

## Beauty and the Skeleton

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# Beauty and the Skeleton

by [SD23](#)

## Summary

Frisk hasn't had an easy life. From being on the run, to being enslaved, the surface has mistreated Frisk in every way possible. After barley escaping death and landing in the Underground, Frisk soon realizes that not all Monsters are Monsters .....

# I Win

*Don't look back, just keep running.*

My lungs burned and my feet ached, but I couldn't look back. I had to keep running. This was my one chance, my *only* chance.

It was so dark, I could barely see where I was going. The only light was the full moon glistening in the night sky. How long had I been running? I was too panicked to keep track.

"Get the fuck back here!"

I heard him. There was no mistaking that voice, that horrible, wicked, voice.

I ran faster.

*Don't look back, just keep running.*

I could hear his footsteps behind me. He was getting closer, I could almost hear his heavy breathing. I needed to hide, he was catching up to me and I was running out of adrenaline. I couldn't let him catch me, this was my one chance, *my only chance at survival*.

I quickly hid behind a tree, catching my breath. It was hard to control my breathing without being heard. I wrapped my arms around my torso, forcing myself to stay quiet. I heard his footsteps stop, he was close, he was very close.

I peered around the tree just to catch a glimpse of him. He was standing with his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. The moonlight made him look incredibly pale. His golden hair almost looked white. He looked up and I turned around quickly. He took a shaky breath before he spoke.

"Is...is this how you repay me?"

I stayed quiet.

"I fucking help you, give you nice clothes, food, shelter, and this is how you FUCKING REPAY ME?!"

I closed my eyes and bit down on my knuckle. Tears were streaming down my cheeks.

"I should have known not to trust a BITCH LIKE YOU."

He was screaming now.

"WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!"

I wanted to run, but my entire body was frozen.

"YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST LEAVE!"

I needed to run, it was only a matter of time before he found me.

*I couldn't let him find me.*

"NEWS FLASH! YOU BELONG TO ME!"

***RUN.***

"I OWN YOU."

His footsteps came closer and closer to where I was hiding.

"THERE IS NO E S C A P."

I ran. I ran as fast as I possibly could. I heard him call out, but I ignored him.

*Just keep running.*

I was so focused on running, I didn't even realize that I had somehow found myself climbing up the steep mountain.

Mount Ebott.

The mountain of "Monsters" as we called it.

People always said that if you climbed the mountain, you would never return. The mountain would consume you, swallow you up whole.

To be honest, given my current situation, I would be completely ok if I just disappeared.

I continued to climb up the mountain. My dress kept getting caught underneath my feet, which slowed me down significantly. I looked back to see him, still on my tail. He was catching up to me again.

I kept going. I *had* to keep going.

I was so *DETERMINED* to escape. At this point, I didn't even care if I died. Hell, my life would be a whole lot easier if I died.

As long as I escaped him.

Finally, after what felt like forever, I reached the top. In front of me, was a large gaping whole.

I heard a chuckle come from behind me.

"There's no where to run princess."

His words were like knives into my back.

"It's over, I win." His presence alone gave me chills.

I slowly turned around and managed to find my voice. "You're wrong."

I started to walk backwards, until my feet felt the edge of the abyss. His face suddenly got very pale.

"What are you doing?!"

My lips curled into a smile, "I win."

Before he could react, it was too late. I had already thrown myself into the deep, dark, abyss. The last thing I heard was his screams before Mount Ebott consumed me.

# Do You Believe in Monsters?

## Chapter Summary

Frisk lives, and discovers that the rumors are true.

I woke up gasping for air. Darkness surrounded me. I couldn't move or see anything. I struggled, but nothing happened. I could feel the blood rushing to my head. Was I.....

Upside down?

Wait.

Something was tied around my arms and legs. Something rough.....scratchy....like....

Vines?

*"Now what would a girl like you be doing in a place like this?"*

The voice was cold and it sounded like it came from all around me. I turned my head to try and face the voice, but the darkness was too thick.

*"What's wrong dear? Would you like to see me?"*

My voice was caught in my throat. I had to be dead. There was no way I would have survived that fall. But everything felt so real....

All of a sudden, A bright light was blindingly me. I squinted, unable to pull my arm in front of my face. It was almost like a spotlight had appeared on me. I could see now that I was, indeed, upside down. Vines were wrapped up around me, prohibiting me to move at all. I looked up, but I couldn't see the surface anymore, just the blinding light.

*"Is that better?"*

This time, when I moved my head, I saw who was speaking.

In the ground below me, was a flower. Just a small, golden, flower....

With a face....

"You seem *surprised*? I'm sorry, were you expecting something more....*menacing*?"

His face twisted a bit when he spoke.

I wasn't able to respond, I was in shock.

Was this hell?

"What's wrong? Can't you speak?"

I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

His face twisted into something completely demonic. "It's rude to ignore someone who just saved your life."

So, I'm not dead?

This isn't hell?

"I...." My voice cracked.

"Maybe if I put you down, you'll want to talk."

And with that, the vines that had held me in place slithered away, and I dropped to the ground.

I hit the, cold, ground hard and fast. My arm immediately went to my back as I screamed out in pain.

"Is that better?" I turned to look at the flower, who's demonic face was now an innocent smile.

I pulled myself into a sitting position. My wrists and ankles were raw from where the vines were wrapped.

What was this place?

I mean, I've heard the rumors about the "Monsters" trapped underneath Mount Ebott. It was one of those stories you told around a crowded campfire. I've heard it a thousand times, but I never really thought they were true.....

"My name is Flowey. Flowey the Flower." His smile was just way too innocent.

I had a very bad feeling about this.

"Tell me girl, why on earth would you jump down here? Surely you would have died if it wasn't for me!"

His face began to twist again and his voice went up just a pitch higher.

"I....um..." Was I really talking to a flower ?

"Oh, I see...you wanted to die... *Didn't you?*" His voice cracked and his face was demonic again.

How could something so small and innocent look so evil?

"Well," he continued. "I'm sorry to *inconvenience* you...I should have never caught you. I should have just let you fall and break every bone in your *pathetic, little, body*. But don't you worry! *If you really want to die....*"

My breath was caught in my throat when a million, bullet like, seeds surrounded me. I tried to stand but the vines had come up out of the ground and strapped me down.

***"I HAVE NO PROBLEM HELPING!"***

He let out a creepy, demonic, laugh and then the bullets went hurdling towards me. I shut my eyes tight, hoping that it would end quickly.

