”

Frisk watched Sans sit down. She watched each of them as they started to watch the movie. Gaster tried to get some popcorn back from Sans. Papyrus scolded him for taking it. Gaster talked within the first five minutes about what he felt the story would be about. Asriel complained that he was spoiling the story and then came over by her and hugged her.

Papyrus went over and pulled Asriel away to give him hugs and sat back down with him. Sans started snoring. Gaster groaned, and Papyrus complained.

This . . . this was life? *A part of me can't accept this. I don't think this is my happily ever after. This isn't the end of the journey, it just can't be. There must be proof out there that will free me. I want it.* Frisk didn't know who she was on the surface, but she knew who she'd been in her head. She knew who she'd been as a child in the Underground.

Determined.

This wasn't forever, this was a pit stop in life. It might be a long pit stop, but Frisk would find a way out. A way out to where she belonged. A way out to who she'd been.

But for now? Frisk tried to breathe deeply. For now, this was life.

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Undisclosed Location

“So? What do you think?”

“They can't kill it, no matter what the legality, it's with Gaster. It's fine.” A mysterious monster came out from the shadows. “Frisk is and was Frisk Dreemur. Plan is working.” He stretched his arms out. “It'll be even easier too. She might be around three potential 'guards', but none of them are on guard. Life's perfect for them, and sooner or later, they're bound to even have her out there working for herself.” He looked over in the distance. “Frisk Dreemur is coming home, Boss.” He looked over to his boss. Well, more than a boss. The top guy in

charge. The perfect man for the job. The perfect monster for the job. “Looks like you finally get to meet your little girl, Boss.”

“Hm.” His boss didn’t seem as thrilled about it. He wasn’t exactly a ‘family man’, or he would have taken Frisk from her mom easily when she was first born. He would have helped out Frisk’s mom with her life when they were younger. He didn’t care about any of that.

He had no intentions of raising a kid. He just wanted her for when she was older. The perfect age. “Her first day of employment at a place, we take her.” Toriel wasn’t secretly watching her anymore. They weren’t all trapped beneath security and stuck in a coma shared dreamworld.

Frisk was free. Alive. And *perfect*. Her last trial run showed how perfectly she was ready. There was only one thing the boss really did care about it. “Did you see how gaw-damn amazing she was in those nightmares? How good she was at hunting down her fucking enemies? I knew she’d be great.”

Frisk could be used for good or bad. His infiltration had tested his daughter out and she was perfect for what he wanted. This time, he didn’t even plan on sending henchmen to go and pick her up.

Her daddy was coming to see her himself. “A longtime father/daughter talk is coming around,” he chuckled.

Asgore and Toriel. Almost long their whole kingdom. Lost their status. Their residents were almost taken completely away. Morons! “It was so easy to pit them against the nation. The nation against them. I always thought I’d be using Asriel for this. That little nipper is still too small, but my kid is pretty nasty herself. And? I think I’m kind of . . .hm.” He smirked. “Proud. Yeah, proud that it’ll be my kid doing this.”

He moved away into the corner again, getting on his laptop. “The nation made it way too easy. I can’t believe they really think their plan is ‘perfect’ and that nothing can topple it. By the time this is all done?” He spun his chair around. “By the nation’s own power I manipulated from them, I’ll take the Monster Kingdom’s own daughter I manipulated to get back from them. And every monster and human not accepting *my* kingdom will fall to my invincible Frisk.”

And there would be casualties that weren’t smart enough to make the choice first. That wouldn’t see what Frisk was capable of. Human or monster, they’d be too stunned to see it coming.

If they thought Frisk brought about carnage in her nightmares? They hadn’t seen anything yet.

## Chapter 15: Popcorn Skeletons

“Sans, I fucking swear, if you take more than a handful-” Frisk threatened him when the popcorn reached his side of the couch. When she accepted that for now she needed to ‘join the Skeletons’, she fixed the groaning problem of the popcorn among them.

One handful. Eat the handful. Pass it on. When it reached the end, the person on the end would take it back to the beginning. Simple. Easy. Everyone could follow it, even Asriel. But Sans?

95% of the time, he’d sneak more. On his turn, by flipping it to go the other way by distraction, by showing up as the one getting popcorn was too into the movie to notice, etc. It drove Frisk crazy. Her idea worked for everyone else, but Sans was a little rebel.

Frisk watched Gaster eat and follow. She watched Papyrus eat and follow. She watched Asriel who was too into the film to watch so Sans- “I swear, I have chili and hot dogs cooking, and you’re not getting any piece of it if you do it!”

Sans held up his bony hands quickly. “Whatcha talking about?” He put his hands in the pockets and started to head away. “I’m heading to the bathroom is all.”

Yeah, yeah. Frisk tried to watch the movie, but she still ended up hearing a familiar crunch too loud for Asriel. *Sans*. She didn’t spot him though. No see, no blame. *Damn it*. It’s like he lived to find ways to disobey sometimes.

It’s not like she was a dictator, he just hated following her little house rules. House rules that kept her sane between three skeletons and a clingy kid. Maybe it was his own way of dealing with not being able to remember all his time above ground for so long? Maybe it was because she was considered a daughter to Toriel? Maybe he just liked to tease her?

He sure as heck loved to tease Papyrus. Most likely it was the third.

“What did I miss?” he asked as he came back over and tickled the top of her head.

She hated that. She tried to move his arm away, but he was too quick. “Why do you always have to do that?” Now her hair was probably messed up too.

“You already know the answer,” he said as he took his spot back.

Yeah, she did. The more Sans liked someone, the more he teased them playfully. With Gaster, he liked to show off how much he could forget in a short span and confuse him. For Papyrus, it was puns. For Frisk, it was giving her gentle ‘noogies’, or just tickling it enough that her strands messed up into her face.

She gave him some grief, but she really couldn’t do much. Everyone had their way Sans showed he cared for them. It was usually in a way that ultimately annoyed them. It was still a lot better than the nightmares she had about him being her enemy though . . .

Although there was another way he showed his love too for everyone, and no one really liked it.

“Who wants to play a game?” Sans asked them all.

Although it ultimately bugged Asriel the worst. “Don’t. We are watching a movie right now, be annoying later?”

“Got it. I’ll *save* it for later,” Sans told him. “We’ll hit *pause* on the discussion.”

Frisk could barely hold back her growl that time. Sans associated their dreamsharing experience more like gameplay. He even teased Frisk about being the lead ‘silent’ character in a video game with the way she went through the Underground. Especially with the strange way she could keep coming back over and over with Flowey.

“I was thinking Mario though,” Sans told them. “For later. Mario sounds good. What about you, Frisk? You want to be Mario?”

It was coming.

“The Princess that’s rescued?”

Yep, it was coming. If Asriel and Papyrus weren’t there, she’d say something right then.

“Eh, I guess your both,” he settled on. “Princess Mario.”

Ugh! “Can you at least try some fresh jokes every once in awhile?” Frisk complained.

“Fresh out of them. Bone dry,” he continued. “Princess Mario.”

Argh! That was even worst! And he knew it. He was smart enough to know that the same damn thing, same damn phrasing, and same damn puns was the most annoying thing he could do.

It was hard to be his friend sometimes. But? It was kind of worth it too. Sans had a strange sort of . . . charm. When they left and monsters really paid attention to her being human, he could usually distract them in his own way. Honestly, when they left to some places, he knew how to introduce himself and just charm the whole area.

They didn’t care about her when they were shopping. Going bowling. Watching a movie. They wanted to talk to Sans. Even though Sans annoyed them with the same jokes inside the house? When he was outside, *that’s* when he showed off his fresh material. Showed that he could not only make new jokes, but care too.

His mind soaked up names, interests, situations, pet peeves, and it was almost like watching a show. He could meet and greet someone like an old friend after meeting them just once before. Theoretically, he could be the most charismatic person in the world.

\*Crunch\*

Except he was really good at annoying her! She looked over her shoulder as she almost caught him taking her popcorn share. “Sans. I know.”

“Know what?” Sans was over in his chair again. “You shouldn’t talk right now, movies getting good. Ssh.”

“I saw it!” Papyrus ratted him out. “You took Frisk’s popcorn share.”

“Yes, that was quite bold,” Gaster said more with adoration.

“You can have my share,” Asriel said. “I was next, but if you take mine, then you can just give it to the end again.”

“I don’t need your share.” Frisk gave him the popcorn. “I just prefer rules. Following rules is important and Sans . . .” She glared at him. “He does his best to not follow them.”

Sans just shrugged. “Rules are like bones. They are made to be thrown across the room to hit a target.”

“I admit, the popcorn rule does save some grief. Some rules of yours do,” Gaster admitted, “however, I think the one that makes the rules, also has added responsibility.” He pointed at Frisk. “You are fully healed. Go out with Sans tomorrow and find a job.”

A job? “Yes,” Frisk added cheerfully. “Yes, I’m ready.”

“Sans?” Gaster looked toward him. “You are no longer her nurse. You need a new duty.”

“I annoy her and make her feel like family,” Sans told him. “Pretty good duty.”

“You need a job too. Frisk eats a huge amount because she’s human, you eat a huge amount because you are you, and even Asriel is still here,” Gaster reminded him. “I cannot fund everyone forever, and Papyrus’ extra job is not enough for it all.”

“I need to get the hot dogs started,” Frisk insisted as she went ahead and left. Now, what to be? What could she be?

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## Kitchen

Frisk had never known a job before. She must have had one in the past. What appealed to her? What did she know? She stirred the chili while the hotdogs continued to boil.

“Are you really blocking me from hot dogs?” A familiar voice said from just around her side. “I did so much for you. I took you to the window to see outside. I took you on walks. I helped you through moments you swore to never mention out loud.”

Which he kept his promise about. When Frisk couldn't move much, he had to help her with everything. Everything. From every bowel movement to showering (with some limited clothes on, she couldn't do it any other way and feel secure!)

But, yeah, he'd gone through it all for her. She couldn't ex him out for his misbehavior. "You know I can't, Sans."

"I hate rules," Sans told her as he came around to the front of the counter and leaned against it. "I can't mess with the nation's rules, so I like to bend what I can."

Oh. She knew it had something to do with not liking rules. "Which ones bug you?"

"Don't get me wrong," Sans started, "Love the nations. It's great. Love the sun and skies. Lot of new company. Fresh resources. It's great up here. It's just? I don't like them taking power. I know it's an 'equality' thing, but it's my natural power." He shook his head. "I gave up just 1% but, Papyrus gave up 60%. When you give up that much, you don't really even have to work to get your money to live."

Magic power. Frisk didn't really understand that, it wasn't an option for her. "If you work instead, you should be able to keep all of it. It's an option, Sans."

"Nah. That's not what I'm saying," Sans said again. "Look? There's a lot of magical energy floating around like currency, and it goes the other way too. If you have a lot of money, you can buy magic. Far as I know? There isn't a limit."

Oh. "The very rich can be very powerful," Frisk said.

"Or be very immortal," Sans offered. "Magic is life force. Monster Kingdom never did anything like that. These collector monsters, I don't like it." He got closer to the chili. "I like this though. Smells good. Food is way better up here, and easier to fix. Grab a box, follow instructions and done. Lot easier than it used to be."

"Yeah. It doesn't save us from Papyrus though," Frisk reminded him. "Papyrus experiments even more up here."

"Heh, poor you, having a tongue. At least it isn't ever poison," Sans offered.

Yeah, Frisk couldn't complain. Sans always brought her or Asriel something good later in the night if Papyrus was cooking. "Yeah. Thanks for helping Asriel and I."

"You can call him Snow Poff," Sans said for the first time. "I know it seems mean, but he likes it, and Papyrus changed the meaning to him. Besides, he likes being cozy like snow. A little less cozy would be better. No idea how Tori handled all that hugging."

"She was probably a hugger herself. She really loved children," Frisk said. Yeah. She was probably a really good mother. She stirred the chilli as it warmed up. "A hug to him is like a warm chili to you." And her, it smelled really good. "What do you think I'd be good at doing?"

“Making yummy chili and hot dogs,” Sans answered. “I don’t know. Whatever job is available that’ll train ya is probably what you’ll want. It’s what I always took.” He moved away slightly. “Those are done probably. One way to find out.”

“Yep,” she agreed. She glanced at him. “Would you like to be the taste tester, Sans?”

“Always,” Sans agreed. “There’s another reason you should give Asriel his nickname too.”

“It’s been a long time, and Toriel and Asgore haven’t snapped out of it.” Frisk nodded. She understood. There was a heavier chance that Asriel ‘Snow Poff’ Dreemur was going to be staying with them too.

“How did we ever go from three, to two, to five?” Sans asked her. “Skeletons are trendy I guess. Oh well, five in a roost. More fun for everyone.” He tested the chili. “Less food for everyone though.”

“I will get something,” Frisk promised him. She would.

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Three weeks later . . .

Sans waited out in the car with Gaster. Frisk went inside for an interview. They were apparently kind of hard to get around there. One time, Frisk started to get updates from human areas around their own town, but not in the town. Work was everywhere out there, but it was tougher in their place.

Since Frisk couldn’t leave the area, then she had to deal with . . . less monsters wanting to take a risk on her. He watched her come back to the car. She definitely didn’t do well.

“How’d it go?”

Frisk just glared. “You can’t tell?”

“Nope.” Of course he could tell. “Dang. How come no one wants Princess Mario?”

“I’m horrible at interviews,” Frisk told him. “They always ask ‘have you done this previously?’. I have to be honest.”

“Yeah, I don’t think ‘I don’t know ‘cause I have amnesia’ is a big seller for jobs,” Sans said. “Just go with ‘nah’.”

“That’s lying. Maybe I do?” Frisk reasoned.

“A little lie here and there isn’t going to matter. It’s the only way you are going to get a job. No one is going to buy ‘amnesia’,” Sans told her.

“Work around it,” Gaster reasoned with her. “When they ask you about previous experience, just say that you’ve had different experiences but you’ll do things however you are trained to do them.”

Frisk nodded. “That might work. I’ll try that on the next one.”

Too bad she couldn’t get out of the town. Things were pretty bad out there, humans were hiring like crazy elsewhere in the world. Not the best money, but they were hiring. Sans already found a job. Quick gas station job. The jokes he could tell would be endless. He started in a couple of days.

He wasn’t looking the hardest he could for that job, unlike Frisk. She had been working constantly trying to find something. She was already on her tenth interview. *I wish Gas would just let her be the official cook of breakfast, lunch and dinner instead.* She was a good cook. Frisk though? *Nah, she’d want something to really contribute.* She already felt like she owed him a lot. It really wasn’t an easy task taking care of Frisk while she was healing.

Night and day, he was on call. Every time she needed to do something. He could probably screw around with her popcorn rules every night for months, and she’d always make sure that he got any rewards she was supposed to give if he was good anyway.

It might also be some of her nightmares too. Those nightmares were scary. Maybe a part of her felt guilt about them, but they were just nightmares. Frisk was a good person. A nice human. Her hair was pretty. Simple, but pretty. Bold, short, but cute. She seemed to be really good at cutting it just right so it never lost it’s cute kind of bobby frame around her.

She was kind of attractive, but kind of too tomboyish for most monsters. She stood straight. She was blunt at times. She was honest, and she didn’t like being treated like she was fragile. He had no idea how the cliffnotes could say she was once a teacher. It didn’t seem to fit her.

She seemed more like a pitcher in baseball, readying a throw, but never actually throwing it. Just that stance of ‘I am going to end your whole career’. Yep, that was her. “Where to next, Princess Mario?”

“Sans, I am not a Princess fucking Mario.”

Heh, she finally fell into the trap. “Well poor Mario. No Peaches for him.”

“I didn’t-!” Frustration. She groaned. “I am not a fucking Mario Princess!”

“Poor Peach is celibate, huh?”

“Can you two curve the silly shaming poop talk? Just because Papyrus and Snow Poff isn’t here, doesn’t mean we all say terribly farty things.”

“I say terribly farty things around Papyrus,” Sans corrected Gaster. “Princess Mario lets terribly farty things escape around him too. Luckily, poopy things don’t follow along



afterwards.”

She growled. “You’re being a little shit right now, Sans.”

Sans teased her. “Hey, I think those cliffnotes might be right. You might have been a teacher all along. Or a babysitter. Or a plumber. Some kind of experience with the phrase ‘little shits’.”

“For one, Sans, that’s too nasty,” Gaster corrected her. “For two? Sans, why are you overteasing Frisk lately?”

Overteasing?

“She feels bad enough right now. If she’s even cursing, it doesn’t mean play ‘one up’ on her,” Gaster reminded him. “Be nice. Stop being you.”

Eh. Well, he was sort of poking fun at her pretty hard. She was in a sour mood. “Sorry, Frisk.”

“Thank you,” Gaster thanked him. “Goodness. I have no idea why you keep teasing Frisk constantly without a break lately.”

“Umm?” Wow. Why did he feel weird about that statement. Frisk was more fun to tease? Her red face was hilarious? Nah. He just.

He hated things he didn’t understand. He acted aloof and non-chalant, but he could understand most things going on around him. Frisk though, she made him feel strange. It was a feeling he couldn’t understand, so he just teased her to try and keep it at bay. Maybe it was the nightmares. Maybe there was some kind of dream connection that lingered between them. Maybe there was an unconscious memory link that neither of them could ever understand.

“Next stop,” Gaster said. “Another interview. You are a little early.”

“It’s fine,” Frisk insisted as she got out of the car. “Wish me luck.”

“Meh,” Sans responded. As she left, he noticed Gaster’s look in the front seat. “What?”

“Cut the mean jokes against her by at least 50 percent for the rest of the day,” Gaster told him. “Seriously, it’s too much.”

Eh.

“I mean, what kind of person teases another that much?” Gaster continued. “Boys teasing girls constantly. You’d think you were in high school and teasing her because you liked her or something.”

Uh.

Gaster sighed and looked back straight forward. “Good or bad, just be nice when she comes back. Okay?”

“Fine.” He watched her come back pretty quick. *Be nice. Try to be nice.* “How’d it go?”

“I was gone two minutes, how do you think it went?” She sighed. “Bad, it went bad. People either see I’m human . . . or they know the story of who I’d been and what I did.”

“If they knew you freed the Monster Kingdom to be part of the nations, they’d probably give you a chance,” Sans said, “so you mean?”

“That I should be dead and living with Gaster is keeping me alive. Negativity always sticks better than positivity.” She said it with such a lonely air. “Regular people have a tough time finding a job. For me, it’s going to be near impossible.”

“Then use that determination of yours,” Gaster said. “You have to do something. I have been spending time on trying to find any evidence for you. During that time, I am not getting paid for my regular work. Papyrus and I have donated magic which pays the rent, and Papyrus’ meager job is helping with the bills. We need something extra.” He sighed. “I can’t believe Sans is the winner for that spot.”

“Yay me,” Sans kidded. “Maybe we should cool it on the job search? I got a job, it should be enough. Just don’t ask for more than frozen dinner and boxed meals.”

“Maybe.” Frisk actually agreed with him. “Maybe I should be a little more thankful and accepting.” She smiled at Gaster. “You have a great job, and I appreciate what you’ve done. Whoever took the evidence though, they probably already damaged it anyhow. It’s okay, Gaster. You, Papyrus, Sans and Gaster can work. I’ll work at home, keeping it clean and cooking.”

Whoah. Did Frisk really get that bad of vibes each time from her interviews? “You sure?”

“I’m a Skeleton,” Frisk said. “There are other ways to contribute to the household.”

“It would be easier, and to get back to my actual career would be more helpful as a whole,” Gaster agreed. “This means that no one will be looking to vindicate you of your crimes.”

“Which also means you are eternally dating Alphys, which means Undyne will eternally be looking to kill you,” Sans half-joked. “Not used to seeing you give up, Frisk.” Not like that. *That quick interview. They must have said something.*

He teleported away without a word and instead went into the restaurant she applied into. She was feeling down before, but she wasn’t on the verge of saying those things. “Hey,” Sans asked the waitress. “Would like to talk to whoever gives interviews.”

“You are talking to her, Sir,” she announced. “You are needing a job?”

“Nah, but, I just wanted to know how the last interview went?” he asked. “See, my friend Frisk was just here, and-”

“No chance in hell,” she interrupted him. “Who would want some unstable human working under them? Have you heard the genocide she created with supposed ‘medication?’ Frisk

Dreemur was supposed to help a kingdom break from it's bonds, and instead, she killed them several times over. It's embarrassing to hire someone like that."

"Wow." He'd be nice. "Nice of you to stick up for me like that. I was in it too," he assured her. "Thing is, it was just a shared dreamworld. That stuff was just pent up stuff. She's a really nice person who wouldn't do that kind of thing."

"How do you know?" she asked him. "Her fake smile is just a façade."

"Well, how do you know?" Sans asked her straight back. "I've been living with her for months. She is practically family." Monsters sometimes. "Dreams aren't real." It took him some time to realize that, but things happened in dreams. Certain things could create weird dreams. "Last night I dreamed about getting Nice Cream in my old home town in nothing but socks. What higher meaning does that have?"

"Sir? I shouldn't be having this discussion with you." She seemed to remember her place.

"You think I'm a secret nudist that has a lust for only socks?" Sans asked on. "Or am I sock enthusiast who secretly wants to be a nudist?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, I need to get going--"

"Were you always acting right in every dream you've ever had?" Sans pushed harder. "Keep someone unemployed because of what they did in their own dream is kind of lame, dontcha think?"

"Dreams can also forecast the future." She didn't give up on her point of view. "What would you think if she suddenly started killing? Would you still be speaking like that?"

If Frisk started to kill. Yeah, he knew how he reacted. "Frisk is good. She won't do that."

"You are putting your life on the line thinking like that," she warned him. "You and your families. Maybe you should start questioning her about her dreams instead? Find another root that caused it, and make sure it can't be tapped in real life."

What a . . . Sans didn't answer as he just went back to the car. Gaster gave him an earful for disappearing on him. Sans glanced at Frisk. "That one made you think, huh?"

Yeah, he could read that sad face. She got to her. Sans was about to say something comforting to her, but instead Frisk answered him with something back. Something he wasn't expecting. Something she had never really shared before. "It would be really easy to kill."

Gaster and him both stared at Frisk.

"It's easy to let everyone continue living," she said. "I'd rather live with love. Good times. Happy times. Yet, I get this uneasy feeling deep inside of me," she confessed. "The nightmares. It was a simple slash, or it was someone that pushed on me just right. Instead of yelling like someone would in an argument, I'd just kill them. As soon as I did it once, it felt like an itch I wanted to scratch again. It was . . . s-scary."

At first, Sans didn't like anything she said until that last part. She was scared of herself?

"I did it several times in my dreams. Started over, and did it again. When someone does something so many times, it's easy to go back to it." She shook her head. "Then, just like someone yelling at another person knows they shouldn't yell? You know what you did was wrong, but there's nothing you could do. I just continued doing the same thing. I couldn't change anything until the end. That's when it started all over and it'd be great again."

Anyone else. Any time else. It sounded more than scary. It was frightening for her, and she wasn't casually saying it. She was crying, and trying to wipe her tears away.

"I don't want to kill, I never want to kill. But something still feels like it would be easy," she confessed to them. "I didn't ever tell you that before. I didn't want anyone to ever be scared of me, because I never want to hurt anyone. I really don't. I love being here with you and Papyrus and Snow Poff." She sniffled.

Yeah. He knew it. That damn interviewer did lay it thick on her. "It's easy to do things in dreams. It's even easier with the right meds, you'll lose all control in them."

"There might be some psychological damage due to the repeated nightmares and medicinal drugs," Gaster said, not helping at all. "It might be creating a feeling of less self-confidence, or over-self confidence too. It is those feelings that the nations need to make sure do not arise. The reaction to killing monsters should never be described as 'easy'. It should be described with, 'Ew, no way, not in ten million years'."

That did not help the crying Frisk at all. Damn it! "Gaster, you didn't help Princess Fucking Mario at all." There was no rebuttal or reaction to the nickname now. Sans patted her shoulder. "You aren't responsible for dreams."

"My thinking in dreams," Frisk said to him. "What would happen if someone did something they never would because they were convinced they were in a dream?"

"Then don't give into any scratch, even in dreams," Sans said. "It's okay. Don't let that kind of thinking rule you. Forget what Gaster said. Neither of us are jumping out of this car and running off for a reason. We already knew it was probably a feeling like that. I'm glad you finally shared the truth though."

"I don't think I'm ready for the world I want to be in yet," she said softly. "Until I can stare someone straight in the eyes and say 'you are wrong' with conviction? Then I'm not ready. I'm sorry."

"That is a very mature way of looking at things," Gaster told her. "It's hard sometimes to remember that time travels faster for you beings. Especially when you keep giving yourself an immaculate haircut all the time."

"That's true," Sans helped. "Maybe when you are ready, you could look into hairdressing. You're real good at cutting hair."

Frisk just glanced between them. "What do you mean? I never cut my hair."

What? “Human hair grows fast,” Sans reasoned. “It’s been months. It would be down to past your shoulders if you didn’t cut it.”

Frisk just shrugged. “Maybe it’s part of the side effects to it all.”

Her hair stopped growing? Started growing slowly? That’d be one weird side effect.

“Either way, the point is, if you yourself think it’s too early to be exposed to the extra stress of a job? Then, I am behind you,” Gaster assured her. “Maybe one day I can help pick up the search though. Although, most likely you are right. With my absolute pure genius, if there was even a fiber of evidence that existed, I would have uncovered it by now.”

“I’ll agree this is a good idea,” Sans said, “but only if you really feel that way. If that interviewer is the only thing making you say that, then screw it though.”

Frisk nodded. “I? I just think a little bit of time. More time. I know I can get there.”

Gaster nodded. “More time.”

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One Year Later . . .

“Frisk, Frisk!” Snow Poff yelled as he came through the front door. “Look!”

An A, of course. Frisk patted his head. “I’m happy for you. I bet getting an A on your math feels thrilling.”

“It should feel expected,” Gaster said from his favorite chair while he tabbed on his phone. “I would be upset if it were anything less.”

Yeah, of course Gaster would say that. “I’m proud of you, Snow Poff. I doubt it’s easy to work so well with Skeletons that expect the world of you in science and math.” She patted his shoulder. “This way, let’s go get some cookies.”

They went into the kitchen and she got some cookies and a can of Reddi Whip. Then Sans walked in in his work uniform.

“A, huh?” Sans knew too. He went over to him. “Good job, Snow Poff.”

Uh huh. Frisk went ahead and gave him cookies and some Reddi Whip on them too. “Home early today?”

“Got off at two. Went to do illegal activities for an hour until I remembered Snow Poff had a taste today. I mean a test today,” Sans joked as he ate his cookies. “Damn, Frisk, your cookies are always devilish.”

“They are amazing,” Snow Poff said instead with a smile. “Thanks. What would you have done though if I came home with a B instead?”

Frisk leaned in closer. “I’d still give them to you, for trying your best.”

“Whoah. B does not qualify as best,” Sans complained. “Not for math. That’s baby stuff.”

“Not for everyone.” The skeletons of The Skeletons sometimes. Their natural gift for math and the sciences made them a little more ignorant to those who didn’t understand the concepts as easy. The biggest offender was Gaster, but even Sans had his moments of calling it ‘baby stu-’ “The hell?” Frisk grabbed at her hair as Sans has actually pulled a piece out. “What did you do that for?!”

Sans had placed the hair in a small vial with pliers. “It’s been a whole year since I asked about your hair. High time I check this out.”

“You ripped it from my head!” Ass.

“Trying to get close to the base, and I knew you wouldn’t want to just stay still while I did that,” Sans reasoned. “Chill. You want to know why your hair isn’t growing anymore, right?”

Well? “Sort of.”

“You still should have asked, Sans,” the snow poff reasoned. He went over and hugged Frisk. “Thank you for the cookies.”

“You’re always welcome to them,” Frisk said as she hugged him back.

“Yeah. So? There is something else we have to talk about with the snow poff.” Sans came closer to Snow Poff “So, Kid? The Dreemurs woke up one time. They went back to sleep, but they are bound to wake up again and stay up.”

Snow Poff didn’t react at first. Then? “This . . . this is home now.”

Oh no. It had been just so long since Toriel and Asgore woke up. *Our sweet snow poff*. He had to go. “Asriel.”

“I don’t.” He started to cry. “It’s too much. There’s too many memories, I don’t want to.” He wiped at his face while Frisk tried to grab him tissues.

“Yeah, I wasn’t really expecting much from it,” Sans told him. “I think even Gaster didn’t think it’d happen.” He patted his head. “Kid. I know it’ll be tough, but they are your parents. They loved you. No matter what happened, that didn’t change.”

“I don’t want to leave,” he hiccuped. “Snow Poff is me, and I am here. This is home.”

Oh, the poor boy. “Snow Poff.” The nickname he took to heart.

“It won’t be right away,” Sans said instead. “I mean, they have just woke up once. They still need to wake up for good. Plus, who knows what the nation wants from them? Then

afterwards, they have to be good enough to take care of themselves before they can take care of someone else. We aren't in a kingdom anymore, they can't just say 'gimme my kid', you know?"

"That's right. They don't have any power anymore," Snow Poff remarked softly. "I won't be taken away."

"Not right away," Frisk agreed. "You have time to get used to the idea, Snow Poff. Okay?"

He nodded and then hugged both of them.

Still, it wasn't easy. Frisk had grown used to being a Skeleton. Sans, Gaster, Papyrus, and Snow Poff. They were like her family. They teased each other, argued with each other, laughed with each other, and expressed their feelings with each other. To lose anyone?

It would feel so strange.

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### Skeletons Home-Based Lab

Sans finished off his Frisk cookie as he waited for results. He hated having to tell the kid the truth, but he had a right to know. Now that Toriel and Asgore were waking up, would he find out the reason that they hated the nations so much?

Oh. Oh? Sans kept staring at the results on Frisk. Hell. Gaw-damn hell. Sans glanced at Gaster who was doing his own tests over in the corner. "So do we know anything about this Cindy Dreemur chick that married the former queen?"

Gaster just stopped to look at him. "No. Why?"

Sans took the rolling chair of his across the floor to land right next to Gaster and gave him the results.

Gaster stared at it. He glanced at Sans. He glanced at it. He glanced at the wall. He glanced at it. "Oh . . . poop nuggets."

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## Durians

Frisk blew on her cupcakes as she started to frost them. They might make her snow poff feel better. Something nice before it got too close to bed.

“Frisk.”

Frisk watched Sans come into the kitchen. “Everyone gets two, but Snow Poff gets three.” She would let him have one of hers.

“Papyrus is asleep already. He’s got an early shift tomorrow.” Sans came over closer and spun his keychain on his hand. “Let’s deal with the cupcakes later. I gotta talk to you for a bit.”

Talk to her? She noticed him swinging his keys. Sans just got his own car not too long ago, but he’d never invited her out of the blue to drive with him before. What was wrong? He was even saying to wait on the cupcakes that were already made? “I guess I’ll follow then.”

When they reached outside, she went to his car and took the passenger seat. She watched him as he scooted the car off. He went to the end of the block and turned. Frisk waited to see if he said something, but he didn’t say anything yet. “Nice night for a ride, Sans.”

Sans still didn’t answer right away. “Yeah. Pretty view. Nice moonlight. Cool wind. Can’t beat it.” He still wasn’t stepping up the gas on the conversation yet. “Want to go for a ride around the zoo?”

Frisk nodded and they drove a good ten minutes. Sans and her chatted, but just regular chat. About Papyrus. About Gaster. About how strange it would be to not have Asriel around anymore. Then, the conversation inevitably changed.

“I know why your hair doesn’t grow now,” Sans revealed. “I showed the data to Gaster and Papyrus. They both kind of didn’t like it either.”

Oh no. “I thought it was just a side effect,” Frisk said. “I was hoping. I mean, I don’t feel anything wrong with me. I haven’t been sick. You three were watching me, and you never saw anything wrong, right?”

“Right,” Sans confirmed. “Right. The problem isn’t . . . okay, this is hard to say. You see, before we were all dragged down into that shared dreamworld, you had been attacked by a group of monsters.”

“Yeah. It was in the cliffnotes,” Frisk said. “Did they do something to me?”

“Yeah. Only, the results aren’t what we are expecting for what they did,” Sans said. “It means only one thing, and that opens this whole thing up into dangerous territory. Frisk? Do you

know anything about giving humans a longer lifespan?”

“If I didn’t learn it here, then I don’t know it,” Frisk said simply. “Why?”

“You’re not a Princess Mario,” Sans said, almost in an apology. “You aren’t just a character in a game. You’ve got a personality and feelings, even if you did get hit with amnesia. You’re a nice person. A nice woman. Don’t ever let yourself think differently.”

“Oh, I really don’t like the way you are talking right now.” Frisk didn’t know what could be so wrong that Sans would ever feel compelled to say all that.

“Your hair is growing,” Sans told her. “It’s growing slow, similar to a monster. A monster is about divided by ten from human growth. Ten years to a human is a hundred years to a monster.”

“I know that,” Frisk said. “Everyone told me about human compared to monster growth.”

“Yeah. The hair is fast to grow, but when is the last time you clipped your nails?” he asked.

“For the first time about a month ago.” He was right. “I thought it was connected to the hair.”

“You weren’t dying. You weren’t in trouble,” Sans told her. “None of us found anything wrong with you, so we left it be. Just like you, I guess. No one wanted to really know, but it’s been over a year. We couldn’t ignore it forever. Those monsters that attacked you, had given you a longer lifespan.”

A long lifespan? “I’m going to live longer?” Frisk asked. “Why would they do that?”

“I know, right? Attack usually means kill, not give a longer life.” Sans didn’t sound like it was terrific news. “It hurts a lot to undergo it, but not just to the human. Usually monsters and humans don’t do that because it’s a hard kind of pain to go through. Few monsters went through it, and we’re talking years of pain and hospital care.”

Hospital care?

“On average, five to ten years of hospital care for the monster and human. It’s nothing light,” Sans assured her. “Even if they all ganged up on you to take that pain, it’d still be like a year at least of hospital care for them.”

Five to ten years? “I couldn’t have been in pain for that long. I never spent even five years Underground.” Maybe her determination pulled it through faster? “Do you think that’s part of why I started to go crazy and killed?”

Oh. Yeah. From his look. That was it.

‘Okay, keep it together, Frisk. So some monsters . . . forced . . .’

She watched as Sans grabbed her hand and held it gently.

"I don't give a shit why they did it, that was abuse." Sans articulated what she couldn't. "No one has the right to do that, and I'm sorry, Frisk. We have to dig it up to free you. It's your way out."

Frisk didn't answer.

"The nation gets it's answer. We can curb the inevitable death sentence on you with our data, but to go as far as freedom, we need to get the monsters responsible."

She must have gone through so much pain. Enough to not even know what she was doing. Just swinging to alleviate it. "Did . . ." Her voice sounded shaky. "Did k-killing . . ."

"Make the pain tolerable or go by faster? No idea but it sounds like it," Sans told her. "There are some loopholes in your past that will let us track them down. You can't connect with your old life. We can. Gaster and I will find them."

Frisk rubbed her eyes. "It . . . that wasn't right." Simple words for something so big.

"The nations will take care of them, or we will," Sans assured her. "You can stay with Papyrus and the snow pooff, okay?"

Frisk nodded as he parked the car on the side of the road.

"You don't have a whole monster lifespan. An extra hundred years," he said. "If you get lonely during that time, you can always come back. Once a Skeleton, always a-"

Frisk launched herself right into his arms. She just couldn't help herself. "If they ever do that again, could I go crazy in real life?"

"It won't happen again," Sans assured her. "We are getting them and taking them down. You aren't guilty of anything from your dreams." He stroked her back. "You never hurt anyone. It's okay."

"But I could. Psychologically, I did," she insisted.

"You are fine. You just stay determined and happy while Gaster and I take care of it."

"I am sorry you have to clean up my mess," she apologized.

"Forget it. Go ahead and split Gaster and my cupcakes. Papyrus will wake up in about an hour. He'll be taking some time off to watch you two."

"You're leaving now?" She asked.

"Yeah, but I hope you enjoyed the ride," he teased. "As sucky as it is, you need to let go so I can drive you home."

Frisk let go of him. "Thanks for the ride."

“Yeah. A car is okay,” he said. “Always wanted one. Cool to have one.” He didn't sound as convinced though. “We should go for a ride some time again. You know, when it isn't devastating news.”

Frisk just gave him a sad smile. “I think I'd like that.”

When they returned home, Gaster was waiting by her passenger door. He stood proudly as she got out.

Then, Gaster gave her a hug much like Papyrus would, and then quickly let go of her. “I suppose I must go with Sans. You are a Skeleton, and I could never leave you hanging up your freedom if my brilliant intellect could have benefited you.” He lightly tapped her on her head. “Take care. We won't be gone long. Papyrus only has a little time off work.”

Frisk watched him move into the car where she had been in.

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Home of Cindy Dreemur

Frisk's mom. Sans didn't know much about her, but Gaster said he should be careful around her. They didn't know much beyond the cliffnotes of what happened. As he knocked on the door, he was careful to greet her at the door. “Hey, I-”

Then, he stopped. His whole thought processes ceased as he stared into her eyes. He couldn't hold on long before looking away. *Fuuuuuuck.*

“Sans,” Cindy said softly to him. “Is something wrong with Frisk or T?”

“T? For Tori?” Sans asked. She nodded. “Oh.” Nickname. Still. *I want to bolt out of here.* “Um. Nah. I mean, yeah.”

“Yes,” Gaster said for him as he elbowed him slightly. “Yes of course something is wrong. Your wife doesn't remember you, and she is currently in a coma. Your daughter is not permitted to see yet, but that could be changing soon if you could lend us some help. We need to know where Frisk once lived. You see, she was attacked before, and we can track the attackers with magic and bring them to justice. We even have the date. All we need is the address.”

“I knew T was in a coma. I knew she couldn't remember me either. Nations told me that,” Cindy answered. “I know why Sans isn't gonna look at me. I don't blame him. I'd feel pretty fucked up if I had his abilities to look into someone too. But.”

Sans glanced toward her. She was staring at him again. *Gaw damn, stop it.* Her eyes were terrifying. They weren't evil, they were afraid. Traumatized. They were haunting and behind them he could hear screaming. Torture.

“You get better at it,” she said to him. “You always made me try and look at you too. We had to learn,” she said to him.

“Uh.” Still, Sans felt his bones vibrate. “Can you help?”

“Will Frisk ever remember me, or am I like T in her head now?” Cindy asked. “Tell me the truth, Sans.”

Like Toriel in her head? “Like, memory wise? No. She isn’t supposed to ever remember any of her life up here.” Sans tried to look her in the eye. It must have taken years of practice.

“Who the hell is screaming?”

“Me,” she answered without missing a beat, “and only me. Never Frisk. I never let them hurt Frisk.”

“Someone did hurt Frisk,” Gaster said toward her. “When they attacked her, it was severe. We believe it’s the catalyst that, uh? You know, it’s scientifically complicated an unnecessary to explain. You just need to know that your daughter gained about a hundred extra years to her life.”

Cindy gasped and covered her mouth. “No, that’s supposed to be so painful, how? Who?”

“That’s what we are going to find out,” Gaster told her. “We will solve this mystery and allow Frisk to be freed again. We just need you to tell us where she lived.”

“She’d be in years of pain, T never would have allowed that kind of thing,” Cindy said, still not telling them the address. “That’s the reason you were always after her.”

Hm? Sans gestured to himself. “After her?”

“You wanted to marry her,” she said slowly, “so you didn’t have to deal with a wife for a long time. You even told her when she was so small, so you could ‘groom’ her to the idea.” She looked disgusted. “T and I wanted it too at first because we wanted her to come to the Monster Kingdom with us. Once you actually told her so young, dictated her future, chose who she was gonna be with before she was even old enough to like someone?” Cindy started to back into the house. “T made you stay in the distance of Frisk. You weren’t even supposed to talk to her, just watch over us from afar.” She was rocking. “You still did good. You tried. I just.”

Gaster kept bopping his skull to her movements. “She bops a lot. This information is useful for the past gaps, but it’s not really necessary. No need to stress.”

“I didn’t ever wish it that far though, I never took it as far as T did,” Cindy said. “I couldn’t. I could never take Frisk’s memories away. I couldn’t do it, they were hers. It was her life. It wasn’t right to take what wasn’t ours!”

Oh. “Did you leave Tori?” Sans asked.

“No. She left me,” Cindy stated. “Left me with a Frisk that didn’t ever know what great things she did. What a great mom she had. What great friends she had. All because T

couldn't let her remember the future. She said it was too risky, it wasn't right for anyone to remember it. People got no right to change the future." Cindy was crying. "She took her past, to take that future. Then those no good nationers just drag it all back up again anyhow. She couldn't even remember."

"You are full of wonderful information, and I would love to write all of this down in exquisite detail," Gaster told her. "We really just need to know where Frisk lived before."

"Gas, don't." Sans held his hand toward him. Cindy had a lot on her chest and it was coming off. She needed to say whatever she needed to say. They'd get to their answer when they got to it. "So, we know the nations got involved. We are freed. We don't think they are the ones that attacked Frisk at her home, if that helps at all."

"Frisk wanted the nations to help. She spent four years on the open road with you, searching for help among them, to break the Monster Kingdom," Cindy told him. "That's what you both did until you reversed time. The nations had enough magic, that they were allowed to eventually remember that."

Gaster let out a small whine. "Yes. Fascinating. Didn't know that. Not like we have a book of cliffnotes at home. Just?" He glanced toward Sans briefly. "An address, it's all we need. We get that, we free Frisk."

"Frisk'll never be free," Cindy said to him. "Her life was stolen. Someone forced her to forget all of the things that made up her life. The good, the bad, everything. It's all got no meaning to her. She's a walking corpse."

"Hey, that's offensive!" Gaster warned her. "To call her a-"

"For the last time, Gas, be careful with her!" Sans scolded him.

"She doesn't know anything. Has no values. If she did, they're dead," Cindy continued. "Live. Don't live. Laugh. Cry. Fuck. Nothing matters. When she loses herself, she could be capable of anything."

"Oh forget it, there must be others who knew Frisk, we know where she worked," Gaster said. "I want to leave."

"You had the power to stop being a walking corpse, and Frisk does too," Sans answered back to Cindy. "She hasn't been out walking the streets or turning tricks, she's been living with me, Papyrus, and the guy on the other side of me. She's also got to know a cute snow poff kind of kid."

Cindy looked at him straight again.

"Frisk isn't you, and just because she doesn't remember, doesn't mean she'll do wrong," Sans told her. "Have some faith in her, and stop the doubts in your head now, and who the hell is it you are constantly afraid of because I don't believe you. That screaming in your head is Frisk, isn't it?"

“No one ever hurt my little Frisk,” Cindy assured him. “There’s no screaming. It’s just blank in there.”

“You’re repressing the screaming, it won’t stop in your mind. It is a constant beat I am trying to tune out,” Sans warned her. “This can’t just be about your past. Yeah, it’s bad, I get that, but no one can tune out these screams. Who is it? What is it?”

“Just, a nightmare,” Cindy confessed. “I hear screams in my sleep. I hear those screams, and they make me wake up screaming. They stopped when I had T in my life. They started again when she left.”

“It’s Frisk screaming, her screaming, and monster screaming,” Sans told Gaster. He looked back toward Cindy. “Did you know about monsters before Frisk fell?”

Cindy shook her head no.

Hmmm.

“Do you know which of your gentleman callers was Frisk’s father?” Gaster outright asked. “Suspicious? Know of one for sure? Two or three?”

Cindy just shook her head again. “I . . . I was real careful with everyone, I had to be back then. No matter who, I always wore protection, always. Last thing I ever wanted was to end up taking care of a kid. But then?” She snapped her fingers. “Not every protection is perfect.”

“It could literally be one of hundreds of guys,” Sans said.

“Sans, a little more polite,” Gaster scolded.

“Yeah,” Cindy answered Sans. “Could be out of, maybe, 200? I mean, I didn’t even go to the doctors at first. Or. Well, I mean that medical stuff is expensive. You pretty much know you are when you get real big. Then when you get the suspicions, you lessen the other stuff.”

“Other stuff?” Gaster asked.

She came off the drugs and alcohol probably. *She’s a good person buried way deep down in a horrible life. That monster scream. If Cindy dreamt it before Frisk ever fell, what’s that mean?*

“Interesting conversation. Lots of wonderful, horrible things to add to our collection of material,” Gaster said, “but we’d really like to add her address?”

Cindy wrote it down on a piece of paper. “I hope . . . Frisk gets better soon.”

“Frisk is better,” Sans reminded her, “she just doesn’t remember her past. I’m sure she’ll come and see you soon too. After we get her out of this mess.” He looked at the address. “Huh. I’ve seen this address somewhere before. Guess it was in the cliffnotes the entire time?”

Gaster just groaned. “Sans, you said you checked for that?”

Sans just shrugged. “Must have missed it. Anyway, nice meeting you Cindy. Gotta go now. Do you want to know when your wife does wake up for good? She’s gonna be staying with her ex if you don’t speak up. If you want to speak up.”

Cindy looked unsure. She rocked slightly.

“Tori’s got a lot of explaining to do to everyone,” Sans said to her. “I think you should at least make sure you’re in line for one too?” He got a shake of the head for a yes. “Good. You need her back, no matter what went down. She needs you too. She remembers the feeling of your soul. It cuts deep, and even without memory, I bet she’d be with you all the same.”

“You should look into psychology instead of medical,” Gaster told Sans.

Nope, that was the end of that. “Anyhow, just a thought. See ya.”

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## Frisk’s Former Home

Sans watched Gaster trace the lines magically around the property. Not magic he had. Borrowed. Like money from a bank. Once again, something he didn’t like about the nations.

“Okay, so even though it has been a year, there are traces that remain.” Gaster looked at them. “There was battle, some magic has flecked off. It appears to be bat monster magic as well as a sort of . . . mix? Horned.”

Sans caught the traces of the faces. It was like a moment frozen in time. “Names?”

“No one dropped their ID, but I did bring some ID magic just in case,” Gaster answered.

Fascinating. Working with more magic that wasn’t theirs.

“There it is! There they are. The Brute Bean, The Torturer Smith, and Do Re Mi the Merbull.”

With the outline and proof they just gathered, Frisk would be freed. It only took a night too. Yet, Sans had an uneasy feeling. “Let’s try some old fashioned no magic and just tech.” He pulled out his laptop. “Let’s see what these three guys are up to right now.”

---

“ . . . and so the little bunny decided it was a good idea to knock on doors first before entering them ever again,” Frisk said as she closed the story book. “The end.”

“It was okay, but I prefer more exciting bunny books,” Papyrus said from the other side of Snow Poff.



“I rate it a three,” Snow Poff teased her. “I know much better stories than that one.”

“Well if it’s too exciting, then it’s harder to go to sleep,” Frisk warned him. “You too, Papyrus. Off to your own room.”

“Sans tells way better stories,” Papyrus complained as he left the room. “I am still saving him a cupcake too.”

“I am as well,” Frisk said toward him as she scooted away from Snow Poff. “Get some sleep.”

“When will Sans and Gaster be back?” Snow Poff asked.

“I don’t know. Hopefully soon. Papyrus doesn’t have too much time off,” Frisk told him. She kissed him gently goodnight on the forehead. “Get some rest.”

“If they prove your innocent, are you really going to leave?” Snow Poff had to ask. “I don’t want you to leave. It wouldn’t be the same.”

“I don’t know what I’d do at first, but I wouldn’t pick up and just go on a whim,” she promised him. “I might go and see who I used to be. I was never able to do that. Otherwise, it’s all up in the air.” She smiled. “The future is uncertain until it comes. Just enjoy your present, okay?” He nodded as she left toward his door. “Get some rest.” She closed the door.

“Even Gaster can tell a better bedtime story than that one,” Papyrus complained by the door, “and he hardly tells them unlike Sans. He doesn’t think a growing mind needs stories. We always need stories. Everyone needs stories.”

“I suppose we do,” Frisk said, walking away from the room so Papyrus wouldn’t disturb Snow Poff. “I just told the story from the book.”

“Well, it was boring. The book. The whole thing, it was too boring. Hardly any color,” Papyrus kept complaining.

“Your brother won’t be gone for more than a couple of days I bet,” Frisk tried to assure him. She knew he was just feeling terrible about missing Sans and Gaster. “Do you need a different story for yourself tonight?”

“No,” Papyrus assured her. “You have a boring voice, and you tell boring stories. You are a boring individual, a Princess Mario.” He humphed. “Are you sure you weren’t lying about staying around?”

“I wasn’t lying,” Frisk assured him. “I’m sorry I’m not as exciting as Sans or Gaster. I know you miss them.”

“I shouldn’t have called you Princess Mario,” Papyrus apologized. “I’d rather you not leave either. When you are here, Sans picks on you more, and less on me.”

“Oh so sweet,” Frisk said sarcastically.

“Also, you are a cool person. Not as cool as me, but an okay cool person,” Papyrus said with confidence.

“Thanks.” She would accept that compliment. “I’m heading to bed now. Night, Papyrus.”

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As Frisk entered her room, she felt overwhelmed too quickly to react. Someone had thrown something over her mouth.

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Undisclosed Location

Frisk woke up with her head hurting. What happened?

“Good to meet you, Frisk.” A monster walked up toward her. She couldn't identify it. It was like a lizard with velvet fur. A rabbit with a real long tail. Sort of.

Frisk didn't speak up. Where was she?

“No need to fret. This is where you've always belonged,” he assured her. “I am your father, Frisk. And you? You are more than an adopted princess of the Dreemurs.”

This could not be good. He didn't give her warm vibes at all. Nowhere in the cliff notes was a father mentioned. “What do you want with me?”

“Just the best,” he replied. “I want you to remind everyone what and who really rules this world. While the Dreemurs and Nations fought like they were the only forces out there, the Durians have been biding their time. Waiting. Watching. Learning.”

“The Durians?” Frisk didn't know that name.

“It is okay. Even the Dreemurs forgot their roots while they scuffled as 'the last kingdom'.” He just chuckled. “Funny. Your adoptive mother would have recognized the name. You see, before there were different kings of kingdoms, there was one of everyone. They were the Durian family. Your family.”

Frisk scowled. “You aren't looking to bond with me, I can tell. What do you want with me?”

“Not bond? That is far from true. We will have plenty of time to bond, Frisk. I am going to make sure you get the whole extended lifespan dose. Don't worry, you can handle it. You do have monster in you.”

Frisk felt others around her, holding onto her.

“I give thanks to so many for this day,” he said as he placed a ball in her hand.

She was still human, but her clothes changed. “What did that do?”

“Oh, that is step one only,” he said. “Just the base to the meal.”

# Strolling Down the Genocide Path of New York City

Frisk felt her skin searing as he touched her throat. “Stop!” Oh it hurt like he was burning her alive! It hurt so much. Too much. She would never look at steaks simmering on a grill again.

When she found herself unable to even scream, she felt the pain move toward her eyes.

She knew what was happening. This figure was taking out her voice and sight.

She landed on the ground with a soft thud and heard him.

“I am twice the age of the former queen. I knew what would happen when the nations came. I had seen it myself when others wanted to run their own kingdoms from mine. I pulled my whole kingdom left into it, because I knew this day would come.

Frisk was in so much pain but she couldn't make a sound. She couldn't see a thing. She could only feel and hear. She could feel tremendous amounts of cold.

---

Durian watched from the side. It had taken twenty three tries to get it right, but he finally had it.

Giving how power was easy, the nations used balls to move it around from each other like money. Gaining power was easy too, he just invested more into power than money as time went by.

The problem was the other side of the child he wanted. He had to pick morsels that felt dead inside to balance out his power in the genes.

Just a hint of determination in the genes should be enough. He finally found it in Candy Perez. A louse on the side of a street corner, her determination the only reason she bothered to survive.

Her own mother knew Candy's future and gave her a name fitting for her. Candy. A plaything built only for man, she had been the perfect candidate to end their reign.

He watched his new toy took it's first step. *Make me proud, Frisk.*

In her pockets were two small knives he left. Barely bigger than standard human pocket knives. The nations would figure out who she was soon, while human society would be baffled. He turned up the magic to work even better with his daughter.

Unlike Candy's mother, Frisk's mom tried to deny fate on her daughter and made her as neutral as possible. Unisex clothes. Unisex haircut. Without her voice, it would be hard to tell. For that extra pinch of help he made her chest smaller, but not invisible. Mankind would find it hard to not only place Frisk, but to figure out what she had even been in general.

During that time, monster kind would have to make its own decisions. Mankind knew of the Monster Kingdom. Toriel's few little monsters alive in her failed kingdom. They weren't aware of the monster nation or it's numbers that lived so close next to them this whole time. While they were preoccupied with that, some officials would be working that out, while others would have to figure out how Frisk was able to do what she was about to do.

Eventually, the nations would figure it out, and without anyone else to help them in a backup? They would crumble. If they didn't, he'd flip Frisk and he'd rule the humans.

Whichever way. Monsters or humans. He would rule one of them, while the rest were wiped out.

Durian rubbed his hands together in the corner. He missed her first steps. He missed her first words. None of that little pathetic shit mattered to him, this was the milestone he wanted to see from her. His girl's first kill. *Make daddy proud.*

Frisk was silent. Standing around. She walked a few steps and stopped.