I waited.

And waited.

...



And *W A I T E D*.

Am....am I.....dead yet?

I felt the vines around my wrist and ankles slither away once again.

Should I open my eyes?

"My child, are you all right?"

It was a new voice. It was soft and sounded kind.

I opened my eyes.

The demonic Flower was gone, but in its place stood a large, furry, Monster. It appeared to be a female. She was wearing a long, purple, dress, which contrasted perfectly with her white fur.

She started to walk towards me, I flinched backwards instinctively.

She looked upset, like I had hurt her feelings. "Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you."

She held out her hand, which actually looked more like a paw. I was reluctant to take it. The last time I trusted someone, in a situation like this, it didn't end well.

"Please, let me help you."

I took a shaky breath.

I reached up and grabbed hold of her.

She helped me up. She was huge, towering over me, but she didn't scare me. Honestly, she barely looked like she could harm anyone.

She smiled and looked down at me. "There, isn't that better?"

I smiled weakly, somehow I managed to find my voice. "Thank you...."

She returned my smile. "Please, this way." She motioned for me follow her.

There was a large door at the end of the hall, that looked rather ominous in the light. I turned around and looked up towards where I had fallen from. I still couldn't see the surface, just that same bright light as before. It didn't look like sunlight...but what was it then?

"This way," the Monster's voice broke my train of thought. I turned back to her and noticed that she had walked through the large door.

I took another shaky breath, and followed.

# The Ruins

## Chapter Summary

Frisk is welcomed into the Underground.

## Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the Kudos! I plan to write many more chapters of this fic so stay tuned! We haven't even gotten to the good stuff yet ;)

Also follow me on Tumblr!  
<http://sinkingintoalifeofwants.tumblr.com/>

If-If you wanna.....or if you don't.....  
(I am literally Napstablook)

"Welcome to the Ruins."

We stood in front of a very large brick building.

"This is one of the oldest places in the Underground! So much history!" The white Monster lifted her arms proudly.

I still couldn't believe that the stories were true....Monsters did exist. Living right under our noses the whole time. I turned around and took in the scenery. The architecture was very grand, and did in fact, look very old. The ceilings were held high with ancient looking pillars. What really caught my eye, was the large dead tree in the center of the room.

"Every time any leaves grow, they just fall off immediately," the white Monster had walked up next to me.

I turned to her, "Where did it come from? It looks, out of place..."

She shifted uncomfortably, "Well, it's been there for ages...but, it didn't always use to be dead...." Her voice trailed off. It sounded like she wanted to say more, but instead, she turned on her heel and entered the brick building.

"Come along, dear."

I followed.

The inside of the building, looked like a home. Pictures were hung up on the walls, along with various decorations. The atmosphere was warm and inviting, and something smelled absolutely delicious.

"Down the hall, is the bathroom. In case you want to get....cleaned up." The white Monster clasped her hands together nervously.

"Oh..." I hadn't even realized how dirty I was. I suddenly felt really self conscious.

"It's ok, dear, just go get cleaned up." And with that, she turned around and exited the room.

I walked down the hallway, like she instructed, and found my way into the bathroom. The room was inviting, just like the rest of the house. Towels and facecloths were folded neatly on a wooden shelf. Various different soaps and fragrances were set up on the sink counter. There was a mirror, hung up, on the wall over the sink.

I flinched at my reflection.

My, once beautiful, white dress was completely covered in mud. The lace skirt was torn in multiple different places and the corset top had started to become unlaced.

I undressed and got into the shower. I was really sore from the fall. Multiple bruises, big and small, were all over my body. The hot water felt good running over them. Although, I knew that not all of the bruises were from the fall or that creepy Flower....

Some were from *him*.

He would hit me, if I ever disobeyed him. He would take off his belt and use it as a whip. I was his pet, his *slave*.

***I belonged to him.***

For so long, that was drilled into my head.

But not anymore.

I was finally *free*.

The sudden realization sent a wave of joy through me.

***I won.***

Those two words echoed through my mind. I never thought that I would escape his grasp alive. I was under his spell for eleven long months. I was tortured, beaten, *raped*....

A shiver went through me just thinking about everything he did to me. At first, he was kind. ***A devil in disguise.*** He saved me from a group of bandits. He gave me food, water, shelter..... He bought me the finest clothes money could buy. He was my savior .....

So I'd thought .....

It wasn't until he touched me, for the very first time, and I had recoiled from his touch.... It was only then when he had shown his true colors.

He locked me up in the bedroom, just giving me the bare minimum to survive. Every night, he would come to me, *touch me*. He would tell me that I was *his*, and that I should "enjoy" this.

I *never* enjoyed it.

I had fought him, the first few times. But that only made him more cruel. Eventually, I just gave up. I submitted to him. I was so numb, I felt as if nothing mattered anymore.

But now I was free.

Free from *him*, free from that horrible room, free from that ***horrible life.***

I turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. I saw my reflection in the mirror again, I looked much better now. Physically and emotionally. I noticed a pair of clean clothes sitting on the sink counter. I looked back to my dirty, white, dress.

I suddenly wanted to burn it.

I dried off and began to put on the new set of clothes. They, surprisingly, fit perfectly. It was a green sweater, with a single stripe around the torso, some brown pants and a pair of worn, brown, boots. I quickly brushed through my short, brown, hair with my fingers before leaving

the bathroom.

I wondered through the house, looking for the fury, white, Monster. The house appeared to be empty. There was no sign that anyone, other than her, lived here. I wonder if she ever got lonely? The house was rather large.....

Eventually, I stumbled upon the kitchen, where I found her standing over the counter. She looked like she was baking something. It smelled incredible.

She looked up and noticed that I was standing in the doorway. "Oh! I'm so glad those clothes fit you! I had a feeling you would've been the same size as Cha-"

She stopped mid sentence. Her expression suddenly turning uncomfortable. She clasped her hands together nervously as she spoke. "I...um... I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"It's ok, " I gave a comforting smile.

"It's just, those were my daughters clothes....well, she wasn't really my daughter... I mean, she was, I-I treated her as if she was my own.....She was adopted...." Her words trailed off. She looked like she wanted to keep going, like she wanted to open up to me...

Something told me, she probably hasn't opened up to anyone in a very long time...

"What's her name?" I asked.

Her eyes sparked with surprise. "Oh...uh...Ch-Chara. Her name was Chara..."

That name .....

Something in me shifted to the sound of that name..... As if I had heard it before.

It sounded, *familiar*.

"I'm so sorry dear, I've been so distracted....I-I don't even know your name." Her soft voice snatched my attention.

My name ... What *was* my name?

It had been so long since I used it. On the surface, it was always wise to not use your real name. For a while, I went by Elena. It was my mothers name. Using it made me feel closer to

her, even though she had been gone for a long time.

But once I met him, he decided to give me his own name ....

*My Beauty*, is what he called me.

The thought of him made me sick.

"Frisk," I said. "My name is Frisk."

That name felt so alien to me.

My *birth* name.

The fury Monster smiled, "Frisk. Such a lovely name. My name is Toriel."

*Toriel*. Her name was so much prettier than mine. I couldn't help but feel a little jealous.

"The pie I am baking is almost done, come, sit down at the table with me...." She walked by me and into the dining/living room. She pulled out a chair for herself and then a chair for me. "I would like to get to know you more, Frisk." She smiled brightly. She looked so happy to finally have company. To have someone to talk to,

To have a ..... *Friend*?

I smiled. A friend.

I haven't had a friend in a very long time.

I sat down with Toriel and said, "I would like to get to know you too."

# Her Name Was Chara

## Chapter Summary

Toriel and Frisk get to know each other.

## Chapter Notes

Thank you all so, so much for all of the love! I'm really glad you all like it! This chapter is mostly backstory, but after this, its going to pick up significantly! Stay tuned!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

We talked for hours.

She had asked about my life on the surface.

I didn't tell her everything, I just briefly explained that surface, wasn't all it's cracked up to be. The government had fallen and there were riots and bandits at every turn. Not to mention, poverty was a huge issue. Only the wealthy were truly safe. With their big house's, and fancy clothes .....

I neglected to tell her that I was enslaved for several months. I wasn't ready to fully divulge into everything that I went through. Instead, I told her that I was hurt, very badly, by a horrible, horrible, man.

She could tell there was more to the story, but she didn't push. Somehow, she understood exactly what I had meant.

She was so kind, so comforting.

Toriel confided in me that she use to be the Queen. She told me all about her life, and how she, for so many years, stood by the King and helped rule the Underground. She explained that during that time, everything was perfect. The Underground was thriving, and she had just given birth to their only son.



"We named him Asriel," said Toriel. "Asgore, so badly, wanted to name him after himself," she chuckled. "It's not like I didn't *want* a little Gory Jr. running around, I just ..... I felt our son needed his own name. I was afraid if we named him after Asgore, he would feel like he had to live up to his name, or something ....."

I smiled, "Makes sense."

Toriel returned my smile. She was so happy that I was actually *listening* to her story. That she actually had a companion to *talk* to.

I wonder how long she's been alone?

She continued to explain how Asriel always got himself into trouble. How one second, he would be by her side, and then the next, he would be halfway across the castle.

"He had so much energy, that child. We tried to get him to play an instrument, but he could never fully put his mind to it ...." Her words trailed off.

.....

"Everything was perfect ..." She shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "Until we found **her**."

Silence filled the air. I patiently waited for her to continue.

"She had fallen down, into the Underground....Az was the one who had found her. I still remember that day perfectly. I remember hearing Az rush into the castle. I remember the urgency in his voice when he told me that he *found someone*. I remember the chill, that ran through my body, when I looked at **her** for the very first time.

"I knew Chara was different from the very moment I met her. Even though she was barely eleven years old, she presented herself as if she were much older. Az was the same age as her, but intellectually, he was not on the same level.

"That didn't stop Az from loving her, though. He never left her side. Those two were inseparable. Not only did he now have another *child* to play with, but he had gained a sibling. *A sister. A companion. A best friend.*

"I was so happy to see him happy. But happiness, always comes with a price, does it not?"

Toriel stopped for a moment, taking a slow sip of her tea before she continued.

"As they both got older, Az seemed to develop feelings towards Chara. It was very obvious, I could tell from the way he looked at her. Like she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Az started to drift away from Asgore and I. He secluded himself to his room. He would disappear for hours, and whenever I brought it up, he would get angry with me. Asgore blamed this on teenage hormones. Az *was* fourteen at the time, so it made sense. But I knew there was more to it. I *knew* my son. *Something was off* .....

"Az would only talk to Chara. He followed her, *constantly*. Never leaving her side. He was absolutely, and undoubtedly, *in love with her*. He would do anything for her, and she *knew* that. She took *advantage* of that, took advantage of *him*. She had Asriel wrapped around her little finger, and she loved *every second of it*. She was a master manipulator."

Toriel closed her eyes and took a deep breath. I noticed her hands were shaking, and her breathing was uneasy.

"I hated her. I hated her so much, and *I tried*, I really *tried*, to love her, I did ..... I treated her as if *she were my own*, but I just couldn't help but hate her."

Toriel was crying now.

"I *hate* what she did to my family, what she did to the Underground, what she did *to my son*. And I know, *I know*, that's a horrible, horrible thing to say. She was only a *child*, and she made Az *so happy* ...."

Toriel stopped for a moment to gather herself. Her words were dark and deep when she spoke again.

"My son is *dead* because of her."

My heart ached for Toriel. I couldn't even begin to imagine the pain she felt. To actually *lose* a child ....

It must be the worst pain in the world.

I reached out and placed my hand onto hers. I gave her a comforting smile. She returned my smile and took a deep breath. She looked better now, like a weight had been lifted off of her shoulders.

"I'm sorry dear," she said. "I'm such a mess, I know ...." She laughed at herself a little.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "You've been through a lot. You're very strong to have survived that."

She smiled sheepishly, "I'm glad you think so ....." Her words trailed off again. I saw her glance up at the clock. "Oh my, it's late isn't it."

I turned around to see that it was late, almost midnight actually. Toriel stood up and grabbed both of our tea cups. "You're probably exhausted, you can sleep in the spare room, down the hall."

I stood up from the table, she was right, I was *so* exhausted. I can't even remember the last time I had a good nights sleep.

\* \* \*

As I lay in bed, I felt another wave of happiness surge through me. Not only was I free, but I had a *friend*. An actual **friend**, who cared about me, and enjoyed my *company*. I haven't had a friend in a very long time, and it felt *amazing*.

It felt absolutely, **amazing**.