"Umm?" Some idiot human approached her. "Hey, you sleepwalking? Bitch, this isn't the kind of neighborhood to be doing that in."

She didn't answer.

"Hey, you okay?" he continued. Those were almost his last words as she took her knife and shoved it right into his heart. A few gargles were heard coming from him, as Frisk twisted the knife.

His soul fell out, also damaged. Durian had given his girl more than just a little knife, it was a cutter, another goodie the nations had invented. Soul bleeder knives. It stabbed the soul so that once the body died, it ended the human's soul too.

The human's body dropped right next to his soul that was curling up and dissipating. Frisk seemed to take a deep breath. As she should, only the act of killing would lessen the pain of the life extension he just gave her. Not to mention, everything else he shoved into her.

Oh boy. His girl was just beginning. *Give daddy a real show. I've been waiting thousands of years for this moment.* He wouldn't watch her for much longer, but he had to watch her for just a bit longer. A few more miserable lives and souls. Innocent seemingly man or woman walking down the nasty streets of New York at night.

Oh. Exhilarating. As Frisk walked by the first body she made it another two blocks before finding another person. Frisk couldn't see anymore, he canceled that out along with her voice. Eyes made it too easy to see a person for who they were. He wanted her as anonymous as possible.

It was more fun for him that way.

Frisk walked straight ahead, only her soul that sought relief from the pain he put in her guiding her. The human was just sitting down. Not thinking about anything. He looked more

like he might have attacked her on a different night.

She moved right by him, and stabbed him in the head as she continued to walk. She stopped briefly because her knife was stuck in the head. She jiggled it harder to free it. The body crumpled to the ground while the soul withered away.

Two deaths with no discovering it yet. Durian couldn't help himself. Is this what pride felt like for a child? His blood. Every action was helping them restore their kingdom back.

Oh, now it was getting interesting. Frisk was beginning to walk towards a cute couple who were just walking towards her. They were just walking, clearly with no other motive. They probably just wanted to get home too.

Frisk was walking right between them. They stopped being so close and moved past her. Frisk took each of her knives and sliced them right as they passed.

This time, there was finally some delightful screams. They both could tell that they were mortal wounds. Until the body died, the soul wouldn't wither. The man tried to fight Frisk. Durian couldn't help a small laugh.

Fight Frisk? He gave her more than extended life. She had the power of the nations. An atomic bomb from the humans couldn't even stop her. As he tried to grab her to choke her neck, she just stuck her knife directly into his-

Ew, even Durian flinched on that one. The other human continued to holler and wail. She ran like Frisk would give chase. Frisk wouldn't. The work was done, that woman was mortally wounded, she would bleed to death and her soul would die.

Frisk kept going. How long would the streets take before they realized Frisk was dangerous? This time, he watched as someone tried to gang up on her. Giving her a stupid line about it being risky for her to be out on the streets.

That human and his three idiot friends were dead ten seconds later. Frisk seemed to kill them in an especially brutal way. *Perhaps some of Frisk conscious is in there?* Not much though. She was more like a walking zombie that wanted to do nothing but kill.

Oh, but the fun couldn't last forever. A police cruiser had come out and questioned her. Yeah, that was the end of the fun. Once Frisk killed them, backup would come. It was riskier to watch her now.

Still. There was nothing they could do, but Durian decided he would add to Frisk's adventure right before he departed. He touched the ground and a black ooze started to come from his hand. As it spread, it became transparent. In a matter of hours, everyone on the continent wouldn't be able to move if they had no magic.

So, no humans could move, except Frisk. *Have fun, Sweetie.*

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Some time later, some blocks ahead . . .

Maggie watched ahead with her film crew. She was one of the first on the scene when the ‘invincible’ person was found. She was hoping to catch a glimpse on some kind of shoot out and the rest being rumors.

Unfortunately, Maggie and her crew were also frozen in their spot. Everything still worked the same way, so they were still able to get updates through their phones about a strange wave that was freezing people in their spots.

It was terrible, but Maggie and her crew realized early? The strange ‘invincible’ person was unaffected. Now, they could actually see it in the distance.

Everyone else couldn’t move their feet from the ground. They could talk and do everything else normally. For their feet though, it’s like it was stuck to the ground with the highest quality glue. Some of them had moved slightly, letting the stuck shoe stay in place, but the sock or foot afterward was just stuck to the ground then. There was no escaping it.

“I-It’s coming,” her closest camera person said to her. “It still moves just fine. This has to be related. It just struck another person.”

“Film it,” Maggie declared. “We’ll let the world see firsthand what it looks like.

“Maggie, it’s going to kill us!” Her camera person reminded her. “It’s in view. It kills everyone in it’s path, it doesn’t stop for pleas, you knew the rumors before we came.”

“Yes, and the police didn’t want pictures getting out.” Maggie pointed straight ahead. “We are all still in position like we had been before. Everything is ready. We will give the world it’s first look of it. Man. Woman. We’ll see it for ourselves.”

“And then be killed by it?”

“We’ll die by it anyhow, camera on or off. At least we get to go out in the biggest s-story of our lives.” Maggie tried to keep it together. It was getting closer. They could hear the sounds of another death. They could see it’s silhouette.

Now, it was close enough to see. It didn’t help much. They wore a strange pink camo shirt, some pants, a hat that spelled IDGAF, and something on it’s neck. A necklace, but the lettering was harder to see. Eventually, they would see it. When it was their time.

Worse than that, there were still more that the invincible person would mow down. Step by step, moving closer. There were onlookers that had gained an interest before they had gotten stuck. They were always the loudest of the victims.

Maggie witnessed many horrid things by now, but this thing was about to mow down the poor toddler that was just sitting on the ground. His mother had gotten him a toy to play with. A little ball.

Darling little thing. If his parents knew what would happen, they wouldn't have come outside with their child, probably having trouble sleeping at the time.

It shoved it's ball in its mouth lightly teething on it. Maggie would probably close her eyes once the knife came down on it. The invincible thing was within distance of him.

Cute little boy. Parents begging and pleading, not far behind him.

The invincible stood beside it. So far, it had never opened it's eyes. There was no telling what eye color it had. It had never spoken either. Just, nothing. A great nothingness with no mercy for anything.

The little boy kept sucking on his ball as he stared at the thing.

Maggie watched the invincible thing, for the first time, take a step back.

It changed direction and started to walk toward the east. The parents yelled blessings and cried, while the rest of Maggie's crew openly celebrated.

While another group of people were starting to scream. The ones in the being's new direction.

"Well, we somehow made it out alive, something made the invincible person turn and move into another direction," Maggie told the camera. "Our hearts and prayers are with those who are now on it's vicious path." Which wasn't her. She would live, and she would live with one hell of a biographic story to add to her resume!

Now that they weren't fearing for their lives, Maggie had the cameraman concentrate closer on the invincible as she addressed the audience. "It wears a strange camo sweater that is pink and feminine. It's pants are more rugged looking though, and it has rude initials on it's hat. There is something on the necklace too." She concentrate extra hard. "In this reporter's opinion it looks like a Miss or Mr? Nation. Mister Nation or Miss Nation. There are some words in the middle."

Damn. She couldn't crack it. It was just too hard from that distance, and she wasn't able to see the small font necklace up close. "Man, woman, or thing. This creature appeared right before several states found themselves being glued to the ground. Is this wretched thing apart of it? What made it change it's direction? Is it something that it will do again? One can only hope for those in it's treacherous genocide path down the streets of New York City now."

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Frisk's Home Early Next Morning

"Besides it being late, it wasn't too bad," Sans admitted as he pulled into the drive. "I thought it'd take longer. Had no idea we were real close to each other."



“Well, I couldn’t get near you back then,” Gaster admitted as he shut his car door, “but it didn’t mean I didn’t want to be near if anything really bad happened to you.”

“Hey, at least it’s over. Ooh, I should have kept my cupcakes then,” Sans complained, realizing now that he missed out. “Think she’ll make more?”

“Maybe but it’s very late,” Gaster reminded him. “Try later. She is probably in bed.”

Sans agreed as they went into the house. He stopped briefly, looking at the crack by Papyrus’ room. He opened it slightly and saw Z’s start to drift out. Yep, he was still sleeping. He continued by Snow Poff’s room. Kid had his door closed but he could hear him snoring.

“Frisk isn’t here.” Gaster had reached her room before he did. Her door was wide open.

Hm? Sans looked outside briefly in the back. They didn’t see her in the front. Gaster looked for a note and didn’t find none. “Maybe she felt like getting up real early and going for a walk?” He looked at his watch. It was, uh, real early. She didn’t usually do 5:00. Hm.

“Where is she?” Gaster questioned as he looked around another corner. “Where would she even go? We checked the game room, the kitchen, and the bathroom.”

“She wouldn’t go after us, I made it clear to let us handle it,” Sans said, trying to figure it out himself. His phone vibrated. He looked and saw his little news updates. “No.”

“What?” Gaster asked. He looked toward his phone, and then started typing into his own. “Oh no. Oh no, no, no! She can’t even be gone from my estate, what the hell?! How? It can’t be her.”

It couldn’t be her. Frisk would never. It couldn’t be her. Never. It just couldn’t. Sans tried to find more information, but all the article said was that places in America were starting to ‘stick’. People couldn’t move from whatever spot they were in. There was also some maniac in New York City that just kept walking through bullets, fires, and bombs.

“Invincible determination?” Gaster shook his head. “All of it was in a dream state, Frisk doesn’t have that kind of power. It couldn’t be her.”

Sans dug through more articles. No one could tell who the person who seemed invincible had been. No one knew why people couldn’t move. News crews were heading down there to interview people in the maniac’s path, but the stickiness of the ground trapped them there too.

“The stickiness must be stability magic,” Gaster told Sans. “That won’t affect monsters, but humans won’t be able to move. You need at least 1% of magic to not be affected.”

“This one says that people are starting to suspect the Monster Kingdom.” Sans groaned. “We don’t even have a kingdom. This doesn’t make any sense.” No. Frisk wouldn’t. Plus, she couldn’t. “It’s like a nightmare.”

“Someone’s helping a maniac kill humans,” Gaster said bluntly. “That someone might be more responsible for the killings than the maniac is.”

“Hang on.” Sans reread another article. “There *is* something that escapes from it.”

“What?” Gaster asked.

“Kids.” Sans showed Gaster the article. “It changed direction in it’s kill route right when it had to kill a toddler.” Maybe? Nah. He just found her. “A close news crew about to get killed got a look at her.” The camo pink. The weird hat. “When she used magic in the dreamsharing world. That was her exact outfit.” He almost dropped his phone. “Fuck this, that’s Frisk. You know it, I know it, and the nation definitely knows it.” He put his phone away and stopped looking at articles. “Something kidnapped Frisk, and they are forcing her to-to!”

“Commit genocide on the human race?” Gaster asked.

“I can’t fucking believe this!” Sans grabbed his skull. This whole time. The dreams. The state of Frisk. Frisk’s lost memories, losing more and more. Someone was working behind the scenes the whole damn time. “A million to one that someone also didn’t want the Monster Kingdom to be a thing anymore before they pulled this.”

Gaster seemed confused by that one. “Why?”

“The weakness of the nations, you can buy as much power as you want. You can purchase whatever you want. The rich in the nation, they should be the most feared thing out there! Practically invincible, capable of buying any power, and hey! It’s all in a little ball.” Only the Monster Kingdom kept that power separate. “Nobody even keeps a lot of power here, it’s too expensive. Way nicer on easy street and just get money for it.”

Gaster seemed doubtful. “If the maniac was Frisk, she wouldn’t be able to move. She can’t wield magic because humans can’t wield magic. Sure she did things in the dream state, but that was only a dream state. In real life, a human cannot wield magic.”

“It’s in a ball,” Sans said. “Maybe they can wield it in a ball?”

“Oh, even if there was some way they could, it’s just too much. You need some form of monster in her to wield it,” Gaster argued. “Her mother is clearly human, so? Her father would have to be monster.”

“Yeah. Yeah, and *who* would know that she’d be able to wield it?” Oooh. Sans shoved his bony hands into his pockets. “Cindy didn’t know Frisk’s dad, but maybe Frisk’s dad knew *her* all this time.”

“You think Frisk’s father is responsible? It would be a possibility,” Gaster said. “Especially if he is manipulating her to take the fall. He must be gaining something out of it. To see all of mankind vanquished?”

“Nah, if that was it, he’d take that power he gave her and-” Fuck. “Determination. He couldn’t, monsters lack determination. His ass would get killed, even with power.” Ah! “He gave her all the power he held in a ball, knowing she could do it with her determination.”

“That’s such a lot of power.”

“And such a lot of fucking pain.” No. The theory. “Killing relieved that pain in the dreams. Frisk doesn’t even know what she’s doing.”

“The maniac hasn’t said anything, and it hasn’t opened it’s eyes at all,” Gaster said, still looking at articles. “Is she . . . dreaming?”

No. Damn it, no! Sans grabbed the base of his skull and felt himself start to wobble. Her worst nightmare came true. “She never wanted this. She had bad dreams about it and feared it, no one trusted her, and . . .” No.

No.

“The only imperfect part is she still remembered the Underground. That small bit of her must help spare children,” Gaster said softly. “Everything else is gone . . .”

“She can’t see. She can’t speak. She’s only in pain.” Sans rubbed at his eyesockets.

“You think she is dreaming too?” Gaster asked.

“No, it’s because she couldn’t in the dreams. It’s not what he wanted,” Sans squealed out. “The way she dressed in the dreams. The way she is dressed now. Her memories getting drained. First by her mom Tori, then when she was Underground, and then when she came out of the dream state. She lost more and more of her memory. Like he wanted someone who wasn’t even a person. He wanted a character to control.”

“Who wanted a character?” Papyrus asked as he came over. He was still dressed in his PJ’s. “What are you doing up? Why is Frisk not in bed, is she up?”

“She was missing. We think we might have found her,” Gaster caved toward Papyrus. “There is a high possibility she might be in New York.”

“New York? That’s very far away,” Papyrus complained. “She’s human. What silly thing would ever give you that idea?”

That was it. Sans wiped his sweat and tears away, but he couldn’t hide it. It took a lot to break him down. “We think someone kidnapped Frisk and they are making her a main character. No Princess Mario.”

“A character?” Papyrus asked. “What character?”

Sans could barely even look at his brother. “One doing a genocide run.”

Gaster took time to try and explain it to Papyrus while Sans stared out the window. This whole time, starting from the beginning with Tori taking her memory? Had it been a setup by Frisk’s dad? *Tori. Your daughter is in one hell of a jam.* Even when Frisk got out of it, she was going to get blamed for countless deaths. She would be put to death or live out multiple life sentences.

Her only hope was to be stopped before anyone could pinpoint exactly with proof who she had been. *If I could get some magic and win against her somehow, long enough to knock her*

*out and get her out, we could put her safely in the dreamworld somehow again.*

To fight her though. Frisk had remembered those terrible dream fights. So did he. Becoming friends because of them wasn't exactly easy. There was even a time for just a little while he considered killing her instead, all because of those feelings in the fight.

"No one can absolutely prove it's her," Gaster told Sans. "No one has come seeking her here to prove she is here or not yet. If we manage to get her out of there, and bring her here, we could put her back under again."

Damn. "How much magic do you have, Gaster?"

"You mean, have I been saving up magic all these years like others do money for retirement?"

Sans watched him carefully.

"I only keep so much of my magic each time so that I can live an easier life with more money," Gaster answered. Then, he chuckled. "Of course, yes, you've already noticed I tend to invest in other magic."

"I need the whole wad," Sans said to him. "Sorry, no easy retirement or super long lifespan. If I don't spend something, then I'll give it back. I need the regular too, as well as some of the experimental we worked on. It's all or nothing. Not much time."

Either they saved Frisk before anyone knew it was her, or she would be doomed to fall for whatever plan her puppet master had for her and human kind.

"Sans, no!" Papyrus scolded him. "Gaster should handle it."

"Gaster won't trigger her thoughts the same way," Sans told his brother. "In the dreams, I fought her. I have a better chance of affecting her to catch her off guard. Just, don't let Snow Poff watch TV or look at the news when he wakes up. Get him to go play a game or take him out to the zoo. As long as other monsters aren't talking about what's happening with the humans."

"Sans?" Papyrus still didn't sound so sure.

"I have some experimental work, but our best work together is still honestly the best I have to offer," Gaster said. "Can you handle the Gaster Blasters?"

"Sans!" Papyrus warned him. "Those were insane and dangerous."

"I can handle them," Sans insisted. "I'm going to go get Frisk now."

"Remember not to say her name, and not to call her a she," Gaster warned him. "Even when she is gone, if they figure out who it was, then we won't be able to just keep her here in the dreamworld."

“When they come, they will only find her stuck in the dreamworld,” Papyrus said softly. “For how long?”

“First, let’s just get through the saving of Frisk,” Gaster cheered Papyrus on. “With the super intellectual Gaster Blasters and my saved magic power, we’ll get Frisk out of this situation. With me involved, we are assured victory.”

Hopefully. Gaster didn’t want to talk about afterwards. He just wanted Papyrus to stay positive. *First, get Frisk. Bring whatever is left of her out.* That’s all Sans could do too.

Concentrate on getting Frisk out and back into the dreamworld. Then afterward?

They were going to keep Frisk’s identity hidden, but they’d find the puppet master that controller her, and make him pay for this.

Make him pay for everything.

# The Fight for Frisk

## New York City

The only people there who were probably glad he was there, was the next victims that were behind Sans. Gaster did have a little retirement nest of magic alright. New York City of humans. It didn't look like a place he wanted to call home.

But he was sticking around there long enough to get Frisk back out. *Come on, Frisk. You don't have much memory, I know that, but you gotta remember me.* That shame and guilt from the nightmares. It had to help.

Frisk's eyes were still closed. Her mouth didn't open. The blood on her knife looked thicker than the metal beneath it.

Sans also knew what he said. Those same nightmares haunted him too. When he thought Frisk had killed Papyrus. He gave her a warning about taking another step toward him. Of course, she didn't listen.

As she tried to take a swing, he dodged and used a Gaster Blaster on her from the back. He could already feel a huge amount of magic energy building up on her, she could more than handle it. He just needed to get her off balance, knock her out, and take her under.

Lucky for him, there was no annoying news crew hanging around. Just poor unfortunate stuck people that were cheering him on to kill her. "Come out of it, Kid," Sans said to her, hoping he could trigger something without saying her name. "If you quit, I promise I'll be fair in the popcorn rules for a whole week." She didn't look any differently at him. "Okay, a whole month. You strike a hard bargain."

Nothing. Full of power, but no one was home. *Frisk.* She came toward him again and tried to attack. She never moved fast at all, just tried to stab. Meanwhile, her power level felt invincible. Whoever controlled her had shoved way too much power into her.

No doubt about it now. Frisk was definitely monster, and definitely suffering. *Frisk.* How was he going to reach her? "Come on. I thought you were someone who liked laughs. Good jokes. A good time, yeah? This isn't a good time. Let's go back to the good times."

Nothing. Since she never used any kind of speed at all, it really shouldn't take much to wipe her out. Simple smacks against the gaster blaster should do it, but she seemed to have some kind of protection against it too. Almost like a shield. *Shield magic.*

He could strike her with force a thousand times and she wouldn't lose a single life point. "Oh come on, give me something here to work with?" Sans went ahead and used some magic to give a gentle blow to any humans near them. At least save some, just in case nothing worked. "Come on, Kid, snap out of it. Let's go, what do you say? Let's go back to the Underground. Let's go have some fun down there again."

Nothing. No words. No phrase. No gesture, not 'kid', nothing was reaching her. It was like the few memories she had before . . . "Aw no." Did she even . . .? "Do you remember anything, Kid?"

Nothing. The puppet master had erased all of her memories, even of the Underground. "Say yes. Say no. Say something," he said. "Laugh. Like an idiot. An evil villain. Chuckle. Gasp. Breath heavy. Sigh?" Nothing.

Frisk was like a zombie. No, not a zombie. A real playable character in a game. Manipulated to do what the puppet master wanted, without a shred of her memory to call her own. "No. Nah, buried real deep. I'm sure, it's gotta be." *Come on, Frisk, snap out of it. Please.* Something. Something.

Anything to trigger her. Make her come back. He just stared at her, hesitating. She wasn't moving toward him. She wasn't doing anything. *How am I gonna knock her down to get her out, if I can't even find one flaw?* "Kid." Wait, a kid. It was the only thing that made her turn into a different direction. Maybe a kid. Grabbing an innocent kid and throwing it on the battlefield would be a bad idea.

But grabbing a not so innocent kid and throwing it on the battlefield? "I'll be back, Kid."

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## **Skeleton's House**

Gaster, Papyrus and Snow Poff were all focused on the human news. Frisk had killed almost 125 people. The only survivors from her onslaught was one toddler.

"Hey." Sans appeared in the middle of the room. "Snow Poff. I think I was wrong, I can't reach Frisk. She doesn't react at all to me. She only reacts to kids. Anyhow, you'll be safe. She barely moves fast at all."

Snow Poff didn't answer at first. "If you can't reach her, how can I?"

"I don't know, but it's called being desperate," Sans teased. "Come on, what do you have to lose? I guarantee you got magic so you won't be stuck to the ground. She doesn't use any of the power stored in her, she's just stabbing along the way."

Snow Poff went over toward Sans and took his bony hand. "I'll try, Sans."

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## **New York City**

"Do you remember me?" Snow Poff started. Boy, even though they hadn't gone far, Sans should have blown the humans back a little farther away. Two more corpses were on the ground because of that mistake.

Sans went ahead and blew everyone away again. He did it gently, with a slow slide, but this time he did it a much farther distance. He felt kind of bad two more people were killed just

because he had to leave for a bit.

“Can you open your eyes to see me?” Snow Poff asked her. “I remember your eyes. You had pretty eyes. You’re a nice person.”

*Easy, don’t say ‘she’ or ‘Frisk’.* Hopefully he didn’t mess up.

Frisk didn’t open her eyes. She didn’t walk any closer toward him.

Snow Poff moved around in her direction again, but just out of her reach. “Come on, what do I have to do to get you to remember? I’m? I was . . . I was also named Asriel. And . . .” He gulped. “Flowey?”

There. Finally, Sans noticed a slight move. Real slight, only a small jerk of a hand. *Flowey. She recognized his name.* “Keep talking, Kid. Say something you used to say Underground.”

Snow Poff didn’t look happy at all when he heard that, but it might be the only link to Frisk they had right now. She, as a person, was almost gone.

“Think of it as a rope to help bring it back,” Sans told him. “The sooner you pull someone up from danger, the better the chances they’ll be okay.”

Snow Poff glanced toward Frisk. “Hi. I’m Flowey, Flowey the Flower.” He gulped. “You are new to the Underground, Aintcha?”

Frisk’s soul appeared before him. Too risky, what if another monster comes, or a human was within shooting distance? *What the hell is she doing that for?* What was Snow Poff triggering inside of her, what was it she did remember?

“Uuh? Don’t do that,” Snow Poff warned her. “That’s dangerous. That’s your soul, put it back.”

But, just like Sans feared, someone saw an opening. *Aw hell!*

A lone bullet struck Frisk’s open soul. With it willingly being out in the open, it took one nasty hit! Frisk grabbed her chest, and then took her left hand . . .

And killed who knew how many blocks with a roar of fire that ran right down the street. Screams of others knowing they were about to be instantly vaporized echoed like madness. It was worse than fingernails on a chalkboard by a thousand times.

*I guess the shot came from that way.*

“Uh?” Snow Poff didn’t know what to say. “That probably. That. I mean, it even covered the sidewalks, and some of the buildings, I-”

“A lot more people died,” Sans said to Snow Poff, “and a lot more will if you don’t get off that, and get back to reaching the person in front of you. Working on limited time.” Sans blew a human away (a little less gently), and was extra careful to smash the phone it had been using for recording. *Damn! That better not have been live video feed or we are all dead.* It



was one thing to say ‘her’ or ‘Frisk’ around eyewitnesses, but having them on video would hold too much evidence. They were monsters in a very human world, they needed to bag Frisk and get out!

Bag her. Hmm. “Keep going, Kid,” Sans directed as he started to move around Frisk. Her mind wasn’t on him, it was trained on Snow Poff.

“I don’t know what else to say,” Snow Poff said. “I don’t know what she remembers.” He groaned. “Come on, Human? What are you doing way out here? Mercilessly killing?” Then, he gasped. “Kill or be killed?”

There. That really held Frisk’s attention.

“In this world, it’s kill or be killed,” Snow Poff told her.

Frisk actually nodded her head as Sans made his move. She had enough power moving through her, the body itself would be safe. He snapped the electric wires around them that were on poles and wrapped them around her. It was like the first time he wrapped her tight for the night, except it was wires.

Then, he teleported her out of there.

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Home

“The jab, now!” Sans instructed as he could barely hold onto the powerful Frisk. It was the best chance he had, and the best she could be distracted for him to pull it off.

Gaster jabbed her hard with the drugs they still had on hand for the Underground shareworld illusions.

She stopped moving. Sans, Gaster, and Papyrus all picked her up and put her in the bed. Her shield magic wouldn’t let them use their magic on her without a tangible root like a wire.

They gave her more calming drugs, as well as a better dose of the illusion world. Sans stared at her as he gave her the calming drugs. “I guess it’s more hotdogs for you again.”

Frisk was back in the dreamworld they had tried to pull her out of over a year ago.

Snow Poff came over closer to her. “Frisk. It’s like . . . like the last year meant nothing for her.”

“Not true,” Gaster reasoned. “This time when we wake her up, we’ll know there is someone out there who is ready to use her to destroy the human race.”

“Well, it meant something for us,” Papyrus said to cheer up Snow Poff. “We will know her, and maybe she will remember something of us later. Maybe?”

“First, let’s just make sure no one knows that the person that just killed a huge amount of humans like ants in the sun with a microscope was Frisk.” Gaster’s words sometimes. “We should use clean magic to erase any fingerprints.”

“She never touched anything but her knives,” Sans said. He went ahead and took the disgusting things from her hands. She had finally released her grip on them. “Let’s just throw these down some random volcano. I wanted to visit Hawaii for some reason.”

“You don’t have to overuse all of my retirement magic,” Gaster complained. “Just throw them in Mount Saint Helens. No one is going to look in there. Wash them off in the ocean first. Oh, why not just throw them in the ocean instead?”

“It’s not as fun,” Sans said. “I wanted to say ‘My precious’ as I did it,” he teased.

“How?” Snow Poff complained. “Frisk just literally massacred a lot of humans with those. How can you . . .” He started to sniffle. “How could I ever . . .?”

“Souls make us care,” Papyrus told Snow Poff. “Sans uses humor to get through hard moments. Don’t take it to heart.”

Oh. Papyrus didn’t have to give that away. “Use the clean magic around the areas Frisk walked, Gas,” Sans instructed him. “I’ll take care of this. Make sure nothing is showing on media about what happened, I’m pretty sure I made sure the humans weren’t recording.”

After Sans took care of things, Gaster took care of things, and they all watched the social media.

It all seemed okay. Everything except the humans were still stuck to a single spot. It apparently now covered the whole continent now. The nations would probably help reverse it soon with ‘charitable donations’.

At this step in the process, they all stayed around Frisk for the day. It was important to keep her filled with plenty of ‘hot dogs’ for now. *Hot dogs*. Sans watched Snow Poff yawn. It was pretty early when they got her. “Hey, no school for you today. We’ll call in.”

“Frisk is fine, he should go,” Gaster disagreed. “The more something looks uneven from the usual, the worse things will get. Now, Papyrus. Remember the story.”

“You should remember the story,” Papyrus told Gaster back. “My brilliant self will easily remember. Frisk seemed to regress back in her memories and she just collapsed so we put her back under.”

“Of course I can remember that story,” Gaster said. “My brilliant intellect will not let me forget it.”

“Forget what?” Sans asked him.

“Forget . . . forget?” Gaster seemed confused. “Well, forget the whole thing?”

“What whole thing?” Sans asked.

“Gosh darn tootin the hootin horn, Sans,” Gaster scolded him. “The Frisk story.”

“What Frisk story?” Sans asked.

“You’ve got to learn a better way to cope with your feelings for Frisk,” Snow Poff said. “Humor like this is offputting.”

Sans shrugged, but then Snow Poff added something else.

“If Frisk comes out of it again, maybe you should tell her how you feel and ask her on a date?” Snow Poff reasoned.

Huh? Sans thought Snow Poff would mean an uncomfortable friendship because she killed like thousands of people. *Why’d he say that? I mean, I don’t like Frisk that way. Why would I ever like a human that way? I don’t even like monsters that way. I don’t like anyone that way. That’s crazy.* “Reading too much into it, Pal.”

“Uh huh.” Snow Poff was either bored or unconvinced.

Sans shrugged. Not his problem. “Not interested in dating a genocider.”

“She wasn’t always a genocider to you,” Snow Poff told him.

“Hmm, touché,” Papyrus agreed.

What? Papyrus was actually agreeing with Snow Poff? *What twisted world am I in?* “I don’t date anyone. It’d be a waste of time. Who wants to be with Frisk?” Ooh, that sounded kind of mean. “I mean, not that I’m being mean to the being who just murdered thousands-”

“Talk about blocking,” Gaster interrupted. “Let’s get past Sans’ weird crush behavior and back onto what’s important. That door will get knocked on within an hour or two, we all know it. I propose pushing some illusion magic around the room. Just a little, like we didn’t recognize it. That way if a former Monster Kingdom member verifies they once saw Frisk dressed like that, we can act like we didn’t know someone was just doppelganging her image to get her blamed.”

“Problem solved,” Papyrus agreed. “Illusion magic. Thank you for sharing your retirement with us, Gaster.”

“Oh.” Gaster seemed disappointed a moment. “Well, it’s not like everyone lives forever. We can’t virtually afford everything. Just a little illusion magic should do the trick. I’ll get a very small ball.”

“Yeah, too much and it won’t work,” Sans agreed. He glanced at Snow Poff. “You should be getting ready to go to school.”

“I would be upset about Frisk losing her consciousness again, you would naturally keep me home,” Snow Poff reminded him. “I’d want to stay near her. If you give her some room.”

“Give her some room? I am not bogarting Frisk.” Sans glanced next to him. Sure he was next to her bed, but anyone could be next to her bed. Snow Poff was even next to her bed.

“Fine, stay home from school,” Papyrus agreed. “It would be too hard for the mind to give it it’s all for you today.” He went over toward Snow Poff. “Not just for appearances. Frisk is down, that is a blessing and a curse. Frisk is a part of this family. It wouldn’t be right to send you off.”

Gaster spread a small mist of magic over Frisk. “Maybe we can break into her dreams and make her try not to kill again. If we can restore the way Frisk treats us within the shared dreamworld again, then she will be safe to bring back out.”

“No, she won’t.” Sans didn’t want to say it. “She’s safer there until we figure out who the hell took her. When she’s sane enough in the other world to remember what happened, then we need to figure out how to question her without letting her break free.”

“Tell her she is in a dream, but let her stay in there with heavier drugs,” Gaster said, understanding Sans’ idea.

“Yeah, but . . . it isn’t the same as last time.” Snow Poff leaned against Frisk on the bed. “Last time, we told her that she was a really good person. She never killed anyone. That helped her get her life back together. This time, her nightmares were true. She killed a lot of good people.”

“Against her own will,” Sans added, “which still puts her in the friendship court. She didn’t choose to do any of this, someone made her do this.”

“Yes, but it will take more time to convince her to come out, when she realizes what she’s done out here,” Papyrus warned Sans. “She won’t be striving to come out this time.” Papyrus looked at his phone. “Monsters themselves are starting to visit the scene. The humans that were wiped out with the soul bleeder knives are 302. They did however find 2500 human souls in the area south of her.”

“The blast from her hand,” Gaster said softly. “It killed many more people in that blast alone. A straight direct line of shear power for who knew how many miles? Poor people. Most were probably asleep, unaware of the new conflict in the world. Or, forced to remain in one spot as they saw what came straight at them.”

“I know how she will feel.” Snow Poff started to cry on her. “She couldn’t help it. She didn’t understand it, but others are dead because of her, and she can’t just turn back the time.” He looked toward Sans. “Not again, right?”

Cliffnotes. Sans knew what Snow Poff was asking.

“Sans apparently took her back once, and it nearly killed him. Papyrus and he wasted a quarter of magic each of their whole power,” Gaster told Snow Poff. “Yet, the nations are powerful enough not to be duped about time. Souls might be restored, or it might just kill Sans and Papyrus too. I’m pretty sure neither of them wants to risk it, especially since the nations will know the truth anyway.”

“I bet Frisk thinks whatever she reversed time for wasn’t worth it by now,” Snow Poff said. “Look what it did to her.” He sniffled. It was getting harder to talk through heavier breathing. “Things that are so important, they just aren’t always- worth- the cost- in the end!” He buried his furry face in her blankets as he cried harder.

Papyrus went over and rubbed his tiny shoulders. “The past can get to us all sometimes. Frisk will get through it, just like you have been doing. Everyone finds their own way.”

Yeah, but the kid wasn’t lying. *The hell did I risk my life for doing it once? Was it worth it, Frisk? I wonder. I mean, we are talking end of the world kind of crap that I might be sweet talked into with the right kind of motivation, like losing Papyrus if I didn’t try something. I’d never just let Papyrus get involved though.* “I’m gonna get her hooked back up so we can see and connect with her in dreams again.”

Hopefully, the action of pushing her back into the dreamworld with all of the drugs helped-

Even earlier than they thought, main officers of the nation were demanding to see Frisk. The ploy worked, with the help of the illusionary spell. Sans even gave them ideas about the real perpetrator being someone related to Frisk like her father.

Send them down a path to investigate. So far, it looked like it worked.

Until one of them pulled out an injection from inside their sleeve. “Fine, we have proof that she wasn’t there, but it’s still temporary at best. Someone involved her, and if they wake her up, she could be involved again, so I am authorized to use this.”

“It was just an illusion,” Gaster insisted. “She never left.”

“Well, we’ll make sure. This treatment will help keep her down for longer.” They injected it into Frisk’s IV.

For longer? “How much longer?” Sans asked.

“Long enough for us to figure out the truth without worrying about needing her jailed.” He pulled the syringe back out. “We can feel the magic this human is giving off. Don’t tell me you can’t.”

“I don’t know what that is,” Gaster promised, “but if her father really was in charge, he could be doing that as strengthening the illusion. She is out of it, so it’s not an issue.”

“Right. As long as she is out of it? It’s not an issue.”

The way they said that. Sans didn’t like it. “What did you give her?” They couldn’t kill her, it wouldn’t be allowed.

“It’s fine. It’s approved. It’s just the same thing we gave the royal family after they woke up once. It just? Hm. It doesn’t hurt them. It just-”

“They won’t wake up again for at least another ten years. We’ll put them down each ten years until we figure out what to do with them,” the other main officer said. “The same of Frisk.”

Don't think this stupid date loophole will save her forever, especially with such suspicion around her. She'll die of old age before she ever escapes, even if she wants too."

The-

But-

"Absolutely whacky in the head, all of you!" Gaster cursed them out. "You ninny jackhammers, you just leave my abode!"

As they left as quickly as they came, the Skeletons all remained silent. Motionless.

Frisk.

Even if she wanted too? Even if she wanted too? "Gas." Sans looked at him desperately.

"I don't . . . I don't know," Gaster answered his unasked question. Gaster was the most brilliant mind, but could he figure out a way to wake Frisk up when she was safe again?

"Does . . . did those people just trap Frisk?" Snow Poff asked. "I mean, even after she knows, she . . ."

"Won't be able to leave the dream world," Papyrus confirmed to him. Snow Poff turned around and held Papyrus. "In the meantime, the world is safe, but?"

"Frisk is trapped." Even Sans couldn't make a joke. Soon after Frisk knew the real world existed, she came around. Now? Even when she knew.

She'd be trapped in the nightmares of the Underground.

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Durian's Home

Durian groaned. "I don't believe it. Who in the world had that much power to fight me, that I didn't see?" He watched the news being revealed on the monster side of things. His daughter was gone. Kaput. Disappeared.

Only one way, and only a few who would care to try. "I didn't put enough into those Skeletons." Why should he? He had turned Frisk nearly invincible. Instead, they must have nabbed her and sent her back under. There was no way he would be able to get his hands on her like that.

But? He wasn't the real King of Monsters by giving up because of one misstep. He of course too also had access to the dream world. He never had to use it, but it was only a matter of time before she was in there, and for good. There was no way she wasn't getting a final injection that would keep her down like the Dreemur Kingdom.

With all of his power transferred to her, it would be a waste to have her just wasting away on a bed. He didn't mind last time, he knew she'd wake up eventually. That injection though? No, no, no. The nations had that tech for some time, and there were some monsters they still kept down with it over fifty years later.

However. "Frisk's determination. If I could strengthen her resolve, make her use her real power to wake herself up, then we could get back to business." Even better, he could convince her of so many things, bring her firmly to his side, so when she woke back up? She would fully fight for him. Maybe he wouldn't even have to take away her voice, sight and memories she had made.

Maybe she'd just kill for the honor of restoring their kingdom. Anything was possible.

He already had all of the tools he needed to enter the dreamworld, but he wasn't diving down there for good. Only an idiot would do that. No, he'd just talk to her from the surface. Enter a midway stream of communication. Much safer and easier.

Most likely, he would have some competition doing the same thing, but none of them could spend the dedication he had to it. They had a child to get to school and educate. They had jobs. They had lives. They had limited money. He didn't care how they tricked Frisk into going under, there's no doubt he held much more money. He could take the drugs to synch down and communicate for hours on end if he wanted. Those Skeletons would get two hours a day, tops, to enter into her dreams. Especially if they were working with the expectations that she would be down there for a long time.

Now, to pick the character that would represent his thoughts the best in the dreamworld? "I could use a scatter approach, but that won't gain her trust in one particular character." He wouldn't use a skeleton, they were comic relief. Asgore never saw her until the end. "Oh yes." The flower.

The flower had been quite an evil thing in her dreams. Yes. Following her around everywhere, he could have multiple conversations. Slowly stir her mind to his side of thinking.

Ah yes, with that kind of conduit? "Frisk will come to serve her father with absolute honor." He'd already taken care of any 'innocence' she may have portrayed. There was no longer 'just a nightmare' where she killed. She killed in real life. She killed many.

She was a cold-blooded murderer, and he would keep that the status quo.

# Frisk Bleeding From the Eyes?

## Chapter Notes

Okay, so similar to my longer stories, this one is going to be giving you some notes here soon. I may have not updated for awhile, but I have been writing a lot! This next section is a tricky bit so I deleted and cut and pasted and deleted and added until I had it as best as I could. I hope you all are on your winter vacay, because you are about to get a lot of updates :) I will be reading between updates for some quick last-minute editing. I hope you enjoy all the new chapters coming.

## The Skeleton's Home

Sans propped himself up and went over by Gaster. He just went in and met Frisk as early as he could. It didn't go well. Not at all. "Did Frisk start bleeding from the eyes?"

"No, but there is irritation. Probably psychological," Gaster guessed.

"How did it go?" Papyrus asked. "Did you meet her correctly before her first death? Make a good impression?"

"Nope, she'd already been tainted," Sans told them. "I have a feeling the one that manipulated her out to New York manipulated Flowey too. He's got to be down there. She wouldn't mess up this much on her first go round, and she was way too easy about talking about killing."

"If this person gave her lots of power that made her invincible, the money to get her two soul bleeder knives, the power to wipe out all of her memories, and had the ability to send her straight to New York City? They most definitely have everything we have and more," Gaster admitted. "I was hoping they would at least wait a little bit so we could make the impression first."

"Frisk remembers changes, right?" Papyrus asked. "So, she's already corrupted."

Sans stared at her eyes. He went to get a cold compress. Even though they weren't bleeding, things that she was dressed up in, happened in real life. Meaning, it was probably intentional from the one behind it all. "It's her fucking dad, I know it is." He slammed the freezer door open and grabbed the compress.

It felt like this was a losing game. He returned back to her side and put it over her eyes.



“What’s happening to her eyes?” Papyrus asked. “You seem concerned, Sans. I guess we should be watching what is going on in her dreams.”

“The more access, the more it costs,” Gaster reminded Papyrus. “It’s expensive enough visiting a few minutes.”

“He probably has enough to always be down there.” Sans pulled up a seat closer to Frisk. “Gas, how do you think waking her up will go?”

“The . . . it’s some tough stuff they put in her. It is some heavy magic, mixed with natural chemicals,” Gaster said, indicating the obvious fact he didn’t want to say no progress. “She is far from ready for it anyhow.”

“The queen and king can have it though,” Papyrus reminded him. “Then, maybe the queen can help since Frisk was her daughter. Sort of. I wonder if she’ll remember that?” Papyrus looked out the room. “Should we go see if Snow Poff needs supper now?”

“It is getting later,” Gaster agreed. “Supper. We should go to Marty’s-”

“This is useless,” Sans interrupted him. “Useless. We are going to just step off, let Frisk go further down in a bad direction and go eat? What, go to bed and then go say hi tomorrow afterward? Her fucking dad is down there manipulating this whole gaw-damn thing!”

“Sans!” Gaster scolded him as he gestured to Papyrus.

Sans couldn’t help it. He was boiling. “It’s. Not. Fair. It’s not fair.” He stood back up and looked at Frisk. “She lost everything. Again. And again. And again. She has to start all over again, and she never even had that much to start with. Nothing but the memory of some skeletons and a little Snow Poff.” Even that’s gone. She just lost everything. “So little again, just beginning.”

Sans felt Papyrus starting to hug him.

“Sans. You don’t have to do that,” Papyrus said softly. “We get it. At least, I get it.”

“I’m not stone,” Gaster said as well. “I understand. I may have way more memories, but I’m still missing the first time around the surface too.”

“We miss the first time on the surface, and the second time on the surface,” Papyrus told Gaster. “We all miss things. We missed a whole of life, and we have nothing but cliffnotes to know what happened.”

“We were starting over,” Sans said to Papyrus. “We all were. We made our own lives, recreating our own selves. We didn’t need to rely on any memories to make us ‘us’. I didn’t mind it honestly. It was nice just knowing ‘hey she’s good’ and ‘I spent a lot of time with her so she is worth the effort’. All of that was enough for me because I knew we’d all get a new start.”

“A new start to know each other. Make new friends and a new life.” Papyrus nodded. “We even ended up gaining a Snow Poff too. It is sad to think about what we lost, or how life

might have been different. But, we did, because we got another chance.”

“So did Frisk,” Sans said, “and now it’s gone. She doesn’t even know her own name in there. She can’t open her eyes. I can only hear her through her mind. Nothing that we knew about her or what we went through can help, I’m just a stranger to her. This seems like we are just the losers in a game we can’t win. Like it’s . . .” He shrugged. “Pointless.”

“Don’t get in that kind of mood, Sans,” Papyrus warned him. “Frisk is good deep inside. Confused, but good. Eventually we can reach her.”

“On what we can afford?” Sans reached over for a syringe. “We might be able to keep her bloodlust under control with a hotdog or two, but I don’t think that’s gonna help. It’s like stopping a wild forest fire with a bucket of water.”

“Sans, don’t be like that,” Papyrus told him again.

“He is right though,” Gaster said to Papyrus. “I’m sorry, Papyrus, but he is. We will be very lucky if we can get Frisk to reach a state mentally where we can take her out. Plus, creating something to let her escape it all in the first place will be a difficult task. It will be a great endeavor for me. More than you understand.”

Yeah. Gaster saying ‘great endeavor’ and ‘more than you understand’ were code words for Gaster not even knowing how to begin. Sans also knew that someone else just showed up too, so he better get it more together.

“I’ll go.” Snow Poff came over by them. “I’ll go. If I take the place of myself there in her mind, then the evil person controlling her can’t use her memories to run her the way he wants.”

“Everything is temporary,” Gaster told him. “We don’t have the money to stay down there for too long. I see you must have come out for food, are you thinking Marty’s?”

Nah. Sans watched Snow Poff hold Frisk’s hands. *Be the bigger one for the kid.* “Going out to Marty’s is a good idea.” It’d get Snow Poff’s mind off of Frisk now.

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Later that night . . .

Marty’s. Snow Poff understood they were trying to distract him from the problem. After all, he was still just a boy. But? The boy wasn’t just an average boy. Not at all.

Average boys didn’t die and come back as a flower with no soul. Average boys didn’t try to destroy the world and murder everything in it. Average boys didn’t live inside of dreams, believing the past he once experienced was still relevant.

They'd grown used to his innocent side. His young side, where everyone felt they needed to protect him. It had been slow at first, mostly Papyrus treated him that way. Then month by month, that protection grew. When Frisk came, it was turned into overdrive. Now? As far as he was concerned, Snow Poff was a The Skeleton.

Like he overheard Sans say, they all made their own families and their own lives. They recreated themselves. He didn't want to recreate himself all over again, but there was something about him that didn't change.

He didn't want his sisters to be unhappy. He couldn't say no to Chara's wish, and he couldn't say no to what Frisk would want. "I'm going to reach you Frisk," he whispered. "I'm more than what I feel. If I have to become Flowey all over again to save you, then I will."

He grabbed the syringe Sans had used to go under. He grabbed another syringe that allowed Frisk to hear the voices near to her. He'd overheard them talking all the time in the beginning when Frisk was in a coma. What they should do, and what they shouldn't. What could pair up. What to do in last ditch resorts.

Snow Poff looked at the injections. The hearing injection paired with the current injection for the next trip should be enough to put him down for three months. If he was a weaker monster than he thought, then it might do him in instead.

He was willing to take that risk for her. No one was using his memory to hurt Frisk anymore. "Whatever poison they put in your head, I am taking it out."

Three months or bust. He took the injections and slid in the bed next to Frisk, hugging her. "I'm going to save you, Frisk. I promise." He felt his eyes starting to get tired.

Yeah. Best to just calm down and let the serums work. As his eyes started to close, he heard a noise. Someone came into the room. Sans. Snow Poff didn't even have the strength to move his head. He wanted to tell Sans off as he tried to pull out other injections.

Sans seemed to get the point as he came over and saw not one, but two vials on the floor. "Damn it, Kid, you are going to be down for months now. Like we needed this when we were worried enough?"

It didn't matter. He would get her. Snow Poff would get her and save her.

"Snow Poff, once you come outta this, you know you'll be so grounded." Then, Snow Poff heard Sans blunt thinking spill though. "Hopefully, it'll be Frisk giving the punishment. This might work, but it's risky. Your mind is in danger down there like that. Too long, and you'll forget."

It didn't matter. It didn't matter. Snow Poff closed his eyes.

He would get to Frisk, right away. He'd stay with her as his flower self, and make her better. Keep her on the right track while they thought of a cure for the sleep. Yeah.

"Stupid kid," Sans voice was heard as he felt the dizziness carry him away.

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## **Dreamshare World Underground**

When Snow Poff woke up, he saw himself in the flower form. Wow, it felt so real, no wonder they were all tricked for so long. Okay, first step? Frisk. He checked in Waterfall, knowing where she might linger. No one was coming out though, so she was on a bad path still. He continued on past Hotlands, and found no one there much except for Burgerpants.

He went past Hotlands into New Home. The time Sans left her and that night, Frisk had gone farther than Snow Poff thought.

Then, he found her. He popped out of the ground closer to her, seeing her closely. There she had been. "Frisk! Snap out of, it's Snow Poff, remember?"

Frisk didn't stop. She was carrying a knife too.

Snow Poff tried again. He moved farther and moved in front of her. "Frisk, stop! Listen to me. This isn't you. You don't hurt people." Wow. She really didn't look well at all. "Frisk?" Whoah. "Okay, calm down. Don't look like that. I'm here to help. You can trust." She opened her eyes. "Me. You can trust." Her eyes were bloodshot and red. Evil. Psychologically, she looked unreachable. "Me?"

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## **The Skeletons Home**

They had to dig out the device to look into Frisk's dreams. They didn't want to considering how much magic it cost, but once Sans woke everyone up and told them what Snow Poff did? They had to watch.

They each saw Snow Poff fail in reaching Frisk and getting diced up and grounded into dust itself. The next time, Snow Poff was gone.

"I can't believe he did this!" Papyrus scolded him, as well as himself. "We should have told him our suspicions."

"Well, our thoughts of the dream did come back," Sans reminded Papyrus. "It did the first time we were in that dreamworld and Frisk was staying with us for a bit."

"Yes, but it wasn't instant," Gaster agreed with Papyrus. "We babied Snow Poff too much. If he had known that when he was struck mentally with Frisk that he could lose his memories

and revert back to his own memories of being a flower, maybe he wouldn't have gone."

Nah. Sans knew he probably still would have gone. Snow Poff thought of Frisk as his sister, he didn't want to leave her down there. "He won't wake up unless one of us convinces him. Even then, it's a three month wait if he does wake up early."

"Oh that foolish boy." Papyrus was trying to rub away his tears. "Now we have lost Frisk and Snow Poff!"

Damn. Snow Poff moved too fast. Then again? They were on the losing end already. "So? Just throwing this out there?" Sans said it while he rocked back and forth. "I was thinking that maybe . . . I should go and stay down?"

"What?!" Of course Papyrus didn't like that. "No!"

"Explain," Gaster said more clearly.

"We might not be able to bring Frisk out the way she is, and if someone is with her all the time corrupting her? Then, Snow Poff had the right idea. We need to stay down there to influence her the right way."

Papyrus scolded and went into deep paragraphs of how stupid an idea that had been. Gaster had just sort of seemed vacant. Then?

Gaster came around. "Well? You are technically right, but look what just happened to Snow Poff. He forgot who he had been."

"When you die in the mind, then you forget, at least for the short term. We had known that," Sans told Gaster. "Frisk only kills those who attack her, or until after she kills the memory of me. As long as I make sure the memory me doesn't fight, then she doesn't kill me."

"So what, you think remembering and sticking with her is going to change anything?" Gaster didn't seem convinced. "Not likely! Frisk is . . . Frisk is in a difficult spot, a completely unpredictable and terrible . . ." He paused again. "With her memory. With her mind. With everything really. Not to mention our poor little Snow Poff is once again suffering. Probably not sure how to feel, only knows that he probably doesn't feel like killing right off the bat."

"She is in a difficult spot, and having a friend next to her would really help her out. Don't you think?" Sans asked. "I mean, come on. How many times has she cooked for us? How many times-?"

"I know what she means to us, you don't have to slam it into my skull! Just wait here, I have an idea!" Gaster suddenly left the room.

Sans and Papyrus just waited around. Ugh. They hated when Gaster did things like that. After about ten minutes, they knew Gaster wouldn't be back right away. They went ahead and had some food that Papyrus whipped up.

When it was bedtime and Gaster was still not answering or cooperating with them, Sans and Papyrus both knew he was cooking up something new.

Something real new. Did he figure out how to get Frisk and Snow Poff out?

## Reality or Dream?

Gaster didn't come out of his own secret private laboratory for two days. For two days he didn't eat, and he probably didn't sleep.

Sans and Papyrus were at home at evening time when he finally came out.

"This is the answer." Gaster shook something in his hand. "I am such an idiot. This is an exact replica to the magic that she had in the dreamworld."

Um? "Okay, how does that help?" Sans asked.

"This is something that the nations had on hand for evidence on Frisk. Since I am basically her guardian, I had access to it." Gaster showed it to them. "Look familiar?"

"Looks like all the magic balls," Papyrus said. "What's special about it?"

"When it was created. Instead of extracting the magic from this and putting it into the world for her to use? By the way, that is how they allowed Frisk to use magic in the dreamworld," Gaster said. "Just in case you didn't know that."

"Just follow the bouncing ball, Gas," Sans told him. "Back to the why is the ball important?"

"Instead of using the magic, I can get a lock on the memories that created this exact magic. It's really a simple ball, mainly disguise magic." Gaster tossed the ball up and down. "In order to create a disguise, a visual blueprint of the memories is studied and used. Do you get it yet?"

Sans and Papyrus both shook their head.

"We are going to jar Frisk's mind, by changing the Underground memories mixed into her real memories." He held out the ball. "It's doubtful the one manipulating Frisk has the cliffnotes of her life. Even with them, who knows what will happen?"

What? "Underground, above ground?" Sans didn't know what to say. "That's really gonna jar her mind. The royalty too."

"Which might be just the ticket to get all their mental capacities to get past all of the deadweight buried inside from those injections!" Gaster said proudly. "Who knows? By splicing these worlds together, maybe more of Frisk's memories would come back."

"Maybe some of ours as well!" Papyrus said joyfully. "Being surrounded by memories, maybe it will trigger something inside of us too? We were with Frisk."

"Hm. Maybe, I don't know." Gaster didn't seem as sure of that. "Honestly, this ball magic is her memories. I don't know how exactly this will blend into the Underground memory environment."

“Jar the mind.” Sans agreed with Gaster’s thoughts. “Snow Poff isn’t in her memories, he’ll be reassigned somewhere else in there. We’ll have to find him too.” Which still meant that he should go down there for a long stay. “Three months.”

“The world will be very different, there is no guarantee how Frisk will act toward you. When she would kill,” Gaster warned him. “Especially since it has been relieving her pain psychologically.”

“It’s just psychologically, if we can find something else that would help relieve her pain . . . like magic . . . like a magic ball?” Sans chuckled. “Got it.”