The last thing I remember was the feeling of pure *happiness*, as I drifted off into my dreams.

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# My Curiosity

## Chapter Summary

Frisk let her curiosity get the best of her, and now she must deal with the consequences.

## Chapter Notes

I know, this chapter is short. I originally was going to combine this chapter with chapter 4, but I felt like it needed to be split up.

Anyway, hope you enjoy!

Chapter 6 is coming soon ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

My curiosity always got the best of me.

It would control me, as if I were a puppet on strings. It would always get me into situations, that I knew would have consequences. And for some, goddamn, reason I just couldn't ignore it. I always let it consume me.

I really hated my curiosity.

I stood at the top of the stairs, staring down into the basement.

*What the fuck was down there?*

Tori had let me explore every part of the Ruins, but for some reason, she wouldn't let me down into the basement.

"Please, just, don't." She never said anything more then that.

It had been almost three weeks since I first fell into the Underground, and I can honestly say, it has been the best three weeks of my entire life.

Tori was great. She always listened to anything I had to say. We would stay up and talk for hours, exchanging stories and life experiences. Sometimes, she would even tell me these really cheesy jokes that always managed to make me laugh.

I had never felt so *welcomed* in my entire life.

But my curiosity just had to get the best of me.

So here I am, standing at the top of the stairs, staring down into the darkness. It was almost five, and Tori had gone out to the garden for the daily harvest. I had stumbled upon the garden once, when I was first exploring the Ruins. It was filled with flowers, fruits and all kinds of vegetables. Every day, around five, Tori would go there and harvest what was ready.

The garden wasn't too far from the house, so I knew I only had an hour, give or take.

If I wanted to see what was in this basement, I had to do it *now*.

*So what's stopping me?*

*Why haven't I moved?*

*Why am I still standing here, staring into the blackness.*

I closed my eyes. This was probably a very bad idea, with irreversible consequences. I should probably just *turn around*, and go back to my *room*. Tori and I have a good thing going here, ***don't screw it up .....***

But my curiosity got the best of me.

I slowly began to walk down the stairs and into the darkness.

The air was thick and eerily quiet. The only sound was the clicking of my boots as they hit the cement stairs. Eventually, it lead to a long, dimly lit, hallway. I pushed forward, even though my mind was screaming for me to turn around.

But I *had* to figure out where this went.

The further I went down the hallway, the colder the air got. I wrapped my arms around me. I was still wearing the green sweater that Tori had given me-

*Chara's sweater.*

I still don't know why that name sounds familiar .... like I've heard it before .....

*Weird.*

I found myself at the end of the hallway, standing in front of a large, ancient, door.

*Should I go through it?*

*I mean, I've gone this far. I might as well **keep going**.*

...

*Right?*

Why was I suddenly questioning myself? Isn't this what I wanted?

*I should turn around. I should turn around and go **back up stairs**, and wait for **Tori** to come home.*

But of course .....

My curiosity forced me to open the grand door.

It was heavy, like, *really* heavy. I had to use all of my strength just to push myself through. On the other side, there was another long, ominous, corridor.

I continued forward.

*Tori's going to be back soon. I have to **hurry up**.*

I started to run down the hallway. The air got even colder the deeper and deeper I went. I could see an archway at the end, emitting a bright light.

*Finally, something interesting.*

I reached the archway and walked through it. It brought me to a large cavern, very similar to where I had originally fallen down. Across the way was another door, but this one looked different. It was purple, while all of the others were black. There was something on the ground in front of the door, too. Something white and ....

Wait.



Is that?

....

Snow?

I ran over to the door and leaned to the ground. I touched the white substance and-

It was.

It was *snow*.

I stood up straight, how the hell did *snow* get in here? Weren't we *underground*?!

I *had* to go through this door. I *had* to see where the snow had came from.

Something in me changed, as if a light switch was suddenly turned on inside of my mind. I felt so *purposeful*, so *committed*, so ....

So .....

***Determined.***

I pushed through the door, the ***determination*** flooding my veins. I felt a rush of freezing air brush against my skin.

The heavy, purple, door slammed shut behind me.

I heard a *click*.

It locked from the inside.

## Chapter End Notes

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# The Sentry and the Voice

## Chapter Summary

Frisk encounters the Sentry of Snowdin Forest along with his, not so threatening, brother. She also learns that not even her mind is safe from intruders.

## Chapter Notes

Here it is! Let the good stuff begin!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Tori??!!"

I banged my fists, repeatedly, on the large door. My hands were numb from the freezing air.

*I just **had** to keep going ...*

*I just **had** to see where it went ....*

Now look where my curiosity had gotten me. I'm stranded, in the middle of fucking nowhere.

*I am so **fucked**.*

Why didn't I just listen to Tori? She was obviously trying to prevent this from happening.

I stopped banging, it was pointless. Nobody could obviously hear me. I turned around and took in my surroundings. I was standing in the middle of a wintery forest. There was something so incredibly beautiful about trees covered in thick layers of ice and snow. It looked like something you'd see straight out of a movie. It still baffled my mind that there was even *snow* in the *Underground*.

I started to walk forward, my arms wrapped around myself. The harsh, freezing, wind almost knocked me over. The forest was so quiet, I could hear my own heart beat ...

*Snap.*

I whipped around, my breath seized in my throat. A tree branch had snapped and fallen down. My breathing quickened, and I gripped myself tighter. I suddenly felt very unsafe.

I looked around for something I could defend myself with. There was a stick, lying in the snow. I bent down and picked it up. It wasn't the greatest weapon, but it was something.

I continued forward. My palms were sweaty, and for a second, it sounded like there were footsteps coming from behind me .... But every time I turned around, there was no one there ....

*Maybe I'm just being paranoid.*

.....

*Or maybe someone is **following me**.*

I kept going. My paranoia was running rampant. It wouldn't be long before it completely engulfed me. I grasped my stick tighter, and took an uneasy breath.

*Just stay calm. There's nothing to be afra-*

**"H u m a n."**

I froze. Something *was* following me, and now it's *standing behind me*.

***Ohmygodohmygodohmygod-***

"why don't you turn around?"

It was a male's voice, deep and very threatening.

*What do I do? Should I turn around? Should I run? What if he **chases me**? What if he **catches me**? What if he **rapes me**, just like-*

"come on, i ain't gonna hurt you."

Before I even had time to process what was happening, he was standing in front of me.

I couldn't breathe.

*He-*

*He wasn't a Monster-*

*He was-*

*He was a **skeleton**.*

***Literally.***

*A walking, talking, breathing, **skeleton**.*

I stood there, gawking at him. My mouth hung wide open.

His eyes were nothing but hollow sockets, except for the small, white, pupils that glistened when he spoke.

"what's the matter? haven't you ever seen a skeleton before?"

I tried to answer him, but my voice was buried, deep, within my fright.

He started to walk towards me, I stepped back and held my sick as if it were a sword.

"*Don't.*" My voice was rough and tremulous.

He chuckled and walked closer.

I moved back some more, this time, thrusting the stick in his direction. "I fucking mean it! Don't come any closer!"

I was terrified. I was absolutely, fucking, terrified, but I was **not** about to become a *slave* again.

*I wouldn't go through that again.*

*I was **free**.*

***I WON.***

He stopped and gave me an amused look. I was shaking now, I was *terrified*, but I stood my ground as he spoke.

"hehe. you know, i'm actually supposed to be on watch for humans right now,"

I swallowed hard.

"it's my job to make sure if a human comes through the *underground* .....

The pupils in his eyes suddenly disappeared, leaving him with large, empty, sockets.

**"they don't make it out alive."**

I wanted to cry, but I somehow fought back the tears.

He laughed, and the white pupils returned.

"but, you know, i don't really care about killin' anyone. *tibia* honest-"

*Did he just-*

"i'm kinda lazy."

*Wait. What?*

"actually, i'm really lazy."

My expression slowly turned from fear into confusion.

"as for my brother papyrus....." He flashed me a huge smile. "hehe, well, let's just say, he's a *human hunting fanatic*-"

"SANS!"

A voice came calling from the distance, and before I knew it, another Monster came into my view.

Wait, no. It wasn't a *Monster* ....

It was ....

*Another skeleton.*

"SANS, WHAT ON EARTH ARE-"

He stopped abruptly, noticing my presence. His expression was pure .....

*Excitement?*

*Was this the **brother** he was talking about?*

I watched the two skeletons closely.

"SANS! IS-IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS???" His voice was high pitched and sounded shaky.

The skeleton named Sans smiled and crossed his arms. "sure is bro."

So this *was* his brother.

They did look very similar, the only difference between them was their height. Sans was rather short, actually, he looked like he was a few inches shorter than me. As for his brother, Papyrus, he was tall, *really tall*. He towered over Sans and I put together.

Just like Sans, Papyrus also had hollow sockets for eyes, along with the glowing, white, pupils in the center.

Papyrus started to approach me. I backed up a small bit, my stick, still gripped in my hand.

"HU-HUMAN," Papyrus stuttered.

Was he ..... *nervous*?

"YOU S-SHALL NOT PROCEED ANY FURTHER. FOR I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM GOING TO T-TAKE YOUR S-SOUL."

I backed up even further, my fear began to pump, viciously, through my veins.

Sans chuckled, "oh come on paps, you're scaring her."

Papyrus looked over at me, his white pupils shining intensely.

Sans chuckled again grabbed Papyrus by the arm. "come on bro, she's not a threat."

Papyrus looked down at his brother with a questionable look. "NOT A THREAT? B-BUT SHE'S A HUMAN!"

Sans glanced over to me, "look at her, she's holding a *stick*. if she really wanted to hurt us, she would have done it already."

*Were they actually going to let me go?*

Papyrus contemplated for a few moments, but before he could respond, Sans had already began to drag him away. "come on, it's getting late-"

"Wait!" I jumped at the urgency in my own voice.



The skeleton brothers looked back at me. Sans shot me a confused look while Papyrus looked concerned.

I dropped the stick, showing that I really was *harmless*. "I-um ...." I took a deep breath, suppressing any fear that still lingered within me. "You're right, I-I'm not bad, I mean, I don't want to hurt anyone-"

***"Yet."***

A females voice echoed through my eardrums. I turned around expecting to see someone, but to my surprise, there was no one there.

"HUMAN ARE YOU OK?" Papyrus's loud voice bellowed through the forest.

I turned and faced the skeleton brothers, but when I proceed to speak, I heard her voice again.

***"Just kill them already."***

I inhaled sharply and spun around, looking frantically for whoever was speaking.

"is there an issue?" It was Sans who spoke this time. The tone in his voice hinted that he was slightly irritated.

I turned and gave Sans a bewildered look. "Didn't you hear that?"

Sans narrowed his, puzzled, eyes while Papyrus answered for him, "HEAR WHAT? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING."

*Didn't hear anything?*

Before I could respond, a wave of dizziness swarmed through me. I put my hands to my head, as my vision became, incredibly, blurry. I promptly became very unstable, falling down onto the cold, snowy, ground. I could hear that Papyrus was saying something, but his words were washed out by the female voice.

***"Don't worry, Frisk. We're going to be just fine."***

....

***"Especially now that I'm here."***

And then the darkness devoured me.

Chapter End Notes

Once Upon A Time ..... There was a blog .....

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# My New Friend

## Chapter Summary

Frisk wakes up and talks to the voice inside of her head.

## Chapter Notes

Oh. My. God. You guys are awesome! I can't even believe that this fic already has over 1000 hits! I'm so glad you guys like it!  
THANK YOU SO MUCH!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

***"Hello, Frisk."***

I was surrounded by a bright light. It felt as if I were floating, my body weightless. I couldn't move, I couldn't speak ....

*What's wrong with me?*

I tried to remember how I got here, but my mind was empty, completely blank.

*Was I dreaming? Everything felt so real ....*

Before I knew it, my surroundings changed. I was no long floating in the bright space, but now standing in the doorway of a child's bedroom.

The room was dimly lit and rather small. Pictures and drawings were hung up on the walls and toys were thrown, haphazardly, into the toy box. There were two, twin sized, beds pushed up against the wall, facing each other. I didn't know why, but this room felt so familiar. As if I had been here before ....

***"It's so nice to finally meet face to face."***

*That voice .....*

*It's so familiar .....*

I didn't realize it before, but in the center of the room, stood a girl, no older than fifteen. She had, chestnut, brown hair that fell just above her collarbone. Her skin was a ghostly white, and her eyes were a deep shade of red. She wore an, over-sized, green sweater with a single, yellow, stripe across the torso-

Wait.

I recognized that sweater.