“It can only be used one way or the other,” Gaster said, “but I like the idea. She probably won’t kill as much if she can find a different outlet for the pain. We need another way for a human to release their emotional pent-up stress.”

Sans chuckled. “Don’t think Frisk is gonna go for the way a human naturally does that.”

“What, kissing?” Gaster asked. “Oh. In the past, you watched Frisk.”

What? “Gas, what are you gonna ask of me?” He better not tell him to get after Frisk.

“You need to get Frisk a boyfriend,” Gaster said to Sans. “Find her someone to partner up with, so she doesn’t go psycho. When she calms down enough, maybe she’ll even be able to remember who put her in New York City.”

Uh? “I have to find her a boyfriend?”

“That’s silly,” Papyrus said to Gaster. “Frisks likes girls more I think. She liked boys and girls.”

“Then a girlfriend, what do I care? Find someone for Frisk,” Gaster said. “Oh, or actually you could do it yourself? Start with a date and move on from there.”

“There’s gotta be something else,” Sans recommended. He didn’t want to get freaky with Frisk, but he also didn’t want to have to go find her a freakin’ date!

“You’ll have some time. Processing the memories of the ball, I am using the energy that she has stored up within. Although we can’t use it to visit her or to hone in on her world and continually watch her? Since her power of the mind is processing in her mind, then the memory of the mind, can process what she’ll see in the mind.”

Okay, Gaster was just being nonsensical again. “The ball, Gaster, it’s bouncing to the right. Stop going left and chase the ball, Boy.”

Gaster harumphed. “She will have used a great deal of energy to conjure this new memory world! It should keep her from being in pain at first. As things settle down, all of the excess power on her will hurt. By then, you must get with Frisk, or you have to find someone who will be.”

Oh. “Fine. I’ll see what I can turn up.”



“If you don’t, she might start killing again, Sans,” Gaster warned him. “If you want to try and stay down, then do the most you can to prevent her from going crazy. Give her a chance.”

“I said I’ll see what I can do.” Sans understood it. Gaster was probably right. Passion was about the only thing that would even get close to relief. “The one in control of her won’t know who or what to take over at first either. I’ll use that time to talk to the local memory people and get a good view of the situation too.”

“Just be careful. Papyrus and I will stay up here and watch over all three of you,” Gaster assured him.

“Absolutely, brother!” Papyrus hugged him very hard. “Please be very careful, and I will be down there soon.”

Gaster went over toward Frisk. “This is our only shot to get this right too. The ball won’t be of anymore use to us.” He took the ball and cracked it hard like an egg. Some dust came out. He took one of Frisk’s IV’s and placed it inside the ball.

The ball’s magic glittered as it mixed with the rest of the liquid and moved into Frisk herself. “Backwards,” he whispered. “Never thought I’d be trying this trick.”

Sans then proceeded to do the same thing Snow Poff did before Papyrus had anytime to really think about it and stop him. It had to be this way.

This was highly experimental. No doubt someone would be knocking on Gaster’s door tomorrow to give him a stern lecture on changing the dream world. That was tomorrow though, and once it was changed within Frisk? There would be no undoing it.

“Remember, as strange or wonderful as that world is, it’s only a dream,” Gaster warned as Sans started to close his eye sockets. “It’s not real, no matter how real it feels. Don’t die or forget the truth. That world isn’t real. Understand?”

“Understand?”

“Understand?”

---

### **????Dreamworld????**

“-Jingle bell, jingle bell rock. Jingle bell chime and jingle bell time.-”

Sans awoke, finding himself on a carpeted ground with Christmas music going around him. He looked at the carpet. They were . . . “Skeleton duck pattern? Heh, this is my place alright.” He pulled himself off the ground and looked around. He reached for a light to turn on, always wanting the maximum amount of light he could get in a room.

As it lit up the room, it mooed. It was a light with ducks on it that mooed? “Yep, no doubts.” Hilarious joke. He looked around and found pictures of him and Papyrus around the place. It was snowing outside and cold.

He found a phone on him. He investigated it and found messages back and forth to Papyrus and Tori. Interesting messages. “Papyrus misses me. We don’t live together.” Well, that sucked. Tori on the other hand, didn’t have the warmest of texts either. They weren’t mean, but there were no jokes or anything in them at all.

Wow. The texts were usually about his duty. There were a ton of groups and people that they talked about. Sans went ahead and looked around his rooms at the folders he kept everywhere. What a mess.

Every folder was a portfolio of someone, but on his desk, there was one laying straight down like he last looked at that particular one.

Sans opened it up. “Bingo.” It was a portfolio on Frisk’s father. Apparently Cindy never tracked him, but Toriel had tracked that whole thing. “Eustace Durian. Bat King. Original King of All Monsters.” When the Nations were gaining power, he gave up his kingdom easily. Someone that used to rule all monsters of every kind? Yeah, he had a plan. Probably saw the weaknesses and flaws that Sans did too in the Nation.

“Probably responsible for the tension between the kingdom and Nations,” he said as he read his own note on the paper. Then, he saw another note. A way better note. “He offered me Frisk’s hand in marriage if I gave him up to her?”

Obviously he didn’t do that, but he’d actually known Frisk’s dad? Damn. “Well, probably found out about me.” This guy wasn’t the king of everything for nothing.

As soon as Papyrus came down, he’d let him see the whole thing. If they found Frisk’s father in the real world, they could make sure he could never get a hold of Frisk again. Actually, Gaster would do all the work. He’d find a way to kill him without it leaking back to him.

Gaster . . . kind of had that kind of experience. He did fake his own death to an entire kingdom. Even made most of them forget him. He might be absent-minded, but he was the god of trickery.

Sans left the house to look outside. Ooh. *Pretty*. He had himself a red car out of his dreams and Papyrus. “Vroom vroom.” Working for royalty probably paid well.

“Hey, Sans.”

Sans saw a human neighbor call and wave at him. He waved back. “Hey there, Pal.”

“What are you doing out in this snow?” the human guy asked. “I promised the kids a snowman before bed, but you’re the last one to hang out in the snow.”

That made sense. “I don’t really enjoy looking at it very much.” This guy knew him well enough. “Thinking of taking a spin.”

“Oh. Okay, well enjoy your ride.” His human neighbor chuckled as his kids came out. “Geez, your mom bundled you up enough you can barely move.”

The little girl waddled and glared at Sans. “Don’t say Penguin again, Sans.”

Heh. He was thinking it. *Decent humans, pretty cool.* Sans headed for the car. He used some magic to open it up since he didn't see any keys. More than likely he didn't use them anyway. He climbed in and looked around. Damn, the back seat and side seat was covered in almost nothing but folders everywhere. Yep, an organized mess. That made sense for him too.

Now, the safety of his car. Maybe he had something of Frisk in there. He opened the dashboard and looked in. There were a gaggle of photos.

Geez, uh? This world sure did have details of Frisk's memories. How did her mind conjure up all this in his car? How did it conjure up all the profile information in the folders?

He stared at the pictures. It was some of Tori with her wife and Frisk at different ages. The older Frisk became in the pictures, the more reserved Cindy looked. Time must have been good to her when this world was the world.

He saw the house in a couple of the backgrounds, but nothing telling. Okay, first thing first, he would contact Papyrus. That dream version of him should be able to tell him where Frisk had lived.

Instead, his phone received a text. It was from Tori. Frisk had ran away and fell asleep outside? She was worried someone might be manipulating her with magic and wanted him to come over.

Sans dialed the text number. "Hey, Tori," he answered. "Sure thing, but can you tell me where you live again?"

"Sans, why do you want that?"

"For a joke," he lied.

"Sans, what's the secret word? This is suspicious, you *must* say your secret word before I tell you anything."

Boy, finicky. "The secret word." Hm. "Legendary Fartmaster."

"Ugh," Tori groaned and then chuckled into the phone. "Honestly, that's *not* the secret word but I know it's definitely you. Oh, we live a few blocks ahead of you in our little red house. Now what's the joke that goes to that?"

"Uh, I forgot," Sans said. "I'll be right there." A few blocks ahead, cute little red house.

Sans used his magic to start the car. Worked just as well as in the first dream world. A little goes a long way when he didn't know where the keys were yet. He headed up a couple of blocks.

He stopped to look at the red house, but it was different. The people there weren't Tori or Cindy. He kept heading up slowly, guessing Tori told the truth, but exaggerated how close they were. *Probably should have bothered dream Papyrus. Then again, he might be kind of suspicious of it too.*

It took annoying five red houses, and fifteen blocks later, before he made out the front of the familiar house in the photo from his dashboard.

He parked the car and got out. Sans knocked on the door, but got blown back as Tori answered. Finding himself in a pile of garbage, he looked back at her. "What the hey? You asked me to come over."

"Not so abruptly through the front door," she warned him. "Frisk might wake up and see you, and you know that I will not let that happen. It would break C's heart."

Ah, the letters again. "Then how can I help?" Tori didn't seem to know. "Is C here right now?" Tori shook her head. "Then, without the wifey, I can take a quick lookie."

"Hmm." Tori looked like she was considering it. "Just real quick. Maybe your talent can see something I can't."

Sans was invited inside and he was led straight to Frisk.

"It is definitely some kind of enchantment. Look at Frisk, she looks like she is in her twenties, but she is barely turning 18 soon," Tori told him.

Huh. Frisk was only 17 in the dream world to Tori, but she still looked just like he remembered her. *Unfortunately, I don't know how good Frisk is going to be when she wakes up. Hope she doesn't try and kill us that quick.*

"It gets worse too. I know you know that, and I'm glad you didn't say anything out loud." Tori bent down and gave Frisk a kiss on the head as she started to whine in her sleep. "I don't want to hear it, Sans."

Hear what? He was supposed to know something about this? *Nation stuff or something.*  
"Then I won't say it."

"What can we do?" Tori touched her forehead. "How do we stop what they are doing to her?"

"Maybe you gotta listen to them?" Sans guessed. If it was the Nations, then-

"I will die before I let the Nations get their grubby hands on the kingdom," Tori said viciously, almost spitting it out. "I have compromised and I have soothed relations with them as I could, but I will *never* allow them to invade our kingdom."

Wow. She seemed almost brutal. It didn't seem like some loss of power thing. Tori looked like she would genuinely kill to protect the kingdom. "So much past with humans, but we got past it all," Sans said. "Why can't it work the other way?"

"Are you asking why we are more considerate of the humans than we are to the Nations?" Tori looked bewildered. "You know the answer to that. Humans have as much magic as a rock. As long as we don't mess with their souls or scare them, they have been fine. The Nations however." Tori heaved a large sigh. "I can't believe they have played this dirty, but I must."

“Maybe it’s not just them.” If this was a pretty close representation to Frisk’s past, then maybe the Tori in her dream knew the answer he wanted. “Do you ever wonder about Frisk’s dad?”

Once again, she looked surprised. “Have you been overdoing it with the drinking? Of course I wonder about King Eustace Durian, but he can’t do anything.”

She knew the name. “Yeah, the Durian guy,” Sans repeated. “Why can’t he do anything?”

Tori looked down at Frisk. “No. It’s not him, it’s got to be the Nations. You would never be a turncoat on Frisk, or you wouldn’t have told me anything about him. This is the Nations dream trickery. Look how much she has aged.”

That didn’t answer the whole thing. Sans knew this Durian had to be the one that forced Frisk to kill. He had to be. “Durian joined the Nations, he could do that with his power and money.”

Tori glanced oddly at Sans. “You are breaking the rule, Sans. Even without C in the house, we don’t speak about him. C knows nothing of him, no idea who Frisk’s father had ever been, and we are keeping it that way.”

Eh. She was hard pressed to talk about him. Looked like the real Cindy had it right, she had no idea who Frisk’s dad had been. Only Tori. “Is there a way that Frisk mass killing humans would be a good thing for Durian?”

Oh yeah, there was that ‘are you psycho?’ look he was waiting for. “Excuse me?”

“Theoretically. Humor me,” Sans said. “If Durian wanted to conquer all the monsters and be number one king like in the past, could he use her in some way?”

Tori just closed her eyes, almost like she was too tired to deal with his shenanigans. “I tried to call Papi, and I tried to call T. Neither one has answered. I give you permission to check on them too.”

Dodging the question. “Even a possible plan?”

“If I humor you and think about it, then will you go check on C and your brother?” Tori asked. Sans nodded. “Durian is a worm who infected the Nations a long time ago. He’s played the role of ‘adaptable leader’ too well and I would never trust him. However, Durian is incapable of level 2 clearance. Even the Nations have never trusted him.”

Uuuh? Level 2 clearance? “So he’s locked up?”

“Figuratively and mentally, Sans, you know this!” She was getting irritated. “You were the one who discovered all of the information. I know that when you get concerned you can get strange and morbid sometimes, but this isn’t the time. For me, please quit joking around. My daughter is trapped in a nightmare and aging rapidly. Suggest something, help, or get out!”

Okay. Sans had to be careful. He was going to get kicked out soon if he didn’t follow what Tori wanted. “Power can be bought with money. I think Durian used the Nations to keep the

bickering between the Monster Kingdom and it just so he could find a way to escape to that level 2 thing.”

“But? There is no way for him to escape to level two, is there?” Tori asked. “Sans? Did you discover a way to break free of level clearance? Is this why you think Durian is guilty?”

Okay, one more confident line to go. “I know Gaster survived, Tori, and I think he’d know a way to get to level 2.”

Nope. “Gaster?” There was no confidence in her voice. “Sans, he’s gone. He only exists in shattered realities.”

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## **The Skeletons World**

Gaster got the next table ready. “I am a little worried. I know we said tonight, but I have no idea what could be happening.”

“I can go too,” Papyrus declared to him. “Just for a little while and I will be back? Just to check up on Sans.”

“Yes, just to check up.” Gaster helped him lay down. “Frisk’s world will be different. You might not be next to him, but just think before acting.”

“Why would I not be . . .?” Papyrus was already fading off.

Good. “It was nice,” Gaster said as he looked between Sans, Papyrus and Frisk. “This time together, it was nice. What do you three think?” He looked at Frisk. “I liked it, and that won’t change. But, all things come to an end. Thanks, Frisk. For all your human help. I am sorry that it had to be this way, but I had to do it.”

He had to. For time itself.

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# Fake Worlds

## ???????Dreamworld???????

This dream version of her didn't know Gaster even existed? When he kept himself out of the way, he really did it well. No one ever knew of his presence. "Well, he is. That whole shattered thing was a lie."

She didn't seem convinced. "With as much of a threat as the Nations pose, if he was alive, he would have made himself known."

"Trust me," Sans promised. "We should probably go see him, I know where he lives."

"This must be wrong," she told Sans. "I know he is gone, Sans."

"Nope, he's just been hiding. He lives out in the Nations." In the meantime, he would be able to have a long conversation with Frisk's memory of Tori and find out more about what was happening. Or at the very least . . . see if she has some boyfriend out there.

"Unthinkable," Tori told Sans. She still didn't back down. "I cannot allow the Nations to get that close to my mind. You should perish the thought too, Sans. Once they infect the mind, you can become so lost. A fairytale paradise turned into a nightmare. It is how . . . " She shook her head. "Nevermind about C. It doesn't matter, it's unethical. The Nations are unethical."

Unethical? "The dream trick is pretty bad," Sans agreed. "Everything else is pretty good though. Nice to live up here for all those years instead of in the ground."

"For a dream?!" Tori's angry look was not lessening. "Sans the Skeleton, brother to The Great Papyrus, Apprentice of Gaster, and Secret Guide of Princess Frisk, have you yourself been invaded?"

Invaded? Sans watched as spare blankets at the foot of Frisk's bed started to rip and tied around him. "What the-?" Damn.

"Do not move. You cannot triumph the queen's power," she warned him. "Please promise me that willingly you never gave into the Nations, no matter what they did. The Monster Kingdom is the only thing standing in their way."

Ah, she already knew. "Fine, I admit, I don't know," Sans came clean. "Truth is, I have kind of been struck with amnesia. I remember the Underground, and being brought back up, but none of this world makes sense." Close enough for her to let go?

"Oh no." She came closer to him. "The Nations, Sans. They are a pack of the strongest most manipulative monsters that put their 'fellow monsters' into sleep worlds. In these worlds,

they have the power to stop anything a monster from a kingdom was having a problem with. They made sure that everyone could end up satisfied by changing power into money using their scheme of 'power collectors'."

"Power collectors." Yeah, that part never did make sense. Monsters that could handle power exchange between monsters.

"The Nation is divided into five sections. The real world and four dreamworlds," Tori said. "Each dreamworld has four levels. A level where they live a life with nothing but love in their hearts. A level where they learn humility, alone and everything is taken away they ever loved. A level of violence, where everyone is free to kill without consequence. A level of paradise where a personal fantasy can be fulfilled."

Four worlds? "They like just pick one?" Sans asked.

"No, my friend, they meander between all of them as they see fit," she said delicately. "The Nations believed that one life, with all of its choices, shouldn't be lived only one way."

Sans didn't know what to say.

"If you forgot this entire world?" She sounded so sad. "Only the elite Nationists have the ability to move between all five. In the rest of the cases, amnesia of the real world happens as soon as you sink into the first dreamworld and it can never be retrieved."

No. That's. *This world is toast. It doesn't exist. This is the dream.* He was put under by Gaster. This was Frisk's view. This was Frisk's personal world.

If it had been then, why was Frisk seemingly stuck in a nightmare that left her crying and unable to wake up?

"I see great doubt. I know," Tori said to him. "I am scared, Sans, I need your help to figure out the truth. I am going to give you something I never wanted anyone from our kingdom to have, but I must have your trust. Wait here with Frisk please."

Sans waited, watching her twitch. She was sweating and her body was heaving. *Damn Frisk.* He wanted to save her, but he could feel his own mind being fooled around. *I watched Gaster create this world from that Frisk ball. This isn't real. This just feels real. It's not real.*

Sans watched as Tori came back. She trembled as she held out a set of keys to him. Buried inside each key was a miniature little black ball like Frisk. Inside of each was gas magic in four different colors: Red, orange, blue, and purple. On the keys itself they each were labeled 3 fantasy, 4 guiltless, 5 love, and 6 humility.

"Given as a way to prove their loyalty to a compromise to us. I have never used this before. The keys to the truth are yours, because I can't handle this alone." Tori insisted to him. "Go seek your truth, and then please come back and help me get my family back."

Sans looked at the keys. It looked pretty simple.

"Use your own magic and judge them all, Sans the Skeleton. Judge every single one."



Sans grabbed onto the ball of the key that said love.

---

### **Love Dream World (Level 3)**

Sans found himself standing in a weird kitchen he'd never seen before. All along the walls were nothing but a heart pattern in red and white. The floor was white. In front of him were burgers in the shape of hearts.

Okay? He carried the plate of burgers to a new room. One thing he already knew is that he tasted food just fine in dreams. It'd be a shame to waste a good burger. The next room had a gap in it between it and outside. That was weird. He moved past the gap and noticed the next room had no doors at all.

What the heck?

He put his burgers down and looked outside. No home around there had doors. People were smiling at each other.

“Sans!”

He heard Frisk's voice behind him and stared at her. She was wearing bones and hearts in a pattern of pink and white on a short top with a skirt. A real short top with a skirt. *Damn.*  
“Hey.”

“What are you doing walking into my house you big silly.” She went over and hugged him. In her short top and short skirt. “You are welcome to come in but it's polite to say ‘hello, I am coming in’, so that I can meet you. Basic manners, Sans.”

“Mail today for you.” A human in blue and white clothing with hearts walked in and placed the mail on a nearby table. “Hello. There is your mail. Have a good day.”

What? Sans watched the complete stranger just leave. “Where are all the doors, and how come that guy just walked in your place like he knew you?” Did she know him? “Are you real good friends with the mailman?”

Frisk just laughed. “What's a door? That's a silly word I've never heard from you before.” She hugged him. Again. In her tight, short short top with her short short-

*Gotta quit thinking about that.* “A door is a device to keep people from coming inside your house, taking your stuff or hurting you,” he answered.

“Oh, none of that makes sense.” Frisk just shrugged. “Who would ever hurt someone? The only ones who are hurt are the ones who hurt themselves accidentally or just get too old. Poor people. That isn't anyone else's fault though, no one would ever hurt each other.”

Uuh. Definite dream world. Not only that, Frisk's eyes were different. Way different. The top and skirt kept getting in his line of vision, but now that he looked into her eyes. It was like . .

He did what Tori said to do, the only guiding words. Use his own judging magic. *This isn't even Frisk*. He could feel it, this Frisk was literally something conjured up. There was nothing behind her smile.

Like a tangible hologram with her voice and body, but nothing else. Fake.

It was a world of no locked doors, where no one committed crime or hurt each other, and everyone was perfect and fake. Love.

It was a heck of a weird world and it was time to grab another key.

---

### **Guiltless World (Level 4)**

Sans found himself sitting behind a huge desk with several people around him. He looked into each of them, using his magic once again to judge them, and saw the same thing he did in the Frisk before. Nothing.

"Hey, Don Juan Sans, what do you want us to do now?" one of them asked him.

"Heh. I like the name," Sans admitted. Sounded like something he would use. Hmm. "I don't know. What do I usually have you do?"

"Steal a thousand hot dogs," one answered.

Yeah, that sounded like him.

"Then break a thousand legs if they don't give them up," another one answered.

Okay, that was badder. "Let's not do that." Sans moved from his seat and looked around. His face was on a billboard outside, with a bottle in one hand, and a hot dog in the other. Above it was the words Sans' Sins City.

Heh, that sounded like a name he'd make too. In fact, he started to feel stranger the longer he was there. Sans went ahead and left the room, one of them insisting on giving him a ride to see his girlfriend or go somewhere to eat.

Hollow eyes, nothing behind them. "No, I'm good." Sans pointed to himself though. "I could easily kill you, couldn't I?"

The man dropped to his knees. "Please Don Juan Sans, I'd never do anything against you. Please don't kill me. I-I know I'm not even a small country, just a man, but I got kids!"

An act. The begging and pleading, but there was still nothing behind the eyes. Guiltless. *A world where people can kill and maim as much as they want and never hurt no one.* He understood that now.

It actually did sound kind of like fun. Like playing Grand Theft Auto in virtual mode. Run people over, but there were no consequence. *Yep, I better get the hell out of here.* Sans felt like he should have checked the eyes of the mailman in the Love Dreamworld. They were probably the same. Just a world where everyone loved each other and got along. All fake.

Next world. He picked up the one titled fantasy.

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### **Fantasy Dreamworld (Level 5) AKA The Skeleton's World**

When Sans woke up, he wasn't too far from Frisk.

"Sans." Gaster came over toward him. "So. Progress yet?"

Sans looked at the key. Fantasy. "I could have had better fantasies than this." Bad things were happening in that world and those dreamworlds of love and fantasy had been all fake. He looked at Gaster.

Behind those eyes were Gaster. He could feel it, the real thing.

"Well, did you find out anything?" Gaster asked him. "Your judging look? What are you using that for?"

"Just underprepared for the world," Sans lied. "Don't worry. I'll try to put my own self under this time." Sans almost grabbed the next key.

But noticed that Papyrus was asleep on the other bed? He glanced back at Gaster.

"He didn't want to wait. He's somewhere in that dream looking for you," Gaster said. "You'll see him soon I bet."

"Then I'll find him. Later." Sans grabbed the humility key.

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### **Humility World**

Sans felt himself being awakened with water being splashed on him. He was out on the streets near a curb. *Great, gonna book it out of here pretty quick.* He just needed to meet

someone to look into their eyes.

When he tried to interact, they yelled at him. He caught their eyes fast enough to see it was all fake though. Nothing was real behind them.

Sans looked at the keys again. In all of these worlds, the only ones that had real people was the world he had believed was real, and the world Tori swore was real. *That neighbor and his penguin kid. They looked pretty real. Tori definitely has a lot going on.*

Hmm. Sans looked at the keys, there were none that specifically said real or return home. Tori didn't baby him at all with explanations, it had to be easy. *What if I hold all four keys at once?*

---

**???????Dreamworld?????????**

Sans found himself back in front of Tori like he never left.

"Convinced?" she asked him.

"Nope," he admitted. "When I used my magic to judge them, I could tell fake people from non-fake people. If I couldn't, it'd be fun. Love and Guiltless and Humility were all fake. The fantasy world is real, it has real people, or I never would have believed it was real in the first place."

"Yes, but I have that real sensation too," Tori said knowingly to him. "There are others that feel real in the dream worlds, but not everyone is real. If you meet others here, you'll see every single one has that same sense of emotion and feeling. They are all real here. This *is* the real world, there are no fakes here."

"So you mean if I had been judging everybody around me with my own magic in that world?" The world he thought was real, did it have fake people? Sans popped off again.

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## **Fantasy World. (Level 5) AKA The Skeleton's World**

Gaster called to him slightly as Sans got up. Since Sans didn't ever feel a hundred percent comfortable with the Nations, he hadn't exactly been using a lot of his own magic. He kept most of it, but he had used it sparingly. He certainly didn't use an amount to start judging everyone around him.

He never really thought that he woke from a dream, just to be in another dream. *Tori said people around here are fake too. A mixture.* He went outside and started to go for a walk. He judged his neighbor that was trimming his hedges, getting an odd look from him.

He was the real deal, Sans felt it. He watched as his neighbor's wife came over and sat on the front porch. He judged her.

Fake. A thousand times fake. Just a moving creature with no thought, feeling, or soul.

"You got a problem with something, Sans?" His neighbor asked him.

Sans grabbed the keys again.

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**???????Dreamworld???????**

Sans didn't say anything to Tori as he went outside to his car. He drove until he found some kind of gas station. *I don't even know this world. I know nothing but some cliffnotes that don't make sense. Is this really happening?* He got down and went inside.

It was late, but not too late. There were about five people there. Sans found one of them getting a drink, another one looking at merchandise, another one behind a register, another one grabbing a candy bar and dealing with a fussy child.

Every single one he judged? Had been real.

Sans moved back to his car and did the same thing again. He went into a store this time, getting a random sampling of who he had seen. From the cashiers in the front to some kids looking at cool shirts to buy in the back.

Then? One of those same kids spoke to him and waved. "Hi, Sans!"

He knew the kid? Sans waved. "Sup?"

"Uh? He's a . . ." The other kids looked uncomfortable.

"Yeah, he's a skeleton, and he's so cool," the kid said to them matter-of-factly. "He came from Hollywood, he's a big star. He travels back and forth by jet for movies. He's always playing in the latest horror film."

"Wow, that's incredible stuff," one of them said. "You are from Hollywood?"

Sans looked around him. He felt the strange chain on his neck he normally didn't have and yanked it out to look at it. *I think I . . . yeah, this is like a hypnotizer.* He survived by making people believe in his stories.

He held it up toward them. "Yep, big Hollywood star. All the horror films including whatever the latest craze one is right now."

"Ah, that's so fucking cool!" One of them remarked. "Dude, can we get your autograph?"

Heh. Sans went ahead and judged him one more time extra deep since it made his eye sockets go black. He had this kids full attention. *Absolutely normal kid. Has a level of violence, but just at a curious level.* Sans stopped judging him. He went ahead and signed a piece of paper the kid gave him and left back to Tori's.

As unlikely as it could be, Tori . . . might be right. The world he was in right now, the world Frisk should have conjured up from the magic ball memories . . .

might actually be the real world?

# They Still Won

## Tori's Home

Now that Sans didn't know which world was real, he had to dig deeper to find out what was going on. "It's no fantasy of mine to have forgotten living on the surface," Sans said to her. "There is no way it's a fantasy of mine for Frisk to be hurting anyone or feeling bad so why is the fantasy world so messed up?"

"I don't know, Sans. There are real people inside each world so perhaps not everything is perfect? Just be happy that the world you remember was not of love. It borders on creepy I hear."

Ooh, yeah, imagine living in that world? "So there are real people in there, committing crimes and whatnot, and just getting away with it? Can't be all love to someone out there."

"Right. There is almost 1/4 of the population controlling their own thoughts and actions in every level," Tori said. "The monsters in the Nations are either raised in their selected world, or chooses it willingly, so there is hardly trouble. The elite have keys like I gave you, they can come in and out as they please."

"But I saw Frisk, a fake Frisk," Sans told her. "Same voice and same body."

"The Nation Monsters don't care. They don't care that their own personalities, likenesses, and voices are being used for other people's dreams. I tell you, Sans, I just can't stand their ideals!"

Yeah, Sans could barely hold it together at all either. Versions of him were out there, pretending to be him. People could do anything to him, have him do anything. "You said almost," Sans said. "The elite ones are left in the real world, to keep the dreamworlds going, huh?"

"Yes, and to make sure the Monster Kingdom will one day fall," Tori said sadly. "We are the only ones left with magic to be in the real world and watch the elite with their power."

"So." Let's see. "I might be coming around to the thought this might be real. Might," he said. "Might might. So? There was this book of cliffnotes based on our lives in the fantasy world that I still think might be real." Sans was trying to be cautious.

"Is there something you want to know or have explained?" she asked. "I bet they based a lot of it off of the real world, just in case there were any triggers of the real world in your memories, but they couldn't have known everything."

"Did I watch over Frisk with Papyrus, but I had to stay out of sight?"

“Yes. We told you that you could have Frisk as your wife when she grew up,” Tori told him. “C and I told you to keep it a secret, and just let her live and get to know you. Instead, you chose to tell her so she could have the idea of being a forever roommate stuck in her head instead while she was so small. It made C highly uncomfortable, so Papyrus gained your job, and you were an extra set of eyes in the distance.”

“Why’d I want Frisk so much?” Sans asked.

“The compromise with the Nations. When we were first sent down into the Underground, we had to promise to make certain laws and rules to live by for when we came back up. Asgore and I had always ruled with unwritten things. They also influenced us with thoughts of the end of the Monster Kingdom if we all died and didn’t have enough children. When we came back up, we had to keep our end of the deal.”

“So what was the end of the deal?”

“By 200, every monster would get married, and by 300 they would have children with of course, the one they married,” Tori revealed. “It threw a lot of controversy onto everyone, especially you. So, when the reward for taking the job to watch my family was a delay in the law, you took it with both hands.”

Yeah, he would, oh he would.

“Plus, since Frisk only has the lifespan of human, she wouldn’t live long enough to have children. It was a win/win for everyone because those blasted rules also trapped Frisk away from living in the Monster Kingdom unless she was married to a kingdom’s resident,” Tori uttered.

Oh. Children. Yeah, Sans was starting to see . . . “Shit. Undyne.”

“Undyne married Alphys, but yes, that second rule would prevent them from being able to stay with each other. There was a lot of fighting and arguing, and the kingdom isn’t in good shape right now,” she admitted. “But even with all of this mutiny, I will not turn my back on the Monster Kingdom. If we fall into the Nation, imagine the power they’ll have? No monster will be in the real world anymore except their elite watchers.”

The Nations would be unwatched. Durian was probably buried in the top level of- “Keys.” Sans looked at the keys he carried. “Durian got one of these?”

“No,” Tori said. “As I said before, he isn’t allowed to be at level 2 clearance. He is considered too dangerous to enter the deep dream worlds, let alone have keys.”

“I didn’t have keys, and I was on those levels,” Sans reminded her. “I was in the Nations. I know for a fact Gaster and Durian are in the Nations. So is Papyrus. So is . . . your son Asriel.”

“Asriel?” Tori looked shocked. “My . . . Asriel? Is he okay?!”



“It’s a dream world, he could be changed again,” Sans cautioned, not wanting to bring her hopes up. Asriel was real though, he got judged first thing when he was hobbling toward Papyrus when they first met. Messed up, bad past, no longer dangerous and definitely real.

“The appearance isn’t often changed without purpose. What is he like?” Tori asked.

In other words, Tori wanted to believe he was well. “I can’t guarantee he’s like this in the real world, but Asriel is Snow Poff. A cute kid I’ve been living with along with Gaster, Papyrus and Frisk.”

“You were living with Frisk and him?” She smiled. “Thank you.”

“Gaster too. He’s down there.” Okay. Sans had to make a choice. “I can’t help if my mind is broken into which world is real.” Tori knew that too, it’s why she gave him the keys. *Why was the guiltless world built just for me though? I mean, it was literally named for me, Sans’ Sin City.*

Sans had a bad feeling. “Did this conflict between the kingdom and the Nations bother Frisk?”

“She didn’t know. I keep her out of the Monster Kingdom business and Nation business. I just let her visit the kingdom,” she insisted. “I didn’t want her involved in anything until she was there permanently, if she chose to be.”

“It’s Frisk. It’s your daughter.” Sans looked down at her. “Let me tell you what the cliffnotes said.” Tori focused on him. “I was visiting Nation towns for like four years with her. She was trying to do something to get the Nations and Monster Kingdom together.”

Tori blinked. “Frisk . . . went against the kingdom? Why?”

Sans watched Tori deny it outright.

“She is my daughter, and I took the best care of her,” Tori said to Sans. “Like I said, they probably got some details wrong about the real world. They got that one wrong.”

“You think they messed up on the ‘she traveled for four years with me’ bit?” Sans pointed out. “That’s a four-year glitch they just oopsed up on?” Nah, it had to be real. “I think Frisk thought the Nations were better. You must have been getting a lot of problems stirring, and you can’t hide that. Forced marriage. Forced kids. There’s no way all the monsters would just roll over for that ridiculous thing.”

“Undyne was a very good friend to her, and so was Alphys,” Tori said as she leaned into the idea. “One of them might have let it slip.”

“You’ve been keeping the truth about the Nations and dreams hidden from everyone, Tori,” Sans said sadly. “You never told *anyone*, not even your own daughter. Maybe it shouldn’t be that big of a surprise she was trying to save everyone again. She thought the Monster Kingdom was being unfair.”

“We weren’t though. Monsters knew when we came up about the compromising laws, it was all due to the Nations,” Tori told him. “Frisk would have pieced it together.”

“Let’s pretend that Frisk thought the Monster Kingdom needed to be undone and everyone freed. Let’s pretend she did visit the Nations in this world for four years with me. How would that affect things?”

“I don’t know.” It only irritated her. “Frisk isn’t . . .” Tori looked back at the bed. “She is 17, not whatever she looks like right now! None of what you say has happened.”

“For some reason, I felt compelled to turn back time and take Frisk with me and Papyrus.” Sans laid it out. “If the first part of the past matches up here, then the other half should too. That’s common sense, Tori.”

“Well she wasn’t this age when she was taken to the dreamworld according to you!” Tori rebelled on him. “You said she was older, and here, she is . . . she looks older, but she isn’t living away from us, and she’s truly only 17. She is! So it doesn’t match. It would never match.” Tori was starting to cry. “She would never . . . just decide to run away from me and C for four years.”

“She doesn’t marry and stays out of the kingdom, so I’m guessing you take C with you since you’ve been separated from living with your wife a long time?” Sans was trying to piece it together too. *The first part adds up. The second part should add up. In my world, Frisk is twenty something. Here, Tori says she’s 17. Still, she looks the same old twenty something.*

“Why would she suddenly start trying to dissolve my kingdom as soon as we leave her to her own life?” Tori questioned. “She would never. She knows that Asgore and I have been good leaders. We haven’t always been perfect, especially Asgore, but we never purposely trampled on anyone’s real freedoms.”

Okay, Tori was probably right on that part. Frisk wouldn’t just go out and tear up the kingdom on a lark. “I could have died bringing her back to the past. It wasn’t real far from this point according to the cliffnotes.”

“Then she would have to go back much farther to change anything between the kingdom and Nations. Why would you risk your life back to just this age of her?” Tori asked him.

Sans shrugged. “She had it good here. A nice little life. Good school. Good mom. Anything ajar you can think of?”

Tori shook her head. “Frisk seemed quite happy. Her soul was open and easy out here.”

“Then something changed her soul to not be so happy.” Pretty simple. “What happens if you die, Tori? Your wife turns queen and Frisk is a princess, right?”

Tori stared at him. For a longer amount of time. “Oh no. Asgore.”

“Frisk said something crazy once before we went to the fantasy world slash maybe reality,” Sans told her. “She said something akin to marrying Asgore.”

“Marriage or kill,” Tori confirmed. “C could never get anything, we had a heavy contract to make sure a divorce couldn’t ruin the kingdom. After all, I married her for Frisk’s welfare. Mostly. However, Frisk was never a part of that rule. If I am gone, then it goes past Cindy and Frisk would be considered Queen. The Underground cannot have two separate royalties working against each other and there was never a way to suddenly break off the title. Asgore would either marry her so King and Queen could rule together, or he’d have to kill her to remain the only royalty. Oh no.” Tori glanced toward Sans. “He loved me, and he would never try to kill me. I knew that. But. At some point, if I died, and I left Frisk as . . .”

“Yummy bait for Asgore.” Okay, that was starting to make sense.

"I have enough time left, Asgore will most likely go with me," she pointed out. "Unless I did something to burn out my magic faster."

"Dunno. If you did, then she eventually would have learned some stuff in running. Things must have got so bad that I had to turn back time itself with her and Pap." Yikes. "That would have to be one gnarly bad thing." If they screwed up, game over. "After we came back, you stole Frisk’s memories of all monsters."

“Why would I do that?” she questioned.

Wait. Sans saw something under the covers near Frisk. He pulled them back slightly.

“A magic ball?” Tori questioned as he picked it up.

Sans watched Frisk change. She was no longer in her twenties, she looked more like 17 again. *That. Guy. Heh.* “Ah, I get it!” This ball. “It does more than change clothes and make it hard to tell whether she’s guy or gal, it can change her age appearance too.”

That meant Tori was right, Frisk was just 17 or so. “My skull hurts. It takes a lot to admit that.” Tori went to get him some aspirin as he waited with Frisk. *If Tori did die and Frisk had to deal with Asgore? Well, maybe she tried to join the Nations.* “If the Nations won the Monster Kingdom, Tori,” Sans said suspiciously. “What would happen?”

Now, Tori looked more than worried. Her face turned like it was facing her worst nightmare. “They . . . they would . . .” Tears started to form in her eyes. “No, it couldn’t be, if they did, then we would not be talking right now!”

“We wouldn’t?” Sans asked. “How come?”

“The Nations get everything from dreams they want, except they are held back by their real bodies. No matter how much magic they accumulate, the natural life span length can only go so far. It’s another reason you and Papyrus have been so watchful over us.” She closed her eyes. “Stopping time.”

Stopping time? “I can stop time a little,” Sans said. “No one can forever.”

“No, but they can drag time to a slowness that five seconds could be five years. Meanwhile, dreams move normally.” She shook her head. “If we lost, we’d be almost like statues.”

“If they won, nothing could stop them.” Time travel. Now it finally made sense. “If we saved you, it all goes back to just the mutiny. Frisk is not queen. Everything’s fine again.” One giant mystery solved. “Nations got a lot of power though, Tori. If they gathered enough magic to pull off slowing time, they must have sensed something was wrong.” Time travel wasn’t enough to stop them. “They pulled us into the dreamworlds.”

“But if they did that, then they would have just won again,” Tori pointed out.

*Oh no.* Sans had a realization that just made him almost drop into nothing but a pile of bones. “Oh no.”

No.

But.

It had to be. “I need paper.” He had to see it for himself.

Tori got him some paper and a pen and he sat down.

**Frisk is princess, Tori is queen, married her mom.**

**Tori dies, Frisk is pursued, I help her hide in Nations.**

**Frisk gives Nations power, realizes mistake, I move time back to protect everything with Papyrus.**

**Nations sense the problem, kidnap us, and still win.**

**THEY STILL WON.**

# Bwa Ha Ha Last Goodbyes

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sans flicked the pen around in his bony hand. It was right there. Powerful monsters could detect problems in time. Time travel wasn't enough. "I almost married Frisk. Asriel said that. It was on my phone. In the world I thought was real but could be . . ." A Dream World. "I was pulled into a secondary dream world, from what I thought was the Underground Dream World?"

"I don't understand," Tori said. "What do you mean?"

"And the person who took us out." Oh, it was so hard to say. "That magic of the dreamworlds they are using, it's so real, it's got to be similar to . . . to a timeline machine."

"A timeline machine?" Tori asked him. "How do you know of that?"

"Because a dead skeleton is alive in dreams." Gaster. "The last hope to save everything because *we failed*." A part of Gaster, shattered in time, had held onto a dream world.

Sans grabbed the Fantasy World key again.

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## Fantasy World

When Sans woke up, he found himself in an all-pink kitchen. "What's going on?"

"I gave you color magic while you were asleep," Gaster said. "Try it out. Paint it all red."

Hm. Sans used the magic to paint it red.

"Sorry," Gaster told him. "Color magic can't paint red I forgot, it can only do purple."

Sans watched the red melt into purple.

"I never gave you color magic," Gaster admitted. "I lied. You know how that happened."

Yeah. Sans was starting to get it. He turned the room blue with yellow dots dancing around and then back to normal. "Mind overtaking with your machine supercedes and made it real."

"Hold onto that thought, it's so important." Gaster's merriment was now gone. "I tried."

Sans sat down at the kitchen table. "Considering the choices we had, I appreciate the nice world you made, just for us. Is it all over now?"

“What did you figure out, Sans?” Gaster asked softly. “Let me hear your brilliance one more time. I’ll fill in the pieces for you, like I used to, as long as I can. I have something in my pocket too, don’t forget. Begin.”

“Frisk gave the Nations control a few years after Tori died. Nations slowed down time to a crawl so they could live practically forever in here,” Sans said. “I figured out what was happening with Papyrus just in time and spilled time backwards for Tori to be alive again.”

Gaster nodded. “Continue.”

“Powerful monsters can sense something wrong with time. They got a hold of us finally, threw us into a made-up Underground Dreamworld, and slowed down time again.”

“How do you know they slowed down time?”

“Frisk’s age. Tori remembered her young. She had a magic ball though that made her look like her real age before we moved back in time.”

“Yes. I like a good well-placed joke,” Gaster said with a brief chuckle. “The Nations won. Slowed down time in the real world again. You are right. You lost.”

“But how do you . . .?” Sans gestured to him. “You don’t exist in a single timeline anymore. This Nation’s dream magic, it takes away from your inventions, doesn’t it? That’s how you can grab onto it.”

“Grab on but not pull up. It’s still timelines, Sans, just erased and manipulated into a dreamscape. There is no physical form sleeping in the real world for me. I know that you understand that,” he said softly. “When I felt myself being placed within a space where I could think. I knew that I had somehow escaped the hell I had brought upon myself. Investigating dreams within dreams wasn’t the easiest, but with the help of following the magic of others with keys, I found out enough to understand.” He nodded. “You are right, they corrupted my own work with their magic and intentions.”

“It brought you here, just like another timeline.”

“Only brought my functioning consciousness. My bones are scattered throughout the ages of timelines. I really only exist here. I made it as real as I could for everyone. I imagined positives and negatives. I let the data the elite wanted to come through pour down willingly. I wanted the closest thing to reality that I could have. Real problems. Real people. Real life.”

“It was nice,” Sans admitted. “We all could have lived forever like this. Heh. Neverending popcorn nights, and car rides, and . . .” He paused. “Durian came through here and snatched up Frisk.”

“Yes. I . . . I planned on it happening at some point, Sans,” Gaster said. “I can live in a dream forever, but, the rest of reality cannot. You can’t just push pause on the real world for the feeling of immortality in dreams. I’m sorry. I should have told everyone much sooner. It felt so nice to feel like my life was back. I can speak here, I can move here, I can dance here, and I can just be me here. So, I held onto my family longer than I should have. Even when I

needed to let go, I still kept trying to win Frisk back to hold on longer. I didn't want to put her through this."

"Time was a crawl back home," Sans teased, "so I think it was okay if you stole a couple years, Old Buddy. What's the plan with Durian?"

"When Durian took Frisk and she started to kill people they got sucker punched straight back to their real timelines" Gaster told him. "I will have to give you a small lesson, if I can. I must try."

Sans nodded.

"Dreams are set within dreams which can be set within more dreams only because they are not dreams. They are timelines, and timelines are easy to move back and forth through with my tech. It's even easy to control them with my tech. Outside timelines were my devilish plaything. Frisk is asleep in the real world, dreaming about what she is doing in another timeline."

Weird. "So the fake memory people aren't actually fake?"

"Just braindead because no one took their place in the mind upgrades," Gaster said, confirming his thought. "Yes. They get filled usually with the memories of someone. A character living for the benefit of someone else. However, it is possible to be . . . what Durian did? He couldn't get her in the real world as he repelled the slow time with his own barrier, so not impossible. I'm not the most powerful. This world. Is only as strong as I am, as the creator, as me, in this world."

The fuck kind of sentence was that? *Gaster's always been a little dense, but I can barely keep up anymore.* It was like his mind was starting to slip.

"The timeline drags your consciousness with you, and it doesn't let you go back. The only way to get back is through the keys you now have, or the trick I just used to recreate reality, or getting killed. However, getting killed can also trick the conscious into killing its own self. Oh, it depends on how strong the soul had been whether it survives that way."

"Okay," Sans insisted. "It's fine, you can end the lesson."

"Durian was King of all Monsters once because he had the strongest brainwashing power. A charm to make others see his way and do his bidding. When others are knocked back to reality, they end up under his control. But?" Gaster held up his bony and longest finger. "Time started ticking right again in the real world as soon as the first one successfully returned thanks to Frisk."

"Frisk isn't awake in the real world," Sans told Gaster. "I don't know where Snow Poff is either. Tori's there but she doesn't remember anything about being in the dreamworlds." Hang on? "Is Durian going to be ruler of the monsters in the real world now?"

"Sans. I am stuck in a dream," Gaster said to him. "I am stuck in a dream that's starting to fade. With it, goes me. I only have glimpses and ideas. I'm not the hero. I know we are at the

final stretch between success or losing everything. That ball I gave to Frisk. I gave memories of reality to Frisk, which defaults to the real world when it is too similar. I will help Snow Poff and wife's queen too. Snow Poff will be in the ruins, and wife queen will be somewhere near. They will eventually wake up. They did. I already did that. Before I started feeling a fuzz."

Cindy. *Gaster can't even manage to say 'the queen's wife' in the right order.* "Why'd you drag Frisk's mom over here too?" Sans asked, hoping he could get what was left of Gaster's dissolving mind.

"If time never got fixed, if this trick didn't work, I wanted Frisk to have her in the end. I couldn't risk bringing wife queen's wife, but if Frisk wanted to get to know or live with her wife queen mother? I wanted it to be real real not real fake, or dream fake should be dream real." Gaster was almost staring ahead. "I'm sorry I gave her a painful past in the dream of being separated away but I needed it all to match."

"Can you wake Frisk up?"

"I don't know what else to tell you about Durian being the new ruler. Time barely ticked in your real world, even the elite simply held a small barrier in it to allow time to move normally for their continued control." Gaster didn't answer his question at all.

"Yeh, I get it," Sans agreed. "Keep it simple. Just tell me. Can we wake Frisk up? Yes or no?"

"One must admit, obeying a new king is a lot easier than just living forever in dreams. Or, as we really know, forcing our minds and magic on another timeline. Time would not allow this slowdown for long. I know. It has a . . . a breaking point," he whispered softly. "Look at me. I know better than anyone we can't mess with time or the timelines! A dictator can eventually be taken down, even if it takes hundreds of seconds or eons or years. It's better than no real world at all."

"Okay." Sans got it. He wasn't going to get many more straight answers. Gaster was going. "You're destroying this world, aren't you?"

"I could have really lived here forever, with everyone," Gaster told him. "It doesn't hurt, it's just that, I don't remember not existing. Just glimpses, just knowledge that I have that I shouldn't. Then, I did exist again, and it was wonderful. It was fantastic, Sans, but the dreams have to quit some time."

Yep. When Gaster stopped it, he'd be gone again. "You sure it doesn't hurt?"

"I don't know. There is nothing to understand when you are in pieces across time," Gaster answered. "I imagine not. I imagine it's death without a death. I have to do it again though, Sans, I have to go."

Fuck! "Okay. Any hot ideas left to help out?" Sans asked. "We are under Durian's control soon, no choice, fine. I can deal with it. Can Frisk wake up so she's not killing in her dreams anymore then?" He needed to answer.



“Alas, I could, but Frisk is part cure,” Gaster told him. “The future rests in her actions. What she believes to be true, is true, and she is full of magic and determination.”

“Durian put magic in her in the dream world,” Sans said, “but if we just tell her that’s fake, it should quit. Right?”

“No. Durian is *in the real world*. He dragged her dreaming self to the real world, I’m sure of it. He filled her with all of that power, and then, he sunk her straight back down. She is psychologically feeling better by killing.”

“She’s whimpering,” Sans disagreed. “She’s caught in a nightmare she can’t wake up from. Gas. Please? We need to save Frisk, she’s going to go insane one day like that, please keep it together.”

“Yes, and since it makes no difference, I made sure Durian could access that world. She’ll kill regardless, but the nicer we are to him, the easier this will go. I can do one more thing for *you* though,” Gaster said. “I, however, cannot guarantee anything of it will work. You will have the Nations and Durian to deal with after it’s all over. Papyrus is in the real world now, so I’m sure he’ll eventually put it together. He’s just as brilliant. It may take some time, a few years or more, but I trust him.” Gaster reached out and touched Sans’ bony hand, patting it. “In none of this did you mention the marriage problem you had with Frisk.”

Sans looked at his phone. “It was convenience and it never happened.” He scrolled through it, now wanting to see what was shown. “You controlled the contents that Snow Poff saw then?”

“Yes, I love foreshadowing,” Gaster chuckled. “I will exist only in shadows now, why not foreshadow? What kind of villain doesn’t like to give some tip as to their diabolical plan?”

Sans chuckled back. “You gave Durian control of the real world, and access back to Frisk. Being pretty despicable, but I don’t think villain quite fits you either.” More like desperate. He did what he had to do to make the real world tick again.

Gaster beamed. “Really? That’s nice of you to say. Oh, I forgot.” He pulled something out of his pocket. “For when I get fuzzy, I wrote down things. Let me read this. Yes. I made up most of the ending in the cliffnotes. Frisk never circled around a second time to her exact age, just circled round.”

Heh. Good Gaster. “There’s something in those made up cliffnote parts that was important to know though. Skeleton’s gotta make puzzles. Final puzzle?” Sans asked.

“Final puzzle. I guess? Thank you. I wish you luck. Seriously, I hope it works out for you.”

Um? “Aren’t you supposed to tell me what the foreshadowing is?” Sans asked. “Didn’t you write it down?”

“I only have glimpses of times outside before I really took this dreamworld. I really wish I could put it together cohesively, but I can’t. Even now, my thoughts and words with run on sentences, nothing feels cohesive or right. I’ve . . . I accept my fate. I wish you luck. Lots of it.”

What was that supposed to mean? “What about all the people in your dreamworld?” Sans asked. “You didn’t write anything about them?”

“Like I said, I’m the villain,” Gaster said. “Some will transition and some will not.” Gaster shook his head. “I’m sorry. Where was I in the reading?” He looked back at the paper. “The Underground Dream World, 996622, you all experienced was a special event world. It has a finite amount of time to move and then keeps looping back on itself. It’s used usually for research, but it was perfect to trap you all in by the Nations. Bwa-ha-ha.” He sounded so sad. “I don’t remember writing that. I think it might be a joke I said bwa ha ha.”

Poor Gas. “I already miss you, Gas.” He wouldn’t be around much longer, and what was left of Gas could barely hold cohesion with his thoughts anymore. “Can you read the rest of that paper?”

Gaster looked at the paper. “Her determination mixed with power. Just find a way to seduce it and it’ll work for you. Papyrus will figure out the rest. Goodbye, Sans.” He looked back at him. “I have no idea how it helps.” He handed him the paper.

Sans shook Gaster’s hand. “It was good working with you. Good luck, Chum. I don’t envy you.”

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### **Frisk’s World . . . Otherwise known as the Real World**

Sans woke up. For the final time. He held the Fantasy World key. “So, Durian has control of the real world now.”

“Are you kidding?” Tori asked. “Say that isn’t true!”

“It’s the only reason time is even running now,” Sans said. “Gaster wasn’t perfect, he was starting to fade at the end. He was destroying himself to destroy the dreamworld.” Maybe. There were so many unanswered questions Gaster’s intellect could have answered, but he was breaking right before him. “He wrote it down to tell me. Somehow, Frisk’s determination is knocking people out of dreams and either killing them or giving him an army.” Sans pulled the Fantasy World key off the keychain. “Fantasy’s over, Tori. It’s time to tell the truth to the kingdom and go get your family back.”

### **Chapter End Notes**

Okay, so let's unwrap a little bit more.

The dreamworlds are not dreams. They are timelines that had their minds taken over.

The magic can also influence the timelines.

Gaster doesn't live with a body: He just took over the body from that timeline of himself, just like everyone else does. Outside of that timeline, he doesn't exist as himself anymore.

Gaster was helping Durian behind the scenes to eventually get Frisk to get the real world to tick again normally. However, even he didn't know if it would be able to happen, and he ended up liking Frisk as well. He was pretty torn whether he should tell them the truth or just let their real timeline end.

Frisk is killing in the timelines with Durian's power. He is the one who holds her determination. The minds to those bodies she kills, either die or go under Durian's brainwashed control when they enter back into reality.