I looked down at myself to conclude that it was the very same sweater that I was wearing. It was a tighter fit, probably due to the fact that I was bigger than her, but it was definitely the same sweater.

She started to walk towards me. Her brown boots, clicking with every, slow, step. I couldn't move, it was like I was under a spell.

The young girl stopped a few feet in front of me, her red eyes locked with mine. There was an innocent smile, spread across her thin lips. She reached out and placed a hand on my shoulder. I felt a chill run through my body. Her hand was so cold ....

***"I think we're going to be great friends."***

Her voice was like poison, seeping into my fragile body. I stood there, motionless, completely under her control. I opened my mouth to speak but then-

**Pain.** A sharp, agonizing, pain surged throughout my body. My surroundings started to melt away as the darkness returned. There was so much **pain-**

*Why was there so much **pain**?!*

I tried to cry out, only to find myself choking on my own saliva.

*I can't breathe-*

***I CAN'T BREATHE.***

*I'm dying.*

## **D Y I N G-**

My eyes flew wide open as my hands frantically clutched my throat. The darkness was gone, I was awake.

*So it was just a dream.*

*No, not a dream, a **nightmare**.*

I steadied my breathing, and adjusted myself up to a sitting position. I seemed to be lying down on an old, green, couch in the middle of, what appeared to be, someone's living room.

*Where am I?*

I slowly managed to push myself to a stand. My eyes, curiously, wondered the room. There was a television directly in front of the couch, along with a few other decorations and furnishings. The walls were mostly bare, only a few paintings were huge up. The air was thick and warm, the back of my neck was already sticky from the sweat.

*How did I get here?*

I tried to remember, but my brain felt scrambled. My memories were clouded by that nightmare. The pain was indescribable, it felt *so real*. I could still almost hear the silky sound of that voice-

*That voice.*

*That **girl**.*

A flood of memories swarmed my brain.

I remembered standing in the middle that wintry forest, engulfed with fear. I remembered hearing that, innocently, evil voice, and how her words felt like poison. I remembered the

look, of sheer confusing, on the skeleton brothers faces as I frantically searched for that voice-

*That **VOICE**—the voice that only I **could hear**.*

I suddenly felt really dizzy again. I stumbled backwards into a table, tripping over my own feet. I tried to grab a hold of something but I was already falling—

Somebody caught me.

They were standing behind me, their arms wrapped around my torso, preventing me from face planting into the carpeted floor. I couldn't see their face, as my hair had fallen in front of my eyes. There was, however, a distinctive smell about them. It was unlike anything I've ever smelled before. It was, to say the least,

*Intoxicating.*

"you know, you should really watch where you're going."

I recognized that voice. I've heard it before, back in the icy forest. His voice was deep and menacing with a hint of sarcasm-

Sans.

I regained my balance and pulled myself away from him, his scent still lingering in the air around us. I felt his arms around me loosen as he let me go. I turned to faced him, He seemed calm, but also ready to put up a fight, if it came to it.

Feeling awkward under his stare, I crossed my arms and said quietly, "Thanks."

Sans shoved his hands into the pockets of the blue hoodie he was wearing. "don't mention it."

We stood there in complete silence. The both of us, obviously, lost within our thoughts. I was pretty good at reading people. It was one of the few talents I had obtained from the surface. My eyes scanned him, up and down, but for some reason, I couldn't read him. He was such a mystery.

"so," He said breaking the silence. "i have a few questions."

My breath hitched as he took a step towards me. I instinctively, took a step back. I could feel my fear creeping up on me again.

*No. Don't show him that you're afraid. That will only give him more power over you.*

I took a deep breath and pushed my fear aside. I met his, intimidating, eyes and said confidently, "I guess you could say, I have some as well."

His white pupils sparked with my sudden confidence change, but something told me, he could still smell my fear.

*Show him you're not afraid.*

I started to walked towards him. My fear was clawing at me, but I ignored it. Slowly, I closed the gap between us, stopping just a few feet in front of him. My heart was beating so loud, I was sure he could hear it. He looked even more intimidating up close. I opened my mouth, but my voice was suppressed by another familiar voice-

***"Look at you, Miss Confident."***

My hands flew to my head. Her voice, giving me an immediate migraine.

*I thought I woke up from the nightmare, why can I still hear her?*

I felt a hand grab my shoulder, making me steady. I looked up to see Sans's, wide, sockets staring at me. For a second, he actually looked somewhat concerned.

"you alright kid?" Even his voice sounded softer.

***"Tell me why you haven't killed him yet?"***

Every time she spoke, it felt like knives were being shoved into the back of my skull.

"I-um....." I stumbled over my words.

***"What's the matter, Frisk? Cat got your tongue?"***

I pulled away from Sans, stumbling backwards over my feet. "I'm fine." I said roughly.

"you don't seem fine." His voice sounded somewhat amused with a slight hint of concern.

I needed to get out of here. I needed to be alone, to confront this *voice*. My mind felt as if it were splitting into two. I *wanted* answers, I ***needed*** answers.

*Have I finally lost it?*

"Do you-uh, like have a-" I stumbled over my words, trying to keep it together. "Um...like a-bathroom?"

Sans shot me a look of confusion. His eyes narrowed and his jaw hung, slightly, open. "uh-yeah. it's upstairs, second door to the right." He shifted uncomfortably.

He probably thinks I'm absolutely insane.

***"Well he's not wrong."***

I ignored the voice as I ran past Sans, up the stairs, and into the bathroom. The wooden door slammed behind me.

***"Smooth, real smooth."***

Her voice went right through me.

*Who was she? **what** was she? Why was she in my head?*

I paced back and forth, my breathing was rough and unstable. I stopped in front of a small, porcelain, sink. My shaky hands slowly turned on the faucet. The cold water felt so good against my hot skin.

"Alright," I breathed out loud, my hands gripping the sink. "Who the *fuck* are you, and why are you in my *head*."

I heard her innocent laugh.



***"You know exactly who I am, Frisk."***

I clenched my teeth.

*What the hell is she talking about?*

***"Don't you remember? In the Ruins, SHE told you all about me and how I manipulated her precious, ignorant, son."***

And then, just like that, it was as if the last piece of the puzzle snapped, perfectly, into place.

*But wait. It can't be ....*

*That doesn't make any sense-*

***Chara DIED.***

.....

***"Just because my physical form died, doesn't mean I still can't live on."***

My breathing quickened and I gripped the sink tighter.