# Winning Isn't Winning

## Chapter Notes

There is no more world jumping for a long time. They are now stuck in reality. Since saying timeline this and timeline that can get confusing, I will go with the original 'reality' and 'dreams'. That and not everyone even understands the truth about the dreams being timelines.

“Oh.” Papyrus groaned as he moved around and then-

Whomp! His whole skeleton fell on the ground? “Owie.”

“Papyrus, you okay?” Undyne came into his view. “I’m used to seeing that from your brother, not you.”

“I-It’s a tiring time,” Alphys said from behind her. “A d-d-dangerous time.”

“It’s a time to make the call,” Undyne said as she looked at Papyrus. “Well?”

Call? “A call?” What call? *That’s right, I’m in Frisk’s Dream World. Strange, I thought I would be near Frisk.* “Of course, a call. Who am I calling?”

“Th-that bump must have h-hurt him more th-than we thought,” Alphys said as she came over and shined a light over his eyesockets. “Are you okay?”

“Of course! I just don’t remember who I need to call. Wait, is it Sans?” Yes, that’s someone he would call that wasn’t there right now.

“Yeah. Ask him,” Undyne commanded.

“Ask him what?” Papyrus asked.

“I-it was a doozy of a fall I guess?” Alphys checked Papyrus’ bones.

“Is Sans joining us in the mutiny, or is he staying with the queen?” Undyne asked. “We won’t harm Frisk. We never would, but it’s always safer over here. He should bring her here too.”

Mutiny? “What if mutiny doesn’t, um, work well?”

“Don’t w-worry,” Alphys assured him. “I-it’ll work. It’ll work.” She looked at Undyne. “It’ll work.”

“It’ll work, or I’ll die making it work,” Undyne said to her bravely. She looked at Papyrus. “Whatever you two decided on Alphys, you better honor it, and both do your part.”

Part? “What part?”

Undyne just glanced back at Alphys.

Alphys looked away. “I-I’ll go check some instruments out.”

After she left, Undyne looked back at Papyrus. “You know the part, Papyrus. I know you will do well, just make sure Sans does well too. This is win or I die, so one of you better give Alphys a skeleton child.”

“A what?!” Papyrus didn’t understand this dreamworld at all.

“Worst case scenario, if this doesn’t work, one of you will marry and take Alphys. No one is killing Alphys over this crap,” she commanded. “Treat my wife with the best of intentions!”

Papyrus held his bony hands up. “Of course, best of intentions!” Mutiny? Fathering Alphys skeleton child? Undyne almost planning to die? *Frisk created a nightmare world.*

“I’m going outside,” Undyne said to Papyrus. “You be nice to Alphys. Extra nice. I want to see something like flowers next time you see her.”

Wait. *Am I the one marrying her?* “Because I might marry her?”

“You or Sans, but I think Sans is trying to trick me into it right before I die,” she uttered. “It’s not happening.”

*Do not faint, Papyrus. You cannot faint in a dream. This is just a dream.* “I will call Sans now.” Papyrus picked up his phone and looked at it. Sans’ number. It was the same. That made things easy.

“Hey.”

“Hello, Sans,” Papyrus said on the phone. “Undyne said I needed to call you to see if you or Frisk would like to join the mutiny?” He expected Sans to be surprised about it, but he strangely hadn’t been.

“I’ve gotta talk to Undyne. I’ll bring Frisk but I gotta take care of Tori and her wife-o too. Just found her lying in the street on the way to her work. She won’t be talking.”

“It might not be a good idea to bring the queen,” Papyrus pointed out. Undyne clearly heard it on the phone. “Maybe?”

Papyrus watched as Sans did just what he said. He was holding Frisk while Queen Toriel was holding her wife.

“Undyne, we got bigger problems than this that come first,” Sans said as he sat Frisk down on a bed. “Really, the old lab setting? I guess it works for working in private.” He gestured to

Papyrus. "Head to the ruins. Snow Poff should be in there someplace."

"The almighty royal one." Undyne didn't bow to Queen Toriel. "You had better have good reason for being here."

"So, uh? The world was practically stopped by the Nations so they could live forever in cannibalized timelines they turned into dream paradises," Sans said out loud. "Like I said, bigger things are happening."

"Th-that's, I d-don't get it," Alphys said.

Sans glanced to Papyrus. "Sorry, Pap. Gaster is gone now and so was the world we thought was real. This place is the real world."

What? "You are being bamboozled," Papyrus insisted.

"No. Gaster wrapped us up in his own dream world. His consciousness, it ended up there because the Nations used some of his tech," Sans told him. "He helped Frisk's dad out so time would start ticking again."

"What are you talking about?" Undyne insisted.

"The reason Queen Toriel never told anyone about why they held the kingdom together so tightly, but compromised so many dumb things, was to keep time safe," Sans told Undyne. "The Nations are powerful, like seven human souls to a boss monster powerful."

"They have created dream worlds," Tori said, also getting into the explanation. "I was afraid if I told the kingdom, they would want these paradises for themselves too."

"But, don't tell anybody," Sans warned Undyne. "They took the real world away from us, twice."

Papyrus kept wincing in his fear as Sans explained everything with the queen. They were in the real world, which had been slowed down. "I have to believe," he said to Sans. "What else would make us risk our lives to turn back time with a human? There was never anything concrete. Nothing that would be worth the effort."

"Only time breaking itself." Alphys looked toward Undyne. "It makes sense. I-If the nations have that much power combined, they could do that."

"Perfect Dream Worlds." Undyne just looked at her spear. "I've basically taken a couple of steps for almost two years? So that others can have dreams come true?"

Sans pulled out a funny looking keychain. "Gaster gave us time and a chance. But, Asgore and Tori won't be in control soon. The King of All Monsters, Durian, will have a way bigger army. Throwing others back into their own bodies disrupts the Nation's spell over our timeline."

"So, one by one, as Frisk kills in her nightmares, it keeps disrupting time but grows an army against everyone." Papyrus walked over to see her. "Oh, this is dreadful! Even if we could

wake her up.”

“Killing is keeping our time ticking, so we can't,” Sans finished for him.

“H-he'll just keep going until his army is big enough to take on the Nations,” Alphys pointed out. “A-and not even all of it, just the elite that are controlling everything on the surface.”

“I'm sorry,” Queen Toriel said as she bowed her head. “I'm sorry I didn't see this coming. I'm sorry I didn't trust my own kingdom.”

“I'm not,” Sans interrupted famously, probably to say something blunt. “I imagine a lot of monsters would have heard ‘paradise’ and left the kingdom.”

“He had Frisk attack New York City,” Papyrus stepped back into the conversation. “That was all humans. His plans are more than powerful magic, they sound devious.”

“C. I am so sorry.” The queen seemed to be in her own little world as Sans left for a little while. When he returned though, her arms being filled?

Meant Papyrus was first to hug someone else he was so scared for! “Snow Poff!” Snow Poff looked okay, but like he was real tired.

“Gas woke him and C up from the dead timeline before it ended. He was just walking around in the ruins. Not real far. Guess picking Underground for mutiny was logical.” Sans glanced at Undyne. “So you want to call off your army you were using against the kingdom maybe?”

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Sans addressed Undyne, Alphys, and Papyrus. He wasn't up to addressing everyone. Word spread in the kingdom, and Undyne was sharing with the uprising residents while Asgore was sharing with the regular residents. Both were in different positions, but they were being broadcasted the same way with help from Mettaton.

That helpful ghostbot was giving time to each cause, to let them all know this mutiny was dumb. Something way worse was happening. There wasn't much else to add or ask to it. All those details they needed were locked in Gaster.

So meanwhile, Sans stayed with Frisk. Poor girl continued to whimper. *Gas. How are we going to beat this?* Tori had chosen to stay behind too. She was taking care of her wife, as well as trying to talk to Snow Poff.

Snow Poff wasn't in the talking mood either. Only Papyrus had gone to the meeting for Asgore out of the little group there, to show his support to the cause, and to make sure facts weren't messed up.

“With every life my Frisk takes, she is helping our world tick,” Tori said out loud. “Yet with every life she takes, Durian gains that much more control. How did he get keys? How did he find Gaster?”

“Shot in the dark? Durian played obedient for a long time,” Sans told her. “Maybe they didn’t trust him, but he was still in their system. Enough money and you’ll find some greedy human. Once he entered into the worlds, Gaster probably sensed him? He’s um . . . he’s alive, just apart.” How hard it was to say that.

“Most of his family was wiped out. Once a king diminishes in power, usually the extended family that had nothing to do with things is eliminated,” she said softly. “Durian may have traces. Some women he used just like C. I don’t doubt though. Frisk will be a princess legally to two kingdoms soon.”

He hadn’t reared his head yet though in the real world. They still had time. “We have to let him win,” Sans said to her. “We got no choice. If I figure out some way to pull Frisk out, she’d stop throwing others into the real world. The Nations would slow it down again.”

“I know. He has to attack the Nations to win against them. When he is strong enough to win, he’ll be too strong for anyone to defeat but time will be safe again and the dreams will be over.”

“Unless we somehow get Frisk’s determination to work for us,” Sans said. “That’s what Gas wrote down. He didn’t say how. He never even said I’d figure it out, said Papyrus would.”

“Really?” Tori looked like her eyes were shining with hope.

“Yeah. He said it might take a few years or more though,” Sans revealed. Tori’s eyes lost that hope, until Cindy finally started to wriggle in her grip.

“Oh, I banged my head,” Cindy said as Tori held her close. “Uh? T?”

“C.” Tori pulled her upwards and into her arms. “Oh, C. You’ve been down for so long.”

“Is that really you? Did you really come back?” she asked.

“Dreamworld,” Sans simply answered. “Tori hasn’t been missing but you’ll never remember this world. It sucks. Tori loves you, just go with it and be happy the world is ticking.”

Cindy stared at him a time, giving him the heeby jeebies until she hugged Tori back. “Is what Sans saying true?”

“Yes,” she said. “Everything was taken away from us, but we are back,” she said confidently. She gestured toward Snow Poff. “So is my only son.”

Snow Poff still didn’t say anything. Instead, he went over and stood next to Sans.

“Sans has been raising him in the dreamworld that you remember,” Tori said to her. “He trusts him more than me.”

“Only right now,” Sans teased. “When the world’s all scary, who wouldn’t trust a funny skeleton guy?” Snow Poff would have to go over and talk to his mom soon though. “Kiddo. Wave to your stepmom.”



Snow Poff waved to Cindy.

“Seems like a sweetums,” Cindy said to Tori as she waved back. “Just take a little getting used to but I guess I’m up to relearning everything anyway.” She glanced one more time at Sans. “Frisk?”

Sans gestured to Tori. She could explain all that to her.

“Sans,” Snow Poff said pulling on his coat. “Frisk’s mom woke up. Can we please wake Frisk up? Can we help Gaster?”

Sans usually found it easier not to say anything if he had nothing to say. Snow Poff just nodded understanding that and tried to hide his tears.

Tori however noticed. “Asriel.”

“Snow Poff,” he insisted, the tears being heard now. He couldn’t bury them.

“Snow Poff.” Tori helped Cindy out of her arms and onto a nearby chair. She was still too wobbly to stand yet. She went over toward Snow Poff and held out her arms.

Just like Snow Poff, the kid couldn’t ignore the outstretched arms. It was a good sign for the kid. He cried in Tori’s arms.

Sans just glanced slightly at Frisk then at a wall as he heard Snow Poff’s words go off. The Skeletons were his family for about two years, and before that, there was a long gap of frustrated soulless loneliness as Flowey. Gaster was, basically, dead. Worse than dead, but dead summed it up. Frisk was stuck in dreams killing people. As much as Sans wanted her back, he couldn’t do anything as long as Durian’s bloodlust ran the show in her.

And especially, as long as her actions kept time ticking. “Sometimes winning doesn’t really feel like winning.”

# Screwed Over For Time

Two Weeks Later

“Do you got the popcorn?” Sans asked. “I got the Frisk.” He came down the stairs of their old place. Since the kingdom knew things would be happening soon, a lot of the old residents moved more to the space that they used to know. It felt safer in the times.

He watched Papyrus bring over the popcorn. “Strange to watch it with this.”

“Gotta have popcorn night, no matter what terrible thing we watch.” Sans sat Frisk down between them. Of course, she was still asleep. Sometimes she was in a nightmare scenario, but she seemed okay right now. He leaned her against his coat’s shoulder as Papyrus brought over the popcorn.

At first, Tori and Cindy were going to take Frisk with them to the ruins as well as Snow Poff. Since Frisk was still sleeping and a medical danger (at least that’s what Sans told him), it’d be better to keep her near him and Papyrus. Since Cindy’s mind was corrupted by Gaster, she seemed okay with them near her. They had after all taken care of her all this time and they were her doctors.

That and, as time went by, Sans’ mind got to pull some details that never made sense together. He talked them out with Tori. The messed-up wedding. The last moments Frisk remembered. They were supposed to be right before she was taken away to Dreamworld 996622. She couldn’t not know monsters or him though and be marrying him at the same time.

Something else had been going on, and when Durian gave them access to some records to keep the Nations out (aware of their skills apparently) he used it to find out why.

Frisk hadn’t just stayed in 996622. He found data of her being strewn across tons of dreamworlds.

Even Tori decided it was safer to leave Frisk mostly with them.

It made Papyrus feel a little better having her there too, and while they didn’t drag her around like a ragdoll all the time, they did keep her closer for bigger events unless things went wrong.

Besides, tonight was a big night. More than Mettaton was capturing the news tonight. It’d be good to feel Frisk’s warm soul during this time.

“What do you think they decided?” Papyrus asked him as he gave Sans some popcorn.

“I don’t know. Pointless to think about.” Sans placed the popcorn bowl between him and Frisk. Durian had already announced his leadership over the Nations. What was left of the elite on the surface was hiding away. He was also starting to enforce a say with humans using the humans of the dreams he kept too.

Now, he wanted some say over the Monster Kingdom. Tori and Asgore were out there, among the humans, giving a speech over the matter.

“What if he tries to take Frisk away again?” Papyrus asked.

“Why would he care? She’s killing in her dreams. Her real body doesn’t do anything else.” Durian didn’t care about her, why would he bother with her? “He could have taken her away a long time ago if he really cared about our Bernie.”

“Sans!” Papyrus of course got on him again. “Quit calling Frisk that! She isn’t dead like the human on Weekend At Bernies.”

“Nah. We just drag her around like a carcass,” Sans said, knowing he was angering his brother, which at the same time? Made them feel a bit more at home with the weirdness of the world.

Just like whatever they did last time on the surface a long, long time ago. Like knowing the world ‘cool’. They knew certain things without explanation. Small, simple things while they navigated real life.

Hopefully, Frisk would have some of that callback too. Even if it was a shared dream, it was still a life between them all. Even if it didn’t match the real world, it was still their lives. They didn’t belittle that time to meaning nothing.

Probably why Sans put popcorn in Frisk’s hand and then pretended to be sneaking popcorn from her while the TV played.

“I feel as if it is my honored duty to thank King Eustace Durian for making time move again,” Tori said on the TV. “The Monster Kingdom owes a huge debt to him for our safety and the rest of Earth’s. I know that humanity may be developing shock over the last several days of . . . news. My heart goes out to them as well.”

“However,” Asgore interrupted, “this shock isn’t really the right time to take over their governmental systems, in my opinion.”

“It is just an opinion,” Tori said, erasing any damage caused by Asgore’s words.

“How greedy can you get?” Papyrus complained to the TV. “Not only does King Eustace Durian want the monster race, he wants to rule the human race too.”

“King of all. He’ll just destroy the humans if they don’t listen. If monsters put up a fight, he’ll just take them out too,” Sans said bluntly. It was true. Whoever survived, Durian would take into his kingdom. With Asgore and Tori though being compromising and understanding, they might fly a little under the radar.

There were less than a thousand residents in the kingdom after all.

“Sans, will you stop shoving popcorn in Frisk’s hand only to take it again later?” Papyrus complained.

Eh. “I miss her,” Sans admitted as he stole more popcorn.

“Yes. I know. I do too,” Papyrus admitted. “Are you sure Gaster said the word ‘years’ until I figure it out? He didn’t mention you at all or say anything besides ‘years’?”

No. Gaster said years and he kept mentioning Papyrus. “He said I could seduce the determination to work for us, but he kept mentioning your name.” That was it.

“That was a terrible puzzle, may his soul rest in peace someday,” Papyrus criticized him. “I didn’t need a last puzzle that didn’t have enough clues.”

Papyrus was bitter about more than the puzzle. Gaster never said goodbye to him, but Sans understood it. Gaster was losing it pretty fast and he never would have wanted to talk to someone like Papyrus at that kind of ending.

“Even Gaster said it might not work,” Sans reminded Papyrus. “Like the more he said, the less he had faith it’d work.”

“But something to do with the fake part of the cliffnotes? The part about Frisk growing old and forgetting monsters?” Papyrus sighed. “She did forget monsters though. It’s still not enough. Even champion puzzle makers like us need the pieces to put the puzzles together. It? It feels like he’s leaving us a magic x and o puzzle but completely blocked every way with snowballs around it. Where’s the solution?”

It wasn’t the first time they had the conversation. It wouldn’t be the last.

“The Monster Kingdom has been granted the ability to stay out of the war between King Eustace Durian and the Nations,” Tori continued on the TV. “As long as we do not disrupt the pleasant dreams of . . . his . . .” She was gritting it through her teeth. “. . . daughter, who is in a coma and will be staying under the protection of our kingdom’s care.”

Durian himself came on screen.

“What do you think he is?” Sans asked Papyrus. “None of his kind around at all, Tori was right. He’s like a rabbit lizard. Rabbilizard.” They never had real advanced naming mechanics, it kept names simpler among them. “You’re part rabbilizard, Frisk. Pettable and slithery at the same time.”

“Sans,” Papyrus warned him. “Even if Frisk can’t hear, stop teasing her.”

“He was known as the Bat King in my folders,” Sans said, not really listening to Papyrus. “Bat King, but not a bat. Ran the bats? Maybe the last of the monsters he could control until he started using Frisk’s determination.” Something about what he just said? “He ran the bats, but he’s not a bat. I haven’t seen any of his kind before.”

“Yes, you said that,” Papyrus said.

“I don’t know why but that kind of terrifies me,” Sans said back.

“As for our properties,” Asgore continued on the television. “We won’t be trapped in any kind of a barrier, but because of war with the Nations, it is best if the Monster Kingdom, just stays in a decent circumference under or around the mountain.”

“In exchange for this, for our citizens,” Tori said, “we will allow any law changes that happened when we came back to be null and void. Our unwritten rules are back in effect. If you had a problem with the kingdom before, your problem may have been solved. If it hasn’t been, then please seek us out so we can remedy it. We cannot risk having disagreements at this time.”

“Right,” Durian agreed. “However if anyone does mess with my daughter in that kingdom, then I will take action against it. Easily.”

“Frisk *Dreemur* will remain fine,” Tori said, heavily accenting her true last name. “I would give my life to protect her.”

“Good.” Durian finally spoke. “No harm must come to her yet.”

“Why did he use the word yet?” Papyrus complained. “His speech is terrible.”

“His speech is terrifying.” Sans was starting to think about something horrifying. “What if Frisk *is* his only blood relative?”

“Then she’s princess. So?”

“So? How do you add more blood to the throne?”

“With children, but Frisk wouldn’t . . .?” Papyrus paused now. “Bad thought. Very bad thought, get out of my skull now!” He grabbed his skull.

Logical thought. “Whether asleep or awake, Frisk is gonna suffer.”

That miserable feeling deep inside him. It probably felt similar to when he was first sent down to the Underground. Now that Sans just put some dangerous pieces together with Papyrus? He realized he could slide down that bottomless pit of despair even deeper.

Deeper. The one who saved them, needed to be saved herself. Nobody could come and help her. Deeper.

Deeper yet deeper. He held onto Frisk tightly. *I am so sorry, Frisk. I don’t know how to save you without screwing over the world! Which is good because . . . I might just do that.* It wasn’t fair. Then, Frisk opened her eyes. Frisk was awake?! “Frisk?”

“Sans!” She took her arms and threw them around him so fast. “Don’t let go,” she muttered repeatedly, “please, don’t let go, don’t let go,” She muttered over and over.

Frisk. For the first time, Frisk was desperate for help. Desperate to escape. Sans didn't know what to say as he just held the crying Frisk. "It's . . ." What could he say? He couldn't make her feel better and say it was okay. They just got a big problem on their bony hands. "I won't let go, Frisk."

Sans had helped her before when she was healing, but her emotional vulnerability was off the charts. All he wanted to do was tell her it'd be okay and then joke and ask her for a chili dog. That's all he wanted to do.

It wasn't what he could do.

Papyrus nor him responded as Frisk held on. Sans just held her for several minutes as Papyrus started to check her vitals.

"All signs point to healthy and awake," Papyrus told his brother. "I don't think she will sink back down into the dreamworld." There was no peppiness in his voice.

"I followed the warm light outward and I'm here." She tried to snuggle as close to Sans as possible, she was practically on his lap. "That nightmare was so insane. It was like being trapped inside someone while they were mercilessly just killing everything. The worst nightmare I ever had." She wiped her eyes. "I never want to have that happen again as long as I live." She sniffled and looked at Sans. "Did you free me again?"

Sans didn't answer her. They definitely didn't get this credit.

Frisk touched his chin bone and looked at him concerned. "What's wrong?"

"Stuff. Just, I guess, let's concentrate on the good?" Sans pulled her closer to almost under his chin bone as he talked to his brother. "How did that happen, that's supposed to be impossible without keys or Gaster bringing her out." Now what?

"It was good to talk to you," Papyrus said to her. "It's really nice to chat like this and I wish it could stay this way. Frisk? My brother has something he needs to tell you."

What?! "Seriously, pin the explanation on me?" Sans complained. "I'm the just running away kind."

"Well, you're the one who secretly likes her," Papyrus said oh so casually. "It makes more sense that something close to a boyfriend talks about this with her."

Seriously?! Double trouble. Maybe one was worse, but Sans didn't want to really blurt out that second thing either. Not now.

Frisk was starting to blush though. "You . . . you want to say something?"

"Yeah." Oh. He could read those sweet eyes. "Heh. I wish I could invite you to Grillbys now."

"No, Sans, that is not what you were supposed to ask!" Papyrus scolded him.

“I know.” If only it were that. Sans took the arms that had been around him and pressed them together with his bony hands. “Frisk? Your nightmares are keeping reality ticking.” It wasn’t a surprise she was confused. “There had been a spell cast on reality. A super slow spell, and you broke it when someone grabbed you and made you start to kill against your will.”

“You were trapped in sort of like a dream environment,” Papyrus joined into the explanation after all. “Everyone there in the dream with you that you kill, are being sent to one of two places. Back to reality under the mind control of your biological father, or to their death.”

Hated it. Sans saw the fear in her eyes as Papyrus said that. Even if she didn’t get the details, she picked up enough. “Frisk.”

“I have to kill or time stops?” Oh, her breathing was picking up so fast. Her nerves were shot. “My nightmares are real?” She stared for oh so long, searching in his lightguiders for anything else. “I was really killing?”

“Some.” Boy, that answer sounded better in his head. “Some of the people were just memories. Killing them did nothing. Powerful monsters are sent back to reality and end up in Durian’s control. He’s your biological dad.”

Gaw! Sans wanted to erase the way she looked at him for forever.

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Frisk tried to relax as mainly Papyrus explained, with little moments of Sans adding to it. Mainly, time had slowed in the real world while they had been sleeping and had been living in a dreamworld. Papyrus and Sans both suspected it was more than a dreamworld, but timelines being manipulated into dreamworlds.

That really didn’t help her understanding. They really tried to hammer in a couple of points. Frisk was only 19 there because time moved so slow because of a spell casted by the Nations. She had apparently given the Nations the Monster Kingdom after, they suspect, something happened to Toriel.

Papyrus said they stopped it once by using time travel to undo what had been done. It had taken away a quarter of Papyrus and Sans’ lives. Meanwhile . . . “We were all living in a dreamworld with Gaster?”

“Yeah,” Sans agreed. “Yeah. It was a nice way to go, but it wasn’t real.”

“Then, I was abducted by the first King of Monsters, who is also my dad.” What a strange sentence. Yet? “Someone . . .” Oh she couldn’t go on with them of all people. She grabbed her throat and closed her eyes, the memory coming back. “He shoved power into me, giving me the ability to kill. Really kill.”

“Yes, and it saved us,” Papyrus said. “It *did* I mean. Now that you aren’t killing others, that spell won’t stay interrupted. We need to get rid of every Nationist that committed that spell or time will be ruined.”

How . . . was she supposed to react to that? “I have to go back down in dreams and kill innocent people?” It was wrong. It was so wrong! Frisk covered her head, burrowing it deeper into Sans.

“There’s one more thing,” Sans told her. “Durian wants his bloodline back. He’s going to expect a bunch of kids from you. Most likely, he’s going to harvest what he can from you when he’s ready for it.”

Harvest? “I don’t think I want to understand.”

“I don’t think you do either,” Sans answered back. “I don’t think he’ll use a method to kill you, that’d be dumb until he had any successful grandmonsters. I don’t think it’s something he’s jumping for right now. But.”

He didn’t need to go on. Frisk moved away from Sans finally. She usually didn’t just cling to him like that, but there was a strange light that she found that led her to him. She didn’t want to leave too far from whatever gave her the ability to get back.

She looked out the window. It was the Underground again. “So many explanations. I was hoping I wouldn’t just wake up to nothingness ever again. Can I get some of this stuff printed and stapled so I can study it?” She tried to joke. She didn’t succeed.

“Remember, your mothers are both here,” Papyrus told her as he came over. “Also, Sans. You have a date with Sans, that must be nice. He’s no me, but no one will be as good as a date with me, and he is my brother. That’s good progress for a human like you.”

Sans started to move from the couch. Unlike Papyrus he wasn’t shouting about a date. “Gaster destroyed the dreamworld we had been in with Snow Poff. That action should have given enough lives to keep reality ticking for a little while.” But not for long.

A whole dreamworld destroyed. Uncountable amount of lives, lost or brainwashed.

“She broke free from him,” Papyrus said to Sans. “If we find a way to get her back down into the dreamworlds, she can free others without sending them to his army anymore.”

So?! “Any weak soul I kill in a dreamworld dies! They don’t make it back.” That couldn’t be the answer. “I don’t want to go back down there.”

“You can’t, no one can get through the dreamworlds, your father blocked it off,” Papyrus mentioned.

“This whoever is not a father, he’s just a-a biological thing!” Frisk exploded on him. “He’s Durian. That’s what Sans called him, that’s what he is, case closed!”

“Oh. S-sorry,” Papyrus apologized.

“Mister B.T. blocked everything off,” Sans said to her. “He wants the dreamworld out, to brainwash all of them that remained, and take over reality. He got what he wanted from the dreamworlds. Used its magic and its rules. He’s done with them except for the continual use of you.”



“Then reality is just going to slow down to a crawl?” Frisk looked at the skin on her hand. There was only one choice. “Only he has access.”

“Yeah,” Sans said. “We can’t keep you being awake a secret, Frisk. I don’t want to do this, but B.T. has to put you back.”

That wasn’t fair. “He’s ruling the world. He knew about me, and he never had any plans except to make me kill, and make me keep his bloodline going.” That was it. “Bastard.” She scratched the wood next to the window. “I am not my mom!”

“Of course not,” Papyrus told her. “Your mother is much older, she sounds different and she’s in love with your other mom.”

“That’s, uh, not what she was referring to,” Sans told his brother. He stepped forward over to her side. “Don’t get splinters in your fingernails, Frisk.” He lifted her hand away from the wood. “You got any ideas how not to be your mom for B.T., I’m listening.”

Ideas. Frisk used to have great ideas. This one though? No, she had to figure out an idea. Otherwise, she’d have to surrender herself to Durian and let him shove her in a dream to endlessly kill. Not a choice.

Ideas. Ideas. Ideas. Frisk looked back toward Sans and Papyrus. “You guys are all geniuses.”

“True,” Papyrus agreed, “but I have no ideas.”

Frisk stared at Sans. Please. “Any idea at all?” Nothing though. “Is there anything else at all that could help?”

“Gaster said Papyrus might be able to figure something out,” Sans mentioned. “That’s it.”

Only Papyrus? “Maybe you need to come with me?”

“Killing duo? Sounds fab, don’t see how it would do anything but mess up my life too,” Sans said.

“I don’t know, but if Gaster kept saying just Papyrus when you are just as smart, then you must be somewhere else.” Sans wouldn’t just stand around and do nothing.

“Nah, I probably just stand around and do nothing,” Sans said back to her.

“He can get pretty lazy when he thinks he can’t make a difference,” Papyrus agreed. “Which is pretty much now. And lately. We just? Sometimes. Sometimes we can’t all really win. Sometimes there are no happy endings.”

“All we can do is keep time ticking,” Sans added softly. “If you don’t keep interrupting that spell, it’s over.”

No. Frisk didn’t want to believe it. “There must be something else.”

“We need to kill the rest of the spell casters of the Nations. We don’t really kill much?” Papyrus answered her. “It would also put our kingdom in danger. We cannot stand up to Durian’s army.”

“Kill the others here or there, or kill the entire kingdom itself,” Sans said to Frisk. “I guess it wouldn’t be death for them real fast. Not when reality goes into slow motion.”

The look on each of them. The words they used. *To keep reality ticking, I have to keep suffering. I have to go back? I can’t escape.* “I should have never woke up. You’re going to take me straight to Durian, aren’t you?”

“We don’t want to,” Papyrus assured her over and over. “Really, we don’t! It’s just that.”

“It’s just that you want time to keep moving,” she said. “Yeah, I get it!” Still. She didn’t want to get it. She didn’t want to understand. What kind of ending was this? “I wish we had never woken up. I wish Gaster was still here. I wish-”

“Reality is reality, we can’t live in dreams,” Sans told her. “We can sleep a ton, but reality is still there. Messing with it could break everything. Gaster only fixed everything up for us because he figured it was a better way to end it too.”

Yeah. Frisk knew that. She knew all of it. “Letting it end that way would have been better for me.” Instead, she couldn’t let reality down now.

“I’ll do it.” Sans pulled himself upward off the couch. “I’ll take you to Durian. I’ll make sure he gets you down right but I’ll make sure you aren’t suffering through the killing.”

“Yes,” Papyrus said softly. “There are ways to ensure you aren’t suffering through the killing.”

“But you can’t stop the killing?” she pointed out.

“No, but we’ll make sure you don’t suffer from it,” Papyrus said again. “Durian should be happy enough that we can work with however he puts you down.”

“You think telling me that I won’t feel suffering for killing everyone is going to make me feel any better?!” she yelled. “Don’t mess with my mind.”

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## **Nationist’s Sleep Institution**

Taking in Frisk. To her father. Even if it was to save reality, Sans already knew. It didn’t matter what he remembered or didn’t remember. From that day forward, he would have an inner sense of depression and miserableness no one would be able to get rid of.

And it served him right. Sans held Frisk in his own magic. She might be teeming with something close to limitless magic, but she didn't know how to control it. He easily could wrap his around her and make her come.

Her basic instinct to want to escape kept her struggling, but her mind knowing she had to do this, kept her from overdoing it.

Durian was already readying the equipment for Sans when Tori came in.

Tori wasn't happy with Sans, but it was nothing new. He wasn't happy with himself either. Not only that, but he was requesting something from Durian with Papyrus. Something Durian thought was a good idea too.

"This is wrong!" she insisted to Sans and Papyrus. "You two are absolutely wrong to make me do this!"

"This is being kind in the only way we are left t-to be kind," Papyrus told her. "Frisk won't suffer if you do this for her."

"Her memory will be corrupted," Tori insisted.

"Her memory is already gone. She doesn't know anything but me, Papyrus, Gaster and Snow Poff. She remembers that dreamworld. She doesn't know you or her biological mom, and she doesn't want to know Durian," Sans pointed out. "It's better to end it."

"It could hurt her mind." Tori stroked her daughter's hair. "Last time I gave it back, she remembered everything again. You told me that, Sans, her mind defied logic and she remembered."

Yeah. *It's the only small sliver.* Not a chance. Just something that didn't make sense, but it might help out in the future. One day. Maybe.

"I can't," Tori defied them.

"When Frisk woke up, she was miserable, Tori," Sans said firmly. "She was crying, curling up against me of all people, and begging for help. Does that sound like the Frisk you probably raised? This back and forth has already been changing her. Frisk would want this. It's the only thing we can give her."

"It would keep her mind fresh and working," Durian said to Tori. "Show your kingdom's allegiance to me in the most gracious of ways. You have the powers my own queen once had. Keep Frisk healthy and happy, and I'll keep the illusion going for her."

Tori kissed Frisk on her forehead while Durian looked back at Sans and Papyrus.

"Never thought the Skeletons would actually end up on my side," Durian questioned Sans. "Interesting."

Papyrus said nothing. He would never say something to offend royalty, but he wouldn't show any appreciation to Durian either.

So, Sans had to say something. “Can’t break reality.” That’s all Sans would say.

“Can’t break reality, King Eustace Durian,” he commanded from Sans.

“ . . . can’t break reality, King Eustace Durian,” Sans finished.

“No, you can’t, Sentry.”

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“Please!” Frisk begged as she looked at everyone. “There has to be another way.” She looked toward Sans, Papyrus, Toriel, and the third woman there she guessed was her biological mother.

She was over in the corner, her soul was too petrified to get close. Frisk could feel it. Scared. Horrified. Ashamed. Such deep shame. It ran so incredibly deep. Moving slowly, she wasn’t able to leave Sans’ magic grip, but it allowed her to turn around and face him.

There was nothing. Nothing in Papyrus’ face either. Both of them had lost any shred of hope they could help. Frisk glanced back at Tori. Even she had nothing on her that resembled any kind of hope.

“I’m sorry, Frisk.” The woman in the corner spoke up shakily. “I tried to never let it happen. In the end. My sweet girl that could’ve touched the stars still ended like me. Instead of getting fucked for money you are getting fucked over for time.”

Frisk watched everyone but Durian around her cringe with that comment. It was absolutely true though. At least, this Cindy Dreemur was honest about it.

Frisk watched Toriel hug her again.

“Your mother escaped that, and I know one day you will too.” Toriel hung on very tight. “I swear it. I know someone will do something one day to pull you from that hell.”

Just not that day. There was nothing for that day. Frisk felt Durian’s presence getting closer and she was starting to feel drowsy.

She also started to have a sense of foggiess as Toriel kissed her head again.

“May it all remain a looping dream,” she said to her.

Frisk felt her other mom’s soul approach. They both held her between them. Their souls, right there. *They feel so warm. I had no idea they felt so warm.* She knew it wouldn’t last long, but for that moment, it was hers. Coziness. Heat.

Love. *Life isn’t so bad . . . it circles around . . . things circle around . . .* she looked at her mother.

“May you never wish to turn your head in shame,” a voice said from her other side. “May you forget monsters exist when you complete your loop. May you enjoy yourself, and love

yourself. Killing is wrong, but not for you.”

*Killing is wrong, but not for me.*

“Killing is a choice. If you decide someone must die, they’ll be back again later.”

*They’ll be back again later.*

“Don’t ever feel bad, Frisk. No matter what. People love you. So many people love you.”

*People love me. Continue to kill. People love me.* As Frisk stared at her mother and heard those strange, comforting words, she also noticed someone else head forward in front of her.

“You got a large tech project and you gotta rule the world,” he said to Durian. “My brother Papyrus and I can watch and make sure Frisk keeps killing. Keeps everything on the right track with time. We just want a little somethin’ in return.”

“An official job designation?” The other . . . person? asked?

“Don’t do anything to Frisk. The only ones to mess with her are me and Papyrus from this day forward,” the other strange looking skull person uttered.

“Fine. For at least awhile I guess,” the other one decided. “You did rat her out which means reality means the world to you. Fine.”

“No kids and no experiments. We are in control of her completely.”

“For now. For at least twenty years. Maybe a hundred if you do a good job. With all of these extra souls coming to me, I have power to spare. Plus, Frisk isn’t a weak human. She’ll live at least two thousand years with my power. Maybe even ten thousand. The strongest human will outlive countless monsters.”

*What did he mean by the strongest human?* “We are all human. There are no such thing as monsters.”

“Right, Frisk,” one of the women holding her said. “I love you.” Her voice sounded dry. Harsh. “I don’t know if I’ll get a chance to see you again, hon, but if I don’t, just know that . . . ya know, I have nothing left to offer.” There was a whisper of something behind Frisk before the woman continued. “I wanted to say pretty words to you for the last ones, but I just can’t.” She started to cry. “I love you, Frisk.”

Frisk looked behind her as she felt a tighter grip, but saw nothing gripping her. Strange. Between the grip of no one, and the strange woman she didn’t know, they still felt warm though. Warm and safe.

Nice and safe. It felt so comfortable that Frisk closed her already tired eyes . . .

# King Snow Poff

## 100 Years Later

King Snow Poff Dreemur got out of bed and got dressed. He exited his castle and walked along his way to greet his residents like every morning. It was traditional. He would walk from his place in New Home, through some dilapidated motel in Hot Lands, through the beauty of Waterfall, through the small charm of Snowdin and to the base of his mother's old door.

His moms were both buried there. His human mother lived to be about 85, which was pretty good for a human. His biological mother Toriel, she had passed away soon after his other mom. That was nearly fifty years ago now. Although she faded to dust like any other monster, she wanted her dust buried next to her wife.

Their gravestones were getting older to read, but neither wanted much on them. They just wanted their names, with the word hope underneath it.

His father had no gravestone, but he passed on about seventy years ago. Living in a time with more direct royalty had worn him down. He had scattered his dust over by his castle.

Living beneath King Eustace Durian was no joke. He wasn't allowed to use the name Asriel Dreemur, although he had eventually gotten used to it from his mother again. No, Durian liked the Snow Poff name. It was supposed to remind him he was meaningless. Small and meaningless.

Their Dreemur Kingdom was still the only one besides Durian's Kingdom. Snow Poff had taken his natural role as king, and played it the same way his family had done. By helping any of his citizens out that he could each day.

His father Asgore had done that until the end of his life. His mother Toriel did the same thing with his mother Cindy. Now, he did it. On his way back, he saw his friend Papyrus.

He had gone through a lot with him, he still felt almost like a kind of family connection. "Morning, Papyrus."

"Hello King Snow Poff!" Papyrus said with a hearty attitude. That was just like him. "Is there anything that I, the Great Papyrus, can do for you today?"

"Doubtful," Snow Poff answered. "Unless you have any other news?"

"No. No, nothing," Papyrus said as Undyne appeared from behind. "Hello, Undyne."

"Hey." Undyne approached Snow Poff and bowed. "Sorry to intrude, Sir. There are some rebels on the outside of our borders who are begging an audience with you."

Oh. Rebels. It was the name lovingly given by King Eustace Durian to the former Nation citizens. Small in number. Seeking entry to speak with them would be dangerous, but so was the risk they were taking. Even Undyne was being nice enough to give him the option. "I'm sorry, but I'm not entertaining anyone who isn't from our kingdom."

"A wise choice." Undyne followed her duties as the royal guard, but she also had her own thoughts about the situation. They had matched his. "We'll fight if they come closer. It's not worth it to give them the upper hand."

Of course it wasn't. No outsider would ever be allowed in his kingdom. The only real source for freedom was the Dreemur Kingdom, in their simple Underground dwelling. The residents could leave as they wished, he didn't use the strict rules of his father.

The citizens knew the truth though. All there was left were cowering human communities that compromised with Durian, and the hiding rebels of the former Nations.

Boy, when he thought about it all too long, sometimes, his mind and wishes reverted backward. Back to a past not befitting for the king to remember. Back when the world was his to control. *If I was still Flowey, I would destroy these rebels at my borders. I would destroy those damn spell casters. I would destroy Durian. I would destroy any traitors who dared to mess with my family!*

Frisk had been like a sister. Such a nice human, forced into the wickedness of a role in hell. She had deserved so much better, but time wouldn't let her have anything better.

Then, Sans. The one he once called the Smiley Trashbag. He had disappeared almost a century ago, shortly after losing Frisk to sleep again. Snow Poff couldn't blame him, Sans was an easily depressed lazy person. When he lost Frisk and Durian made the world more miserable, he must have just wanted to wander off.

Papyrus still worked with Frisk every day, to make sure she was still keeping time ticking. Not only that, but it ensured King Durian didn't get his hands on her. Even Snow Poff would put up an argument the day he finally resorted to take Frisk away.

Papyrus made himself essential to the computer use and Frisk's welfare. He updated the computer systems with new options, which Durian loved, but he also put many things like his certain magic pattern as a password for security.

Snow Poff would give him credit, Papyrus was smarter than others took him for. It made him feel safer about his sister. It would be wonderful if Papyrus ever figured out how to save Frisk, but it would be like trying to save Gaster. Nearly impossible.

Oh well. At least she'd never have to see the graves of those she once knew and loved, having left so long ago. She wouldn't see what Durian had done to the entirety of the world. She would never see how monsters of the kingdom could go out into the sunlight but feared straying the kingdom and chose the darkness. "Oh."

Maybe there was some dismay though. Snow Poff saw his kingdom's 'ally' standing in front of him. "King Eustace Durian." Snow Poff respectfully bowed, not wanting to anger him. "I

am not used to seeing your presence. Howdy. Your daughter is doing fine still, Papyrus has made great strides in the program taking care of her.”

“How funny that I’m not allowed to see that,” Durian shot back to him. “Papyrus could be more helpful. I don’t have any access to anything unless he’s around, and I am going to want my human soon.”

“Frisk is keeping time ticking,” Snow Poff said, “so what could you possibly want with her? Interrupting her journey could have dangerous consequences. Even as little as an hour away from the dreamworld could send our reality crashing back into slow motion.” That excuse had worked for him several times, but they were entering year 100. Even Durian would eventually want the only blood relative he had.

Durian had no choice. He had grown too old to have any more children, looking at 100 years or less to live now. The power he held was in his winnings and strategic moves. The physical magic power all lied in Frisk. He gave her way more than he should have, but he learned that too late. “You’re a young king, Boy,” King Durian belittled him. “It’s best not to remind your kingdom your 50 years too young to even want to marry yet. Don’t you think?”

Showoff.

“I want you to accompany me to a visit with Papyrus,” he beckoned him. “I have a feeling your obedient skeleton might actually want to put up a fight for what I want. It’d be a shame if something happened to him. Countless hours restoring security measures or Frisk sentenced to her dreamworld without any extra security.”

“I’ll follow.” Snow Poff wouldn’t embellish more than that. He had a bad feeling about what Durian wanted, but he’d make sure Papyrus made it through whatever he wanted.

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When King Snow Poff arrived, Papyrus was already in an argument with a strange looking human. An intruder in his kingdom? “What’s going on?”

“Sire!” Papyrus pointed at the intruder. “This hooligan is trying to change the security measures on my equipment!”

“He isn’t a hooligan, and he’s here on my behalf,” King Durian said to Papyrus. “It’s been 100 years. You’ve done well with my daughter’s security, but I need her back now. I am getting older. She’s the last remaining descendent. Even the straggler children failures are all dead but her.”

“You cannot risk leaving her away from the dreamworld,” Papyrus warned him. “There is no telling how close the spell casting of slow motion is to catching up. Even if you did take her for nefarious things, the act of pregnancy would certainly take her out of it for far too long. I don’t have anything that they used to have for the dream hospitals.”



“There was no need for it. They just had the babies from the destroyed timeline. It doesn’t involve this world.” Durian wouldn’t seem to fall for just any ploy. “I need her to have one here.”

“There isn’t enough time,” Papyrus insisted. “She cannot be away for too long.”

“Can you make her kill more to get more time faster?” Durian asked.

“No. It’s not the amount, it’s the tempo in which they come. A tempo must consistently disrupt the timeline to break the slow motion spell,” Papyrus said. “I studied it for years to try and extend it, but it cannot. Whether the person dies or makes it back to the timeline, it disrupts the spell. Only when they are the ones born there does it not get interrupted by death.”

It was interrupted even when a weak soul with a body was killed? Snow Poff didn’t know that. Papyrus must have mastered that equipment by now. “There isn’t a way to take her to add to your family, King Eustace Durian.”

“What good will it do to keep reality going if my bloodline cannot increase and I die? Then it won’t matter,” he insisted. “I have a slow plan to finally pull Frisk out. She’ll be out before it’s due.”

A way to get Frisk out?

“There is no way to safely take Frisk out,” Papyrus assured him. “I, The Great Papyrus, would have found it ages ago if it existed.”

“It is a matter of trust.” Durian gestured to the person Papyrus had just called a hooligan. “It’s less about power and the fact killing must continue. You have made some tremendous upgrades to the dreamworld that helped her stay saner. Those conditions can now be manipulated into something else even more special. This? Is Donovan.”

Papyrus eyed the new person suspiciously. He looked strangely human.

“My names Donovan.” Donovan held out his hand to Papyrus. “It’s best we shake hands. Don’t you think?”

“Donovan.” Papyrus didn’t seem happy, but he also didn’t seem as panicked either. He shook his hand. “Are you the wannabe father?”

Donovan shook his head. “Oh no. I am going to get the dreamworld whipped up into a frenzy just right so that Frisk will be able to get away and have babies in this world.”

Babies? Now Durian wanted babies instead of a baby? “I consider Frisk part of my kingdom,” Snow Poff told Durian. “While I abide by your rules in many things, I would be a terrible king if I just let you do what you will with one of my residents while they sleep.” Especially it being Frisk!

Durian stretched his arms and waved a little bit, almost losing his balance. “Oh, it’s not like I’m going to have someone take her while she’s asleep. I don’t care who the father is as long

as it's a full monster. I don't want any extra human blood anymore, I only did that because I needed the determination. The Durian bloodline needs to be stronger." He gestured toward Papyrus. "You have a scientist you work with sometimes?"

"Alphys Undying?" Papyrus didn't look good. "Yes. Sometimes."

"Pick the best match please. Try not to pick a froggit or something," he insisted. "Anything strong will do."

Anything strong will do? They were in trouble. Frisk was in trouble. It had finally come time to free Frisk, but it wouldn't be for very long. Only to have a baby. This was beyond anything Papyrus could handle. The bloodline of the child would have a royal call to the throne of Durian though, not just the child itself.

Durian was getting older. Another hundred years and all of the brainwashing would die along with him. But. Snow Poff didn't want to endure another hundred years just to see what the bloodline would do.

"Not you either." Durian seemed to understand what Asriel was thinking. "Mixing the Dreemur bloodline and the Durian bloodline wouldn't be smart. It would just hand your entire kingdom over to my side in one swoop. I prefer separation, so that you can deal with *this* business of Frisk without extra eyes on my kingdom."

Shoot. He could have trained a son or daughter to be decent on the throne after Durian passed. Then again, it would have been weird. Frisk had been like a sister. A dear friend. No one had really had Frisk's heart except Sans.

And Sans was long gone. Not like he'd want to be an option anyhow.

"I suggest the other skeleton that left a long time ago, Sir," Donovan said to Durian. "Skeletons are super intelligent. Look at what Papyrus has done so far."

"What?!" Papyrus yelled.

"Let it be known far and wide, advertise it. He'll eventually come pattering along. Then, maybe with him, Papyrus could pull off what he's wanted to for so long," Donovan said. "Bring Gaster back. Then maybe we can free your daughter for good, Sir."

Papyrus growled. "How do you know about that?!"

"I spied on you to learn some of the layout. I didn't want to go into a place I didn't know real well," Donovan insisted. "The more I understand it, the better my options in it. I even alerted Alphys before we even arrived of the best choice."

"Putting your best foot forward, good, Donovan," Durian complimented him. "I appreciate initiative."

"You cannot pull that off," Papyrus told Durian. "Clearly, Sire, it's impossible. No monster gave any of their DNA until after Frisk was booted away. My miserable, lazy, selfish brother took off before that. Anyone else in the kingdom is fair game, but not him."

A well-played lie. The Dreemur Kingdom had actually had its residents prepared for that. When Frisk was alive and before Durian gained so much control of the world, the Nations made their demands clear about children.

Snow Poff's mother and father did everything they could to make the transition easier. Oh yes. Sans DNA was in fact there, but Papyrus was willing to play a dangerous game of lies. It might work. After Frisk was in the dreamworld for good, there was a command to stock every monster's DNA. If he found a way to free Frisk, he'd use the best ones on her best eggs.

Yes. Durian spoke of it that openly. Sick man.

"The Dreemur Kingdom already had a stock, don't try lying," Durian called Papyrus out. "You're sweating profusely. It's a dead giveaway."

Well, shoot.

"He wouldn't come back just because of such a simple thing. Family m-means nothing to him." Papyrus was trying. "He left a hundred years ago. He was . . . he's not gonna just show up out of the blue for this."

"Actually?" Durian looked at Papyrus. "Skeletons are quite powerful and intelligent. A nice mix but quite low in numbers. By making it part skeleton it could bring even more power to the bloodline." He smiled. "Yes, and I would be helping the birthrate as well. Sounds good."

"Does not sound good!" Papyrus warned him again. "My brother won't care, he will not care and he will not show up!"

"I don't care. Skeleton is a strong match for the bloodlines," Durian admitted.

"Damn it!" Papyrus yelled. He looked toward Snow Poff. "King Snow Poff! King Asriel Dreemur? Please?"

*Oh. I have say so over our kingdom, Papyrus, but lives will be in peril if I stand up to Dreemur about this. His little upstart henchmen even contacted Alphys already, I can't tell her to fake it. He'll be present too. Maybe she'll be smart enough to just grab someone's from the yes columns?* The yes column monsters Magic DNA were monsters that didn't mind having children if it helped others.

There wasn't a proper guess he could make for Alphys, but he didn't want Papyrus to be killed over Durian's request. "Well? I could stand up and say no, Papyrus, but Durian would wage war and everyone with the concept of freedom for the kingdom will die. Especially Undyne, she'll be the first. Alphyne would surely do something stupid after his mother's noble death, bad ending for your kid. I'm the king too, so naturally I would have to fight and clearly die. All just to save Sans of, what again? Fatherhood that you say he wouldn't even show up for anyhow?"

"Oh, I hate it when you talk like that," Papyrus complained. "King Flowery."

Eh. It got the point across. King Snow Poff just smiled at Durian. “Only kidding, King Eustace Durian. Skeletons have a strange sense of humor. I was merely entertaining my resident.”

Durian nodded. “They do have strange sense of humors. Good, I’m glad there isn’t actually trouble.”

“Trouble?”

King Snow Poff spotted Alphyne. It looked like he was right ahead of his mother, Alphys.

“I-I got the message.” Alphys walked in right behind her kid. “Papyrus? I-it’s the right message, right? I am watching Alphyne today while Undyne helps out with the border issues.”

“I can help out with that border issue,” King Durian insisted. “My pleasure for all the help you are giving me, King Snow Poff.”

“Oh no, it’s just a small thing. Gives Undyne a nice work out,” Snow Poff answered back. He looked toward Alphys. “It puts a check mark in the yes column for her. Right, Alphys? The yes column?”

Alphys didn’t seem to catch the hint, but neither did anyone else.

Not much choice. “This shouldn’t take very long. The boy can stay.”

“The boy is bored,” Alphyne complained. “I’d rather be in the middle of the action.”

“Not this action,” Papyrus said as he moved his boy away from the controls.

“Come on, please? I’m almost over 50 now,” Alphyne said. “It’s such incredible technology, Papyrus.”

“Not until at least 150,” Papyrus insisted. “Alphys, he can stay but he cannot touch the equipment. The world won’t be at stake because he pushed a green button instead of a blue one.”

“Yeah,” Alphys agreed. “A-Alphyne, over here. Now isn’t the time to fight to see the machine. Y-your momma Undyne won’t be happy either.”

Oh Alphyne. The reason Papyrus wouldn’t be able to father Frisk’s child, he already had one in the way they would use. Alphys and Undyne wanted a kid fifty years ago, and Papyrus being the wanting to help fellow he is, wanted them to be happy. He used his stock to father a child with Undyne through Magic DNA.

With magic DNA, they could only offer it every fifty years. The only other way would be physical and that wouldn’t ever happen. So? No go for saving his brother this time. Papyrus didn’t have much choice. “Behind you again, Papyrus,” Snow Poff informed him.

“Huh?” Papyrus stopped Alphyne again. “This is not candy!”

“Can’t I just peek into the other world? Oh come on,” Alphyne argued. “The displays are only on the far-left side and I’m on the far-left side, I can’t accidentally touch anything. Come on, you keep teaching me with diagrams, let me see the controls.”

Durian started to chuckle. “Geez. Kids are funny but a handful. Glad I left that to someone else.”

“Not a course I would ever choose,” Undyne said as she came in as well. She kneeled toward King Snow Poff. “Sire, the rebels backed away again. Why is my son in here?”

“Y-you don’t want to know,” Alphys said as she brought out a vial. She adjusted her glasses.

“Hm? Oh, no way! Alphyne is enough for now, no more kids,” Undyne mentioned. “At least another 50 years. You freaked out every time I fought.”

“Your belly was so huge, like a target for e-enemies. It was scary,” Alphys pointed out.

“No more children at all. He’s a handful enough as it is,” Papyrus said. “If we do have more it’d be at least another 150 years! Then he’ll be grown up enough to be more helpful in controlling a little brother or sister.”

“Yeah. Not an easy task.” Undyne went over by Alphyne and picked him up. “He’s got my guts, but the love of tech instead of fighting drives me crazy.”

“But entertaining,” Alphyne said. “I changed the temperature slightly in the perceived so Frisk will feel warmer mentally when traveling through Snowdin.”

“Oh, now P-Papyrus will have to fix that.” Alphys moved over toward Undyne. “N-no, this vial is not for you. It’s for S-Sans the Skeleton a-and Frisk.”

Papyrus ruffled his son’s head. “Temperature adjustment can ruin the illusion, she must stay colder in Snowdin. Many more lessons to teach you, that’s why we work with diagrams, so do not press . . .?” Papyrus seemed distracted by something on the screen.

Very distracted.

“Let’s move this along, Alphys.” Snow Poff looked toward Papyrus again. “Could you open the security of Frisk’s for her?”

Papyrus’ rebellious nature to protect his brother seemed to have disappeared. He tapped in some buttons without even a simple retort and a door flew up. Behind it was Frisk, still looking as young as the day she’d been thrown in there a hundred years ago.

King Snow Poff moved closer, also noting that Papyrus didn’t bother to come in.

“I-I’d like a little privacy,” Alphys insisted as she moved near Frisk. “Y-you can check later on it. A-Alphyne? Go with Papyrus and your other mom.”

Alphyne looked closely at Frisk. “So that’s where my cousin is gonna come from?”

“Come on.” Undyne grabbed him again. “Come on, let’s go check on the border again. We’ll make sure the intruders stay away. Let your mom take care of things here.”

As everyone left, King Snow Poff and Durian still stayed. Durian would insist, and Snow Poff wanted to make sure Alphys still felt safe.

Alphys looked at them, but got the hint. “C-cats are also strong and wise?”

“They aren’t rare,” Durian said. “The only skeletons alive are all trapped. Still cats out on the surface. Even primitive cats, they roam the lands in great numbers.”

“Alphyne is almost 50. Papyrus might be able to conjure up enough?” She tried again.

“So early? More of a chance of failure, and that hurts everyone if this fails,” King Snow Poff reminded her. “He’s in the no column. The opposite of the yes column. The nice monsters that want to be parents.” *Anything at all registering to her?* Nope, didn’t look like it. “We need it to succeed to get Sans to show up. He won’t show up if it still fails.”

Yes he would, the rumor alone would make him budge if he was in a place to get back. *Come on, Alphys.*

“Sans isn’t even here,” Alphys said, looking toward King Snow Poff. “Th-the rules for this kind of thing was always to ask.”

“We always ask any resident in my kingdom openly,” King Snow Poff agreed. He wrapped his hands around his mouth and yelled. “Sans the Skeleton, do you mind if we make you a father?!”

Alphys gave him a sour look.

King Snow Poff held his hand to his ear. “Hm? Nothing. Oh yes, that’s right, he isn’t part of this kingdom anymore. I guess that means he is in the yes column.”

“F-fine, King Snow Poff. I guess I have no choice.” Alphys sighed. “I-I’ll be godmother then. I owe that to Papyrus.”

“Sounds good,” King Snow Poff said tired of dropping clues. Alphys was not picking up on them. “I don’t think Frisk will stick around long after birth. If Papyrus does figure something out, that would be great. If not, well, Alphyne has company.”

Alphys performed what she had to.

King Snow Poff mostly looked away. He assumed she was doing fine, and was watching Durian instead. He didn’t look like Snow Poff was missing anything. Durian’s nose wiggled and curled in disgust. “Would you like to stay for a luncheon with me? I am having marinara pasta and jello.” He couldn’t help himself.

Durian turned and glanced back at King Snow Poff. “No luncheon. I will be leaving soon, prior things to do for my kingdom.”

Snow Poff turned slightly to see the back of Alphys. “Done?”

“Yes,” she insisted. “I don’t get it, why involve Sans in this? H-he isn’t even here anymore?”

“Curiosity. Gaster was brilliant. If Papyrus could bring him back with Sans? He might be able to restore Frisk.” He nodded. “It’s worth a try. Papyrus has been working with that technology for so long, I am willing to bear some anger for the chance to save her and Gaster.”

“Getting her out would make it easier to restore the bloodline of Durian,” Durian said. “I already won a long time ago, it would be better to end this. Get her set up with a proper family to train. Like the very old days, before all this mess.”

“What? W-why give her a baby now if you plan on marrying her off later?” Alphys asked him. “King Eustace D-Durian?”

“Oh, no marriage. That will be for the next in lines. I don’t need anyone fighting me for my own throne while I live,” he announced. He looked over closer to Frisk. “The present is taken care of. I need to rescue the future for my legacy.” He glanced toward Snow Poff. “Don’t worry. After everything we’ve done for our respective kingdoms, I will let you continue to reign. I might actually get a few more extra kingdoms out there again soon,” he admitted. “It’s fine, and not everyone can take care of every dilemma. Ruling king. Subordinate kings. As long as no one is stupid enough to create Nations again, or try to break out from their place.”

“I know my place,” King Snow Poff said. “Walk around and take care of my residents problems. Everything else is your command.” Unless Frisk could finally leave.

Then she’d be Queen of All Monsters one day.

“Hm. Maybe I should intermingle the future subordinate kings? Get some leaders that are humans.” He stroked his chin and walked away. “Yes, then we could all be on the same page again. Industry and progress would blossom again. I’ll have to look into human and monster leaders.”

After Durian left, King Snow Poff went toward Alphys who was cleaning up after the operation. “He is a tricky one to deal with. The wrong moves and Papyrus could have died today. I am glad something distracted him. By the way, you didn’t actually impregnate Frisk with Sans Magic DNA, did you?”

Oh. Yes. That’s why it was good to be the king. Alphys wasn’t one to get angry, but he could tell he struck a nerve. “B-b-but it was made very clear to use Sans the Skeletons, S-sire.”

“We just have to get him to come back home, so Papyrus can free Gaster. There was no way Durian would have known the truth, part humans tend to look human no matter what,” Snow Poff told her. He sighed. “Boy oh boy, I hate to be in your shoes.” He left the room and looked toward Papyrus. “You won’t believe what Alphys actually did. Why are you still staring at the monitor?”

“K-king Snow Poff, y-you said to choose him,” Alphys said toward him. “That’s not . . .”

“King Snow Poff still has Flowery memories,” Papyrus said toward her. “It is a disease, not part of the king. A fallback mentally when things get serious. He’ll be back to normal soon.”

“I kept saying the yes column and you didn’t pick it up. Ugh,” Snow Poff said with disgust. “So annoying.”

“Durian is thinking highly of his legacy, when will you be thinking of yours, Sire?” Papyrus quipped at him.

Ooh. Backtrack. “Nice job. Good day everyone. Cross your paws for good luck.”



# The Skeletons Meet Once Again

Sans the Skeleton drank his ketchup down. He was on about his fourth now. Anniversaries sucked, but this one seemed like a hard one. “Hey, another one there, Buddy,” he requested. “Plus a fry.”

“Here’s some fries,” the person said as they gave them to him.

“It’s fry, not fries.” Sans took the fries.

“You want some ketchup there for the fries too?” the counter person asked.

“Nah, just to drink,” Sans answered. “What kind of weirdo puts fries on ketchup.”

“You don’t look too good today, Sans. You seem almost . . . grumpy. You alright?” the counter person asked.

“Eh.” He’d leave it at that. He cracked open the ketchup and looked at it. It was halfway gone already. Man, they lowered the ketchup per bottle? “Not much ketchup. What is this, treason?” Sans understood it though. It’s the same reason he could talk in that restaurant between monsters and humans and have there be no brawl. Under Durian, they were all the same. All expendables.

Durian was a ‘peaceful ruler’. He kept the peace by doing things like sentencing humans to death for saying something bad to a monster and getting it caught on video. It was also the opposite, if a monster egged on a human to fight with any proof, death too.

Proof was easy too.

Phone anonymity was replaced early on in Durian’s reign. Each person got a free phone, with tracking data that tracked everything they said or sent. Even something as simple as texting a threat could get others in trouble.

Phone was optional, but the trackwatch, that wasn’t. A person wasn’t allowed out of their house without it on or they’d go to jail. It tracked everything that was said or shown around them. A good deal of lazy people just had a common operation to fuse it to their skin.

Sans was lazy but he wasn’t that lazy. That getting attached to bone wouldn’t exactly be easy, either.

But hey, peace through feared violence. It left everyone in a friendly manner to each other because no one felt like dying. Sans checked his second bottle. He had to be careful of his jokes too. Couldn’t make fun of the wrong person. He’d gotten blamed for making threats against a human one time, when it was just a joke.

He had to apply for what was called a ‘joker’s license’. It enabled him to make jokes a little stronger, but he still had a limit as to what he could use.

“How many Sans the Skeletons are there?” someone asked from nearby him.

“None I know of pal,” Sans joked. “Unless I’m forgetting someone.”

“You just became a dad, Skellafella.”

Sans looked back at the human that said that. He couldn’t process how that joke worked. Then, he saw it on the TV. The simple TV in front all the restaurants tended to keep muted. People that wanted to hear it would just use their own phones to connect with it to hear. Never bugged anyone that way.

“Latest news tonight, King Eustace Durian is excited for the future,” the newscaster said. “They are getting closer to freeing his daughter, Frisk Durian, that the Dreemur Society has been taking care of.”

*They are getting closer to freeing Frisk?* Ah, please don’t let it be social media just taking a rumor or making something up and calling it an accident?

Sans glanced at his phone. It had been a long time since he spoke to Papyrus. Since he connected to him at all.

“She is also apparently expanding his legacy. The leader of the Dreemur area assured everyone that she was not harmed in the operation to do that.” The news media lady kept a professional face, but some concern could be seen on her face. “There will be an interesting competition set forth for the next nine months to decide the best name of King Eustace Durian’s first grandchild. A prize of 50,000 will be given to the three final participants.”

Participants. Contest.

“Oh, everyone’s going to be going after that,” the person on the other side said out loud. “Does everybody get one try? Multiple?”

Participants. Contest. Grandchild.

“Everyone in all communities is allowed to participate, but the winner will only be chosen by the father, Sans the Skeleton. Entries will be counted starting today.”

The . . . “The fuck she just say?”

“How about Martha?” The person next to him asked. “Martha’s a pretty name. Sounds pretty.”

“Hu Thao is less classic sounding than Martha.”

“Evicta? That sound like a good name, Sans?”

“Evita.”

“That is way too close to Evicta!”

“Avita.”

“Bonita.”

“Wait, wait.” The other person on the other side of Sans patted his shoulder. “You were a monster from the yes column, huh? Never know when that bites back. How about Fries, I bet your personality would like that? Fries the Skeleton?”

“No, no!” The counter person grinned at Sans. “Fry! You hate Fries, you like Fry. What about a little baby called Fry?”

Sans moved away from his spot and started to head out of the restaurant. *I’ve gotta talk to Papyrus, this is no joke!*

He doubted his brother would keep the same number after 100 years, but he dialed it anyway. It was better than making his way all the way back to find out what to do.

“Sans?! Hey, I heard the news!” Another buddy of his came over to him and started walking next to him. “How about a cute mix like Frans or Srisk? Oh, Srisk doesn’t sound good.”

“You know what?!” Sans was reaching his limit on keeping it cool. “Buddy, I am not in the mood right now at all.”

“Hey, if you put your name in the yes column-”

“I never put my name in the yes column!” He yelled back as he started to walk away again. He was about to dial the number when he got a new call.

This one? This one he had to take. “Sup?”

“Am I allowed a guess too? Are you okay, Snacks?”

Heh heh. “I don’t think you’re going to get that high on the list. I’m going to contact Papyrus here in a bit.”

“Well, maybe it’s time then. Bye, Snacks.”

Sans hung up and dialed the number, hoping for a miracle.

*Hello, you have reached Papyrus! I do not legally use this phone anymore but if you have need of me now you can reach me at this number!*

Sans remembered the new number. He dialed it.

It rang with no answer as he continued to walk.

“Congrats, Sans! You are related to royalty now.”

Sans ignored the random congrats, dialing the phone again.

“That wasn’t right.”

Sans looked beside him at someone he'd seen multiple times but usually didn't speak much.

"Frisk Durian isn't even awake, so how was she able to be in that decision? It wasn't . . ." she stopped. She probably remembered about always being heard and watched as she looked at it. "Good luck."

Sans just nodded. At least that was a more empathetic discussion. He dialed the new number again.

"Hello?" That voice didn't sound like his brother.

"I'm looking for Papyrus?" Sans asked the person on the phone.

"He isn't here right now."

"Alphyne, off the phone!"

"Oh come on, I know this one, there's not that many buttons, Mom."

Mom? *Who the heck is answering Papyrus' phone?*

"Who is this?"

Oh, that was Undyne's voice. "Hey. It's Sans. Got some questions?"

"You need to get down here, Papyrus can get Gaster out, which can get Frisk out, if you get down here and help."

"I was more interested in the fact I'm judging a name competition for a kid I never signed up for," Sans told her.

"Yeah. It was just to get you to come down. Doesn't that piss you off, Sans? Alphys did it. Papyrus let her in, only watched by King Snow Poff and Durian. Nothing for him to worry about, he has his own life to live! Did you even know you have a nephew?"

"A nephew?" Papyrus was a dad? "Was that the kid on the phone at first?"

"Yeah. He doesn't like dad, feels like it's weird, but he's a good one! And he's a good brother! And where the hell are you?! Are you just going to leave your new family member too, or are you going to get your pelvis down here and do something helpful?!"

"Do you got Papyrus' number?" He'd rather talk to Papyrus.

"You got it. We all live together," Undyne said. "You want the lab number? Fine."

Sans heard the new number. He was mentally preparing for everything he was about to hear. Then, he'd have to reveal some stuff to him too. *This call. I've been dreading this call.* He did it though. One more time. This time, confident he'd hear his brother's voice.

"Hello, Papyrus here!"

Yeah. It was so merry. Carefree. That'd change in a few seconds. "Pap."

"Ah." Yeah, the cheeriness drained from his voice. "Sans."

"Hey? Heard some things about me and Frisk," he started. "Could you fill me in?"

"Yes, I found a way to get Gaster out. I need assistance and Alphyne is too young to help. With Gaster's brilliance, he can probably help us out with Frisk. She will be carrying your child someday, an infernal assistant to Durian insisted it be you."

"Someday?"

"Yes, the first try was today."

First try? It took more than one first try. MagicDNA was a pain, for pregnancy or power, and it would have to be injected at certain times for a long time to get anywhere. It didn't take much per injection so one stock of it was always enough.

First try. That probably didn't even make a dent. "She's not pregnant. I thought this thing was confirmed."

"It's by Durian's wishes, so it's going to happen, like it or not. Durian's assistant made it clear."

"Assistant?" Second time Papyrus mentioned that to him. "Who's that?"

"His name is Donovan."

"Oooh." Interesting. "Same one who kept us in the Underground loop that we could never find?"

"I don't know. A hundred years later, and I don't much care! I just want to free Frisk. Sort of."

Yeah, Sans understood that. After a hundred years of killing, her mind must be mush.

"She's happier in the dreamworld. Come see me, and I will show you what you cannot see of her."

Happier? In the dreamworld?

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Entrance of Dreemur Kingdom

When Sans arrived at the entrance, he saw multiple others around him, warning him King Snow Poff wasn't letting anyone in. So, he just took a familiar shortcut in.

The area had changed a little. The monsters around him were the same, but there were some new ones now. He went into the old part of the lab to meet with his brother. *Kay. Keep it simple. Don't talk much, you've worked on this for a long time. Just, give it to him.*

When he reached the lab, Papyrus was standing right in front of a massive machine. It looked like they had brought the equipment for Frisk right into the kingdom now. "Big."

Papyrus barely glanced at him. "We need to rescue Gaster, after that, you can just leave again."

"Yeah. Not much room I guess. Alphys, Undyne and a little nephew?" Sans asked. "Cool. Glad to see you did okay for yourself."

Papyrus just scoffed. "If I had four long arms, I could have done it myself. Get on the right side, and take half the middle. Listen to the instructions carefully."

Papyrus was getting straight down to business. At this rate, Sans would help, and then he'd leave. "I got something for you." He held out the old CD. "Sorry about the format. Kept it tangible."

"I just want to see if this rescues Gaster," Papyrus said. "I don't need to see anything else."

"Yeah, you do." Sans gave it to him. "It's the reason I never came back. I was stuck, Papyrus."

Papyrus looked at it again. "No one uses these bulky CD things anymore." He groaned. "Fine, I'll check this so you stop bugging me about it."

He managed to find a small DVD player in the back of the lab. Sans tagged along on the trip.

Papyrus pressed play, and Sans didn't say a word as it played.

## DVD

"Heya, Pap," Sans started on the film. "So? I'm not going to be seeing you again soon. I'm stuck, between a rock and a rock. I wish I could go back and tell you what happened myself, but things are tricky with Durian. So." He rubbed his skull. "Actually, even sending this to you is going to put someone in danger." Sans held up a CD. "I hacked into some security so you could see it for yourself. I don't know when you'll get to see it. I really don't think I'm gonna send this. I want to, you deserve to know, but I can't . . . well, just watch it."

The scene switched to the inside of a house. There was a skeleton woman, fixing some curtains. She was about a third of the size of the curtains, a small thing. Behind her, Sans appeared. "Heya."

She turned around. "The door is nicer to use. Who are you?"

“I’m Sans. Sans the Skeleton,” he said. “You?”

“My name is Lulu!” She suddenly stood up, the curtains falling off her lap. “Lulu Leopold to be exact! I am a proud woman that does not like the way you impolitely entered without knocking.” She looked at the curtains on the ground. “Oh, shoot.”

She turned her bony finger around in a circle. “Circle right back outside, knock and wait for my response.”

He walked out of the room, closed the door and knocked.

“Come in,” she said through the door.

Sans came back in. “Heya.”

“Greetings,” she welcomed him. “A little manner goes a long way.” Then oddly. “Park it someplace. I’m fixing these curtains.”

She poked holes through the sides and in the middle to hang them up. “Looks like swiss cheese through the top,” Sans teased.

“Eh. It’ll work,” she told him as she used an extra pole in the middle to reach to put them back up.

It was tacky as hell, but yeah, she got them back up.

Hm. “So are you going to ask why I’m here at all?” Sans asked.

She shrugged. “As long as your polite, I don’t really care. You’re from the Underground.”

“Yep.”

She went over to the fridge. She opened a new jar of ketchup.

“That’s how I tracked you,” Sans let her know. “Nobody but a skeleton or a restaurant orders hundreds of bottles at once.”

“They aren’t bottles, they are jars,” she corrected him. “It’s easier. I don’t cook.”

“Yeah. Me neither . . . I know you somehow.” Still. “Doesn’t matter though. I have to kill you.”

“What? Why? You’re part of the Underground, not Durian’s band.”

“Your part of the slow spell stopping reality,” Sans told her. “I don’t normally do this kind of thing, but I have to save someone.”

“So? Dreamworld’s are better.”

“My friend has to keep killing to keep your spell away. I need that to stop.”

“Then stop your friend and help the Nations instead.” She groaned. “Reality does nothing. Wouldn’t you rather sleep all day and have nice dreams about life?”

“Well . . . to a point, sleep is nice,” Sans agreed. “Sleep is real nice, my favorite activity, but no. Gotta live too. Except you. Gotta end you.”

“You’re doing a terrible job at the killing part,” she said. “I guess I’m kind of terrible at the being killed part right now too. I should run away. I hate running. I move for what I believe in,” she answered. “I believe in dreamworlds much more than being awake. Prove to me that being awake is better, and I’ll end myself to end my part of the spell.”

“Reasonable I guess.”

They both took a seat but neither one seemed to lower their guard.

The screen cut back to Sans. “I gave her a little three question test, she figured out that dreamworlds were cannibalized timelines, and I thought it was all done with. I could just end her real quick. Once Gaster’s name came up in the explanations, things changed. I couldn’t kill the woman, and I couldn’t let anyone kill the woman.”

The screen cut back to Sans and Lulu at a table.

Lulu was silent for awhile. “You said Gaster earlier. Why did you use the word Gaster?”

“Did you know Gaster?” Sans watched as she walked away.

She returned with a book that had the same kind of cover as the cliffnotes. She scooted it toward him “. . . my dreamworlds are based on others dying for them. I don’t want to believe that, but I can’t deny it now.”

Sans took the cliffnotes. “How you want to do this? You want a chair, a rope, or just stay still while I annihilate you? I’ll make it fast for you.” He briefly looked at the cliffnotes.

He briefly dropped the cliffnotes.

He briefly looked at her. “This real?”

“It’s all I have. Same as you,” she uttered. “What was this Gaster to you?”

“Did you take his tech?” Sans asked her.

“I don’t know. I’m not as smart as the person the cliffnotes talks about,” she said. “What was Gaster to you?”

“Well, what was he to you?” Sans said almost fiercely as he picked the cliffnotes book back up.

“Was he a nephew? Friend? Brother?” she continued to ask.



“Should have been called Denial instead of Lulu. Lulu Denial Leopold.” Sans put the book back down. “I’m sorry.”

“Friend?” she asked again. “His name is a name in that book, but it was such an important name. Just kill me before we discuss this any further,” she decided. “There’s a bone ax hiding under the kitchen sink.”

Sans didn’t move.

“You want to save your friend Frisk, you need to take out me and the other spellcasters,” she said.

“I can’t kill my-”

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Sorry! To be continued in next chapter coming out very soon.:)

## 1 in 1400

Sans immediately hit stop and took it back as King Asriel came into the room. “Hey. I’m back, so if you could not impregnate Frisk with my kid, that’d be great? I help get Gaster back, and you not stab me in the back. What a deal, right?”

King Asriel didn’t know how to react. “That annoying name competition didn’t even run more than two hours. I knew doing that would get you moving faster.”

Yeah. Couldn’t take the flower out of the king apparently. “Just one try so far, yeah? I wasn’t in the yes column,” Sans told him. “I’m here now.”

“It’s not my doing, it’s Durian’s. He wants a strong monster,” King Asriel answered. “Actually, it’s not even Durian, it’s his assistant that seemed very hung up on it being you.” He shrugged. “If not you, then you’ll have to come up with another strong monster because Durian is getting a grandchild soon.”

“Just got no qualms at all doing that to Frisk?” Sans asked. “She okay?”

“She’s . . . fine,” Papyrus added oddly, probably wondering about the rest of the tape. Probably reaching some conclusions of his own. “She hasn’t aged much. Durian’s magic is working overtime with her.”

“There’s over an 80% chance nothing happened, and if Papyrus’ hunch is right, we might be getting Gaster back. No guarantee he can work miracles, but let’s not sell out Frisk that fast. A little delay might be just what we need,” Sans warned the king. “Come on, King Asriel. A little bit of a heart?”

“It’s King Snow Poff,” Asriel answered. “I’m sure you heard about that. You also know my family is dead and I rule the kingdom.” He gestured to the CD Sans had. “She was your what?”

“Nothing that’s your business.” Did he sound neutral with that sound? “I mean, no big deal. Let’s do this thing Papyrus wants to try. You supervising or what?”

“Did the Dreemur Kingdom hurt you?” That voice. That wasn’t the voice of a king. It made more sense that they actually called him Snow Poff. “I’m not the same, Sans, I’d never rat you out. You were family for two years, and if there is any reason why you left for a hundred years, I want to know.” He gestured around. “Papyrus can vouch, all hearing and seeing isn’t public in here. Check out your trackerwatch.”

Sans looked at his watch. Out of bounds?

“The lab needs to be a private place, it was one of the rules I have for taking care of Frisk,” Papyrus agreed. “I have been around King Snow Poff ever since we first lost Frisk. I watched him grow, I taught him a little of what I could, and he is a king that would make you proud.”

Proud. A hundred years missing versus two living with each other. Monsters were weird. Sans nodded and looked at Papyrus too. "She's our mom."

"Our own mother was a spellcaster?!" Papyrus could barely believe it as Sans put the DVD back inside.

DVD

-own mom."

"Not confirmed," she said to him. "Names don't match."

"Your cliffnotes said you married a smart guy named Gaster, lived together 100 years, had two babybones, and lived peacefully a long time."

"Yeah, a Snacks and Peanut Butter," she said. "That's not Sans or Papyrus. Certainly no last name of Skeleton, who has that for a last name?"

"Someone who wanted to cover things up, so the Nations couldn't invade the kingdom anymore. Our King and Queen erased memories. Maybe they even changed a lot of names. From food name to font name. Anything to stop the Nations." Sans paused. "Gaster's ties with Dreemur's Kingdom took everyone away from you, the Nations kept you in jail 10 years and then threw you over into your first dreamworld." It was obvious. "Dreemur's Kingdom." He flipped through the book some more.

"Just words," she insisted. "Just, cliffnotes."

"Whoever writes these doodads take and keep what they want. You just get the basics. You loved your kiddos. Watched them grow up. One short one named Snacks, one tall one named Peanut Butter. Heh, nice name choices." He chuckled. "Broke your femur saving your youngest one from falling off stage? Ouch, that's a hell of an injury." Damn. "Can't complain. Don't remember you, but you sounded like a good mom up until you lost everyone."

"You didn't know what Gaster had been to you? I didn't even know he was in the dreamworlds," she insisted. "I wouldn't know what to do anyway if I met him."

"No worries. He's the one that broke himself because of his experiments with time," Sans told her. "Lulu Leopold. Reality took your life away, so you wanted to live in dreams." Sans put the cliffnotes down. "Snacks Leopold, can't let that happen."

The video of the room ended, and it just showed Sans again, like in the beginning. "Our mom had been confused, Pap. She was a good mom. Everything in those cliffnotes. I couldn't. I couldn't kill her, and I couldn't let her get caught. That meant, I couldn't even bother with the other spellcasters. It's all or none. That meant, I . . . couldn't help Frisk. Sorry. Real. Real sorry, Bro." He was quiet for a second. "Gaster said your name and a few years. I think I know why now." He closed his bony eyelids. "I trust you, Pap, you take care of this. You be Frisk's hero. I'm just . . . I'm just gonna be on the sidelines."

The DVD ended. Sans didn't speak at first.

"Is . . . is our mother still okay?" Papyrus asked him.

"Yeah. She's great," Sans said. "Probably gonna call back soon and give a couple names herself for this competition. Talk about a great guilt trip to win since someone changed her own kids' names. Better hope I don't have twins, probably be named Chips and Dip." Yeah, he tried to lighten it up. That look on his brother's face. "Hey, you started your own kind of family. Don't feel bad about it, and sorry I couldn't tell you."

"I know, it was dangerous." Papyrus glanced toward the king. "Do you know anything about that?"

"No. You can check all the books in the castle if you like," King Snow Poff said. "I'd never hide anything about names. I guess even then they were scared that similar names might trigger memories, or maybe they would find records of themselves after they were freed. But, Gaster got to keep his name."

"Gaster did more than timeline work, he had all kinds of experiments going on. He even won some science awards. I think they couldn't risk changing his name." It might have even been a condition of the Nations. "Why didn't Luma get taken with us, Snow Poff? Some beef with Asgore or something?" She never seemed like she'd start a fight.

"Who is Luma?" Papyrus asked.

"Mama Lulu," Sans told him. "It's something I never figured out. There are no records of why the Dreemur Kingdom left her behind."

"Maybe there's something Underground? I don't know. There's a lot of annoying royal books, but you can look and see if there's something else," King Snow Poff recommended. "By the way. Do you mind about the stock of MagicDNA we used?"

"Yeah, I kind of do," Sans said. "Didn't ever put me in the yes column. No mistake. Didn't want it." At least Snow Poff wasn't strongarming him. "Where is it, with Alphys?"

"The competition for names was my idea," Snow Poff smiled. "Even if you aren't the father, you'll still have to be the judge. You'll just have to sneak a different stock in for Alphys then. After all? You can get out of it. Frisk isn't so lucky. Durian wants a grandchild, no matter what." He put his paws in his royal pockets. "My mom used to say something. My adoptive mom, Cindy, before she passed away. She said . . . do you know what she said?" Snow Poff looked at Papyrus. "You remember what she used to say. Boy, Sans would have had a field day with her, if he was here back then."

"What'd she say?" Sans would move the conversation along.

"That Frisk ended up just like her," Papyrus said.

"Yep. Momma Cindy wasn't the fanciest," Snow Poff said.

“Frisk got fucked over for time. Yeah, she said that the day we all pitched Frisk over to hell like demons.” A hundred years later, Sans wasn’t going to treat Papyrus like the young teen monster he had been anymore. He was aware of how much time passed.

“Not quite,” Snow Poff corrected him. “She told me that my sister had no choice but to get screwed over for time, but she should have a choice to get screwed over for anything else.”

Oh. “Yeah. Writing was on the wall what Durian would do. We did what we could,” Sans told him.

“That’s why I think it would be best if you were the father,” Snow Poff said.

Um? Not getting it. “How’s me doing that gonna make things any better? If I feel like shit or not, she’s still gonna feel like shit.”

“Well? Let’s see if I can put this nicely,” King Snow Poff said. “Alphys tested your stock after the first try to figure out how many tries it would probably take to be successful between you and Frisk. The average assumption is 1,400 tries.”

What? “1400?”

“Yes, and by the time Durian figures out that you weren’t the best stock after all, it’ll be an extra six months between choosers in that process.”

“1400?” Damn.

“Not surprising,” Papyrus said. “I think we were on 426 with Undyne before we had Alphyne.”

“Mine is three,” Snow Poff said. “Only three tries with MagicDNA. Boss Monsters tend to be quite fertile.”

“Well, whoop, who cares? Point being it’s almost nil with me that fast.” That was something to consider. “Who’s the slowest of everybody for this kind of thing?”

“We didn’t ever rank anything like that,” Snow Poff said. “But, usually when stock was taken the fastest to be done were on the top shelves. They moved magic quicker.”

Ugh. “Where was mine?”

“Lowest shelf.”

“Terrific.” Great, so that explained a lot.

“Everything is a lot easier with physical fertilization, so don’t feel bad about it,” Snow Poff said. “Just because mine is 1 in 3 and yours is 1 in up to 1400. It might not be 1400.”

“It could be 400 like me,” Papyrus told him.

“Okay, let’s just forget the numbers?” Sans sighed. “Fine, I get it. There’s a way bigger chance if I just stick to this, that Frisk might not get pregnant.”

“There is a gigantic chance that Frisk won’t get pregnant,” Snow Poff said.

“Then your mom would be happy in her afterlife,” Sans uttered.

Snow Poff said proudly, “Exactly!”

“Her mom would also be happy about something else.” Papyrus gestured to both of them. “Something has been going on with the display. Alphyne found it. I corrected it before Durian could see it, but it appears Frisk is not murdering people insanely.” They went to the front and Papyrus showed him. “Look at the readings.”

*Aw, man.* Sans looked at it. The readings. The world she was in. “How come time didn’t slow down?”

“I don’t know, but it’s true.” Papyrus pointed to the information on screen. “I have a feeling it’s because of that. Look at the numbers in the population, they are massive. Thousands would die every day with her or not. She is also not Underground anymore, all of the readings have changed except one. She is still in 996622.”

Huh? “How can she be in 996622 and not be killing?” Sans asked.

“Did Gaster ever confirm 996622 was the Underground Dreamworld, or did you assume it?” Papyrus touched the screen again. “What *if* 996622 was not the research world like we thought? What if she busted through the Underground section there, and then this!”

Sans read all of the display that showed up.

Circumference: 24,901 miles

Diameter: 7,926 miles

Population: 7.9 billion

It looked like she climbed up and out, how else was she getting those numbers? “What about the death count?”

“I don’t know! I only discovered it a little while ago. We need to get in there and find out what’s going on,” Papyrus insisted. “According to her personal data, her mind is healthy.”

*Wow. I dreamed about her being okay. Wishing she was okay for the longest time, but, it’s real! It’s real.* “Frisk.” Frisk wasn’t just alive. She was sane, which meant, she was probably happy. *Frisk. What have you been doin’ the last hundred years?*

# The Loving Town of Spirit

## Chapter Notes

996622 is the exact code they use for Frisk's timeline. What's Frisk been up to? Well, let's see.:)

### 996622: Grocery Store

Oh no. They were missing her favorite gravy brand? Well, this second gravy brand would do. It wasn't as good, but it should work. She placed it in her cart and started to head off. Her and Chara would be having fried chicken with mashed potatoes and gravy tonight. She walked by several people, with just a couple smiling back widely.

Her town Spirit was one of the friendliest places to live. She found in a magazine her roommate Chara had that Spirit was one of the safest and prettiest places to live, top 25th in the country. Frisk always enjoyed that fact. People should feel safe and sound, and above all happy. Happy and loved. She said hello to the cashier and noticed that they seemed nervous. It must be their first day.

Frisk held up the gravy. "This isn't my favorite brand of gravy, but you were all out of the other," she said. "Is there a way you can see if there's any in the back?"

"Right away!" The newcomer quickly asked for assistance to the front. So helpful.

Someone came rushing straight over, fixing their tie. "Frisk, hello. Is there something I can help you with? Anything at all?"

See? So nice. Frisk showed him the gravy. "This isn't the typical gravy."

"Yes. We changed brands. Does that bother you?" he asked. "If it does, we will cancel the rest of the new orders and go back to that same brand. I was just thinking about doing that."

Oh. "I don't know. I guess I could try the new brand," Frisk insisted. "I'll try it. Do you have any of the old brand in the back?"

"Oh, I guarantee we do, or we will personally go out and find it for you." He straightened his tie again.

Frisk continued to pay for her groceries. As she left, she heard several goodbyes. Aww.

Spirit was such a sweet town. She could see why it made a magazine. There wasn't a day Frisk didn't regret moving in with Chara to her place in Spirit. Many years ago, Frisk had gone through a hard patch. She eventually found her way out of a dangerous Underground where she was with strange people that kept coming back over and over. It got boring, but she'd felt freer on the outside.

Frisk didn't remember anything before the strange Underground, but the surface was even stranger. There were humans that looked just like her, and then there were some that seem to evolutionize with feathers or scales. There were even some incredible evolutions with two of her neighbors she knew from Underground. Sans and Papyrus. They evolutionized into having nothing but bones.

Human evolution was crazy, but she'd read lots of articles about it. She had access to the whole world through all of her devices. While Underground hadn't been so happy, the surface was filled with almost a sense of peace. She never read about anything really tragic, only positive news outside Spirit.

When something bad did happen, usually there would be some kind of upbeat message added to it all in the end. Someone accidentally bumped Frisk as she moved toward her car. She didn't think anything about it as she unlocked her car, until she watched the person suddenly get hit in the back of their head by their mother. *Goodness*. "It was just an accident," Frisk insisted. "Please don't do that."

"Oh no, of course!" The woman was nervous and loud. "I'm sorry, Frisk. My son didn't mean it."

"Yes, he didn't," Frisk agreed. Hopefully, the mother wouldn't bother her son anymore. Frisk got into her car and sped off to home. It would be nice to have a relaxing dinner and some TV time with Chara. As long as she didn't watch anything too horrendous.

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## 996622:Frisk and Chara's House

"Frisk?" Donovan asked as he stepped into the open door. "Honey?"

"Hey, Baby." Chara put down her tablet. "What's swinging?"

Donovan looked unimpressed with her. "Where is Frisk?"

Chara laughed. "Don't like no, huh? Frisk told you a thousand times, she doesn't like that. Also, a couple dates doesn't mean you get to be Mister Fuckboy with her. Ass." She looked at her tablet again. "I'm available for a session or two. Dating, but nothing else this time. Your charm is your funny, your con is you are so not long term, but your main positive is you are a bad good guy."

"Don't play terms with me," Donovan complained to her. "I need more dates. I need to get farther with Frisk."



This guy was such an ass. “Donovan. She doesn’t *care*, Dude.”

“I need her to care,” he complained. “At least once. I need to be within her in the future, so she needs to care.”

“She doesn’t want to be within you,” Chara said. “You’re getting to be less funny and more annoying. Try next year or something.”

“We need to prepare her for motherhood in the future.”

Ugh! “You’ve got dad syndrome, take it somewhere else.”

“I can’t.” Donovan sat down. “Chara. Durian wants a grandkid.”

What? “No way.”

“Yes, and I’m his most attentive assistant,” Donovan reminded her. “I had him pick the skeletons since they are strong monsters, but I didn’t tell him it takes forever to strike positive.”

“If it’s skeletons, you don’t even need to worry.” Chara looked back at her tablet. “That’s probably at least two years.”

“I know, but if I get pulled out of date mode again? I have gotten her to cave like three times, but there’s always at least three years between.”

“Or thirty.”

“Oh, one time it was thirty,” he gave in.

“It would have been no times if she knew what you did a month ago *with me*,” she reminded him. “How fast the leaf turns.”

“I’m sorry, Chara. Durian is pulling her out. When he does, he’ll know what we’ve been doing.”

“What *you*’ve been doing.” Chara shook her leg back and down. “Not my shit, Turd. You brought my ass along for the ride.”

“He’ll kill you just the same.”

“That hasn’t been a problem because of you.” Chara stared him down. “Actually, I’m having a baby. Happy? I’m going to have to start getting the house ready. I pick you to settle down with. Case closed.” She lowered her tablet. “I’m not kidding. I want a nice ring, I’m not just a koozie.”

“Chara, you aren’t taking this seriously at all!” he exploded on her.

“Yes I am!” she came back on him by pointing at her head. “*This* Chara is already braindead. I’m more dead than alive. Just because this Chara is braindead doesn’t mean she can’t be

useful. She's still me and there are still rules you have to follow when here." Chara winced as Donovan stuck her with a needle. "She isn't going to burst through the door. You aren't supposed to stick me with that. It's pointless and I hate you."

"Feel better," Donovan said softly.

Chara leaned her head back further. *I hate myself. I hate this world. I hate you. I hate everything.* "I hate everything. Just let me go."

"As long as you are useful, the Nations can't risk losing you," Donovan told her. He left a moment and returned with an ice pack for her head. "If you ever got better and asked me for real, I would settle with you. I'd find someone else for Frisk, and I'd be with you."

Get better? "You don't get better from death."

"Chara. You are a sweet girl deep inside," he said to her sweetly. "I'll never forget the first time we met each other as friends. Frisk only made our bond stronger."

"Like I can remember. Fuck you." Her voice was soft though. The medication always calmed her down. "I hate you. You make me feel worse every damn day." She was about to do the same to him.

"Damn it," he cursed her. "Chara. Please. Don't make me wake you for good."

"Is that a threat, or a promise to finally keep?" she asked.

When she died Underground because Asriel failed in their goal, she had a normal death. Her body and her soul rested in a grave covered in yellow flowers.

At least, according to the stupid cliffnote book. That book made her sound like a mad child filled with fantasy power. It felt like it could have been a storytime book, but it wasn't. It was the story of the end of her life, until Gaster performed his experiment.

Then she, along with sad six souls, had a bitter experience no one could ever understand. A result of being trapped in the barrier as a human soul when Gaster performed his experiment. None of them understood or even saw the cracks within, until the barrier was opened.

Seven human souls went from cracked to being shattered across time.

"You can deal. We can all deal." Donovan tipped his silly cowboy hat and actually kissed the top of her forehead.

Chara watched Frisk walk through the door. She grinned. "Guess what, Frisk? I'm pregnant and the annoying cowboy is the father!"

"Chara?!"

Frisk just chuckled and waved her off. "You serious or not?"

"Uh huh." Chara stroked her tummy. "Donovan is a 1 in 1 match. Crazy awesome, right?"

Frisk blinked slightly. “Well, that’s great news? I mean, I was never trying to get in the way of anything.”

“She’s lying,” Donovan told her. “You know Chara.”

“Does she?” Chara warned him. “Does she know? Frisk, let me tell you all about my past, and also about Donovan. You met him when you were eight years old. He wasn’t a human, he was a yellow-”

“She has been going bonky lately,” Donovan tried to save himself.

“You should talk,” Chara smiled at him and winked. “Bang, bang, Cowboy. You got me.”

“Yeah, she has been a little stranger.” Frisk looked at her closer. She even looked her in the eyes. “Oh, wow.” She smiled and grabbed her hand. “Sorry I didn’t give you a better congrats, I couldn’t tell for sure at first!” She sat her up. “Let’s go to the doctors to get it confirmed.”

“Huh?” Chara had been joking. “You mean you can tell even here? Oh shit.”

“Nobody knows who is what!” Donovan went off on both of them. “It’s just a hunch.”

“Oh no, now that I stopped to pay attention, I can definitely feel something strange in Chara now,” Frisk warned Donovan. “Don’t go anywhere, we are working out issues if this is true.” She hugged Chara. “Brainfog is the highest sign around here too. Let’s go see.”

“This could not have gone worse,” Donovan complained. “I was supposed to get you pregnant in the future, Frisk.”

Frisk just laughed at him like it was a joke she didn’t get. “Funny? We’ll be back.”

“Sorry I took your Cowboy, Frisk,” Chara said as she looked back at Donovan. “Better go see if Mister Green Soul is available?” She looked back at Frisk. “You can totally be my bridesmaid if we have an old-fashioned wedding.”

“Chara.”

Donovan called out weakly, but she ignored him.

As they walked to the car, Frisk jumped into the driver seat.

“Sorry,” Chara apologized. “I didn’t want to lose him. He wanted you.”

“He wanted me for something, but I don’t know for what,” Frisk said to her. “I didn’t get the feeling that he knew what he wanted either.”

*Frisk.* “He wanted to get you pregnant, so they couldn’t get you pregnant on the outside of this world. It’s against the rules to be both, puts mothers in danger, too much sensing two other souls inside. Even another timeline just can’t lesson it in the original to the avatar. I

don't think Durian would've cared about the rules." Chara closed her eyes. That injection was at full max now. "I'm going to regret this whole day tomorrow." She started to cry.

Frisk wiped away her tears, not understanding half of what she said and probably just thinking it was nonsense. "Hey, hey. Who's my best friend?" she asked, trying to cheer her up.

"Not me." That was the thing about being shattered and stitched back together by the nations. She wasn't always stable. Her emotions flared from too-too sweet to too-too sassy. She did things before she even thought about regrets of them. This week had been the worst though.

Right before she found out about Donovan's plan, she'd already taken a test three days ago. She'd been planning on telling him when she was mentally feeling sweet, but then he was just all up on getting Frisk! She needed time to cool down, but then, when he came by her and treated her so nicely again? "Am I bad person?"

"Of course you aren't," Frisk insisted as she turned.

"I just hit Donovan with it right over the head. Right when he wanted to ask you on a date again," Chara confessed. "I just got real mad, and I shouldn't have. I mean, it was some time ago."

"A month ago is not a long time ago," Frisk told her, trying to reason with her. "I only said yes to the last date because you said to. You wanted him to be happy."

"Yeah, and then I did this out of the blue."

"We'll get through it. Even if he isn't Prince Charming I'm here? Plus, you know, we've got two numbskulls just next door," she reminded her.

"One numbskull I think you should give a second chance with," Chara encouraged her.

Frisk looked unsure. "I know. Sans is great, he really is. He feels comfortable and he's funny." She shook her head. "He just . . . I don't know how to describe it. There are certain people who click with me, and certain people who don't."

*Nice job using that power of yours, Frisk.* She may not fight with it, but she could still use it. "I bet he'd be a great one nighter for you. He's comfortable, you said it yourself."

"One nighter?" Frisk chuckled. "No. No, no, no. He's comfortable but not like that. More like. A reminder of someone else I really liked. I can't remember which boyfriend he reminds me of though. I don't think I ever dated an evolutionized human with no skin."

Hmph. "Either way, Mister Chef coming, like it or not," Chara uttered. "It wouldn't be too bad."

"It wouldn't be right. He isn't right," Frisk said to her again. "Stop trying to change the subject, we are getting you checked out."

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## 996622: Hospital

Frisk helped Chara sit back down in the waiting room. After all that waiting, and all that time with the doctor, they told her she was negative.

Frisk approached her doctor herself while Chara had been talking with her. "It's *not* negative. I can feel it, something strange is happening to her," Frisk insisted. "Check again."

"We only run one test, and it says negative," the doctor assured her. "Your friend is fine."

Grr. "You're a liar." Frisk knew that she felt something new coming from Chara. "I know she's having a baby. I can feel it."

"You can't 'feel it', you're human," the doctor told her.

"Aardvark." Jerk. "I should kill you."

"Is that your way of cursing me out?" The doctor asked her. "You should be more responsible with your words, Ma'am."

Responsible? He really was an Aardvark. Frisk felt around in her coat while sweet Chara was trying to tell the doctor to get the hell out and mess with her little watch. Frisk pulled out her knife and stabbed him in the head.

He fell. Some people screamed, which was kind of annoying. She hadn't even cursed, she said aardvark instead of asshole.

"Hey, Frisk." Sans walked over to her. Apparently he had been in the hospital? "What are you doing here this time? Something X-citing?"

"No X-rays. Chara is pregnant," Frisk told him. "This doctor I just killed didn't believe it though because he's an aardvark."

"Did he know your name before you killed him?" Papyrus asked. His arm looked like gauze had been thrown over it quickly. They must be there because something happened to him.

"No. I don't like to give out my name much," Frisk said. "Papyrus, are you okay?"

"He's fine. One second, Frisk." Sans slid past her and addressed the onlookers. "Nevermind, Frisk, folks. She gets a little hot streak now and then?" He chuckled. "Hey, don't run to the exits, it's gonna be worse. You should be trained for this, remember what you've been taught."

"Oh, we'll help you clean up your mess," Papyrus insisted.

Frisk saw Sans removing the dead body. "Where are you taking that?"

“No worries, we got it,” Sans insisted. “I’m sure you’ve got something more x-citing to get done?”

“I can feel how far along she is,” Frisk said tougher as she went back over to Chara. “Don’t believe the doctor. I know you’re pregnant.”

Chara looked at Sans who was dragging the dead body out of the way. “Haven’t had a code F9 in over 20 years,” she said. She just smiled oddly at Frisk. “Yeah, I know I am.” Chara went over toward Frisk and gave her a hug. “Just, not the way you think. Let’s not kill again over who’s right or wrong. We’d know soon, anyhow, right?”

That was true. Frisk hugged her back. She watched Sans appear from her side with Papyrus giving her a thumbs up. All the other people in the room also gave her a thumbs up. Even someone that looked like it hurt their hand gave her a thumbs up.

Loving place with loving people. Just like her. “Maybe I shouldn’t have killed the doctor?”

“You are always right, Frisk,” Papyrus reminded her. “You are loved, you love yourself, and you are always right. If you killed him, then he must have been a bad person.”

“Besides, it’s gone. Thrown away already. Why think about the past?” Sans winked at her. “I got an idea. How about another date?”

Date? *Oh shoot, this is awkward.* “I? I don’t know. I don’t feel like we always connect just right.” She didn’t want him to feel bad. “It’s not you, it’s me.”

“Ah. Frisk. It’s never you. You’re great,” Sans said. “Maybe just try one as friends tonight then? Let’s blow off some steam. Hey, let’s all celebrate Chara’s new baby with Donovan.”

How did he know Donovan would be the father?

“Let’s just celebrate at your place. You know, call in, and just celebrate locally,” Sans said. “We really need to celebrate things.”

“Yeah, Frisk,” Chara agreed. “I think it’d be great to celebrate the new baby. We could have some food and fun. It’ll be great. Just don’t kill the father of my child. It would be bad for it.”

Frisk just laughed. Like she would ever do that? “As long as he treats you well, I’m happy.” She watched Sans and Papyrus bring out paper.

“What would make you the happiest for him to do?” Sans asked. He glanced at her and then at the paper. “Thinking of jokes too for the party. You know me. Pun, pun, punny me.”

“I just want him to take good care of Chara,” Frisk said.

“Money? Marriage?” Papyrus asked. “Loving? Moving in?”

Frisk scratched her head. “I don’t know.”

“Then I’ll make jokes for all of them. Better to cover it all.” Sans put his paper away. “Come on, Papyrus, let’s head home to get ready for the party.”

“I’ll show off my current dancing routine,” Papyrus insisted.

“Hey, and I can really show off my cooking skills, nobodies got any allergies at this party,” Sans said too. “We’ll have a great party. See you in a few hours, Frisk.”

# The Stitched

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Reality: True Lab

Sans looked away from the display. He looked back toward Papyrus. “That’s um. What’s that?”

“That’s brilliant!” Papyrus said. “Look at these readings, she’s not even a threat!” He went backwards into the data. “She was in the Underground about five years, kept killing everyone like she should, then she saved everyone, broke the barrier, and broke the time cycle somehow.”

“That doesn’t just happen.” Nah. “Someone else must have access. Do we have equipment to see into the world?”

“If we did, I would have known that things had got better for her a long time ago,” Papyrus scolded him. “Durian doesn’t want intrusion into his daughter’s dream. Oh so ‘caring’. Probably afraid some kind of secrets might drop from her mind. Or, which seems more likely to be the case, an enemy. Someone had to have helped her to break that cycle.”

Sans didn’t know the machine half as well as Papyrus, but he also dug into the data and found stuff. “Her determination is through the roof now.” He chuckled. “Tori’s little spell kept her happy after all.”

“As long as no one makes her unhappy in that extensive world. She’d kill just because someone was annoying, and she’d still believe unconsciously they would still come back,” Papyrus said. “No, Frisk could still be a threat because of that. We need to try and release Gaster, Sans. That should be our first priority.”

“Yep.” Sans agreed with that.

“I am sorry,” Papyrus added to him. “I was quite cross for you disappearing for 100 years. Y-you don’t have to leave right away after we try to bring Gaster back? I don’t mean I have much room, but if you’d like to hang around for a little longer?”

*Thousand times yes, Bro, I missed you!* “Cool. We’ll see.”

“Cool,” Snow Poff interrupted. “Is this Gaster thing really going to work?”

“I think so,” Papyrus said as he exited out of all Frisk’s data. “You see, Sans, I found this complicated formula in a lot of the coding years ago. I tried to bring everything to work the fastest and most accurate by getting out any excess coding. During that, I found this.”



Sans saw a new formula pop up. “How?” Who made that and why? It was a formula that seemed to hunt down parts from different timeline dreamscapes, isolate them, and teleport them into their specific timeline. “Where was this?”

“Just in the backcoding. It probably took longer to perform functions for it. However, you can see what they are wanting to do at the same time to accomplish it.”

There needed to be at least two people to make it happen. Damn. It had to be perfectly synched. There was a code to find it once seen, the only virtual display the machine had. Immediately afterward, you needed to work on the opposite side to actually bring it into another timeline.

“You know what this means?” Snow Poff said as he watched Sans and Papyrus start scanning timelines for what they wanted. “The Nations could have physically teleported others into different timelines instead of taking over minds. That was rude.”

“This is *precise*,” Papyrus said to Snow Poff. “There is no way they could move that much all at once, Sire. We are searching for parts. They may have been able to move a human, but not a whole population. It would result into huge messiness and probably millions of deaths.”

“Dang.” *Okay, try again.* “This is like fishing.” Sans had to perform a difficult function just as soon as Papyrus sought something out. “How many pieces are there?”

“Just concentrate,” Papyrus insisted, “because if you get a piece and teleport it to the right place but in the wrong spot, then it wouldn’t be good for Gaster. It might actually kill him.”

“Or, he’ll look completely goofy with an arm attached to where his leg will be,” Sans couldn’t help but say.

“Let me know if it works,” Snow Poff said with delight. “Not the arm where a leg should be, let me know if you get Gaster. I need to finish checking on my citizens, but I’ll be back later.” He went off with almost an excited skip.

Yeah. It was a good day to go fishing for some Gaster.

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## 996622: Chara and Frisk’s House

“Frisk? I just need a slight nap before the party,” Chara insisted. “A couple of hours. Is that okay?”

“You bet,” Frisk agreed. “It’s a stressful day for you. I can’t believe Sans was so inconsiderate to make a party tonight. Tomorrow would have been better.”

“No, no tonight is fine,” Chara insisted. “I’m going to go lay down. I’ll see you in a couple of hours.” She closed her door and locked it.

Chara climbed into her bed, put her covers over her, and . . .

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## **Reality: Chara’s House**

Chara woke up, not surprised at what she had seen. “That could have gone better. Sorry.”

Donovan came near her. “We never bother the bodies in the other world. Are you really?”

“I took a test.” Chara could just see his face. “Yeah. I know, we’re compromised now. We can’t just stick a baby into a dreamworld, it doesn’t work that way.” If she had been pregnant the other way, it would have worked, but neither of them felt right doing that.

“It might be time to talk about bringing in the real Sans and Papyrus,” Donovan suggested. “If I start off with the fact your pregnant, I know they won’t kill you.”

“Yeah, they aren’t the type.” They would be super mad though. They were angry enough just when she met them one time, confessing to be ‘Flowey’s conscience’. Sans gave a stern warning and she left. “Sans made it clear what would happen if I bothered them again, and that was me at my absolute sweetest.”

“I didn’t see what caused Frisk to go F9,” Donovan remarked. “I know she killed someone, a death was attributed to her, and Pierce and Colt teleported almost instantly.”