*This can't be happening.*

*This **CAN'T** be happening.*

*You're tell me that I have a **psychotic murderer** living inside of my head?!*

***"Geez, tell me how you really feel."***

I felt like I was having a mental breakdown. The world around me was shattering, piece by piece.

*Keep it together, keep it together.*

I heard a slam come from downstairs. It sounded like someone had come through the front door. I could hear faint voices, one of them, definitely, sounded like Sans's brother, Papyrus.

***"Well you best not keep them waiting."***

I ignored Chara and stood up straight. I looked at my reflection in the mirror, that hung above the sink. Despite everything I've been through, it still looked like me. My round face was pale, and my chocolate, brown, eyes were tired.

The voices downstairs were getting louder, I knew I couldn't hide in here forever. I turned towards the bathroom door and took another deep breath.

*Just stay calm, you'll be fine.*

I turned the knob and pushed the door open.

Chapter End Notes

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# Spaghetti and Skeletons

## Chapter Summary

Frisk adjusts herself to the Skeleton Brothers.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OK, HUMAN!"

Papyrus' piercing voice almost shattered my eardrums. I had barely even walked down the stairs before he attacked me. He picked me up, lifting me completely off of the ground, and squeezed. He was so much bigger than me, I thought he might accidentally suffocate me to death. I could feel his ribs pressing into me, the more he squeezed, the harder it was to breathe.

Sans noticed my struggle. "careful paps, you're gonna break her."

Papyrus immediately released me, his arms loosened as he put me down gently.

"I'M SO SORRY HUMAN, I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU...."

I couldn't help but give a small laugh when he spoke. His slender, boney, hands clasped nervously together.

"It's ok," I said quietly. "I'm fine."

Papyrus' white pupils sparkled, while Sans looked unconvinced.

"SO, HUMAN." Papyrus said, breaking the silence. "ARE YOU HUNGRY? I MEAN, I'M SURE YOU ARE, CONSIDERING YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS FOR TWO DAYS-"

"What!?" I breathed.

*Two days? I was unconscious for two days?*

"yeah, you totally took up the whole couch." Sans folded his arms, his voice, drenched, with sarcasm.

"SANS!" Papyrus exclaimed. "DON'T BE RUDE! THE HUMAN HAS BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH!" Papyrus shot me an apologetic look. There was something about the two brothers bickering, that was actually really cute. It put in perspective that they weren't just these, incredibly, menacing looking Monsters. They were ..... *normal*. They lived a normal life, and they argued, just like any other *normal* siblings would.

***"Oh yeah, they're just fucking adorable aren't they?"***

Chara's sarcastic tone seemed to immediately get under my skin. Like a constant headache that would never fully go away.

"ANYWAY," Papyrus continued. "I-I HOPE YOU LIKE SPAGHETTI! IT'S MY SPECIALTY!" And with that, Papyrus ran into one of the other rooms. It sounded like he was still talking, but his voice was drowned out by the sounds of clanking pots and pans.

*Spaghetti.*

*They eat ..... Spaghetti?*

*But they're ..... Skeletons?*

*How is that even possible?*

My thoughts were immediately interrupted by the sound of the front door opening. I turned my head to see that Sans was halfway through the doorway.

"Wait!" I found my tiny voice escaping from my lungs.

Sans turned back, he seemed just as surprised, as I was, to hear my voice call out after him.

"Where are you going?" There it goes again. My *fucking curiosity*, taking over my voice and speaking without my permission.

Sans smiled and gave me a wink. "as much as i love my brother, i'm not really up for his cooking tonight."

My curiosity was chewing away inside of me.

"don't worry kid, i'll be back." And with that he was gone, the door shutting, casually, behind him.

*You should follow him.*

I wanted too.

I **really** wanted too.

***"Oh please, he's not **THAT** interesting."***

But that's where Chara was wrong.

He was *so interesting*.

*Why did I find him so interesting?*

"DID SANS JUST LEAVE?!" I jumped at the sound of Papyrus' voice, creeping up into my ear.

"Uh-" Papyrus cut me off before I could even speak.

"UGH, THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK HE SKIPS OUT ON DINNER!"

I turned to Papyrus, "Well, he said he would be back....."

Papyrus smiled and his bright pupils lit up. "WORRY NOT, HUMAN! I GUESS IT WILL JUST HAVE TO BE YOU AND ME!"

Before I even had time to protest, Papyrus had already grabbed me by the arm and was dragging me into the kitchen.

---

Now I know why Sans had skipped out on dinner.

I have never, in my entire life, tasted anything as horrible as this one plate of pasta.

I didn't have the heart to tell Papyrus.

He was so sweet, so kind. He was so *proud* to make me dinner, and was so *happy* when I actually proceeded to eat it. His face lit up like a child on Christmas.

So instead, I just smiled and did my best to not throw up in my mouth.

During dinner, Papyrus explained how he's "*training*" to be in the Royal Guard. He talked about his trainer, Undyne, and how she's the head of the Royal Guard. He told me how she had promised that once his training was complete, she would let Papyrus in.

A part of me felt really bad for Papyrus.

I don't even know this "*Undyne*", but I had a feeling that, she wasn't going to keep her promise.

And it's not like Papyrus didn't have the potential. I mean, when I had first met him, I was *terrified*. He looked so menacing, and he **was** really strong, he had almost *crushed me*, and—

I can see now that, he could never, *really*, pose a threat.

He's so nice, *too nice*-

Too ..... *innocent*.

***"He's an easy target."***

Every time Chara spoke, I could feel the sharp, familiar, pain exploit my mind. Although, I wasn't afraid of her anymore. She was nothing but a nuisance, living inside of my head. *An unwanted guest.*

It was actually getting really easy to ignore her.

Which usually tended to piss her off more-

But that's besides the point.

The time flew by as Papyrus raved on and on about himself. To be honest, after the first fifteen minutes, I started to zone off and drift into my own thoughts. It wasn't until Papyrus had stood up from the kitchen table, to break me out of my racing mind.

"WELL, IT'S QUITE LATE NOW, I SHOULD PROBABLY HEAD OFF TO BED."

I got up and pushed in my chair. Papyrus stood in front of me, he was so tall, his skull almost touched the ceiling.

"I SUPPOSE YOU CAN SLEEP ON THE COUCH, SINCE THERE'S NOT REALLY ANYWHERE ELSE FOR YOU TO SLEEP."