“A doctor, the doctor I just saw,” Chara said. “She disagreed with him that I wasn’t pregnant. Her determination wouldn’t hear of it. Called him an aardvark.” Poor Frisk. Yeah whatever those monsters did before they flung her over there for good made her never go insane from suffering being a murder, but it jinxed her for the rest of time.

It had been the ‘stitched’ seven souls that tried to keep her together. It had to be them, they were the only ones who could move back and forth. If there was anything that could be done, they did it.

Pierce, with his green soul, controlled Sans in that world. He tried to stay with puns, even if they’d heard them a thousand times. Usually, he was only in that world in case of an emergency, or if they needed Frisk to calm down.

Colt, with her blue soul, controlled Papyrus. Not her favorite personality to be, but she tended to stay at the house at least ten hours during the day, so if Frisk had a small problem, she could take care of it quicker. In the meantime, she loved practicing her ballet in a very tall form.

She was even going out for a ballet class over there.

The orange soul, Lenny, and the light blue soul, Olivia, pretty much ran the world as selective presidents. Their job had nothing to do much in politics, they dealt only in Frisk. To reduce the friction Frisk caused in the world.

The purple soul, Cecelia, overlooked the technology to make sure nothing upsetting actually interfered with Frisk's own devices or accounts. The better mood Frisk stayed in, the less she would kill.

Because as much as anyone might hate Frisk for killing, she was also a factor if they continued to survive. Frisk had been measured one time for her determination when she first came out. With the power of *that* amplified with her monster power that had been cruelly shoved into her?

If she ever learned to control it, yeah, she could destroy that entire timeline.

They kept Frisk in an isolated area with a few people around, many of the closest being stitched souls.

Frisk still had the freedom to go places, but Chara or Donovan usually watched her. Chara had lived with her, while Donovan had held spying duties over her. Anyone else living ten cities close to her had to have special passports and sign certain waivers.

So, even though the doctor didn't know her name? It was still his damn fault. Frisk might have changed her hair slightly, but she was still clearly Frisk.

Also, there were laws about talking about Frisk in public. If anyone was stupid enough to tell her who she had been, that killing was worse than cussing, that she was evil, that she lived in a world separate from reality, or anything else deemed dangerous to her?

Death. Their name would be called out far and wide, no matter the age, and anyone could take the hit without getting any kind of reprimand along with a seemingly stunning reward amount.

Luckily, nothing like that had ever happened.

The more Frisk grew accustomed to the world, the more normal Frisk became as time went by. Years would pass by before there was an incident.

People were taught about Frisk in school all over the world. She was part of an emergency system in most schools. One for tornadoes, earthquakes, tsunamis, fire's and Frisk.

It was still taught to that day, even though Frisk hadn't killed anyone in over 20 years. Clearly, they all got a little too lax.

"That's it?" Donovan asked. "Twenty years ago, that guy she killed was literally trying to mug her, not knowing she was Frisk." He shrugged. "Maybe we should start suggesting sweaters with the name Frisk on it again?"

"Yeah. Let's actually do that, bring shirt names back in style. If I get her one, she'll have to wear it every once in awhile because she won't want me to feel bad. I can give one to her at

the party Pierce and Colt set up.” She needed a white shirt and some art supplies. “Tell Lenny and Olivia to hit the Frisk emergency studies harder too this year.” Damn. Chara really had believed Frisk had been over that dreaded curse.

“She was just overwhelmed. I was too,” he said. “Why didn’t you tell me about the pregnancy when you were feeling nice, and not bitchy?”

“Because you came over and said all that about Frisk when I was in a bitchy mood. My hormones are a little higher, and my soul happens to get out of control sometimes,” Chara reminded him. “I’m not perfect.”

“Fine. Well? I guess I should show up at the party tonight. Pierce will have to either take over for me, or we need to bring in the real Sans and Papyrus,” Donovan told her. “This was unexpected.”

“If we bring them in, then they are going to want to end our world,” Chara warned him as she got out of bed and started to stretch.

“Chara,” Donovan warned her. “Durian is doing more than giving Frisk a baby. He wants Gaster back too, to get Frisk out. He wants his legacy out of here for good.”

“Gaster?” If he did that, then their world would definitely be discovered. “Out of every single world we have left, that is our only one. Everybody there, that is all that is left.” It was a risk, but they used it. They used the same technique that put them together again, but used it with the minds of the timelines, bringing them all just to one shared dreamscape. No one felt trapped or worried about their loved ones.

Their dreamworld wasn’t perfect for anyone anymore. It really just felt like reality 2. No one could make it work perfectly, especially with so many people and Frisk in it.

By and large, a lot of the residents now were that timelines residents too. The babies born to the dreamers in that world, actually belonged to that timeline. So yeah, it actually was reality for like 99% of humans there now. Just a few, like Frisk and the stitched hadn’t succumbed to their own endings. Monsters too, they lived longer and were still at risk.

“Monsters are stronger, most likely they can survive to be unplugged,” Donovan said.

“Yeah, but what about their babies and kids?” Chara pointed out. “Fuck this.”

“Then, maybe with their help, we can start pulling out the dreamers who never had children. Then as time goes by-”

“Durian will pull the entire fucking plug once he knows we all exist in here!” she insisted.

“All in one go, wham, and he wins forever! You work for him, you know that! He is ready to eradicate this last place!”

“Fine, then, what’s left?” Donovan asked. “What? If they do bring back Gaster, we won’t be able to survive long anyhow.” His gaze fell on her belly. “It’s better to tell them the truth.

Make them understand why we can't just pull the plug all at once. If there are repercussions, I'll take them for you."

"Beforehand, everyone could live as one, no one knew the damn truth! Not until *we* became important, became their stupid 'Sticked Emergency Team'." She made a mocking sound. "Oh, but Chara, you can be the leader to be a guide for Frisk in the Underground dreamworld to carry her through it. It fits your position because of your alike name to the old princess." She glared at him. "Remember that?"

"I told you, I didn't know everything that they would do," Donovan said in his defense. "I had no idea about my past either. We didn't learn any of this until most of the leaders were gone."

"Well, *now* said princess doesn't want to see a relapse of the problems that yanking everyone over here had. People lost whole families, you selfish asshole! Kids were left with braindead parents and endless questions until their deaths, never understanding what happened." Chara wiped away a small tear. "Families were torn apart because people didn't know the truth. They know the truth now. We know the truth now. We can't do it again!"

Donovan nodded. "Okay. I'll keep it under wraps as long as I can. Eventually, the truth will come out though."

Chara tipped his cowboy hat back. They were on the losing end, it was just a matter of time. But, time mattered. A day, a year, five years, it all mattered for this. "Be careful. Frisk will probably want us married in the other world."

Donovan just smiled. "Don't give her ideas at the party. You better get back and make sure Pierce and Colt have it under control. Food and everything."

Chara moved back toward her bed, and this time Donovan tucked her in. "I'll see you soon." She closed her eyes as he kissed her forehead again. "This is why I hate you. Don't do that for someone you don't really care for. You bounce back and forth between Frisk and me, and I hate it. I hate you."

"Getting with Frisk meant keeping our world going," he said as an excuse.

"It's not your civic duty. Shut up. If you make me cry, Frisk will kill you." A joke, but sort of a warning.

"Just . . . have a good time with Frisk at the party," he told her. "Have fun. Try and be nice. Don't rag on me too much. I don't have the same sway you do over her." He pushed her hair back sweetly.

That's why she hated him. She hated him so much. "Don't tell them. We can do this. We did it with minds, we can do it with more." His eyes though, they didn't believe her.

Why should he, when she couldn't really believe herself.

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## Reality: True Lab

“So then, you don’t want this?” Alphyne held a Grillby burger near Sans as he ate another one. “Papyrus always said you’d do anything for one of these.”

Ugh. His nephew was a unique one. On one hand, he really liked technology instead of fighting like Undyne. That was great. On the other, he got most of her other traits. Including fighting dirty to get what he wanted. “I would but I’m trying to fish for Gaster.” The kid wanted to help. Papyrus said no. So now, he had to keep bugging Sans about it. Even though Papyrus had forgiven Sans for what he did, he seemed to think it was okay for Alphyne to keep torturing him with Grillbys.

So not fair, he hadn’t had Grillbys in ages. “Why don’t you go find your mom or your mom?” Sans questioned. This kid made it even harder to concentrate on the catch.

“Sans, you missed it again!” Papyrus scolded him. “When I get you the exact location for that piece again, you need to grab it.”

He needed to grab it, teleport it and be ready to put it where it belonged. A number of functions that weren’t easy. “I’m trying, Pap.”

“To make a database to run this formula to free Gaster, we have to do each piece perfectly,” Papyrus warned him. “There can be no delays, or he’ll be dead.”

Ugh. They were getting closer to getting it all though. If they got all of the calculations accurate for each piece, throughout the whole process, Gaster might actually be there soon. If he still existed. If his consciousness had survived and could be summoned back somehow to a body that would be complete.

“If this works, Sans?” Papyrus said over to him as he tracked another piece. “He’s going to be disappointed in me. This is a lot longer than a few years. Knowing who he really had been has made it that much harder!”

“Few years, hundred years, we got there,” Sans told him. “Gaster's Gaster. You shouldn't be more worried about disappointing him just because he was our dad. He's still the same guy.”

"He isn't just some guy though," Papyrus said to him. "Same as our mother. She's not just some woman, is she? No, she's mother. You even grew close enough to call her Luma, so don't give me that."

Okay, Sans better try something else. "You were on your own with this. He has to get how impossible this was for one person." Sans looked toward Alphyne who was waving a fry at him. "Tomorrow I'll get to Grillbys. This'll either work or not, but that's already set in stone. Give it up, Kid, you don't get to touch the big boy machine."

They just had a few more pieces . . . just a few more pieces . . .

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## **Reality: Nation's Lab**

"I have to what?!" Pierce was not at all pleased to hear what Donovan had to say. "You said that you were going to land Frisk, why did you just have to land Chara instead?"

"I didn't mean to get Chara in trouble," Donovan told him. "Anyhow, it's just in case something happens on the outside. The body tends to sense itself a little better in its real timeline when it feels another soul in it. If she gets pregnant, then she might know."

"Might know? She killed a doctor for disagreeing that Chara was pregnant." Pierce touched his forehead. "Aw, man. Not now. Can't I just stick with a date?"

"No, Man, I can't just flip off on Chara now," Donovan insisted.

"Oh, aren't you the funny guy with the word 'man'?" Pierce stuck his hands in his pockets. "I don't want to do this. I don't mind being friends with Frisk. The last date we had was okay. Look, I'm not Sans the Skeleton, I'm the stupid stitched green soul. I cook, that's my thing. Not this."

"What if I talk to Lenny and Olivia, and we make it worth your while?" Donovan shouldn't even have to do this, but nobody really wanted to get that close to Frisk right now. "You love to cook, and you've wanted a restaurant for a long time. Maybe you could finally get it?"

"I could finally be free of all this Frisk stuff, move away, and start my own restaurant?" Pierce asked. "If I get with her?"

"Yeah. It's not even 'hey, we need a positive'. Just, if anything happens, then Frisk needs to have some idea of when it happened. Even a one-night stand would make sense to her," Donovan suggested.

"I want it in writing," Pierce insisted. "If I do this, I walk for the rest of this. No more emergency 'punny' guy."

"I'll talk it out with them," Donovan promised.

"Fine. I'll see if I can warm up more at the party." Pierce checked his watch. "Colt's at home practicing her ballet for it too. I'll be heading back to check on my casseroles. Then I need to top off my desserts. Is there anything else we are missing?"

"Frisk won't care about party decorations. She probably just wants to make sure Chara and I are okay," Donovan said. "Please, no jokes that might kill me."

"I'll stick to the bland stuff, just like the real Sans." He smiled. "They should be done now. Unlike the jokes, the food will be great."

"Probably to die for," Donovan joked.

"Oh. His jokes are even blander than that," Pierce complained. "Only thing great about being this skeleton over there is the 'cool' magic, 'Buddy'."

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## Chapter End Notes

Chara is referring to the timeline in the beginning of the chapter where she was Flowey's conscience. She had no idea she was the real Chara until after Frisk had started reality again.

The Stitched: Shattered souls that were humans. When Gaster ran his experiment, their souls were all too far to get involved, but it did crack or splinter it. When the barrier finally opened Underground, all of the human souls that had no bodies got shattered. Many years later, the Nations had found them and stitched them back together. They were saved and dubbed 'the stitched'.

Stitched Emergency Defense: They were an interesting line of defense if anything ever happened trapping others in dreamworlds because their souls could travel back and forth easily through them instead of just their minds.



# It Took Three

“Uncle Sans?”

Great, now his nephew was being caring.

“Do you want a Grillby Dog?”

Nah, nah his nephew wasn’t caring at all. Sans looked at the wonderful concoction in Alphyne’s hand.

“Sans!” Papyrus yelled at him. “You messed up the catch again!”

“Grillby sells chilli hot dogs?” Sans stared at it. That was a Grillby wrapper. He reached out for it while Alphyne moved over to his spot.

“Saaaans!”

Sans started to eat the new miraculous awesome Grillby menu selection while Papyrus went over and held Alphyne away from the controls Sans just left. He munched and watched Papyrus hold him up high while he kicked his little fish feet. Heh. Fish feet.

“Sans, I can’t believe you did that!” Papyrus continued to yell as he drug his son away. “This is a highly sophisticated piece of equipment.”

*Yep, so if I left, you’d get your kid, and I’d get the Grillby dog.* It was obvious, but Sans only did it for the new arrival. There weren’t often new arrivals at Grillby’s. “Grillbys has a dog now.” Mmm, the Grillby scent made the whole place smell just like Grillbys. “We should stop by and tell him congrats on the new addition.”

“What?!”

“For the new member to the Grillby family,” Sans said as he finished the dog. He noticed Papyrus went unusually quiet as Alphyne kept kicking in his arms. “What?”

“Y-you . . .” Papyrus seemed sad. “His new member? His new chilli dog? You never even said congrats to me once for Alphyne?!”

“Well? I mean, I can’t eat him.”

“He’s your nephew!”

“Yeah. I can’t eat him.”

“But you never said you appreciated him!”

Uh? “I don’t.” He even teased him with Grillbys, what kind of good person would do that?

“He is your nephew!”

“So? I don’t know him yet.” Okay, Sans started to see Papyrus was getting pretty stressed out. So, just one more go at him. Maybe two, he missed him a long time. “Grillby stuff is like love at first sight. Alphyne is just a kid I just met.”

“That *is* family and that *is* your nephew!”

“Yeah?” Okay, Papyrus was going to start to manifest tears if he didn’t quit. “I appreciate him too, Papyrus.”

“You do?!” Papyrus squeezed Alphyne, which made the boys legs wriggle even more. He swung him back and forth in a tremendous hug.

“Yeah. I guess he’s worthy of me,” Sans said. “You might be choking your own kid.”

“Oh yes, sorry.” Papyrus loosened his grasp. “Are you okay?”

“I fought off three outsiders two weeks ago with momma’s spear and mommy!” Alphyne said proudly. “Of course I’m okay. I would feel even better though if I could work with the actual machine now?”

“Give fish nephew a chance,” Sans said. “Nephew fish. Nish. Give Nish a chance.”

“You already gave Alphyne a nickname!” Papyrus shouted proudly again.

“I hate it,” Alphyne said. “That’s nothing like my name.”

“Nicknames mean your Uncle loves you, Alphyne!”

“So?”

So, it made Papyrus happy. “Come on, Nish the Fish, let me show you how this works,” Sans insisted.

“Sans.” Papyrus didn’t sound happy again. “We are trying to bring an important monster that could solve so many problems back from scattered pieces along timelines.”

“Yeah?” He knew that. Sans took Nish’s fishy hands and pointed out the buttons and display. “It’s like fishing over here. I’m not real good at fishing.”

“You’re not real good at anything according to mom,” Alphyne said.

“Yeah.” Sans couldn’t exactly disagree, that’d be a lie. He showed him the formulas on the board. “Okay, so when we see Pap grab a part, we highlight it by doing that formula, and then that formula, then we use that formula and bring it into that formula.” Hm. “Actually, you do these two first ones and I’ll compute the last two at the same time to process it quicker.” That should work once they had a hold of the object.

Alphyne did it on the first try with Sans. “That was easy.”

“Alphyne!” Papyrus broke away from his area to hug him. “You did it! Even Sans couldn’t do it, you really did it!”

Hey, he did the second part. But eh, Sans never needed any credit for anything.

“Yeah,” Alphyne admitted. “I’m younger. You’re probably just too old.”

“That’s not nice,” Papyrus said. “I am almost only 300 and I still have . . .”

Yeah. That was right. They blew a quarter of their life for a stupid return to the past that failed in the first place.

“In 150 years, we’ll already be elderly,” Papyrus realized. “We won’t live much longer than 700 or so.”

“Which is still a real long time,” Sans cheered him up.

“All because we did something that we failed at anyhow,” Papyrus noted. “Never, ever, ever mess with the flow of time, Alphyne. Never. As bad as that seems, it could have been so much worse.”

Alphyne took his place again. “Let’s try it again.”

They were each helping to fish and catch for Gaster’s parts. Having three people on it at once made the job feasible. Not only feasible, but manageable.

“We did it?” Papyrus was stunned. “I don’t believe this. Once we run this altogether, Gaster will be back.”

“Yeah. Then Alphyne can call him Graspa instead of grandpa,” Sans joked.

“Sans? Gaster is our father,” Papyrus remarked. “We know who he is now.”

“Yeah,” Sans agreed, “so Gaspa would work for us, but it’s too close to Graspa. It fits better for grandpa and you can’t have it both ways. Broke joke.”

Papyrus seemed irritated by that. “We need to tell him how we are related.” He got so giddy. “I have a pa!”

“Yeah. He also has a wife he never met.” Ooh. Poor Luma. That’ll be awkward.

“Everybody’s gonna have to meet each other somehow.” Covertly. If Durian found out about Luma, she was gone. Now Papyrus would want to meet her too. Oh. Life. It was getting hard again.

Sans didn’t like hard life. Life had been hard enough. He dealt with enough life.

“I get to meet her, and we get to introduce her grandson, and his grandson, and us as her kids, and us as his kids, and it’ll be a whole thing!” Papyrus said as he waved his bony hands around. “It’ll be one grand huge whole thing!”

“Can I just bring Gaster back, and figure the rest out later?” Sans asked. “I’d like to sleep for a few days.”

“Sans!” Papyrus scolded him. “What about our mother?”

“Oh. She’s going to want to sleep for a few days too,” Sans informed him.

“But what about you?!” Papyrus protested as he pointed at him. “It’ll be a whole grand thing, don’t you want to be in the whole grand thing?”

“I already met everybody.”

“No! No, you will not pull that with me! You were gone 100 years, you are going to stay here, with me, and we are going to make a whole grand thing!”

“I don’t believe you’re my Uncle,” Alphyne said to Sans. “You’ve got too many layers. Your probably related to Onionsans.”

Heh. Well whaddaya know? The little mini Undyne nephew just made a joke. “Good joke.”

“No, no one is going to start that right now,” Papyrus insisted. “You will stay up here, and we will find a way to meet. Everyone must meet. We’re family.”

Ugh. “I guess.”

“Our whole family could be together, for just a little while,” Papyrus said. “Imagine! Having everyone together again. New people, and old people. Oh.” Yeah. “Everyone but Frisk.”

Yeah. Everyone but Frisk. That strange little . . . human. “If we get out Gaster, he might be able to get our Frisk tonight too.” If they stopped talking and just ran it already. “Let’s do this.”

He noticed a strange look from Papyrus. He couldn’t place it, but Papyrus didn’t say anything about it. They each took their position and did their absolute best.

No mess ups.

No shortcomings.

Perfect calculations.

In their location, only a mere ten feet away, stood the body of Gaster.

He opened his bony eye lids. “. . .” He looked from one to the other. “I’m . . . back again?”

“Yep,” Sans said, “so it’s been 100 years and Frisk is still trapped, so if you could help us get Frisk, that’d be great?”

“I . . .?” Gaster slumped. “100?!”

“Well, I was on my own!” Papyrus insisted. “Sans took off for 100 years!”

“Sans left?” Gaster looked back at him.

“Well, yeah, but I couldn’t kill my mom. She was a spellcaster,” Sans insisted. “That’s your wife by the way.”

“Sans, you aren’t supposed to just blurt it out!” Papyrus scolded him. “It’s a whole thing!”

“I didn’t tell him we are his kids, I just said my mom was his wife.”

“And he wouldn’t figure that out, how?!”

“Well, Undyne and Alphys aren’t your wives but my moms,” Alphyne pointed out.

“Yeah, but then he just made it clear.” Papyrus groaned. “This wasn’t . . .”

It wasn’t what Papyrus wanted, but it was what Sans wanted. He didn’t want to get mushy with silence or awkwardness. The truth was blurted out, no hidden secrets, and no surprises.

“Did that fish boy just say you were his dad but he had two moms?” Gaster asked Papyrus.

“My, you have been busy with other things.”

Sans started to laugh while Papyrus blushed and choked at the same time.

“Not like that! I was. Helping,” Papyrus insisted. “Sans, quit laughing.”

“Oh.” Gaster didn’t seem exactly giddy with everything either. “Well, it makes sense. Three skeletons down here, one older, and two younger.” He shrugged. “Does anyone remember my notes? I wrote down notes, I know I wrote down notes and then I sort of faded . . . my memory gets absolutely trampled.”

“Yeah, I got your notes,” Sans agreed. “Here you go, Gas.” He handed them to Gaster.

Gaster looked at it. “These aren’t notes, it is a picture of a skeleton woman.”

“Yeah, she’s a hottie to you, huh? She’s Lulu Leopold,” Sans teased him. “She’s your wife.”

“Oh.” Gaster blushed slightly. “Um? I don’t . . . know her.”

“Nah, but she’s probably still cute to you. You never got divorced, just taken away from her lovin’ arms,” Sans pointed out. “You two are kind of still married. She kind of feels weird about that.”

“Mm?” Gaster didn’t seem to know how to answer. “She isn’t the only one.”

“But she’s cute though, right?” Sans asked again.

“Sans!” Papyrus scolded him. “Mommies and daddies do not have to get back together if they don’t remember each other, just to appease offspring.”

“Just because they don’t remember, doesn’t mean they don’t have any feelings. It’s just kind of lost right now,” Sans said.

“Like you and Frisk?” Papyrus pointed out.

Whoah. Sans was just joking. Lightening the mood. “Why’d you go and say that?”

“You were expecting him to take a joke . . . I thought you would too?”

“Well I didn’t!” That. Was. Sans felt weird as he looked around. “Sorry. Um.”

“Sore subject,” Gaster said to Sans. “It’s quite alright. I don’t remember this hottie wife of mine, but you remember leaving Frisk in the middle of hell for a hundred years. Your reaction makes sense.”

Sans didn’t answer.

“Yes, and he did like her to boot,” Papyrus said to Gaster. “Frisk has been okay.”

“Humans don’t live long,” Alphyne said to Sans. “Why would you ever get attached?”

Why would he? “It’s stupid too, huh?” Sans nodded. “It is pretty stupid. If she were an average human, she would’ve died some time ago. Yeah. Pretty stupid.” Sans looked away. “I’m not a smart guy.”

“The mind and common sense do not always follow the heart,” Papyrus told Alphyne. He looked back toward Gaster. “Since you are back in reality, could you try to help us get Frisk back safely?”

“I could do very little trapped in timelines,” Gaster said. “I could try since we are at the center base. First, how did you exactly bring me back? I expected you to figure out Frisk one day, but how did you figure out me?”

Gaster and Papyrus went over the formulas found in the machine.

“It’s like it was here just waiting for me. Only the Nations would never want me out,” Gaster pondered. “Then, someone else who shattered the same way as me? No one ever shattered that I knew of. Did someone else shatter?”

Gaster started to move to check out the computer on his own. Papyrus watched him along with Alphyne. Although, Papyrus glanced back every once in awhile at Sans. “Would you like to watch too?”

Sans just shrugged, came a little closer and looked slightly at the screen. Gaster’s work was always at a whole nother level. “Anything?”

“Well? Frisk is pregnant.”

No mushiness, no silence, and no awkwardness. Sans guessed who he got that trait from now. “Uh, no?”

“No is a word, Sans, it doesn’t change anything,” Gaster said to him. “This isn’t the Frisk from the other timeline that is pregnant, and since she is under, what has Durian been doing?”

“Oh. Oh.” Papyrus pulled at his clothing. “Oh. Well, skeletons have a 1 in 1400 chance. King Snow Poff decided Sans was a good match since it wouldn’t work, and because Durian wanted it . . . to work? Am I making sense? Sans, are you okay?”

“Never better,” Sans said. “Seriously. After everything’s that happened life’ll never get better.” Ugh! Back to square one? “How did that-”

“Oh, I’m sorry, no, Frisk isn’t pregnant,” Gaster said casually. “Her roommate is pregnant.”

Damn it! “You know, that’s kind of a big oops for someone like you.” Sans couldn’t say anything real mean, but when dealing with someone who thought they made the world spin themselves, saying they screwed up tended to hit a tender spot.

“Well, excuse me!” Gaster yelled. Yep, he hit that spot. “You’re missing one of the biggest points though. She is pregnant on this side, ergo, she can travel to this side. Also, from her information, it is clear we have found our gateway to Frisk. Her ID and information show that she is Chara, adopted daughter to the King and Queen of Underground.”

“They’re dead,” Alphyne told him. “The King is King Snow Poff.”

“King Snow Poff?” Gaster questioned. “Are you really telling me that he kept Snow Poff into being king too?” He groaned. “Fine then, Chara is his adopted sister.”

“Are you sure? Can you get displays on here because we have really been trying to get displays,” Papyrus questioned Gaster.

“I don’t know, but here is a profile picture.” Gaster brought up a picture of Chara.

Sans made a strange sound. He didn’t even mean to. He didn’t even notice it was him at first as he stared at the picture.

“Um? I think what Sans said,” Papyrus said to Gaster, “is that we have met her once before. She was known as Flowey’s Conscience. She gave guidance to get Frisk to expose the truth and get us out of the research timeline.”

“She is so much more than that. A darling human doesn’t just get adopted, die, and then show up in the far future as a random person you happen to meet again.” Gaster stood up on his tippy toe bones. “She was in my time. A human doesn’t live that long, plus, she did die. We have a formula for a shattered person. Hmm.” Gaster went back into looking at his computer.

“She must have been shattered,” Alphyne said.

“Oh!” Gaster groaned. “Don’t just give it away like that, I am supposed to find proof of what I am looking for first, and then I would have said that.”

Alphyne shrugged.

“Oh. Stitched. Oh.” Gaster started to mumble to himself as he looked into more information. “Poop nuggets.”

Oh, not *that* word. Not now. “What happened?”

“Well? It looks like when I did my experiment it had a slight side effect to the human souls of Underground at the time?”

Sans came over closer. Gaster spoke like he was a child that knew they did something wrong and needed to confess it to an adult. “What? Effect?”

“It seems that while I shattered, it may have accidentally cracked them? They would be fine,” he said quickly. “Until the barrier opened, then it would take them like a vacuum. Shattered as soon as the explosion of the barrier opening.”

“All of them?” Papyrus asked.

“Just the human souls with no bodies,” Gaster said, “which explains this little wiggle right in the original formula that wasn’t needed to bring me back. It’s not very pleasant.” Gaster blew it up bigger on the screen. “It had to take different pieces from different versions of them for body parts. They were essentially killing some of their other selves to be brought back. My, that must sting.”

“Soulless bodies don’t bring themselves back.” Sans moved up real close. He doubted they’d be involved in killing other versions of themselves either. This was the Nations equipment. “Why’d the Nations want them back?”

“I don’t know, but considering Chara Dreemur is pregnant in reality, it means that they can move around without the need of keys. Perhaps, as a backup,” Gaster provided. “Especially considered she is Frisk’s roommate.” Gaster pulled up his bony fingers and they wiggled around in pure joy. “But, this is our gateway in. I probably cannot risk Frisk yet, but I *can* get us Chara Dreemur.”

“Oh yeah? Then get her,” Sans said as he stared at the screen. “The Skeletons all need to have a little talk with her.”

“Yes, and since she’s pregnant, it makes her perfect prey,” Gaster added. “She’ll have to listen and tell us just what is going on over there.”

“Yep,” Sans agreed. “Pull her in.”

“Oh?” Gaster snapped his bony fingers. “I forgot, I don’t know where her actual body is.”

Ugh! Sans slapped the front of his skull! So damn close.

“I mean, we could just bring her here with the same formula,” Gaster pointed out.

Oh good. “Yeah, do that.”

“No, do not do that!” Papyrus yelled as the voice of reason. “I see that I must be the voice of reason here?”

Yeah, yeah he did.



“You cannot try some formula on her when you are risking an innocent little future baby,” Papyrus reminded both of them. “Whether she is misunderstood or evil or whatever, the future baby has done nothing wrong. No scientific experiments on her at all.”

“Yeah,” Alphyne agreed. “My mom will actually kill you for that. Seriously.”

Yeah, Undyne might. Especially since she experienced it once. Whew, a pregnant Undyne. Thank goodness Sans never saw that. “Fine.”

“We’ll locate her real body and then talk to her,” Gaster agreed. “I feel quite . . . like I need a rest anyway.”

“So you would be safe with Chara?”

All four of them whipped themselves around and noticed an intruder in the room.

A strange intruder that seemed to think dressing up like a cowboy was fun.

## Remembering Yellow

“Who let Mister Cowboy in?” Gaster questioned. “Who are you?”

Sans watched him carefully. He seemed familiar. Real familiar. Like, real familiar. As if he’d seen him not a long time ago but a long, long time ago.

“I do not know who you are, but you cannot be here, this is strictly the highest access only!” Papyrus scolded them.

Donovan gestured to his head. “Come on, The Great Papyrus. There is this tiny little nibble in the back of your mind that probably remembers me. Think back. To run efficiently in the research Dreamworld, you had to keep your real Underground memories.”

Uuhh. Looking at this guy felt like trying to name a song you were hearing around you but couldn’t remember.

“Oh, yes. I think I do know you,” Gaster said to him. “You are one of the humans we murdered Underground.”

Uh.

“I guess you could say that,” the human said back. “When I was a kid. My name is Donovan.” He pulled out a gun but quickly showed it was empty. “I thought I might need this to jog your memory.”

*Why are you making so many yellow jokes?*

*Because bananas are funny, Kid.*

*What do I have to do with a banana.*

*Ah, it’s a sole secret. Or a soul secret?*

*Sans! Quit teasing the human so he can play my puzzles! That is what is most important!*

*Eh.*

Ooh. “It’s the yellow boy,” Sans said. “Nice to see you still living. I think? You became one of them stitched. Great. We need some help.”

“You want Frisk back,” Donovan said to Sans. “We need help too. The Nations need rescued. If you help us, we can help you get her back.”

“I don’t think you get what you are asking.” Sans attitude was getting less jokey. A lot. “The Nations wanted to slow down our time. We willingly put ourselves into a dictatorship with Durian basically to escape it. So, we aren’t just going to up and help you.” They would get Frisk back on their own before they did that.

“We need to be brought back to reality,” Donovan warned Sans. “We just need to do it in a certain way.”

“Says the guy who trapped us in the Underground Dreamworld for a year.” He didn’t expect Sans to be polite, did he?

“Ooh, I trapped you in an endless hell for a year. Poor skeleton. At least I didn’t brutally help murder you.” Donovan’s eyes shone back with the same kind of silent rage. “An innocent kid, just doing his best to live, and the Underground took me out for my soul.”

“You had a gun. Child or not, guns mean business,” Gaster said toward Donovan. “You were looking for trouble and you found it. That’s not our fault.”

“Fine, let’s just skip memory road,” Donovan agreed.

“Good because it’s back there with the horse you rode in on,” Sans said, starting to remember some of the stupid jokes he had said now. “There’s no justice when it’s just us.”

“We want to end the dreamworlds and get out of it all too,” Donovan finished, not biting on the joke. “When we came back, we were dubbed the stitch. No, we didn’t know who we were when we first came back. We only knew through these cliffnotes later on when Durian started to take on the nations. We can travel to and from timelines.”

Donovan stared at the computer. “Gaster got it right. We were never supposed to know unless there was an emergency. Everything was right there, lined up for us. Spoonfed to us while we absorbed it all. There is only one dreamworld left. We rescued everyone in the trapped dreamworlds and put them into one. Frisks.”

What? “You mean all the Nations are in one dream?” Sans asked. “With Frisk?”

“Yes. It was a dangerous move,” Donovan said, “considering the brainwashing you gave her.”

“Brainwashing?” Gaster asked. Sans and Papyrus filled him in on the important details he had missed. “Yes. Brainwashing. You threw yet another spell on Frisk.”

“We were trying to keep her from suffering!” Papyrus insisted to Donovan. “It was for her!”

“Well, it worked. She didn’t suffer,” Donovan said. “It was a great plan and eventually Frisk was able to steam down her need to provide relief from all the pain in her. She quit killing, freed the Underground, and was able to meet all the new Nationists above her.”

Mmmm. “Bet she was super happy learning the truth.”

“No, she didn’t, and she never will,” Donovan told them. “You see, Frisk doesn’t need to kill anymore. There are billions of people in our one dreamworld left. Natural deaths and kills in such a huge number means Frisk never had to be told she had to kill to keep everything running. She just needed to be with Chara.”

Oh, here it comes. “Chara her roommate who happens to be her adopted sister too?” Sans asked. “Explain it then, Kid.”

“Chara and Frisk have the soul characteristic of determination. Chara once traveled with her in the Underground when she was very small. The original Underground. When the barrier shattered, Chara left Frisk. Only . . .” Donovan cleared his throat. “It wasn’t Chara’s fault, she was manipulated into it. You know from the machine that Frisk had actually created most of the dreamworlds during her ‘trial times to join the Nations’. She did it with Chara. Those two together, the determination can blow out a timeline.”

“Yeah. Guessed something attached to Frisk.” Sans just stared at Donovan now. They all were.

“After each time, it was easy to make them forget so they would take the next steps. They just made them forget about monsters. It worked for a long time, and then they were going to let Frisk live in harmony since she did so well.” Donovan pointed back to Sans. “Then Durian stepped in, which meant you and Undyne had to really step in. There was too much damage to Frisk’s determination that she couldn’t keep completely forgetting monsters anymore.”

“So they threw us into the research dreamworld.” Sans glanced toward Gaster. No surprise on him. Of course not, he probably knew it.

“You aren’t quite right yourself,” Gaster corrected Donovan. “The truth would be too much for you. So, let’s go with what you said. Is Frisk still dangerous?”

“Sort of,” Donovan said. “What do you mean even I’m not right?”

“There are . . . so many undercurrents going on in this situation. In no way was Frisk only taking out dreamworlds and then sent back into the research dreamworld. Many things happened. Do you think her sworn guards just let her go? Many events happened. Some, even still linger, though they are forgotten.” Gaster glanced at Sans. “Things that could never be.” He looked back at Donovan. “Only the future is what matters now. We need to save the Nations, moral or unethical, they have lost control of the dreamworlds secrets. Correct?”

Donovan nodded. “Everyone understands we have been cannibalizing timelines to make our paradises. Most don’t want it to continue, they just want the real world.”

“They’ll settle for the real world.” Sans glanced at Gaster. That statement he made was unsettling. *Don’t. The past doesn’t matter, he’s right. Let’s just get this on point.*

“Not only that, if we find a way to rescue the Nationists that Frisk had sent over, Durian’s army would just wander around with no memory of following him. He would have no one but the original Bat King title,” Papyrus pointed out. “Without dreamworlds, the Nations

have nothing to offer anymore. There are only two kingdoms though, the Dreemur Kingdom and Durian's Kingdom. Even the humans are all messed up now. I guess."

"That's not a problem," Sans said softly. "If we get Frisk back, she takes over him, and it's done. Frisk won't be unfair."

"It takes a lot to run a kingdom. Subordinate kings."

"Leaders under leaders. Eh. I think Frisk will just have us join human society." It wouldn't be that bad. Lessen the extent of the rules Durian had.

"Don't say that!" Gaster seemed irritated by what Sans said. He turned to Donovan. "Why is the dreamworld being saved without Frisk killing? Even with a large population, she was tied to her father's magic. Only her hits count."

"No," Donovan corrected him. "No, we sort of 'stitched' her magic to us. All we could figure out at the time. We used some duplication magic on her cells. Each dream person has been injected with at least a tiny cell of Frisk. If anyone is responsible for anyone, time keeps spinning. If anyone dies who was a dream person, time keeps spinning."

"Dream person," Gaster noted. "Not even Nationists anymore, it's dream person. Yes, that world has learned."

"Yes. The other stitched all watch Frisk though. The hypnotism, it can still get out of control. We actually have a Frisk warning like a tornado or hurricane," Donovan told them. "When we bring her back, you need to watch her carefully. Reality won't be kind to her if she kills someone here."

"Has she gotten any better?" Papyrus asked.

"She is great. She had a twenty-year run before killing someone the other day," Donovan stated. "She killed a doctor that disagreed about Chara being pregnant. Chara is her best friend."

"Really?" Gaster seemed surprised. "After such a long time without that sort of relief high, she should have escaped that. Something personally emotional must be reeling her back in."

"Yeah. Chara is pregnant on this side, but not on the other side," Donovan said. "She is her best friend."

"No, that might annoy Frisk, but not enough to break into a murder addiction high after twenty years. It would need to be personal to Frisk on the inside." Gaster went back to fooling around on the controls. "Frisk might be in trouble after all."

Trouble?

"How did she know Chara is pregnant?" Gaster asked Donovan.

Donovan groaned. "She stepped in the house, Chara told her she was pregnant and that I was the dad right away," he said. "Frisk came near and studied her, then believed her a thousand

percent.”

“There it is,” Gaster said. “She wasn’t sensing Chara’s pregnancy, it’s just what tuned her into her feelings. She is sensing her own personal emergency.”

Whaaat? “No more jokes, Gas.”

“No joke, Sans, Frisk might be seriously ill,” Gaster said. “Her changing emotions are also bringing back whatever brainwashing was given to her. Slightly.”

Sans just sort of stood there. “Then we should go look at her, right?”

“What is it you need help with specifically?” Gaster asked Donovan, ignoring Sans. “If you moved everyone in, you can move everyone out, can’t you?”

“Only in big swarms,” Donovan said. “We can’t do that. Durian will catch on every time we take a large crowd.”

“Then take the crowds much bigger,” Gaster reasoned.

“Look, like 99% of the human race down there that were dreamers are gone. It’s been 100 years,” Donovan told him. “Monsters though. That’s a different story.” He sighed. “Each dreamer has an avatar of the timeline of themselves. It’s braindead and it’s controlled by them, but everything else is alive. When babies are born, they are born to that body. Those babies aren’t a part of the dreamers. Just their family.”

“When they come back through, their family is left behind,” Alphyne spoke up for the first time in some time. “So if any of them were parents and their kids are just little kids, they’ll be orphaned.”

“Exactly,” Donovan said. “It must have happened last time we moved everyone. It haunts several dreamers so much, many of them didn’t want to make more families. Others understood their situation also meant we’d probably never escape anyway.”

“You want to take them out, little by little. For those who are unattached, are older, or want to say proper goodbyes and get their affairs in order,” Gaster said. “Agreed, that is healthier. However, not everything is as you say. The other timeline selves are not braindead.”

“They aren’t? But-”

“They are manipulated and taken over. Their mind is in an unconscious state. A state that makes them seem almost dead, like a coma. No one is there behind the wheel. Nothing can return until all foreign presence has let go. At least, in theory.”

“So kids will still have someone watching over them. Only . . .” Donovan looked ashamed. “We really were like wild animals set loose on other timelines.” He put his empty gun away. “It’s time to run away with our tail between our legs.”

“As long as you finally leave, I don’t care how it’s done. Now, we want the display of the dreamworld you have been hiding.”

Donovan seemed unsure about that. “We don’t want Durian looking in on anyone. If he finds out, he’ll just yank out Frisk and let it all go. Our stitched souls though, the determination lets us leave to it with nothing but our own dreams. We can visit back and forth just by falling asleep in each place.”

“Can you get us there?” Papyrus asked. “We want to see Frisk.”

“In the beginning, we chose our forms. Only Pierce and Colt took your forms to help the Underground break free a little. We can let someone travel in our place and we’ll be unconscious on this side,” Donovan said. “So, you can replace six of the stitched. The good thing is Frisk will know you two. She doesn’t remember monsters, but ‘monsters’ is just a word. If she thinks someone is alien or mutated or just very evolutionized, it doesn’t count to her mind. She thinks of skeletons as just evolutionized people. We obviously can’t take off the brainwashing without the caster.”

“Yes, and Queen Toriel is gone,” Papyrus agreed. “But she does remember us?”

“She remembers you as what Pierce and Colt did in your forms. They tried to be like you, and they tried to be friendly,” Donovan corrected himself.

“I’ll go over.” Sans finally spoke again. He noticed everyone’s eyes on him. He just stared at Gaster. He hadn’t stopped staring at Gaster. “Right after we go look at her. Why aren’t we already having a look at her? What are you scared of seeing?”

Gaster stood up straighter. “Frisk isn’t . . . well, she is ‘carrying’ the power inside of her. It’s not actually hers. She is more of a container source. Like, a cereal box. Cereal boxes can last a long time, but they are nowhere near the expiration of sugar.”

That didn’t explain why they weren’t checking on her.

“Durian isn’t the brightest of all monsters, but he also isn’t the nonbrightest either,” Gaster said. “He wants Frisk out because he must know his power lengths within her. She can’t live forever, she isn’t actually a full monster. She can’t carry magic.”

“I really hate how you are dragging this out,” Sans accused him. “Are you saying Frisk is dying and we can’t save her now?”

“No, we can save her,” Gaster said. “Fine, come. Papyrus, let us in to see Frisk.”

Papyrus made Frisk’s room rise.

Sans stared at Frisk. She hadn’t changed one bit. Even her hair seemed the same length. *She looks like she could wake up and second and grab me again.*

Gaster went over toward her. He had a tiny knife on him and cut a small slit in Frisk.

Hey, what was he doing? “Gaster.”

“Her body is supposed to be protected.” Gaster showed off the small injury that didn’t heal. “So how does this continue to bleed? How was Alphys able to perform any kind of magic

injection into Frisk?”

Oh. No.



## Remembering Purple's Promise

“I didn’t notice at first. I admit, sometimes I am a little scrambled. Even Durian insisted upon the pregnancy, true?” Gaster asked. “He knew that her invincibility is waning as his container. Pregnancy is a benefit for him to continue his lineage, but it also saves Frisk and gives him back his magic.”

“Pregnancy saves Frisk and gives back magic?” Sans asked. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know about the second,” Donovan said, “but we’ve researched a lot about Frisk’s condition over the years,” Donovan told Sans. “That magic isn’t hers, Gaster is right. She’s more like a magic ball container for Durian’s power. If she gave birth, that direct line into her and out into the world, would make all that magic bust out. Like a shook up soda. She would be better, and it is something some of us talked about. Chara wouldn’t hear of it though, she said it was wrong to do that just for our own means.”

“It’s for her sake now too,” Gaster said. “Durian must have already known. She is getting weak, while the power stays strong. She’s like a cracked vase trying to hold water. If this power stays within her for too much longer, she’ll explode and the magic will be lost to the atmosphere.”

Sans stared at her wound. It wasn’t healing at all. She was a long way from the person he saw in New York City.

“Oh. This could be good too for you,” Gaster said. “Yes, this will let you correct your mistakes.”

“Mistakes?” Papyrus asked. “What mistakes?”

“Mistakes that I couldn’t change so I didn’t ever plan on telling you,” Gaster bluntly said. “However, now I can help, so I will. You see in the past when you thought ‘if we change this and just sacrifice some magic, it’ll get better’, it didn’t. It never did. There was no way to win that way. No matter how many times you tried it.”

How many times? *It was more than once?* They messed with time more than once?

“Oh. Sans. Papyrus. You would be lucky to live another hundred years,” Gaster told them.

Papyrus was surprised . . . but Sans . . . wasn’t. He felt it in his bones, his magic was depleting. They didn’t just risk their lives once. “Hundred years or fifty? Twenty-five? Ten?”

“Fifty to a hundred,” Gaster said.

“I’m about 50,” Alphyne chimed in as he looked toward Papyrus. “You won’t live long enough to even see me grow up?”

“No, not anymore Little Bones.” Gaster then slapped his bony hands together. “That isn’t an issue anymore. Birth will create a direct opening inside of Frisk to the outside. All of the magic inside will be released. That kind of freeform magic belongs to no one. Anyone should be able to recover at least 300 years just from standing in front of her at the birth. That’s how Durian wants to get his magic back too.”

Gaster gestured toward himself proudly. “All we have to do is make sure Frisk is pregnant, while Durian doesn’t know. She can give birth before he expects it.”

*Fuckin’ hell.* Seriously. It’d be great to cry and celebrate Gaster’s return again. They probably would when they headed to Papyrus’ home. Even with that though, Gaster sometimes. “So the goal is going from making sure Frisk doesn’t get pregnant, to pregnant fast?”

“Yes.” So blunt.

“We will live longer and be fine.” Papyrus hugged Alphyne. “Oh, Sans?” He looked back toward his brother. “Um. It’s not like we did this on purpose. You weren’t chosen on purpose. Gaster wasn’t even here.”

“Nah, I get it. Just worked out that way for us,” Sans said. “Just perfectly seemed to fit. No one could have known.” Papyrus was right, Gaster wasn’t even there, and Papyrus didn’t know the truth either. Still. *Too perfect.* “None of us could have known, but I think someone knew.”

“I didn’t know about this,” Donovan said in his defense. “I was going for the one that would give us the most time to figure out a solution for the dreamers. Not to actually get Frisk pregnant.”

“Did you personally decide on this with no input?” Gaster asked Donovan.

“You mean without someone’s suggestion?” Donovan shook his head. “No. Another stitched helped with that. Cecelia.”

“I don’t think you humans liked to share your names much,” Papyrus accused him. “Could you describe this Cecelia?”

“Well, I don’t know what to say? Cecelia borders on the most proficient in technology among us. She keeps Frisk’s news strictly on the happier side of things. She prefers bigger glasses that frame her face, and she’s always writing and learning about new things.”

*“Heh. Heh.”*

*“Sans, don’t just stand there and let the human hurt itself! We are supposed to accomplish that with our puzzles! Not-!”*

*Konk.*

*“Heh. Heh.”*

*“Sans!”*

*Sans helped the human up. "Come on, Kid. Nose out of book so you can watch where you are going." He picked up the torn book and looked inside. There were all kinds of interesting notes. It wasn't like a diary or even a journal.*

*"My book please, Sir." She reached for it, scooting her glasses back up her nose.*

*Sans held the book over his head. "You want this?"*

*"Yes please, Mister Monster."*

*Heh. Stupid human. It wouldn't live long enough to make anything up to him. Undyne would be coming after it soon. Right now he was just letting Papyrus play with it for a little while.*

*"Please? I'll make it up to you someday if you give it back to me? I promise."*

*Sans gave her the book back. "Sure, you promise." Yeah, right. "Watch where you're going in the puzzles, Kid. Unconscious humans aren't any fun to tease."*

Oh. That one. "Huh. She kept her promise." That was kind of . . . annoying. Reminded him of his own promise. "Frisk is safe." He thought he'd broken that a long time ago, to the friend long since gone. That promise still really mattered to keep.

"So when Frisk is ready, she will be brought out. In the meantime, we can be working on letting the dreamers loose. We'll need a broad plan, we don't want them wandering around reality and just giving themselves away," Gaster warned.

"No problem," Donovan said. "Lenny and Olivia are the selective presidents of the dreamworld. They will reach all the way around the dreamworld to let everyone know what is happening. Everyone will be aware as they come back to reality what the plan is."

"Luma is coming too," Sans stated. "If her connections get known, Durian will kill her." Six. "I choose myself. Papyrus will choose himself. Gaster should be one of the selective presidents. Luma will be Chara."

"What?" Donovan argued. "Why Chara?"

"How close is Chara to Frisk? Is she in any danger?"

"No," Donovan said dully. "Frisk would kill for Chara."

"Then she will be right there next to Frisk," Sans insisted. "She lost her family once, and it sounds like there's a new one coming. If she didn't get to keep momma, she gets to be grandmama."

"That's just the dumbest-"

"I spoke it, Human!" Sans wasn't feeling very appreciative right now. "Thanks to the help with the glasses girl. Wish I could say 'no thanks' like at a dinner party, but it's too good to

pass up.” He glanced to Papyrus. “Can't pass it up. I guess.”

“What Sans is trying to say, is that we appreciate the help in restoring our lives,” Papyrus told Donovan. “Also, that you and the others can take a back seat more in this. Your interference did not create the happiest of results. We will handle it from here.”

“You said that you’d tell me when he was back?!”

Oh. King Snow Poff arrived back again.

“Yeah, what can I say?” Sans blurted out half crazily. “Frisk is dying, committing murder again because of that, she needs to get pregnant to get better, and we have to rescue the stupid dreamers in the meantime. Lost track of time. Sorry.”

“Ouch, I felt that bite.” Snow Poff came over closer as Papyrus explained everything all over again.

## Trusting in Green

There was a lot to discuss, some emotional hugging, and then they got down to business.

Donovan already had an event for them to try it out. Just to see what the world was like. There was supposed to be a party that night, to celebrate Chara's pregnancy.

There was some argument from Alphys and Undyne who had to get involved since they were technically family too. They each wanted to help as well.

"I-I feel like I could handle the technical human," Alphys offered.

"Done," Sans decided.

"We haven't even talked about-"

"Did I ask for your opinion, Human?" Sans argued. He'd rather see Alphys more than the human that kept their dumb promise in the dumbest of ways.

"Gun or spear, I could do both," Undyne insisted as she looked at Donovan. "If Papyrus' mom and Frisk herself is involved, someone with fighting power should be near. If anything annoys Frisk, I'll silence it before it's a problem."

"You want my form too?" Donovan sounded like such a cry baby. "We don't need everyone to take every form. We are literally in a sleepless state over here."

"You'll be fine. We'll put everyone with Frisk, her room is the securest place in the world. Papyrus made it that way," King Snow Poff insisted. "Who am I?"

"Sire, it's really not a good idea to go," Undyne pointed out. "You are a king."

"You are a mother and so is Alphys. So is Papyrus. Everyone else gets to go with their responsibilities. Are you dragging along Alphyne too, or will he be by his lonesome?"

Alphyne smiled. "I'll be the second one running the world. I mean a selective president."

"Not on your life," King Snow Poff stopped him. "I get that."

"But I said it first," Alphyne whined.

"I am King. I always get first dibs," he insisted. "Besides, I am good at leading. I will lead well."

"He was trained to lead. He gets dibs," Sans agreed. "Pap. Figure out your kid."

"I mean. I suppose we can switch on and off with the stitched," Alphys said. "That way, one of us can always be here watching Alphyne."

Alphyne crossed his arms. He looked as bitter as Sans felt. "It isn't fair."

Nah. Life never was fair so far.

"If this works, it could be better," Papyrus told Alphyne. "We would have a wonderful new world without Durian ruling all of it. We could have an old friend back. And, um. New family too. Maybe." He looked toward Sans. "It'll be good."

"Good." Good seemed to be the word of the day. Good.

"Fine. Whatever," Donovan said, still not happy with everyone. "The party will be soon. Colt and Pierce are coming. Are we going to try this or not? Who is going and who is staying?"

"I'll go." Sans was ready.

"I'll go," Papyrus agreed. "I will be back later tonight, I promise," he told everyone.

Sans didn't answer to that.

"As long as we are unconscious on this side, you can be over there," Donovan said to them. "Everyone needs to discuss more if this is going to be a long-term thing."

"One of you stitched did a 'good' thing to help us out," Sans told him. "Choice is made. You want to save your world? Then you're going to do it the way we want."

"Sans," Papyrus said toward him kindly. "This isn't really like you?"

"Yeah? You think? Something about this just seems to tick me off in the tickiest manner I ever ticked." Sans grumped. "Fuck it, this sucks!" He pointed at Donovan. "You stitched had no right to control that decision!"

"To hide the dreamworld?" Donovan said confused.

"Frisk!" Then, he thought about what he just said. "That glasses girl had no right. This is the last thing Frisk's mom would have wanted."

"Her human mother?" Papyrus asked.

"Either one."

"Screwed over for time, she wasn't supposed to be screwed over for anything else." Snow Poff said it. "I remember mother's words. *You* didn't hurt her, Sans. She'll need this to recover too."

"No, it just really happens to benefit me." Sans laid his heavy skull downward, it's weight somehow not shifting him off into a tumble. None of them saw what was in Cindy's eyes when they looked at her. He remembered Frisk's eyes the day he had to betray her.

And now, this. It was the biggest 'fuck you' anyone could have said to another. *I'm just supposed to walk up to her and hide everything?*

“She’ll understand,” Snow Poff said again. “It was Alphys with an enforced Durian behind her. You weren’t even here. In fact, we are the ones responsible for hurting the both of you.”

Alphys started to weep while Undyne patted her back. “I’m sorry! I-I didn’t know what to do.”

“You don’t get it. You just . . . ya just don’t get it.” Sans moved over by a wall and leaned on it. “It’s not really about the future kid. Someone chose her fate, again, for their own needs. Glasses girl. She screwed Frisk over, to keep a dumb promise I didn’t even need.” He kicked his feet around. “It’s also. Just letting this lie happen, while we work in the background to drag dreamers out and get power back.”

“Cecelia probably didn’t do it just for you, she wanted to help Frisk too,” Donovan reminded him. “This move will save Frisk.”

Sans gave a slight nod. He got the gist, the stitched weren’t there to hurt Frisk. He also got the gist from the expression, Donovan was in the doghouse with Chara now. “Did this tattling of your free will, huh?”

“Oh, she is going to kill me.” He looked terrible. “Once she finds out about Frisk being pregnant? This is going to be worse than if Durian even just discovered us hiding out.”

“Suck it up,” Undyne said. “Sans has it worse. He has to lie to Durian himself.”

Wow. Undyne actually stood up for him? That was different.

“Where are the other stitched?” She glanced at Papyrus. “You better make it home soon.”

“One party,” Papyrus promised. “Sans and I will check it all out.”

Sans watched as Donovan went to the door and brought in two more humans. Real familiar looking. “Hey, it’s Pot Boy.” He didn’t forget that human. He actually took his food and cooked with it.

He just waved oddly. “Always hated that name. I gave you a good reputation over there.”

“Hopefully not too good or I’ll wreck it,” Sans said, trying to lighten up a little. Keeping the one entertained he’d be taking over was his goal.

The other person was a woman. She glanced at Papyrus. “So just a party for now? We stay unconscious for a little while?”

“For now,” Donovan said. “We can save the dreamers if we sacrifice some of our wake time.”

“Man, Chara is gonna be soooo mad at you,” the woman said. She waved lightly while she stood on her toes briefly. “Colt!”

“Okay. We better get going. Let’s get to Frisk’s room,” Donovan suggested.

While they started to head in, Alphys was already getting some syringes ready. There was no way anyone was waiting for ‘sleepy time’.

Sans wasn’t on the exact same page though. As Alphys readied the syringes, he had his own request. “Alphys. I need extra.”

“Everyone gets twenty minutes,” Alphys insisted. “Sans, this is experimental. We shouldn’t be over there long without a short test run to see if it works right.”

“Alphys. Look, I appreciate you and Undyne moving in with Papyrus and creating a nice little family,” Sans said. “Fact still is, you chose the laziest incompetent bastard that left his own brother for a hundred years instead of switching it out for anyone else?”

Guilt. Yeah, it wasn’t nice. Alphys didn’t say anything as she put more sleeptime solution in. “Maybe an hour extra, no more. Don’t get reckless, Sans.”

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## Frisk’s Security Room

“Hey, Pot Boy?” Sans wanted to ease up his definitely-going-to-need-to-be-best-friend-guy. “You still cooking? You were a good cook, had a talent for it despite your age.”

“Yeah,” he admitted, “but it’s Pierce.”

“Okay. I guess I ‘Pierced’ myself with that one,” Sans joked. “Killing time until that shot gives way.”

“I tried to mimic you as much as possible,” Pierce said before he even finished. “You and Papyrus would be key players to getting Frisk to calm down when she was able to. I joked in the same lame way you did. Use the lame jokes you used. Any historical fact I could use, I used. She practically knows me as you Underground. After that, I only occasionally showed up to make sure she was okay in emergencies.”

“So, basically, the basics Underground and that’s it?” Sans asked. “Nothing else?”

“Well, I dated her a couple of times,” Pierce said.

Dated?! “You dated Frisk?”

“It’s easier to reach her in a dating or a friend setting,” Pierce explained. “It helped her relax. She started the first couple of dates. She likes the lame jokes.” He shrugged. “I don’t get it.”

“She liked my jokes? She dated you, because you used my jokes?”



“Yeah, I didn’t use any of my own,” Pierce insisted. “I found details about you two. I don’t want to intrude on that.” He shook his head. “Lame joke and serial killer just go together with you two, not me.”

Was that his idea of a joke?

“Look, Sans, you aren’t my favorite monster,” Pierce said. “You like cuisine, and you liked the food I made, but you kept stealing the food that I made Underground. I nearly starved.”

“Yeah, but it was real good food,” Sans said, “so it was a compliment.” Damn. That not caring about humans dying thing was starting to catch up with him. “Things were different back then.”

“Yeah, they were. Things are different now too.” Pierce yawned lightly. “Colt and I were Papyrus and you. We were the only ones Underground when Frisk was at her worse. I saw how she acted with you. How she hurt you. How she befriended you. So? Even though you aren’t my favorite monster, I will make sure that you get to help your friend.” He stretched. “Especially since there’s a high possibility you might be her baby’s daddy soon in the future.”

“Hey. Thanks,” Sans said sincerely. That saved him a lot of work.

Pierce chuckled like Sans did. “Sans gonna be a baby dadda to Frisk. How’s that feeling on ya, ol’ Chum?”

Heh. “Guessin’ that sounds like me when you’re in my body, huh?”

“Yeah, guessin’ you might be right.” Pierce smiled. A genuine smile. “You are so lame.” He started to lie down. “Don’t get excited though, she friend zoned you hard the other day. Then again? The real deal might make a bigger impression than just a copy.”

Sans laid down too. *Frisk.*

“Oh yeah, one more thing?” Pierce yawned as he covered up and held Sans’ bony hand. “Try not to make direct eye contact with Frisk. She’ll know something is wrong if she remembers you . . .”

“She’ll remember me?” Sans asked. “Hey? What do you mean by remember me?” Did Frisk actually remember him? Him him? “Hey?”

“Yeah, the dream world.” Pierce was almost asleep. “The other connections gone, it broke the way it all worked. It makes the new ones mad, having to remember . . .we gotta a thing . . .”

“Remember what? What thing you got?” Sans said as he couldn’t help but close his eyes. What was Pierce trying to tell before he . . .

# Memory Hits

996622: Frisk's house

"Those geeks." Frisk stared at her living room floor where Sans and Papyrus had fallen asleep at. She watched Chara come in. "Some party I guess we are having?"

Chara laughed and kicked Papyrus lightly on the feet. "No kidding. This is strange." She looked funny for a second. "Hey, you seen Donovan?"

"No," Frisk said. "I'm sure he'll come if you invited him." Frisk looked out the window. He wasn't there yet. She went away and looked at the casseroles on the table. The guys had brought over their stuff for the party, but then just seemed to fall asleep on the floor. "This is weird. Who falls asleep when they are getting ready for the party? They are the ones who insisted on it."

It's not like they were knocked out either. They'd stolen her pillows on the couch to lie down on the floor. What goobers.

Frisk heard a groan from Sans and watched him touch the top of his skull. He started to stand up and patted his brother's side too. "If you work so hard on getting ready for a party just to fall asleep in the middle of the room, then I'm confused? Is this a strange slumber party instead?"

Sans turned around and looked at her. "... Frisk."

"... yeah." Frisk felt odd. "Don't call me sweet, Sansy Honey," she laughed. "Funny. I haven't made fun of you in years. Actually, I don't remember how long it's been since I called you that?"

She noticed Sans' expression got strange too. "Frisk Sweet. Felt like Deja Vu for a second."

"Yeah, it did. You never knew my moms, right?" Frisk asked him. "I didn't know you did, but I'm starting to remember that you did." Strange. "They aren't here anymore. They didn't have a long, evolutionized life like I did." Funny. How did she forget he knew her parents? "That was after Underground." But that was impossible. Right?

Frisk held her hands in a time-out position. "Sorry, I know. Frisk went a little bonky in her time thinking again."

"A lot bonky," Chara said concerned. "Frisk. Why are you remembering that stuff?" She glared at Sans. "You just know him from Underground. Riiiiight?" It looked like Chara was talking more to Sans than her.

“I don’t know.” Frisk shrugged. Sometimes her memories were a little mixed up. Chara and Sans always said it was a result of being stuck in a loop Underground. “I know, I know. Don’t obsess where the memory goes in time. Just accept it.” Weird one though. Really couldn’t place that one.

“No . . . no worries.” Sans didn’t seem like himself either. “I knew your moms. Don’t worry about how.”

“I know. Never worry about the ‘how’, I’ll only regret it,” Frisk groaned. “I’ve only heard it a thousand times from all of you.” Frisk helped Papyrus up. “You overdo your routine for the night?”

“Yeah.” Chara sounded strange. “I’d like to know too. Hey, Papyrus, why don’t you give us a little pirouette?”

“Pair of what?” Papyrus asked.

Heh, silly guy. Frisk didn’t get what he was doing either. She left the room a minute, wondering how a little party would fair, and she heard Chara starting to get heated.

“Pirouette. Now, Papyrus,” Chara insisted. “Do it. It’s super simple and you have a whole act to perform tonight for the party!”

“Uh?”

“What is with all the yelling?” Frisk came back out to look at Chara. “If Papyrus doesn’t want to dance, he doesn’t have to.”

“Yeah well I think it’s more like she can’t.” Chara took her fingers and pointed them at her eyes, then at Papyrus’ eyesockets. She also looked over toward Sans not too kindly. “Frisk. Do me a favor and go pick up some milk. We are out and Sans wanted some.”

He did? Frisk looked at Sans again. Huh, another funny memory. “I think I’d rather have a chillburdog tonight.” She patted Sans. “I should fix one of those again. So, milk?”

“Yeah.” He looked away. “Little milk please.”

Frisk headed out. It wouldn’t take real long to get milk. She got in her car and headed away to the grocery store.

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“I am going to kill Donovan!” Chara screamed as she gestured toward Sans and Papyrus. “You are the real ones!”

“Wow, someone is mad at us for actually being ourselves,” Sans called her out. “Hi. Didn’t want to see you again. Guess I had to after all.”

“I didn’t make you,” she uttered in disgust, “get out.”

“We are here to make the transition of leaving easier for the dreamers,” Papyrus stated.

“Also, we are getting Frisk out.”

“Fucking Donovan,” Chara groaned.

“No, we’re not doing that,” Sans teased her. “That’s your mistake.”

Chara just sneered back.

“Jokes aside. Why am I having memories I didn’t even remember until now, when I look at Frisk?” Sans had to know. “She used to share her chillburdogs with me. They were these chili hot dogs that cross rested on sandwich buns. She made them, but I named them. I didn’t even know that.”

Chara picked off a pillow off the couch and tossed it to Sans. “World’s saying and our flag.”

On the pillow was a minimal image of an eye staring out of a window. “The Eyes Are the Windows to the Soul,” Sans read beneath it.

“It’s some kind of breakdown, by losing all the other dreamworld access. When we shoved everyone in here, every time they look at someone they know, a small piece of a memory comes back,” Chara explained. “Not a whole life. That memory isn’t like a cute movie, you actually remember it. You feel like you experienced it, because you did. It’s kind of cool and bad. Especially for dreamers who escaped just for the reason to forget. Anyhow, yeah. Like one of those odd memories as a kid that just hit you again. You know like, ‘Oh yeah, I remember when I first tasted that flavor’. That kind of thing.” She scoffed. “You didn’t even know that much before diving in?”

“You really shouldn’t act so superior to us,” Papyrus warned her. “We are here to help you and everyone else. After all, you are pregnant, and Frisk will be soon too.”

“What?” Chara said with her voice phlegm sounding like a growl. “She can’t be, the number is way too high. Donovan picked somebody that didn’t have a chance of anything happening easily.”

“She’s breaking,” Sans said with a low voice. “The triggering effect of her killing is basically the cracks. She’s gonna explode if she doesn’t lose the magic.”

Chara didn’t speak up at first. “Fuck.” She looked out the window. “I just wanted a little longer.”

“Time comes for us all,” Sans told her. “You knew he’d eventually have to tell. You don’t want to leave the same way you did before.”

Chara rubbed her head. “You’re right. I still wanted more days.”

“Thanks for helping her,” Sans told her. “Nah, really, if it wasn’t for you and Pot Boy and all the other stitches, Frisk would be looping and murdering still. But, it’s gotta end.”

“If you look at her and the right memory hits between you that reveals the truth, it could get bad,” Chara warned him. “Frisk isn’t a sweet doting thing. She carries a knife and she has been known to slit throats, crash cars, and break a neck with her bare hands.” She made a strangling gesture. “Well actually, it was with her purse, but it was still a solid kill.”

“She’d been clean for twenty years until this mess,” Sans said. “Once the trigger that is bothering her again is gone, it will be over.”

“Stupid reasoning.” Chara gulped, but with some anger in her eyes. “Bastards. Bitch.”

Which one was the bitch?

“I hope she gets pregnant, but I don’t want to hope she gets pregnant. She’s my best friend.” Chara was still watching the window. “If she is though, that means she won’t have the power to back up the danger anymore.”

“Does she act kind of evil when she kills?”

“No.” Chara gestured to her brain. “I’m guessing you did something to let her know subconsciously that when she killed someone, they would eventually come back. It wasn’t a big deal, zero guilt.” She snorted. “Frisk will try not to curse in front of a room where people are staring at her from killing someone. She’s like, ‘sorry. He was being an aardvark’.”

That wasn’t funny, but it kind of had been in a terrible way. Sans chuckled while Papyrus scolded him.

“Yeah, I know. Mainly, it’s not too bad? Most people who understand the truth probably just get knocked back to reality when she kills them. It’s not guaranteed though, and most humans nowadays aren’t dreamers, so it’s not too funny.”

Yeah. Good point. Sans watched as Chara ran from the window to opening the door, calling out Donovan.

He heard a door on a vehicle slam shut as he came inside. “Not even five minutes undetected? I came straight here.”

“I hate you so much right now,” Chara scolded him. “I said not to include them!”

“We had to at some point, and you saw how Frisk had been doing,” Donovan said. “It was a matter of time.”

“It was still my time.” She flipped him off. “Asshole. Sans has a better chance physically with Frisk now than you do with me!” She stormed off to the couch and sat down.

She didn’t have to put it that way.

“I know, okay? I forgot about it,” Donovan said to her. “I forget to explain the quick nostalgia hits when they look at other’s eyes.”

“Yes, that is a biggie mistake,” Papyrus agreed.

“Well? Just don’t look Frisk in the eyes,” Donovan told them all. “We’ll all get through this.”

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As Frisk went into the store, people seemed to be even more polite than usual. One of them asked what she needed and when she said milk, someone dashed over with it for her.

She took it to the register. The people in front parted and said her purchase was quick so she could go first. Well, that was nice of them. Frisk paid and then left back toward home.

When she arrived, Donovan’s truck was there. Frisk got out and went back inside. She held the milk out to Sans. “What?” Eh. Really weird memory. “D-?” She didn’t even know how to explain that one.

Sans reached for the milk. “Yeah, it was a red verses green joke thing. Never painted the house red, only green.”

“Oh, I remember that,” Papyrus spoke up. “Yes, that was interesting.”

Huh. Donovan had his eyes down while Chara was glaring at him very hard. What did she miss? “You two okay?” *Aw. Chara opening up her Christmas gift a few years ago. We had loved that little doggie.* “Something’s wrong.”

Chara scoffed. “Donovan’s an idiot.” She glared over at Sans and Papyrus. “Idiots don’t even get how things worked.”

“Nobody would have guessed the side effects of the dreamworlds crashing.” Sans’ voice was hoarse, almost stale against Chara. He looked back toward her. “I . . .”

*Funny. Eating on a roof with Sans.* Another odd memory. “You know, I don’t get half as much of the memories with you,” Frisk admitted to him. “I usually just see our interactions Underground.” Even if she wanted to, she couldn’t place these memories.

They were no-no’s to place in their world though. People would look at others, and memories that were shared between them, usually hit them. Frisk didn’t mind the side effect, it was kind of nice. It really helped dissolve arguments between someone when they both had a great memory between them.

On the other hand, bad memories were also seen. They tended to come when both people were feeling bad. “Chara, did you share a bad moment with Donovan?” Reliving bad moments sucked.

She went over toward her friend. “Chara?” Chara didn’t want to look her in the eyes. It probably had been then. “Things are over. Don’t dig stuff up, okay?”

She looked backward and saw Sans again. He was ignoring her eyes now too?

“Casserole, Frisk.” Sans gestured toward her and took her hand. He led her into the kitchen, locked the door, and let her hand drop.

He stared at her in her eyes. She was lost in his eyesockets. The lightguiders were almost wavy.

“Frisk?” He shook his head. “Not gonna do it, you deserve the truth. You know you’re sleepin? I’m sleeping too, but I know that our bodies are being used against our will right now.”

“Our bodies?”

“Yeah. It’s out of our control. You gotta trust me that I just know . . . that you might be pregnant soon with me.”

Huh? “Chara’s pregnant, not me.”

“Frisk.” He paused again as he heard a bunch of banging on the door. “If I was wrong, would they be trying to get in like that?” He went over and unlocked the door, moving out of the way as most of them lunged in almost falling over.

“Sans, damn it, you said you weren’t going to tell!” Chara yelled at him loudly.

“I didn’t promise for that,” Sans said. “I just meant everything else.”

*Holy. Shit.* It was real? “My real body in the real world might be pregnant soon? Why?”

“Top secret stuff we aren’t supposed to talk about,” Sans told her. “I just had to let you know that. Oh, and uh, we are eventually going to get you out of here too.” Everyone but Frisk was glaring at him. “That’s it, that’s all I’m saying to her.”

“Well it was more than enough!” Papyrus complained. “She is dangerous right now, Sans!”

*Dangerous?*

“Any woman would feel dangerous in this situation,” Donovan said as he grabbed her hand. “We are sorry, Frisk.”

Sorry? “What, are you . . .” She glanced back at Sans. He chuckled slightly. “You’re really good with a saxophone.” No, no. She was always so good at ignoring the cute little details with others, why did she keep getting them over and over with him? “Especially with sunglasses.”

“We are top spies in something that we can’t tell you about,” Donovan said to her. “We’ve been secretly guarding over you as one of many duties since you freed the Underground.”

Sans and Papyrus were sentries Underground, and she hadn’t seen them very often, mostly when things got sort of rowdy.

Oh. Chara’s look at Sans though. Whatever those two were sharing, it wasn’t a pleasant moment. Their eyes and eyesockets seemed practically locked with each other.

“It was the test,” she almost spat at Sans.

“You’re lucky,” he growled, “you’re fucking pregnant.”

“Frisk’d kill even you over me,” Chara threatened me.

“I can’t take this!” Frisk yelled at all of them. “You have all been lying to me? Somehow I might be, or I will be, pregnant with Sansy Honey’s baby?” She pointed at Chara. “The puppy can’t save you now, is that why you told me to start dating Sans again?”

“Unrelated,” Chara answered. “I didn’t know much before you.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Chara wasn’t a part of it all. Frisk sighed and felt a little sick. “I need a minute. I need a real long minute.” Frisk headed to her room.

“Frisk, be sure to stay in your room,” Donovan called to her. “Killings not bad, but not something you should do emotionally.”

“Oh shut up,” Chara rightfully said back to him.

Right. If she wanted to go out and kill she would, but she just wanted to crawl into her room and figure out how she felt about all this. Motherhood? Potential motherhood? Friends who were some weird secret operatives?

And only Sans had the guts to tell her the truth. *Maybe that’s why I’m remembering so much with him I never remembered before.* The connection felt so new, like he was a whole other person. *Maybe I’m already pregnant.*

Frisk stayed in there a few minutes before there was a knock on her door.

“Frisk?” That was Sans’ voice. “Since I told you, I’m the asshole that’s supposed to fix this. So, you wanna chat now?”

*They were the mean ones.* Sans was the one telling her what she needed to know. Frisk approached her door but didn’t open it. “I may or may not be pregnant with your baby, and I will be back in the real world soon? Is that the truth?”

“Pretty much,” he answered. “Top secret stuff is secret for a reason. I needed you to know that because it involves you. That’s all you need though, so please don’t ask about more. This world could fall apart if they knew too much about the outside. You’ll learn it all when you are safe on the other side. When we all are.”

When they all were. “Are we finally leaving the dreaming world? Everyone or just me?”

“Everybody. We’re all heading back to the disaster of reality.” He chuckled. “I know it doesn’t help. This is a lot to take in.”

“I need some time.” She needed a lot of time.

“Okay. How about you just come out, get some yummy food, and enjoy the party? No questions or anything, just come have a little fun?”



“ . . . I don't know, Sans.”

“Come on? There's a ton of good food in there, I know, I already dug into taste it. I really just want to talk to you about how your life's been going, Frisk. Just casual, I just want to talk casual. Like we used to. Please?”

“How can I speak casual when I just got this bomb dropped on me?” Frisk asked. “I know you know more too, there is so much more. Why won't you tell me?”

“We could get fired. You know, top secret means top secret. Can't share top secret and not get fired. Might even get killed, it's pretty high security.”

Killed? “You risked all that to tell me?”

“You deserved to know.”

Wow. “ . . . thanks.” She opened the door. “Do you know-?”

*“You want to make a sno cone before we begin?”*

*“Don't I always?” Sans grabbed his own shaver for the block of ice. “It was easier just to sell fried snow a long time ago. With magic I mean. Heh.” He got to work on the ice while Frisk worked on the other one. “Someone saw you before your magic faded off.”*

*Frisk just smiled. “I doubt it's a big deal.”*

*“They saw mine too,” Sans warned her. “If anyone asks you about it, keep it simple.”*

*“We just finished getting back from visiting a human town.” Pretty simple.*

*“Name of the town?”*

*“Don't remember.”*

*“See? You said we just came back from visiting a human town, not passing through a random one,” Sans called her out. “Come on, Peaches, get it together.”*

She made sno cones with Sans. In a sno cone trailer. He called her Peaches like Chara used to tease her with every once in awhile. *Another really strong connection.* It seemed to freeze both of them in their tracks. Her mind found it's track again though. “Do you know if I'm more likely to be, or less likely to be, you know?”

“Huh?”

“Pregnancy?”

“Right, yeah.” Sans just chuckled. “Yeah, sorry. We made sno cones together. Why the heck did I call you Peaches?”

“I don’t know, Chara likes to tease me with that sometimes.” Frisk crossed her arms. “I usually take memory hits much better. They pass so fast, and it’s usually not real intense.” They tended to repeat a lot too, so the punch didn’t matter so much. It only mattered with certain people too, most people didn’t have important moments between each other enough to set it off. “Am I really?”

Sans seemed like he was starting to go quiet. “Just come on out and have some fun with us?” Sans said. “I can’t stay at a party forever.”

Hmph. “Just come out and enjoy myself after finding out you guys are some super-secret agents who have info about reality? Sure, cut me a piece of your casserole,” she said sarcastically.

She watched as he took her hand.

“Off we go then,” he said, stealing her sarcasm away. “It tastes pretty good.”

He went to the kitchen with her and served her a piece.

Frisk noticed that everyone else was looking at her with the door slightly open, like they wanted to see how she reacted first. Papyrus was actually looking from the bottom area of the door with Donovan, and then Chara up higher.

Security agents or whatever, they were still her friends. She took the casserole piece and heard a collective sigh from behind the door as she started to eat.

As Frisk and Sans started to leave, they ducked their heads out. When she went out the door, they were all fascinated in something over by the window. She looked back at Sans. “Let me know when you find out when?”

“You bet,” he said as he went to the couch to eat.

“Oh, you guys done talking?” Chara asked. “Good. Let’s go get some food, then we’ll watch Papyrus’ new routine. I’ve been eager to see his new ballet.”

“New ballet?” Papyrus sounded anxious. “I’m not ready for that.”

“Chara, Papyrus already said no earlier,” Frisk reminded her. “Maybe next time.” It was fun to see Papyrus with his ballet, he was really amazing at it. She just really wasn’t in the mood for the party, but she understood now it wasn’t for Chara. It was to help her relax her after the news.

It was such anxious news. She didn’t know what to make of it.

Sans asked her all kinds of questions that he already knew. He really was trying to calm her down by getting her to talk about herself and her interests.

“No kidding, you actually went out for an art class?” he said. “What happened with it?”

Mm. “I don’t remember exactly,” Frisk said as she sighed.

“I remember,” Chara said, glancing toward Sans, but only toward his chest, like she didn’t want to meet his eyesockets. “Hey Frisk, since we’re having a party, let’s play a game. How about Truth or Dare?”

“No.” No way, Frisk was not doing that, not with her again.

“Either that or Kill, Maim, Talk or Nothing,” Chara said. “Pick one.”

Kill, Maim, Talk or Nothing tended to get played the most at their parties. Frisk wasn’t the biggest fan. She didn’t see how the game was that fun, but it was always better than whatever else they offered. “Fine, we’ll play the Kill, Maim, Talk or Nothing.”

# Why Frisk Can't Take Art Classes Anymore

“Cool. Your first, Donovan,” Chara said. She looked straight toward him. “A guy walks up to you.”

“Nothing,” Donovan answered.

Chara gestured to Sans. “Come on, Sans. You know how to play the game, add something else.”

Sans scratched his skull. “The guy says hi.”

“Nothing,” Donovan said again.

Chara and Donovan look toward Papyrus.

“Uh?” Papyrus stalled. “He says you have a pretty coat?”

“Nothing,” Donovan answered.

Frisk’s turn. “He points out it has a hole.”

“Nothing,” Donovan answered.

Everyone took a step forward in their conversation continually.

“He says you dress like shit.”

“Nothing.”

“He says you're going into traffic.”

“Uh? Talk.”

“Traffic is bad to go into.”

“Nothing.”

“So you should go ahead and go in it.”

“Nothing.”

Such a stupid game. They did that for twenty whole rounds.

“Okay, Frisk, your turn,” Chara said. “A woman walks up to you, about 65.”

“Nothing.” Obviously.

“She said . . .” Sans seemed to be thinking. “You didn’t do a good job.”

Well, that was rude. “Talk it out,” Frisk decided.

“You could learn to do a better job with some assistance,” Papyrus said.

Why would she need assistance? “Talk it out.”

“She said she can help you,” Donovan said, “for about twenty bucks.”

“First of all, I never asked for any help,” Frisk said. She gritted her teeth and tapped her fingers against each other. *Sixty five, she was sixty five.* “Talk it out, I guess.”

“She says you need her help, because your stuff looks like shit,” Chara said.

“Kill obviously.” That was it. “I gave her a break at 65, but she shouldn’t live if she’s being that mean.” Frisk sighed. “I never win this game. Wait? What was it I was doing?”

“Art.” Chara glanced toward Sans without meeting his eyesockets again. “It was art. Art isn’t a subject we encourage a ton of for you. Do you remember why now?”

“Oh yes.” Now she remembered. “I killed my art teacher, but the blood was so vivid, it made the art feel so alive when it accidentally splattered on my piece.” Frisk gestured to the red window sill on the side of her. “That was a project I used it with. Not a ton of people need to be killed though, and I shouldn’t get hooked on fancy art colors, so I don’t get into professional art classes anymore.”

Strange. Sans and Papyrus both seemed to sink back further into their chairs.

“I guess I’m good with this game now,” Chara said. “Unless someone wants to play more?”

“When did you kill your art teacher?” Sans asked. “Like twenty years ago?”

“Oh, it was a long time ago.” What a dull subject.

“Yeah. You remember, Sans,” Donovan said to him. “Oh yeah, you don’t. That was the one that started to make you drag the bodies away from her. Can’t let her get used to fancy colors.”

“I don’t feel very comfortable at this party anymore,” Papyrus said.

“Not comfortable?” Frisk asked. “Why? What’s wrong, Papyrus?”

“It’s been twenty years,” Sans said oddly. He glared at Chara. “It’s still ticking, yeah, I see it. I’m not dumb. It’s controllable though, it has been.”

What was Sans talking about with Chara?

“Be prepared then. You got away with what you could. You explode the mind too far, you are going to explode her,” Chara warned him.

Ugh. They were all talking such utter nonsense. *It's probably all about their exclusive super-secret club.* Annoying.

The party only lasted about twenty more minutes. Chara wasn't feeling well, and she wasn't too pleased with Donovan of course. When everyone started to leave though, Sans didn't want to rush off, but Papyrus was practically pulling him out the door.

"Sans. I believe we need to talk about more things. Let's go home," Papyrus urged him.

"Frisk," Sans said back to her. "I had a great time at your party." He winked at her.

Frisk blushed. She had a vision of him being silly in front of some schoolmates of hers in some dressing store. "I did too." *Immensely.* "Maybe, I should give a date another chance later. Considering. Things."

"Not yet, let's not focus on that quite yet," Sans told her. "I've got some things to figure out first. Then, maybe we'll see." He held his bony hand out to her. "Good night, Frisk."

Frisk shook his hand. She saw so many more sides of Sans tonight than she'd seen in all the years she knew him. A part of her didn't want to even let his bony hand go for some reason. Like . . . like he'd leave. Like he'd leave and she'd never meet him again.

Frisk dabbed her eyes. "Oh geez, why am I crying?" She tried to laugh it off. "That makes no sense."

"It does," Sans said gently. "It makes a hundred years of sense to me." He reached over and hugged her.

Papyrus started to call to him, but he seemed as reluctant to leave as she had been. When Papyrus started to pull and yell, Sans finally let go.

"I'm gonna get you out. I don't know in what condition you'll be in when I do," Sans promised, "but damn it, Frisk, I will get you out and I'm sorry. I'm sorry I couldn't-"

***"Okay, I get it. All of my plans were lame, but as fun as I am, you must miss your Ma Cindy."***

***Frisk couldn't hide how fast her eyes swelled up with tears toward Sans. She blinked and wiped her eyes. "Gaw, look at me. Just her name makes me tear up."***

***"You really want to be gone another four or five years? You'll nearly be out of your 20's before you see her again."***

***Frisk rubbed her jaw. Losing Ma Toriel wasn't a choice, but Ma Cindy had been. "I don't want to, but I can handle it."***

"I couldn't save you." He turned away.

Guilt. He seemed to have so much sadness and guilt. She felt a strange sadness too, bringing forth just another tidbit of memory. Something sad. Something about her mother. Something

else she'll just never get, but it was making her break down.

Sans stopped turning and came back to her. "Hey, don't cry, we'll get through."

Frisk nodded but didn't stop on a dime. "Do you really have to go now? I want to talk more with you."

"I want to, but I made deals I gotta keep," he answered. "I just wanted you to know what was going on tonight."

"It's okay." She hung onto the coat he always wore. "Nothing's your fault or mine. If I am, then I am."

"You're getting pulled out whether you are or not," Sans promised her. "Before that kiddo is born, I promise, I am not leaving you here anymore, I don't care what happens."

What happens. Something out there that keeps them in the dreamworld. "Be careful if you have to take something on. I don't want anything to hurt you." She rubbed his bony arm through his coat. "I'll kill anything that hurts you."

"Well . . . at least I'm on the right side of the coin." Sans tried to joke. "Bye, Frisk. I gotta go." He turned and this time headed onward, with Papyrus scolding him about taking longer.

Frisk closed the door. The party was over. Sans was gone. It was time to relax and watch some TV with her best friend. Instead, she found herself sobbing over the door even more. Chara tried to comfort her. "What's wrong with me, why am I so sad tonight?"

"Just, things bubbled up," Chara told her. "Come on, Frisk. Come on. Let's go to the couch and do something ourselves."

"I've got this." Frisk could barely breathe. "I can't. Breathe. I got this. Deep." She tried to steady herself. "Sans. There's something about Sans. The memories. With him."

"Relax," Chara said bringing her to the couch. "Relax, Frisk. Breathe and don't stress. I guarantee, you'll see his pelvis again soon."

"Why?" Frisk rubbed away her tears. "Why am I acting this way? Am I really pregnant, is all of this weird emotional stuff from that?"

"I don't know," Chara said softly. "It could just be after seeing someone you loved, after a hundred years, leave you again."

Frisk didn't understand. "I don't get the joke."

"I know." Chara patted her back. "You'll get it one day. It won't be hilarious."

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Not a lot of extra time. Sans laid down beside a house with Papyrus. Papyrus was expecting him to dose off soon too.

Once Papyrus wasn't noticing, Sans left back toward Frisks. Gaster brought some things up that he couldn't just ignore. He wasn't going through with this plan, until he knew for a fact it was the best plan.

Sans didn't have a whole lot of use. Most of his magic was overshadowed by others. It was the same reason his MagicDNA was so incredibly low.

Sans moved into Frisk's room. She was out watching TV. He managed to catch her eye when Chara left for a second. He went back into the room and heard Frisk make the excuse she wanted to lie down for a little while.

Sans knew if he didn't get the most important things out in the open with her, the others would expect him to eventually come back and talk with her anyway. Even Chara didn't seem suspicious, just warned Frisk that she wasn't far if she got too sad.

When Frisk entered, Sans warned her right away. "I've got something, Frisk. Something 'evolutionized' humans has. It'll let us live all the erase memory timelines of our life, for fifteen minutes." He grabbed two notebooks he saw and a couple of colorful markers nearby. "This won't be fun, but it's the best way to know if we are on the right track."

Frisk nodded. "I trust you," she said as she took a notebook and a marker. "There's so much that never made sense. We will be okay afterward? This won't drive us crazy?"

"If we kept it all, it would," Sans said confidently. "It's fifteen minutes. The brain lets us hold onto it all for that short of time. It'll all be gone in fifteen minutes."

"That's pretty powerful," Frisk answered.

"It's pretty useless," Sans told her. "Knowing if time changed and how, then to just have it disappear. Doesn't really do anything." He gestured to the paper. "I've only got so much time. Are you ready?"

"Okay, what do you need to-"

Sans opened his eyes. He looked at the notebook. It only had a few notes, that didn't really help.

Get Frisk Out Of Here! had been crossed out into Restore Dreamworld Secretly. The next line said Get Frisk Out Secretly, Fast. Determination is not a factor to restore Durian's brainwashing. Relieving his magic connection through birth will.



Then it said ‘Don’t get in front of Frisk during birth, just let Papyrus do it.’

Then it said. ‘Selfish Asshole. You are lucky Frisk loves you.’

That was it? Fifteen minutes, that was all he wrote down? He looked back at Frisk to see if she had anything in her notebook.

She was sleeping soundly in her bed, half wrapped in covers, barely covering much.

Uuuuhh . . . *Nah. Fifteen minutes. I only get fifteen minutes.* Sure. She was taking a nap half naked in a bed behind him because she was tired and warm?

Sans noticed his coat was on the floor and he just had his simple white shirt on. *I wouldn’t, why would I? I never would!* No way, something was missing from the equation.

He heard a knock on Frisk’s bedroom which had been locked. It called out for her. Yeah, that was Chara’s voice. *Gonna have to face some consequences.* He opened the door. “Hey.”

“You’re still here?” Chara glanced at him. “What happened to your coat?”

So she knew he’d been there? “How long did you know I was here?”

“You’ve been here figuring things out with Frisk for nearly two days.”

Two days?! “I only get fifteen minutes of that magic.”

“Oh yeah, you finally don’t remember.” Chara sighed. “Well, at least you had two days. You said it was supposed to be fifteen minutes before but Gaster said you seduced her determination?”

Seduced determination? Wait. Those words. *Seduced determination meant she could increase my own magic?*

Two days. He had two days knowing their entire timeline together, and all he wrote were a few lines? “I could have wrote down a lot more.”

“Why would you? You had me,” Chara said. “You had to have me, because you fought for me, when Frisk actually . . . tried to kill me,” she said sheepishly. “So, did you call yourself an asshole or something? You both were. You were nonthinking hormonal idiots who came up with your plans, then just spent the rest of the time casually together. Too casually. Ass.”

Uh oh. “Getting bad vibes.”

“You got Frisk pregnant. On the *wrong side*,” she said firmly.

Uh? “Shit.”

“Yep.”

“Really? So, it wasn’t even a trying to date thing or-”

“Nope, you two couldn’t be separated. It wasn’t a big deal to you, after all, skeletons are so weak in DNAmagic, literally no chance.” Chara groaned. “Physical penetration has a little different odds I guess.”

Shit! Shit, shit, shit! “Shit.”

“Yeah, no kidding. You got another Frisk from another timeline pregnant, with another version of you.”

Fuck! “This is bad. We need to-” Sans watched her give him more books and notebooks.

“You’ve been working on it for hours now,” Chara told him. “Donovan and Colt have been giving information back and forth to Gaster with lots of sleep and wake times. Their sleep schedules are wrecked.” She held up her fingers. “Yes, Gaster was right about the timelines fixing themselves when all influence is gone. We have to move faster to get everyone out. No, Frisk can’t beat Durian until after the birth of your baby, that you need to give her. The baby here isn’t yours.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“It is another Sans and Frisk’s.”

“Yeah, I get it.”

“You have to get Frisk pregnant, without all those warm fun memories that you had, on the other side. You don’t get to cheat and look into each other’s eyes anymore for that connection.”

“Yeah I know, I get it.” Sans sighed. “We are restoring the other world. I’m guessing we are doing something really big to restore everyone to the other side?”

“Yep. Meanwhile, the stitched will stay here. People deserve to know why the world they left is so different. Why they are near humans and monsters. Why they have families between humans and monsters. Yay, more hell for me.”

“Look, I didn’t want to mess this up,” Sans insisted. “I just needed to talk to her knowing all the facts. Write down a few. That’s all.”

“Yeah, I get it. You were being safe.” She still didn’t seem grateful. “You should have trusted the situation. Found a way to get her pregnant and Durian unaware. You would have only had to deal with her in the real world up to the point of her damn pregnancy.” She swallowed. “Now, she’s got to leave to reality before she is fixed.” She poked him in the ribcage. “You better watch her like a hawk, don’t let her kill anyone in the real world before she’s better again.”

Sans watched as he saw Donovan rushing over by the door too.

“Here, from Gaster. Latest plans.” Donovan looked like he hadn’t slept well at all. “Okay, so Gaster says monster souls are going to be attuned to what’s going on before humans by . . .” He breathed a second and held up his hand. “Three days. Next question to him?”

“No need, Sans came back to normal again,” Chara told him. “We’ve got this figured out enough anyhow.” She glanced toward Sans. “You better head back. When Frisk wakes up, she’ll probably be like you now.”

Donovan nodded. “I’ll wake Pierce up.”

“Gaster will let you know what happened,” Chara told him. “Thanks. Get out because I never want to see you again.” She walked off.

Sans exited Frisk’s room and closed the door. He went to the couch and sat down.

Why had he been so stupid? Why would he be so stupid?! He knew all of these things, why did he get so . . . friendly? That fast? *I’m not dumb. I don’t get it. Why?* Why did he do something so stupid?

He just sat there with his skull in his bony hands, waiting for the inevitable.

Instead, Donovan came over. “You don’t have a lot of time. Chara didn’t want you to see this.” He took off a watch and gave it to Sans. “Hit play. The part of you that remembers everything wanted to say something to you.”

Donvan hit play instead sensing Sans didn’t want to move.

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“Heeey me?” The Sans on screen seemed . . . cheery. “Yeah, I left you shit for notes. Don’t want anyone to stumble on anything anyhow. Gaster’s got the details, but basically, once you leave this world, *the* only thing you need to do is get with Frisk and make sure she doesn’t kill others. Or, Frisk ‘Peaches’ Dreemur Perez Sweet The Skeleton. She has had a ton of names. Almost as many as adventures.” He chuckled. “Sorry this looks bad to you. I told Pot Boy not to give you this until you almost leave. Yeah, you are responsible for everything. Yep, you even *meant* to get your Frisk pregnant on this side. Do not let Chara hear that one. Heh.”

“Damn, you did know?” Donovan asked Sans.

“Anyhow, just? Uh? The rest is up to the stitched. Just, keep Frisk safe. Once we have a kiddo, this whole thing is over. I’d look into living away from the whole social vibe of humans and monsters.”

Frisk popped over his shoulder bone, also with the biggest smile on her face. “I want to be a mountain wife, all snuggled up with you under the cozy covers.”

“I was thinking tropical island getting ‘lost’ and then just lying on the beach for the rest of our lives,” Sans winked. “Who said anything about marriage?”

Frisk leaned on his shoulder closer. “Stop teasing. You like snow, and we were supposed to be married by now. No thanks to Chara.”

“Heh. Alright, I do. As much trouble as you’ve put us through, I think some alone time with just the Skeletons in the mountains is nice,” he agreed. “Look? You’ve gone around way more times doing way more shit than you’ll ever know to stop Nations. But, you feel it, don’t you? In your very bones?”

Yeah. Yeah, he did.

“So your future wife has a request, and, you know, you should consider it.”

“Don’t get in the way of the birth,” Frisk said on the screen. “I’m not gonna have any more magic. The baby, it won’t either, it’s just surrounding it. Durian doesn’t know that, but Gaster already confirmed it for us. Sans?”

“It’s your choice. I don’t know what I’ll pick when I don’t remember anymore.” Sans sighed. “I will tell you this? Toriel and Cindy Dreemur loved each other so much, that the reason this crap always starts, is because Tori uses up a lot of magic to save Cindy. She wanted to live for Cindy and Frisk.” He shrugged. “Your life is more complicated than hers had been. You’ll have to decide it yourself. But?” He pulled himself up higher. “All that other shit they are going to want to involve you in to save the dreamers, it isn’t your concern. Not Frisks either. Just get with Frisk, and protect her by not letting her kill, and keep her out of this whole restoration thing. That’s it. Anyone wants anyone else and they owe you and Frisk money.”

Sans watched the screen turn to static. He glanced toward Donovan. “That it?”

“Yep. Do you get what yourself was talking about in the end?” Donovan asked.

Sans started to feel himself drift off. His life was more complicated. Frisk didn’t want him in the way of the birth. *A Frisk that remembers wants to be with a Sans that remembers. I don’t know if us, the way we are, will be that same way . . . and I got a Papyrus and a nephew . . .*

But boy oh boy. *I never thought I could look that happy.* Not only that, but . . . *Frisk never looked happier either.* She was happy, with him. . .

Just him . . .

Just . . .

# King Not Cowboy

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Reality: True Lab

Sans woke up on the floor. He got up and moved toward Gaster. "I'm back."

"You are back? Good. You ate, you slept, you consummated and had enough fun to be back." Gaster wasn't exactly happy. "If you had just-"

"I was being careful," Sans stopped him, "and I don't regret it. I know I don't regret it, or I would have said so." He shrugged. "I told myself that my only job is to get with Frisk and make sure she doesn't kill. I'm okay with that."

Gaster groaned. "There are so many steps to take. We need to make sure the monsters will become aware first. We need to leave-"

"Nah." Sans remembered what his other self said. "Not my job. Also, Frisk and I aren't helping with any of this other crap unless we get paid."

Gaster looked surprised. "Are you kidding?"

"No. If the part of me that remembers everything said it, then I'll agree."

"But Sans-"

"Nah." Sans would listen to himself. "Get me Frisk and I'll take care of the rest."

"Frisk isn't just takeout food!" Papyrus criticized him. "We have to-"

"Just get me when you get her then." Sans started to walk over to a corner and lie on the floor. He heard Papyrus yell out his name. "Can't help without money. I gotta listen to myself. I know better than myself right now."

"Sans!"

Nah. Sans did sort of want to help, but his other self said not to. The one that remembered. There had to be a reason. *Don't focus on all the small details, leave it to Gaster and Papyrus. Focus on Frisk and her safety. Maybe that's a higher caliber job than I think?* Sans was able to hide his ma okay, but his ma wasn't easily persuaded to kill someone. While Frisk did have a decent twenty year of no kills, changes in her could change things. *She's still under that spell of Toriel's, I have to be more careful with her.*

Yeah, that made sense. He should be concentrating on the big picture. That and, that other thing. That thing that would be a big thing. *Eh, I better call mom.* Papyrus was probably

already housing Gaster. He dialed her number.

“Lo?”

“Sup.”

“Snacks, how is everything?”

“Uh? So, you aren’t a grandluma yet, but I need to make you one.”

“I’m not in a rush.”

“To save Frisk, I gotta do some things.”

“\*Whistle\* Best excuse ever, you have fun.”

“Yeah, then I have to make sure she doesn’t kill anyone. She kind of likes that kind of thing, and although she’s been pretty good, you know, hormonal changes.”

“Hm. Killer pregnant wife. Good luck with that.”

“Just until she gives birth. I think that part’s less hard than the, uh . . .” He snapped his fingers. “The impregnation.”

“I don’t know, it depends on if you are her type.”

“Heh.” Good one. “Nah, I’m pretty sure when we don’t remember each other, we are going to be less in the bed.”

“Eh. Worth a shot? Skeletons aren’t very good otherwise, it takes too long just to try by MagicDNA. Hurts too. Tell her it’ll be fun the other way.”

Uh? “Sure because that is going to get her to just jump on in.”

“Why not?”

“Mm? Frisk is more stubborn than that, she’d deal with the pain.”

“Oh yeah, determination. Tell her it’s okay if she can’t handle the physical, you can take baby steps with MagicDNA. Make sure to rub it in.”

Gaw. She was so his mom. “Thanks, Ma. Stay safe.”

“I’ve been keepin’ a low profile. Barely even risked leaving the bed.”

“Peanut Butter is going to want to see you soon. Oh yeah, and your hub is alive.”

“Oh. Weird. I guess. Yay?”

“Yeah. You’re already a grandluma of a fish skeleton. Kids name is Alphyne. Papyrus didn’t fall in love or anything, he helped out two female monsters that wanted one.”

“ . . . neat?”

“Yeah, my reaction too. Anyhow. I’ll talk to you later. I’m going to lie around and do nothing for awhile while Gaster and Pap do stuff around me.”

“Cool.”

“Cool.”

“Be sure to give 100% to what you are doing.”

“I will lie around at 100% maximum.”

“Good to hear. Bye, Sans.”

---

When it got late, Sans still didn’t move. He got Papyrus to get him something from Grillbys off the new menu, then stayed lying down. Papyrus tried to tempt him into going to their old home, but he was good.

He had one thing to do, and he’d do it real well. Besides, he promised his mom. While the next day they talked back and forth with the stitched, and made plans around him about how to get things done, he did nothing. He even did his best to not think about anything.

He ended up thinking about some stuff, but he tried to just keep it about Frisk or food or how he would hide her. Sometimes, he kind of thought of seeing Frisk in her tossed state in the bed. He thought about how happy Frisk looked too when she said she wanted to be a mountain wife.

Strange. He thought about what his other self said too. Almost like they’d been fed up with everything and just wanted to get away from the whole damn world.

Night came and Papyrus was more fussy this time in his order, but he eventually caved and got him more Grillbys. He went to sleep and slept most of the morning the next day.

He did it all over the next day.

He did it all over the next day.

He did it all over the next day.

“She’s ready,” Gaster said as he looked down at Sans sleeping form. “The stitched are about to leave soon. Except, we do have a serious problem. Sans.”

“If it’s not about Frisk being over here, don’t need to know,” Sans said.

“No. It’s about Chara.”

“Care-ometer still not the highest.” Sans closed his bony eyelids.

“The baby will be part monster, upon inspecting it’s soul. Also, on the other side, Chara is also pregnant. Same part monster.”

Okay Sans opened his eyes. “Cowboy’s not the dad?” Uh oh. “Who’s the dad?” Who could possibly be the dad? “Was she with any monster?”

“No.” Gaster’s voice was serious. “No, she wasn’t. Which means someone else knew about her moving around in different realities.”

Wait. “Nobody knew about them.”

“It turns out Durian did know,” Gaster warned Sans. “Which means when we pull the plug, it has to be of everyone. We are leaving notes, and people that the stitched trusted the most, and some videos. With them, we are hoping the transition is smoothly taken.”

Durian knows. “As soon as he finds out about us playing around over there, he’s gonna know Frisk is gone. Did he break into the security of Papyrus’?”

“You have done such a good job of not listening. Even when your brother was practically screaming, good job,” Gaster criticised, yet complimented him. “Alphys.”

Oh no. “For how long?” Sans asked. “Papyrus didn’t know about them for awhile.”

“Alphyne had helped her look into the security months ago. Alphys wanted to prove to Durian that Papyrus was being loyal because apparently he felt like Papyrus might be hiding things. He was tired of not getting access.”

Oooh. “Durian wanted to off my little brother?”

“I believe when he saw Frisk’s state, he must have realized how weak she had become. By the way, one of the stitched had helped him over. Cecelia,” Gaster revealed. “She wanted him to restore the world and wake them up. So, he knows. He will soon suspect we know. This could get bloody, Sans, but now we have no choice.”

Yeah, they had to get out Frisk and break the tie. Sans had to keep Frisk far away somehow.

“In your cliffnotes, your real cliffnotes, you hid her very well under the guise of an undetectable gender. You yourself also had a disguise. A human.”

Eesh. Human? “I couldn’t call her Frisk.” Hm. “Did I call her Peaches?”

“Yes, and she called you Chill Dogg.”

“That’s righteous.”

“It turns out you hid very well by not using your own magic. This isn’t a dreamworld, the actual magic housed that Frisk can carry around will be expensive and short lived. Be careful. It’d be better if you kept to yourselves more and only interact outside when necessary.” Gaster looked at his own bones. “I don’t know how I should hide.”



“Oh, I can pop you with mom, Pop,” Sans teased him. “Papyrus, Alphys, Undyne and Alphyne.”

“And Snow Poff.”

Hm? “The King? He can’t hide, he runs Underground.”

“Yes. He has justly and fairly ran the only other kingdom that exists. The only one that Durian couldn’t touch because of Frisk.” Gaster paused.

“So everyone in the kingdom should run?” Sans didn’t get the point.

Gaster groaned. “Sans. Chara is pregnant with a half-monster child. Only Durian had access with Cecelia. Cecelia, as you know, was a fairly good but smart person.”

Huuuh.

“Oh you would get it if you would have contributed to anything!” Papyrus yelled as he came over. “Cecelia was luring Durian to believe she would help him create another determination worthy soul on both sides, reality and the dreamworld. It kept him from bothering the dream world.”

Because his other self would rule the other side. So much hell.

“He is a boss monster though, so she didn’t want to take any risks. She traded a boss monster for a nicer boss monster,” Papyrus said. “You know. Something simple and meaningless. A meaningless . . . little snow poff.”

Oooh shit. “On both sides?”

“On both sides,” Papyrus agreed.

“Fuckin’ hell,” Sans couldn’t help but say. “Well, what’d the king say about it?”

“Nothing, we haven’t told him,” Gaster said. “That will be the very last thing to do.”

Snow Poff. “Crap. Did you tell the Cowboy?”

“Yes. He’s less risky to tell,” Papyrus admitted. “He didn’t seem displeased.”

Of course not. He regained all his freedom back from having to worry over that whole thing. Which, was probably okay. Kid would be better off with a dad who didn’t do things behind his mom’s back.

Besides, not really his concern. “So is Frisk ready?” Yeah, they were both irritated.

“She will be soon. Her memories will be about what she remembered of you when we first visited,” Papyrus said. “Now, since Alphys was the one who divulged so much with Alphyne and she is keeping mute now, it means Durian wouldn’t know. However, he is still going to

expect access to certain things. Like Chara's body Cecelia had snitched on. No matter what, we will not have access to this facility for very much longer."

"Kay. Point?"

"You will have to either drag around Alphys, deal with the medical procedures yourself, or deal with a physical procedure with Frisk," Papyrus said plainly. "I know what Alphys did was hard on everyone, but she only did it for me. As for the child of King Snow Poff, that wasn't her fault. That was Cecelia's. And, once again? I mean. She tried to neutralize the threat in the best way she could."

"Uh huh." Chara would probably kill her later. Once again, not really his concern. "Do you want me to drag around Alphys?"

"Do you want to physically give it a try with Frisk, or can you handle the procedures yourself? It could take up to 1399 days before you reach a positive," Gaster pointed out.

"I've got nothing against either way." Sans chuckled. "Yeah. I'm pretty sure Frisk isn't going to dive for me right away. Then again, in almost four years I might make some progress in the other direction."

"Fine. Then, you can handle hiding her like you did your uh, Luma?" Gaster said gently.

"I can hide one or the other, unless I drag her along," Sans said. "Everybody can't group up in large groups. Papyrus needs to get his four-piece fam out." He needed to get out Frisk. "Snow Poff will have to take care of Chara. Gaster, you should take care of Luma."

Gaster made a whiny sound. "I knew you would say that."

"I don't care if you find some hidden lovey doviness or not again," Sans informed him. "I love my Luma. I want the best person I can have take care of her, if it can't be me."

Gaster sighed but nodded. "Fine. I will . . . take care of her."

"Then I guess all that's left is to tell King Snow Poff, huh?" Sans asked. "After that, he can address the kingdom. They can ready themselves for the change." They wouldn't all be able to hide like them. Durian's reach was far and wide. They would have to ready and accept the outside world, until Frisk destroyed Durian's reign. "So who gets the joy of that?"

Papyrus and Gaster both pointed at him.

"That's not Frisk-related."

"You haven't dealt with anything so far, simply lying about. You can do this."

"My other self said not to do anything without-" Shit. Papyrus handed him money. "Dang."

"When you are done, get back over here. Frisk will be ready to collect," Gaster promised. "King Snow Poff will also be able to get Chara. Papyrus is already headed out with his family in a few minutes."

Oh. "I'll keep in touch," Sans said.

"So shall I. Somehow. Always," Papyrus promised. "Goodbye, Sans. Next time I see you, I hope the world is finally free from King Eustace Durian." He shook his brother's hand. "We will find a safe time to meet up! We will get through this."

Yeah. They would. They all just had to play a small game of Hide and Seek. Sans gave Gaster his mom's information. "Pick her up right away. She didn't live that far away from me. Take care of her?"

Gaster nodded. "The dreamworld will arrive soon. When they do, they have been instructed to continue lying in wait. They aren't supposed to do anything against Durian. He'll be less likely to send out his armies to find them. Most likely, they will eventually get caught here and there. If so, things could get . . . tricky."

"Yeah, I know. I bet they know the risks too," Sans told him. "It's the price of coming back to the real world. It's the price to pay for what they all chose." It was a heavy price, but it was the price. Everything had a price. "Lulu Leopold. Go get my mom, Gas. Get her before you do anything. She's not far."

"Yes. I will," he promised. "After I retrieve her, I will make the move. The monsters will get three days extra, with the knowledge they gained from the new monsters. It should be enough time for them to start working out the new world and what they want from it before the humans wake up. The best chance is all we can give. Go," Gaster insisted. "Go tell King Asriel, Sans."

Sans pocketed the money he held. Yeah. This is why he didn't do anything. He'd end up doing his part in it all one way or the other.

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Reality: Underground: By the Ice Thrower

King Snow Poff was helping with the ice problem as he could. The poor ice lifter had put more strain on his back and he was waiting for another helper to arrive. In the meantime, he couldn't launch the ice the same way. He sort of pushed it.

With his whole body. Arms and back and all. He made it about three feet. "Geez, this is hard work! Remind me to give you a raise." He watched as Sans started coming his way. Well, more like he spotted Sans. When it came to walking, Sans usually wasn't spotted doing that much.

He hadn't seen him for a few days. Gaster and Papyrus told him he was staying out of everything until it was time to get Frisk. "Howdy, Sans," he greeted him. "What can I help you with?"

“Hey? You remember what was cool?” Sans asked him. “How about those times you came home and Frisk had some cookies to share with us? Pretty cool. We were good. You were practically a Skeleton. Like a second little bro I came to know.”

Oh no. He started getting a sinking feeling in his stomach. Sans didn’t just compliment like that out of the blue. “What’s wrong?”

“I need you to come to the true lab again,” Sans admitted. “Got some news.”

---

Reality: True Lab

Snow Poff followed him to the lab. Gaster and Papyrus paid no heed to him while Sans wanted him to come to a darkened barely used area in the back. Ugh. “I know this isn’t good news, just tell me already.”

“Well I mean the news is okay,” Sans said. “We are getting Frisk out in a few minutes. Durian’s reign will end soon. It’s pretty good.”

“Really?” Snow Poff smiled. “That’s great news! Why is it just okay?”

“Well, because as great as it is, you’re also kind of having your sister’s baby.”

What? “What?”

Sans told him about Durian, Cecelia, and using the ‘nicer’ boss monster in it all. “. . . and I mean, Tori and Asgore have been gone,” Sans told him. “There wasn’t anybody else? And hey, look at that. More roots for a kingdom. So cool. Yay.”

Snow Poff just stared at him. “. . . Chara?”

“Yeah. Uh, sorry? I mean, it wasn’t like by blood, so that was good?” Sans said. “Adopted sister. How long was she with your family? You know, doesn’t matter. Long time ago. Hey, what a new adventure for you, huh? Fun new adventure.”

“Chara.” Snow Poff felt something stir inside of him. Something he hadn’t felt in a very long time. “Chara?”

“Yeah. Her,” Sans said. “Since Durian is going to know about everything soon, we’re releasing everyone. They’ll be okay, at first. Nothing’s sound. I’m gonna take Frisk and try to get her preggo so she can get out Durian’s magic. Papyrus is taking off with his fam, and Gaster will watch my mom. Your kingdom is gonna go down for a little while . . . but it will rise again, Majesty. Bigger and more loyal than ever. In the meantime? You need to take care of Chara.”

“ . . . ”

“She’s your responsibility now. She’s got the next in line for royalty.”

“ . . . ”

“Sorry, Snow Poff. I know how it feels. I gotta have a kid with Frisk too, ya know?”

“You could choose someone else. Wait longer and choose someone else,” he finally spoke.

“You always loved Frisk though, so it worked out for you.”

“Um.” Sans didn’t say anything for a bit as he closed his eyes. “Hey. You’re protecting your kid inside of Chara, you don’t have to commit to anything else. It gets the crown no matter what.”

“Chara. I haven’t seen her in sooo long.” Snow Poff closed his eyes. “She wasn’t the nicest person, but she was the person I played with. I. I knew. Even at such a young age, I did unspeakable things to make her happy. She pulled me out of my shell.”

“Oh. Kay?” Sans didn’t know what to say to that. “Hey, so you get along.”

Got along? “Flowey’s obsession was her.”

“Um.” Sans was still stuck. “Is that bad?”

“Even without a soul, I . . . wanted to feel her in Frisk. I wanted her back. I wanted to do anything she wanted. Rule the world or not. I was just happy having her back. Without a soul, she made me happy.” Snow Poff looked in his hands. “She was only a part of our family for a short time. Even short in human terms, less than a year. Yet, she made such an impression on me.”

“So this is bad?” Sans asked.

“I loved her so much, even as a soulless flower, I wanted to be with her,” Snow Poff admitted. “We were so young, but monsters feel so much.” He grabbed at his head. “She is toxic though, she used my loyalty. I let her use my loyalty. You have no idea how it was!” He yelled at him. “I gave her everything, I joined with her, and if I had gone through with it, mankind would have been gone. We’d be stuck as two souls together.”

Sans pulled out his old bone comb and ran it over his skull. “Well, I mean, if it makes you feel better? She’s made a lot of progress over the last hundred years. Like even before then. She’s kept Frisk safe. She’s kept her from killing.”

“Chara kept Frisk from killing.” Snow Poff opened his eyes again. “She’s . . . better you think?”

“She had a new start?” Sans shrugged. “She doesn’t even remember being Underground with you back then. Her memories are of growing in the Nations, putting Frisk and the Underground to a test to see if we were good enough to join, and she gave you some help Underground as a conscience. I mean. I think the new start did her good?”

Chara.

Sans patted him on the shoulder. "I think you'll be okay. I need to get going now, I have to get Frisk."

"Are you saying . . . that you think a bad person can . . . change?"

"I think . . . maybe?"

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996622: Frisk and Chara's living room

Frisk waited on the couch. Looking at the ground. Chara had made her aware of the fact they would be leaving soon. Also, what was on the other side, and how she was supposed to put a stop to it. With someone that she only thought she knew.

Frisk couldn't really talk about it much. After all, Chara was in the same position, on the other side of the couch. Instead, she tried to make her friend feel better. It wasn't as easy. "So this um, Asriel? He sounds like he was a nice person."

"I . . . was a child telling another child to take my body, after I committed suicide, to a surface and join souls to destroy humanity." Chara just closed her eyes. "That's . . . that's the dad. I did that, to the father of this kid." She tried to hide herself breaking down more. "It was supposed to be the Cowboy!"

Frisk tried to touch her friend's shoulder. "He became a good person. He's even King, you know? Like, wow, that's something?" No, that didn't help. "You are very different people now. Maybe you'll be okay together."

"I tried to end humanity with him, Frisk!" She yelled at her. "I know the stories of Flowey, I memorized the story of the Underground to help you get into the nations after Donovan tried to keep you under. He became a soulless flower because of me. This guy probably wants to be a thousand miles from me forever, and I wouldn't blame him. I want him to stay a thousand miles away. I conspired to end humanity with him."

"Yeah, but, he didn't go through with it?"

"Sure, and so he died a horrible and miserable death that set the Underground to start killing humans." Chara groaned. "It's like the sickest joke ever." She scoffed. "All you have to do is get with Sans. Talk about easy in comparison."

"You already have your . . . thing," Frisk reminded her. "I haven't. It sounds like I have years to wait."

"Or you could just get drunk and see what happens? Sans matches your weird sense, trust me," Chara said. "It'd probably take care of it."

“He doesn’t really remember me in that way, and I don’t know the real him. I knew that person Pierce, not him.” Ugh! “This is so weird.”

“Still not pregnant with a former soulless flower’s baby. Sans is a fart compared to the pain I’ll go through.” Chara leaned back. “When I see Cecelia, she better fucking run. Bitch.”

“Uh? It was to help the world not help a dictator of some bad sort?” Frisk reminded her. “I don’t even know a Cecelia.” That was another thing that bothered her. “You didn’t have to use gentle gloves on me and mess up my news.”

“Look, you are under a spell that you don’t understand. It was better that way. You’ll be fine now, you’ll have someone that can stop the spell easier if it gets out of control.” Chara groaned. “Why couldn’t it have been the Cowboy? He was in good in bed, and he was a reliable father source. You know? I almost bagged him.”

Frisk rubbed her shoulder. “At least Donovan’s not mad.”

“Dude was smiling, he’s fine. His burden is gone. You know, you’d think he’d care a little more.” Chara ughed. “He was good.”

“He was a friend with benefits to you, that wasn’t good,” Frisk told her. “Maybe this Snow Poff will be better than you think.”

“Let’s just look out the window one more time.” Chara got up with Frisk and they looked out the window.

It would be gone soon. A different Frisk with a different life that was interrupted a hundred years ago would take over from there. A different Chara too. Everyone would have a whole new kind of world, with the guidance of papers and the new evolutionized people. Regular humans would sleep for three days, giving the evolutionized time to prepare for a new conflict.

Then, it would be over. No longer their concern. Instead, Frisk would be . . .

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Reality: True Lab, Frisk’s Security Room

Frisk woke up. Her whole body felt weak. She tried to move her arm.

Yep. She was awake now. She also wasn’t alone.

Sans was above her, giving her a nice wave.

Yep. She was awake now.





## Starting Over Again

Frisk looked around her new . . . home. “I didn’t know what to expect at all,” she admitted. “Somehow, I wasn’t picturing this?” Sans had taken her to a secluded (very secluded) mountain home. With an upstairs, a downstairs, and freezing temperatures leaving no room to imagine anyone wanting to stay anywhere near there.

“Don’t look at me,” Sans said as he looked up the staircase. “You wanted it. I delivered.”

Why in the world would she ever want to live in a place like that? “The closest person is miles away.”

“Yeah, that’s a good bonus,” Sans said to her. “We need to keep you away from everybody. How else are you gonna stay safe from you know who?”

“I see.” Good point. Frisk moved around the place more. Although it was freezing outside, the home was actually quite warm. It wasn’t a mansion, the upstairs mainly being for storage. It was a simple mountain home.

She would be sharing with someone she once knew, but now knew nothing about. Just a few glimpses of memories from the dream world. “We ended up getting the other timeline’s dreams selves pregnant. You shared some kind of power?”

“Yeah, you want to cheat, don’t ya?” Sans seemed to get the hint. “It’s a great little power. We’d remember everything. The only drawback is it lasts fifteen minutes.”

Fifteen minutes.

“I don’t know if I’m that quick enough of a stud.” He winked at her. “We should probably just stick to the slow path. I know you want to just get this over with, but trust me. We are okay. This is a great place far from Durian. It’s a good place to build a friendship again.”

Build a friendship? “From all of the history though, it seems like no matter how hard I tried? I always forgot. I was never allowed to remember,” she said bitterly. “Over and over. I have spent my whole childhood with people, and I can’t remember them. We even spent almost two years together, learning about each other all over again. Right?”

“Yeah,” he admitted. “Yeah. That was taken away too.”

“I’ve just got crumbs,” Frisk said softly. “Crumbs and forty years of a life that wasn’t even really mine.”

“I’ve got two years,” Sans said as he appeared beside her. “Good moments. Bad moments. Really fucked up moments I wish I could erase. Got all of those.” He chuckled. “I know. We’ve gotta be feeling a little tired of this merry go round. But. One more try for a start, Frisk? Gonna make this living together thing easier.”

She watched him hold out his hands.

“Name’s Sans. Sans the Skeleton,” he said as he waited for her to shake his bony hand.

She shook it. “Frisk. Just, Frisk I guess.”

“Just Frisk. Yeah, I can get behind that,” he said.

Okay. “Well? What do you remember?”

“No.” Sans cut her off. “It doesn’t matter what I remember. Whatever you read or heard in some book. It’s nothing but words. The only thing that is real to you are your crumbs. I like those crumbs too.”

She smiled as she watched him pull out a saxophone. He played a strange song she almost seemed to remember. “The crumbs.”

“Sweet crumbs,” he said as he pulled away from his saxophone for a moment. He continued to play for a few minutes longer. “Normally crumbs make a crummy foundation, but those crumbs make it a little easier to try.”

Yeah. “I guess.” For some reason, Frisk felt tired. Tired of trying. Even if she couldn’t remember, it just felt tiring.

“No people. Nobody. No nothing. We aren’t even bothering with getting the dreamers out, that’s up to everyone else,” Sans told her. “Our parts over. This is our happy ever after.”

“Happy ever after?” Was he kidding? “I don’t even know you. I just know that I know you.”

“This place we are at?” Sans touched the bottom staircase. “It’s ours. I bought it.”

He bought it? “I thought it was temporary?”

“You always wanted a nice snowy mountain home, away from everyone,” Sans told her. “I don’t think dwelling on the past is good for us, but I’ll mention it. After we had our whole party together last time, me and you made a small video. In that video was a couple of your wishes. This one was the first.” He tapped the bottom staircase again. “You just wanted a quiet life for just us, away from everybody.” He took his slipper away from the staircase. “I guess you wanted all my great jokes just to yourself.”

Frisk didn’t really know how to reply. “The second thing I wanted?”

“That one’s up to me,” he said quickly. “My decision.” He seemed to sigh. “So even though I feel like a stranger in a strange house, eventually one day all of this is going to feel like home to us.” He shrugged. “No rush though. Let’s just get to know each other again. So you and art? Let’s see if we can’t find a safer way to play in that hobby.”

Frisk watched Sans out of her eye. “Hey.”

“What?”

“I am experimenting with art, don’t get into my ingredients,” Frisk fussed at him. She was trying out different forms of cooking for expression. The food was good, but Sans was good at sneaking it away. A lot.

Like the salt just disappeared? “Sans, the salt?”

Sans shrugged.

“You don’t even eat plain salt you eat-” Frisk groaned. The catsup was gone now. Ugh!

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Month Six

“King Durian found three dreamers in-”

Frisk watched Sans turn off the TV. “Hey.”

“None of that’s our business.” He flipped the remote up and down. “Only channels with no commercials for you.”

Frisk sighed as he put on a comedy channel. They hadn’t done much of anything so far beyond friends. “Six months later, Sans. Maybe we should try-”

“-something new for dinner?” he finished for her. “Sounds good.”

“A date.” This guy. “I want to try a date.”

“Call supper a date then,” he said simply. “Hey, I know this guy.”

Frisk watched the comedian on screen. She knew him too. “He was one of the best.” He may have departed from the world, but his comedy was golden. They both watched him together, forgetting all about the argument.

---

One Year Mark

“Tonight for our date, maybe we should try some tacos?” Sans recommended. “I’m feeling kind of saucy.”

“Will you take me with you yet?” Frisk asked. “Please? I just want to leave once, just for a bit.” She was trying her best to convince him. Everyone needed to see people eventually.

“I mean . . . we could get you a disguise . . .” He seemed to be leaning around with the idea. “I don’t know. Killing people isn’t real polite.”

“I miss people, why would I kill anyone?” she asked.

“People piss you off, people die. It makes for a bad date,” Sans warned her.

Ugh. “I promise I won’t make any kind of faux pas in public. If I mess up, you can bring me back home. I wouldn’t put up a fuss. Please?” She was really trying.

“Well?” He was getting closer. Come on, come on. “I’m gonna feel like shit if you murder anyone on our date.”

Geez, such a stickler. “I promise, I won’t murder anyone on it.”

“Uh? Okay,” he decided. “For a little bit.”

Frisk finally got to take a shortcut with him after he gave her some sort of strange disguise. She wasn’t real fond of it. At all.

She couldn’t tell whether she was a boy or girl. She dressed up a little fancier in a dress to feel better, but Sans had her turn right back around. Wearing a dress would ruin the disguise.

Frisk came back out in a sweater and pants. “Couldn’t you have turned me into some kind of monster?”

“The best disguises are in plain sight,” Sans told her. “Let’s go.”

---

One year, six months

Frisk watched the news. The dreamers were always getting caught each day, and Durian was choosing subordinate kings. Sans had a high price on his skull for him, dead or alive. Frisk’s bounty was tremendous, only paid for living and healthy. A lot of monsters she was supposed to once know also had bounties, dead or alive.

Even Chara. Just because she was birthing another king’s child.

It was hard to bear all the bad news, when a part of her knew it could be over when she finally birthed a child. As it stood, there was nothing happening.

Not that Sans and her weren't trying. They had gone past the point of friendship six months ago. Physically being with Sans was something they tried to do weekly if not daily.

She wanted to try even more than once daily, but Sans never wanted to get physical unless they wanted to themselves.

That was Sans. He never seemed to care about helping his kingdom, the dreamers, or anything that didn't concern her in a positive way. The only time he probably wasn't thinking of her was when he left.

He'd leave her no more than an hour each day. He said it was to get food, groceries, or to see his brother. She had met Papyrus too, he was the only person Sans invited over to visit.

Maybe that would change when she finally got pregnant? Maybe? She was still stirring in her thoughts as he came downstairs. "Do you want to go out for dinner again tonight?"

"Asking already? I just got up." Sans sat down next to her. "Did I miss an important event?"

"No," she said dully. "You missed nothing."

"Whuh oh, the Frisk feels down again," Sans said. "Yikes."

"It's been a year and a half," Frisk whined. "A year and a half, and we haven't been able to do anything to better the situation of all the dreamers."

"Ah. Yeah. It takes awhile," Sans agreed. "It might even take more than awhile. It might not ever happen."

"Don't joke," she said bitterly.

"And if it doesn't, then it doesn't. I won't care for you any less," he reminded her.

"It's not right. This needs to happen." Frisk leaned her head back on the couch. "A year and a half."

"Well, nothing for you today, Frisk."

Frisk didn't care that he just basically cut her off again. "A year and a half. I never get to see people. It feels like I'm stuck in the mud and I just can't climb out. We have all the tools to get out, but we just can't get out." She stuck her head between her hands and started to cry.

Sans came back over to her. "That stuck feeling doesn't get better, does it?"

Frisk couldn't answer back. She was crying too much. Sans pulled her into his bony embrace.

"I really hate this whole thing," Sans said to her. "From the first day here you've been trying to gun it to the solution."

“While you barely even tried,” she complained. “The most you did is agree to call a dinner a date.”

“Ah, Frisk. Don’t mind killing people, but gotta save the world too,” Sans teased her. “I wanted a proper start with you. Just going for it isn’t healthy or fun. Not back then.”

Urgh.

“You just need to get your mind off this for a bit. Put it onto something else.”

Frisk caught something he threw at her. It was a ring box? A ring box. She opened it up. “It’s an engagement ring.”

“How about a decent sized wedding with some friends involved?”

“A wedding?!” Frisk grabbed onto him so fast. A wedding? “You want to marry me?” She took out the ring and put it on her finger.

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There. It was better that he waited. He’d had the ring for over a year now. This move was probably the longest procrastination he’d ever done so far. Not that he didn’t want to marry Frisk.

But that it just didn’t happen. When he had a memory with Chara in the dreamworld. A shared moment just between them. It wasn’t sweet at all.

It was bad. Real bad. Frisk and him were in the middle of being not only married, but they had their memories at that moment. He was using the same magic he had used in the dream world right then when Chara walked in with a flock of goons parading around as ‘friends’. He had warned her not to do it, not to drag them away for that stupid test to join the Nations.

Ever since then, rocky times kept coming whenever they seemed to meet each other again. He could see why his self that could remember demanded he just focus on Frisk and only her.

Don’t let her get involved in the kingdom’s troubles. Don’t wrap himself up in that business. Been here, done that. Keep her safe and keep her near. He hadn’t regretted that decision at all.

It seemed like Frisk didn’t either. Her attitude was changing fast. “Can Chara be my bridesmaid? I mean, is that possible?”

*Keep it together.* For her. Chara was a friend and it’d make her happy. He couldn’t think about the memory. “Sure.” He got a deep hug for a reward. “So the whole baby worry thing is out the window now?”

“I need to get a dress.”

Yep, her mind was preoccupied with something that actually mattered for them. “Are you making your Chillburdogs for the reception?”

Aw, that smile back at him. "I'll include some for you."

---

Yeah. That whole cutting her off thing was totally false. They didn't leave their cozy mountain bed 'til almost two in the morning. Dang, he should have just proposed sooner.

But? He didn't want to say something like 'we were once gonna get married, let's just do that'. He didn't want to push a relationship, make her try to feel the 'good old days'. He never brought up even stuff that they did with Snow Poff and the other Skeletons. Definitely none of the talk of the repeating Undergrounds.

It was just on that time. It was just on them. As anxious as Frisk had been, his stubbornness to not make things go faster, made her have to slow down. Did the world suffer for his happiness?

Probably, yeah, but screw it. They were ready when they were ready. And the world should feel grateful it would even get that choice. If it did. So far, Frisk hadn't gotten pregnant and he wasn't putting in his worst work. But? Maybe it was better this way.

Things would happen or they wouldn't. Boy, he was sure Gaster would be having a cow knowing he wasn't even trying with the MagicDNA. Sans didn't even do that once. It would just make Frisk even more anxious.

"How many people get to be at the wedding?"

Yeah. The only real drawback. "Everyone important." Everyone that he could convince to come. Everyone that understood Frisk had no problem with murder. Everyone who could be ultra-sensitive to her feelings so she didn't accidentally go on a mass killing spree. "Maybe ten or eleven."

"Will I meet some of my old friends I don't remember?"

Let's see . . . Undyne. She might bring Alphys. Maybe. Papyrus. Chara counted in that. Snow Poff definitely. "Sure."

She snuggled up closer to him. "I love you. Tell me a joke."

"I love you too," he said, "so why would I make you suffer a joke?" he teased.

"I like your jokes." Frisk rubbed her nose against his nose hole.

Dang. "How did Sans get away with the worst thing he ever did?"

Frisk looked confused. "This better be a really good joke. How?"

"Propose." He chuckled. She didn't laugh. "I didn't do anything. I just said Sans. Could be any Sans."

Frisk hit him playfully. "You don't get a 'get out of jail free card' for proposing to me."

“I don’t?”

“No, you don’t.”

“Well. Destroys the joke, give me a second.” He paused only a few seconds. “How did Sans get away with getting lots of sex?”

“Proposal,” Frisk answered. “But not really. *This* is how we finally save everything. I would be gungho all the time if you triggered my determination.” She kissed his bony cheek. “You actively go out of your way not to trigger it.”

“Yep. I purposely do that for your benefit.”

Frisk had to laugh at that one. Yeah, she knew him well.

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### King Snow Poff’s Hidden Family Home

Yep. He brought her out. For this wedding, he was going to have to risk bringing Frisk out anyway. He’d be careful, but he knew where she wanted to go to first.

To see her Maid of Honor.

“You are kidding.” Snow Poff wasn’t happy with Sans’ request as Frisk went inside to talk to Chara. “I am hiding out with my family, and you want us to all go to a wedding?”

“My wedding,” Sans corrected him. “With the bride being Chara’s best friend.” He heard excited laughter coming from the inside. “Can’t deny that sounds happy.”

“Yes, but . . . you don’t have good history with Chara,” Snow Poff said to him.

Yeah. A year and a half, Snow Poff and Chara probably had their own relationship going on. Maybe just friendship, maybe something more, but enough that Chara told him about her roles. “Honestly? Yeah, I couldn’t give a shit if Chara ended up burning for eternity, but she’s Frisk’s best friend. She’s gotta be there for her.”

He got out the words before Frisk came back with Chara.

“Hey,” Chara said to Snow Poff. “I need to help Frisk with a wedding.”

Snow Poff groaned. “A wedding? We are going to break all of our precautions for a wedding?”

“Yeah.” Chara said it with no fuss. “Frisk is getting married. We are going. At least I am. You can stay and watch our daughter if you want, but I am going.”



Yeah. That really wasn't a good look on Snow Poff. He glared at Frisk. "Durian is finding and destroying more hidden people every day. Instead of focusing on marriage, maybe *you* should be focusing on having a damn kid to break the brainwashing of his gigantic army!"

Whoah. Before Chara or Frisk could speak, Sans froze everyone but him and Snow Poff. Not real long, but long enough.

"Don't yell at Frisk, Sire." Sans wasn't going to stand for it. "For one thing? It doesn't just magically happen. I'm not going to put her through surgery every day for some 1200 out of 1 shot. We have sex reasonably enough when we want to."

Snow Poff didn't seem to like that.

"Even if it never happens, it isn't anyone's fault. It's nature, so knock it off. Majesty." He was treading thin, but Sans wasn't going to let anyone make her feel bad. Even the king. "You yelling at her will make her feel like this is all of her fault. All this death was her fault. While it doesn't matter right now, it will in the future. When she's better and the spell is gone. Do you want Frisk, the person who baked you cookies and fed you nicely, and loved you when you were just a real young thing? To feel like a super big piece of shit that was worthless in the end?"

Yeah, those last couple of lines seemed to dig in the point. "I'm sorry. You're right," Snow Poff agreed. "Her body can't just obey her will."

"If it could, she would have had one by now," Sans said to him. "Maybe something is wrong for her reproduction and she can't ever have one. I will sure as hell never want her remembering those words if that's the case. Do you?"

Snow Poff's ears seemed to droop down some now. "I wasn't being a very good king. I haven't felt like myself since Chara and the baby. I'm scared they'll be found, that the last of the royal line will be wiped out, that I'll lose Chara again, or that I'll lose our daughter and never see her again somehow." He bowed toward Sans. "I'm sorry. I have gotten a lot more like Flowey since everything. It just comes out in me, but I'm sorry."

"Don't tell me. Tell her." Sans unfroze everything.

"Forget everything I just said," Snow Poff said quickly once they were unfrozen. "I wasn't thinking! Of course, a wedding is a great idea. If you love each other, then you should get married with your family and friends." He looked toward Chara. "We'll all go, safely, and have fun."

Chara half glared at him, while Frisk just glanced toward Sans.

"Don't worry, a baby will come when it comes." Snow Poff hugged her. Frisk seemed confused and kept looking at him.

She knew his powers. She probably already knew. She'd either be angry or happy about his interference.

She moved away from Snow Poff and wrapped her arms around Sans.

Yay, she was happy. He hugged her back.

“Please don’t freeze time,” she told him. “I appreciate your concern, Hon. I really do, but we’ve already lost who knows how many memories? I don’t want to lose anymore time.”

Oh. Not quite happy, but he understood what she wanted. “You bet, Wuvvy.” He’d never take away another second from her. They’d lost enough.

They had regained their friendship, their relationship, and they were even going to be Skelehusband and wife.

They didn’t want to risk ever losing any more.

But neither of them were prepared, for what happened next.

# Forbidden

## Outside the Ruins

Since Frisk was getting some mild freedom, and she was nearby, Sans wanted her to do something for him. He said it was more for her, than him.

Go see her mothers.

Her mothers were dead, both under a grave. It explained some terrible things from the dreamworld. Her moms were considered 'unwell' over there. They didn't talk or walk without assistance. Didn't eat without assistance. Barely breathed. Showed no emotions.

She didn't really know how to react. She never really visited them in the dreamworld much since they . . . didn't even know she was there. She had no real memories of what their personalities had been. If anything, she felt sad that she didn't know how to feel.

She touched her mother Toriel's grave-

Whoah! Sans grabbed Frisk as she screamed and fell to her knees. "Frisk?" What the hell? It was just a gravestone, what the hell? Frisk was trembling and practically clawing into him to hold on.

Sans did as Tori once wanted. Her last wish. She already knew deep inside that she wouldn't see Frisk again, but she was confident that Sans would one day see her. She gave him a sealed letter and told him to make Frisk visit her grave when she came back, even if she didn't remember her.

He didn't bother with it until they risked coming outward, but he knew he should probably grant it before they finally got married. Now he was having second thoughts. "Frisk?" Damn it! There must have been some kind of magic locked in.

Please. He didn't want to begin again with her. Not again. They always missed so much, and they always lost so much. "Frisk?" He said more panicked. "It's Sans."

Frisk opened her eyes and stared at him. "Sansy Honey."

Sansy Honey. She only said that when they shared a past memory together. "Frisk?"

Frisk pulled herself back up and went back to her moms graves. She stood between them. "Moms." She wiped her eyes. "Ma Toriel. Ma Cindy. I'm so sorry."

"Nothing was your fault at all," Sans corrected Frisk. "All the bad stuff was from Durian and the spell."

“No, it was my fault. Mine. From the beginning, it’s *always* been mine, Sansy Honey.” She bowed to each of their graves. “I couldn’t accept what happened and I used your love to give me something I didn’t deserve. It’s my fault. Everything is my fault.”

“Last time I saw it, Durian was the one who chose to have you, to get all this done and take over.” Sans was trying to make her feel better, but it didn’t seem to work. Guilt overwhelmed her. “Frisk.”

“Do you know why Ma Toriel made me forget monsters?” Frisk questioned him. “It’s because she was scared. When you turned back time, you . . . forgot. Only Papyrus and I remembered the future.”

Damn. *Tori. Did you hide magic in your grave to free Frisk’s mind again?* To do that. That was a lot of power. Sans took out the letter that he needed to give her. “Tori wanted you to have this.”

Frisk took the letter. She smiled sadly, and then gave her to Sans. “In the end, it was all pointless. Here.”

Sans took the letter. It didn’t make her any happier at all? Sans read the note.

***Dearest Frisk,***

***I am sorry for not revealing so much to you when you were younger. I’ll never know what you tried to prevent when you had Sans turn back time, but I know that such large actions have great big waves in time. Those waves I have felt myself. I had hoped that making you forget monsters would have prevented those repercussions.***

***I’m afraid that my mind isn’t what it used to be. I have no idea everything that you and Sans have done, nor would I want to. However, I don’t believe it was your fault. Durian had planned on things happening eventually. It made the world easier to conquer, but he had a plan all along.***

***This was not all you. It was not all me. It was not all Sans. I am afraid we all made some bad choices for the ones we love. That’s all I can say.***

***The only thing I could do for you, I wouldn’t be able to by the time you come back. I hate that I have to play this terrible waiting game, for this to conclude!***

***Asgore and I have poured a great deal of magic into my chosen gravestone, weaking both our lives, in the hopes that you will find a way to come back and time will continue ticking.***

***I cannot give you what the dreamworlds had taken away from you, but I can give you what I took from you my Sweet Frisk. My Frisk Sweet. What you never should have been able to get back, and what will break the hold Durian has over you.***

***This is the only thing I can give you. I would much rather give you hugs and tell you face-to-face how sorry I had been for my choices. I wish you well and your moms love you so much, Frisk.***

## ***Forever and ever.***

Wait. Sans looked back toward Frisk. “You got some memories back?” He watched her move away from the graves. She started to walk to the ruins. “Hun?” Crap. He didn’t get a good feeling about this.

He moved after her to the ruins. He was hoping that maybe she would just stop in her mom’s old home. She didn’t, she kept going. She walked all the way to the ruins, until she reached where she first fell as a kid.

She was there, staring at the light above her. Meanwhile, he started to watch his phone. Updated news was alarming enough to prove that letter right. The brainwashing power Durian had was over, his army was ‘waking up’.

Yeah. Sans could see the meaning in her words, the terrible waiting game. Tori and Asgore had created the answer the whole time, while they were still alive. Nothing needed. No baby.

He . . . wasn’t needed at all now. Frisk might not even remember him much again. “Frisk? Hey.” Sans moved up slow, having no idea what memories Tori had just flooded her with. She wouldn’t give her everything, would she? That would destroy her mind.

“What happened after it all again?” Frisk glanced toward Sans. “Sansy Honey.”

Eesh. “I don’t know. What’s the last thing you remember?” Sans asked her.

She shrugged. “Prom.”

Prom? “That human dance time.” The prom? “Do you remember the dreamworlds?” She shook her head. “The stitched?” She shook her head. “You remember the last year and a half?” *Aw, please!*

She shook her head.

Fuck! Sans slapped his skull. No. “No, huh? Nothing.” A light, sad chuckle. Probably sounded more like a choke. “Boy. That’s just fucking hilarious.”

Again. It was all stolen away from them again! Yeah, the world looked like it was saving itself from Durian. Yippee fucking hooray, but he lost Frisk in the process of it all. Again.

“I know I did wrong,” Frisk said to him, probably noticing that he wasn’t so happy right now. “I’m sorry. I have some . . . glimpses . . . of things, so I know I screwed up royally.”

“Contained magic. Not many can do that.” It was pretty much impossible, just the dreamworlds even used that gimmick to keep their illusions going. That was a hell of a lot of power that probably could only come from boss monsters. “When we first woke up.” Nah, he should fix that. “What I remember when I first woke up, was that nobody could let you have your old memories. They said it was locked behind royalty magic. All of ours were. Your mom kind of hid a lot of memories.”

“Kind of?” Frisk sounded gruff. “I love my Ma Toriel, but we both know she hid a lot more than a little. If she asked for Asgore’s help too, I have a feeling there is more magic in that gravestone. Maybe your lost memories from the surface will be in there?”

“Memories are limited.” Sans wouldn’t risk it. “I won’t lose anything else.”

“Your times with Papyrus, and maybe others?”

His Luma. Gaster. His . . . childhood. “I don’t want to risk it for anything anymore, Frisk. I already lost time with you. That time was real important.” Really important. “I just wanted my present with you.” Damn it. He just-

“You called me Hun,” Frisk said toward him. She lifted her hand and saw the engagement ring he had got her. She glanced toward his bony hand he had tried to hide away. As bad as he felt, he didn’t want her to feel forced or bad about anything else. She was already depressed.

“You just saved the world again.” He could give her that. “That should make you happy. The dictator that ran it the last forty years is getting thrashed. He won’t last long.”

“Are we married or engaged?” Frisk asked him, not even caring about his last sentence.

Okay. Just tell her it was necessary. They needed a baby. *We don’t need one anymore. Tori fixed it all up.* But. He just couldn’t. “Engaged.”

Instead of horror or disgust on her face, she had a huge smile on her face. “Sans, do you have to marry me because of the law?”

The words didn’t match the expression of happiness. “No?”

He felt Frisk run straight into his bony arms. She was hugging him.

“You love me back?”

Those words. They actually came from Frisk? Sans could feel how much she wanted to stay in his arms. He just wrapped his own around her. “Totally, Frisk.”

“Thank you!” It was so high pitched. “No matter how bad the world is, at least this turned out right.” She kissed his bony teeth several times. “You want to marry me because you love me now.” Her tears were now tears of joy.

Over him? All that, over him? “Your moms are dead. You don’t know over forty years of your life. You lived in a repeating time with spells. And, you’re really just happy over me?”

She held his bony hand in hers. “No one I’d ever want to be with.” She gave him another kiss on his bony cheek. “I know you’ll never remember the first go round, but it’s okay. As long as we love each other, then I believe in us.”

Incredible. “So I don’t have to start with the friendship and then the dating again to get here?”

“Sans the Skeleton.” She chuckled. “The last day of my memory? You asked me to marry you. You did that *a lot*. The offer was always there, but it wasn’t your heart. It was just something you needed. Anyone could have married you. But? When your memories had been turned back to when you hardly knew me?” She sighed. “I took advantage of it and said yes. I just wanted to be with you. I thought one day, maybe we’d both hold each other like this.”

Daaaaamn. “That’s . . . you.” He said it almost in a gasp. “The part of you that must have saved the Underground as a kid. The kind of tenacity you’d need to get that done.” It was the same kind of tenacity he could see in her now.

Tori had done more than just release trapped memories in Frisk. A part of Frisk herself had been trapped away until now. An incredible part that only cared that Sans was still there, even if she missed forty years of her life. Missed her days with her mom. She had no idea everything she had missed. “If all you got are the sealed time memories, then we don’t share a single memory together.”

She laid the top of her forehead against her skull. “If you fell down and gained amnesia, knowing nothing of yourself, I would never just leave you alone. Even if you never remembered me.”

“Do you remember Chara interrupting our wedding?” He had that shared moment with Chara.

Frisk just looked at him blankly. “What Chara and when did we have an interrupted wedding?”

Well. Nevermind. “Nobody then I guess.”

“Do you still like your Chillburdogs?” she asked.

“Yep.” No doubts there. “Do you still like . . .?” He chuckled and whispered in her ear.

She grew red. “Geez, I don’t know! When I was old enough for that kind of thing, we were just friends! I didn’t accept your proposal until the prom. Even then, we were still just friends. I knew we’d move up in level though since I finally accepted your proposal.”

Oooh. Well. *Nah. This isn’t so bad.* It wasn’t perfect. But, it wasn’t bad. Not bad at all. Except? “Hey, can we still have a kid? I kind of need one.”

Frisk’s loving face changed. Like, she really had a problem with what she just heard. Her eye started to wince and her mouth kind of moved involuntarily. “Don’t tell me. *Now* there’s some kind of law that says you have to have a kid right away instead?! I thought you were marrying me out of love now!”

“I am marrying you out of love,” Sans said quickly. “I just? Papyrus has a kid now.”

“Oh.” Frisk rubbed against his cheek as she sighed in relief. “So you want to be a daddy?”

“No,” Sans said, “but I need like whatever power is in you to increase lifespan.”

Frisk backed off again. “You want to have a baby for a long life?”

Oy. Well, he couldn’t lie. “It might have dissipated with whatever Tori just had happen to break the connection, but I doubt it. I think she broke the connection without releasing that power. Do you think murdering people is good or bad?”

Frisk looked absolutely confused. “I don’t know. I guess it depends on how rude they are.”

“See, that’s not fixed. It’s just, you don’t feel like a rock. Papyrus helped with whatever I did in time and it shortened his life. If he’s there at a birth . . .” Yeah, maybe he should have saved that request. “I wanted him to see his kid grow up.”

Frisk gave a slight whine. “Yeah, I know he was there. He helped to save you.” She suddenly seemed angry at him. “He told me things *you* wouldn’t, like how risky it had been to go back in time to save Ma Toriel from needing to save Ma Cindy!”

Sans stopped holding her and put his bony arms up. “I don’t remember, don’t blame me for something I don’t remember. Isn’t there some kind of law on that kind of thing?”

Frisk went back over to hug him. “Don’t do that again. We can have a baby, but only if you love me, and you genuinely want one with me?”

“Do I genuinely want a family with you?”

“Yes!” She demanded. “You are not going to just have a baby because you need it, you have to want it. Do you want one?”

Yeah. Sans knew the answer. With her asking it, there and then. “My lifespan is shortened too, Frisk. I’ll probably live about as long as you now. If we have a kid, it’ll have that same kind of lifespan.” Her eyes darted across his guiding lights, searching.

“Do you mean? That you want to share your whole life with your Mayfly?” she asked strangely. “Not just because I’m the answer to a problem of yours anymore?”

“I want to share the whole thing. Only Papyrus will be in the way of the delivery for the extra magic,” he promised. “I don’t want extra years added on.” It was hard to say that. It wasn’t that he demanded a long life, but he would be leaving his brother behind.

Papyrus had grown up though. He’d spent forty years away from him and made his own family, and his own way. Sans needed to do the same thing. There was only one he’d do it for:

Frisk.

“I think moms would be so proud to hear you say that,” Frisk said. “Both of them.”

Oh no way. “There’s no way I could ever be approved of by your Ma Cindy.” Never. Not with those eyes.



“My moms each did everything they could for me and each other,” Frisk corrected him. “You have a chance to get a long life back, but like Ma Toriel, you are choosing to live your life growing old with me and our children. I know that means losing many years with your brother. It’s not an easy decision.” She sighed lovingly against him. “Yes. Even Ma Cindy would have been happy with you, Sans.”

“That’s nice,” Sans admitted, “but you said children. We only need one.” He could see her dander rise, but he just chuckled. “I did that on purpose, it was a joke. We might have more than one. Maybe. If we have one. We’re having trouble with that right now.”

“If we have one?” Frisk asked. “You mean . . . we’ve been doing it before the wedding that much?”

Oh yeah, princess raised Frisk. Wedding first, real relationship afterward is what Tori would have taught her. “We’ve had a few go’s so far at it, yeah.”

Frisk blushed. “Wow.”

He gained his world back today that he thought he had lost. Oh, and the dictator was stopped too. She’d *really* be thinking wow later that night. “Don’t feel bad if it doesn’t happen. If it happens, it happens. We can’t control nature. Controlling heavy things, it doesn’t bode well.”

Frisk just stayed pressed against him. “I’ll still do what I can, Sansy Honey. Maybe you can show me what we’re doing, and maybe we can try a different way?”

That wasn’t how it worked, so Sans knew what that meant. “We live out in the wilds of the mountains where no one ever bothers us. It’s freezing all the time, but the house stays nice and warm. It’s all thanks to Tori’s fund to you.”

Frisk smiled at him. “It’s so nice to hear you use that nickname with her again.” She nodded. “This whole time. All she ever wanted was for me to join into the Monster Kingdom. And now, I live farther away than ever and they aren’t around anymore. But. I guess, their wish was still granted? I’ll be married to someone from the kingdom.”

“Nah, that wasn’t their wish. All they ever really wanted was your happiness,” Sans told her. “Better late than never.”

Frisk actually chuckled herself. “Yeah. Better late than never.”

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Monster Kingdom: Sans and Frisks Wedding.

Frisk had great memories with Undyne and Alphys that they had all still shared, so Sans wasn’t alone in dealing with wedding stuff. With Durian defeated too, they didn’t have to

maybe have ten people and no more. A lot of people wanted to celebrate that had remembered Frisk.

Their little wedding had become a full-blown event, with the new King and Queen of the Monster Kingdom even being there. Although, they would have been there anyway.

King Asriel ‘Snow Poff’ Dreemur. He was now mainly called Asriel, except to his friends and family. They still called him ‘Snow Poff’. His wife, Queen Chara Dreemur, had married him only a few months ago.

Like with Frisk, Asriel didn’t have to marry Chara. It just turned out they went better together than they thought at first. Their daughter, Sillie Dreemur, was being held by Asriel as Sans took his place up front.

Papyrus stood beside him too. He was Best Skele-Man. “This is such a wonderful day, Sans,” he whispered to his brother. “Except for the fact you two don’t share a single memory together and she is definitely on the dangerous end of casual get togethers.”

Heh. Yeah, but it was just them. Also, there was one more teensy bitsy thing wrong, but Sans was watching her very carefully. Tori had removed the first curse from Frisk, which allowed her true determination to come forth and deny Durian’s magic over her. Um? But that was it.

Frisk sort of . . . well? No one was perfect.

She was still his little serial killer.

Sans didn’t know for sure until a so-called expert on weddings told Frisk she should go down the aisle in white. The uh, the day didn’t turn out so good. Blame it on stress? He moved her quickly, called Chara to ask for tips and tricks, and kept her under lock and key in their house for a little while.

Several monsters had tried to convince him that she was too dangerous. No one had told the human side of society, which would have definitely captured her for that kind of thing. After all, she was the world’s hero, having broken the link that gave Durian his power.

That nice grace wouldn’t last forever though, and even Papyrus warned him maybe skipping a wedding part would be a better idea.

Sans hated that. He loved Frisk. Serial killer or not, she was gonna be his wife. They were both long overdue for a happy ever after. Instead of being afraid of it, he took some of Chara’s advice.

He accepted it. Frisk was currently starting to walk down the aisle in a blood red bride dress she had wanted to have. The colors danced on the dress she had said.

Others seemed a little shocked by the choice, but he didn’t care. It’s not like it was even blood. Or, at least, Undyne said nothing innocent suffered. Good enough.

Still, he could tell his Best Man still felt edgy. Frisk didn’t quite act the same as she had with them before. Sans didn’t mind though. He actually loved it. It felt right.

It was worth the risk. As the music played and Frisk in her dress came closer, Papyrus behaved himself.

They didn't want the wedding to last too long. With their luck, something could start if they took too long, so short and sweet was what they wanted. Undyne even stood by to give them the rings and stand guard.

Papyrus and Alphys had both urged Sans to exchange some kind of personal vows of their feelings. Alphys because she liked that romantic crap, and Papyrus because he wanted to make sure murder wasn't involved in her future with him.

Which was why Sans figured he'd skip it. For all he knew, she might say something like she'd kill anyone that'd hurt him. Totally within her character, but it wouldn't make the guests feel safer.

And him? He didn't really need to share his feelings with a huge crowd of monsters. He shared his feelings with Frisk privately, and that was good enough. He didn't care if people thought he was basic or plain in his thinking. He never did before, why should he now? The whole wedding itself wasn't intended to last no more than a half hour.

It just had the most important parts. The bride, the groom, and the legal stuff.

When everyone parted ways after the congratulations, the day was done.

"I'm glad," Frisk said to him. "I'm Frisk the Skeleton, but in a much better way than I was supposed to be."

Sometimes. Sans just didn't know what to make of her words. "Sure."

"Yeah. Sounds about right."

Sans watched as his Luma and Gaster actually came over toward him. "Hey. You showed up, huh?"

"Tried to." Luma shrugged. "Gasty took forever. You know how it is. He hates to admit when he's wrong about things."

"I never said I was wrong about anything," Gaster warned her.

Wrong? "What's that got to do with my wedding?"

Luma looked up toward Gaster. She just nodded her head from him toward Sans.

Gaster sighed. "Lu Lu thought it would be nice to know how long you would live. I tried to calculate how many times you probably traveled through time."

Oh. "I don't need that," Sans insisted. "I'd rather have a hotdog or something."

"Snacks." Luma gave him some. "Gaster couldn't do it."

“I am just missing some information.”

“You might have a long or short life, Snacks.”

“When dealing with time, it’s much more common to have several effects involved,” Gaster said. “The feeling inside of you is much weaker. I assume that is because of severe looping.”

“Well, we lived for years and years in dreams,” Sans reminded him.

“Living over and over in the timelines doesn’t mess with your magic unless you are the one causing it,” he answered.

Oh. “I probably fought with Frisk a lot in the repeating ones when she wasn’t such a good sweet girl.”

Frisk just laughed. “I’m nothing but Sweet.” She rubbed his nose hole with her nose.

“Weird,” Gaster settled on. “That would be massive amounts of fighting over and over. I still think it was repeating times. Although, that still wouldn’t mess with your magic. But it is less. It seems like you would be messing with time over and over.”

“It’s not really my style to do that. Does this really matter?” What was the big deal?

“If he has a long life, then I understand that,” Frisk told them. “I’m just happy he wanted to build a life together without any ulterior motive.”

“Gasty?” Luma said to him. “Come on. You can do it.”

“I . . .” Gaster seemed to be almost sweating. “I don’t know the answer for sure.”

Oh, Sans got it now. “It’s okay. Not every mystery needs to be solved.”

“That’s what I’m always saying,” Luma said back to Sans. “No idea how we ever paired, but it must have had to do with me not believing in something he ‘knew to be true’. It’s the only way he’d bother with me probably.”

Aww. Nah, his mom was chill and sweet. Opposites attracted was all. “It’s all good.”

“So instead, here’s an expensive red vase.” Gaster gave him a gift. “It’s inside the gift.”

“Thanks.” Sans handed the wrapped present to his new wife. “I’m sure when we unwrap it it’ll be a great surprise.”

Frisk just laughed and then courteously bowed. “It’s really nice meeting you. I never thought Sans’ mom and dad would be here at my wedding. I always figured it would be . . .” She was quiet a few moments.

Her moms. Frisk held things together well, but Sans still caught her own sadness for a minute. She really missed her moms. “You okay there, Frisk?”

“It was a good switch,” Frisk said instead. “I would rather have had my moms live their lives out with each other, than have just Ma Cindy here. Especially after . . .” She shrugged lightly. “Can’t have everything. Even if my last name was Sweet.” A small break as she playfully knocked on Sans’ elbow.

“Well, it’s Skeleton now,” Sans said to her, trying to cheer her up. “Unfortunately, some good jokes gotta be put to pasture. Luckily all of my jokes are still relevant and funny in every way.” Frisk held onto his hand. She seemed to be doing better now.

Sans really didn’t know what would be in their future. Would they be able to have a kid so Papyrus might be able to live longer? Would Frisk ever fall out of the spell that Tori put on her to make her not feel anything about killing? Durian fell out of power but he went missing. Would he ever be found again?

He didn’t really know. In the end, none of it really mattered.

Because he and Frisk? They were happy.

That’s all he cared about.

Except that Frisk’s recipe for Chillburdogs were actually fantastic, she’d been working on those for years. It wasn’t just some simple recipe, she had the sauce and mix down to an art.

Yeah.

Besides that though, nothing else really mattered.

Four Years Later

“I finally have the answer to give you!”

Sans barely kept his eye sockets lit up as Gaster bothered him at 2:00 in the morning. He’d been a good enough husband to offer to let Frisk go back to bed. He was a bad enough dad to have his daughter barely keep her eyes open to listen to her grandpa.

Hey, he needed someone with him.

“So, I had to trace down several keywords, and then just the usual places too,” Gaster went on, “but I have it. Now I can give you your wedding gift.”

Frisk came back toward the room, shifting around. She must have heard the finality in the words.

“You yourself, with your magic that shortened your life span,” Gaster said boastfully. “You did it once. The rest of your magic must have been shedded through the constant battling of

Frisk like you first suspected. Whatever else was messed around with could have been by Queen Toriel or maybe Durian had a little extra power he put to it while he could.”

Sans just sort of . . . tried to stay awake.

“Thank you for finally telling us, Dad.” Frisk bowed politely. “Sans,” Frisk said, still in a half sleepy tone. “Thank your dad for his gift.”

Uh. “Thanks?”

“Yes. I knew this unresolved mystery must have bothered you as much as it bothered me,” Gaster stated. “Lu Lu kept saying it really didn’t bother anyone at all, but the mysteries of time and space are something we all wish to understand. So as soon as I found the answer, I made sure to come straight here! After all, my genius was so missed, you moved everything around just to bring me back into your life. Truly you needed this answer just as much as I did.”

Okay. Early morning. Needed to be nice. Didn’t want Frisk to kill her Father-In-Law or him. What to say that sounded okay? Oh yeah. The main reason to have a kid. “Good job. Syd, give Grampa a hug.”

They made great scapegoats.

Sydney moved toward Gaster and hugged his leg. She was sweet, and she nestled straight up on her grandpa. “I love you, Gassy!”

Gaster picked her up and hugged her back gently. “I love you too, but I still prefer Grandpa to that.”

“Gassy Grampa,” she corrected herself.

Pride. Sans taught her well. “Great to finally know the secret plaguing our lives. We’ll sleep better tonight thanks to you.”

“No problem.” Gaster put his granddaughter back down. “Now that that is finally solved, I will be able to accomplish my next great feat.” He felt around his pockets. “Yes. My next great feat.”

“In your left inner pocket,” Frisk said, also knowing where he put his keys in that particular trench coat he wore.

“Yes, of course,” he answered. “Onto new discoveries. I will see you later.”

Sans lifted himself and Frisk lifted their daughter back to where they all belonged. Bed.

As Frisk took Sydney back to bed, Sydney asked about what Gassy Grampa was talking about. Frisk didn’t really answer.

Sans went with something subtle. “Just some dreams and nightmares. Nothing much, no worries.” Frisk tucked her back into bed. “Remember, there’s no humans or monsters under

your bed.”

“I know the rules,” Sydney said back. “I’ll be good. When do I get to start school?”

“A long time,” Frisk answered. “What brought that on?”

“I want to discover things like Grampa Gassy,” she said. “Different dimensions and stuff. I think it’ll be fun.”

“Eh. Math is not worth it,” Frisk answered.

Math? “Math is easy,” Sans said.

“I can already add and subtract,” Sydney said to Frisk. “Math is easy.”

Frisk groaned. “We’ll figure out school when you are ready.” She looked toward Sans.

Yeah. He knew what she was thinking. Dad was a monster, and daughter was a human. It was a mix that Frisk knew all too well didn’t turn out smooth. “Different kind of world, Frisk,” he reminded her. “There might be a little bit of room for her more in it. If not, she’ll find the dimension that does have room for her.”

Frisk didn’t like the joke. She paid attention to Sydney. “School might be tough, but no matter how hard things get, don’t ever wish for a different life. This is our home. Okay?”

Sydney nodded. “It’s okay to dream about different lives though.”

“To a point,” Sans said before Frisk said anything else. “From your nice cozy bed here, yeah. Dream all you want, okay?”

“I am going to dream of mommy and I racing horses and unicorns,” Sydney said. “Grampa Gassy will be discovering stuff about them. Uncle Papi will be training them.”

Okay. “Where am I?” Sans asked her.

“What else? A stand-up comedian telling them jokes, Daddy,” she giggled.

Ah. “That’s less far from reality than you think.” Funny how his old profession somehow turned into a dream. Then again, the past was closer to a dream now. They were all separated from the old Monster Kingdom. All of the lies and rules and principles of it. What once had been, had changed. It was still there, under King Asriel, but the way it was ran.

It was so different. Different was good.

He was a skeleton who had a serial killer wife who didn’t like rudeness and a daughter who wanted to dream about stand-up comedians and unicorns.

Yeah. Different was good.

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