I smiled politely, "The couch will be fine, Papyrus."

Papyrus' pupils gleamed, "PERFECT! THEN I SUPPOSE I WILL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, HUMAN!"

He started to run towards the stairs, when I had called out after him. "It's Frisk!"

Papyrus stopped halfway up and looked down at me, slightly confused by my outburst.

"My name," I said. "You don't have to call me *Human*, my name is Frisk."

Papyrus smiled, "FRISK IT IS!" He ran up the rest of the stairs and disappeared into his room.

I stood in the center of the living room, surrounded by silence. I looked over towards the green couch. I wasn't all that tired, I kinda wanted to take this alone time and maybe explore some more of the house-

Although, that could just be my *curiosity* talking again.

The silence was quickly broken by the rough sound of a sarcastic voice.

"so frisk, huh?"

I whirled around to see Sans standing behind me, his hands buried deep inside of his, sweatshirt, pockets.

*How did he get in here?*

*I didn't even hear the front door open?*

I somehow found my voice speaking without my permission again. "How did you get in here?"

His pupils flickered and a sarcastic grin spread across his face. "it's *my* house."

"But I-" I hesitated. "I didn't hear you come through the front door."

"well, you weren't really paying attention." His smile grew larger, like he was proud of his sassy comeback.



I opened my mouth, only to close it again. Something didn't make sense. I may have not been paying attention, but I *definitely* would have heard him if he came through the door.

*Maybe there's another entrance?*

"it doesn't matter," Sans swung around and, lazily, walked into the kitchen. "i just came back to grab something." When he returned back to the living room, he held a bottle of—**something**, in his hand.

It kinda looked like ketchup .....

He smiled that sarcastic smile again and headed towards the front door. "i'll be on my way."

"Wait!" Again, with the ***fucking curiosity***.

Sans stopped in the open doorway, the dark night, seeping, behind him. "you've been saying that a lot."

"Where are you going?" *God, do I have no control?*

He chuckled, "it's not really any of your business."

I expected him to turn away and shut the door in my face. He wasn't wrong, I really *didn't* have any business asking where he was going. However, his next set of words took me by surprise.

"but i guess if you're really *that* curious, you can tag along."

I froze.

*Did he actually just **invite** me?*

He flashed me another smile before disappearing into the dark. The front door was left wide open.

***"Don't do it Frisky, he's bad news."***

I didn't even pay any mind to Chara's, annoying, voice. I was too busy listening to my own curiosity as I slipped past the front door, and followed Sans into the murky night.

#### Chapter End Notes

Don't worry guys, it's not much longer before the Sans/Frisk ship will be sailing away at full speed ahead. ;)

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# Mr. Interesting

## Chapter Summary

Frisk and Sans share a moment.

## Chapter Notes

Just to clarify,

Chara is a Female in my story, and she is about fifteen years old. When ever you see text that is, Bold & Italicized with "." -That's her speaking. Frisk is also a Female, and she is an Adult (about 23ish) and whenever you see text that is by its self, just Italicized, That is Frisk thinking to herself/Chara.

Alright! Lets get back to it! Thank you guys so, so much for the support! You're all awesome :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The freezing air, whisked around me, fast and fiercely, as I made haste to catch up with Sans. The world around me was silent. Any sounds were quickly absorbed by the heavy blankets of snow that insulated the, dark, forest. My breathing was heavy, and my legs ached. Sans was so far ahead of me, I could barely even see the outline of his figure anymore. The thick waves of darkness, devouring him with every step.

***"Why are you doing this? Surely, you can't be THAT stupid."***

*I'm not stupid. Just curious.*

"having trouble keeping up?"

I jumped at the sudden sound of his slick voice. He was no longer up ahead, but standing right next to me with a plastered grin on his face. I halted to a stop, Chara's poisonous voice, still ringing in my ears.

"I was keeping up just fine," I lied.

"sure you were." His voice was teasing, like an immature child. His smile widened before picking up the pace again, walking just a bit ahead of me.

Still catching my breath, I pushed myself to walk next to him. "Where are we going, exactly?"

"you'll see."

I narrowed my eyes. "Why are you being so cryptic?"

"why you gotta ask twenty questions?"

I opened my mouth to respond with another sassy comeback, but my attention was quickly drawn to the sound of rushing water. I noticed that my snowy surroundings had melted away, as the freezing air was replaced with a cool, gentle, mist. It appeared that our path was blocked by a huge, glistening, waterfall, spilling into an overflowing river.

The water looked like black ink, seeping into the earth. I was afraid if it touched me, it might stain my, porcelain, skin. It was absolutely mesmerizing to watch the waterfall roar, and fall over, seamlessly, into the silky river. It felt like I was under a spell, unable to move, unable to tear my eyes away.

There was a trail of stepping stones, positioned across the river, almost like a bridge. Carefully, Sans stepped onto one of the stones, turned around, and held out his hand.

"you comin' or what?"

I moved my attention to his skeletal hand, outstretched, in front of me. His voice was rough and his white, intense, pupils, hooked with my brown, curious, eyes. I was so compelled, I felt my body move towards him, without my permission, and grab hold of his hand.

***"God, you're such an idiot."***

Chara's voice was immediately suppressed by my own rushing thoughts. As soon as I grabbed hold of Sans, he pulled me towards him, up and over the coursing river. His hand was so soft, it didn't even feel like bones. It was *so* warm, so *inviting*. His scent swirled around me, intoxicating me with every breath I took. He held onto me, for a few long seconds, his body pressed up against mine. He was so close, I could see every, little, crack that was etched into his skull. His eyes wondered over my mine, they were filled with a sudden, and *unexpected*, desire. It was almost like he didn't want to let go.

I kinda didn't want to let go either.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he let my hand fall from his, and backed up from me a bit. It looked like he wanted to say something, his mouth opening, just slightly, but instead he turned and continued over the rest of the river, leaving me behind, breathlessly.

I closed my eyes to gather myself before following, his scent still filling up my nasal cavities. I could still feel the warmth of his body, up against mine. I could still feel his touch, and how it sent a wave of electricity, spiral, through me. He was so warm, so *soft*, he didn't even feel like a skeleton. And even though we barely touched, for less the five seconds, the after effects of his touch were *so—so—exhilarating*.

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes. Sans had already crossed the rest of the river. I could see him, waiting for me, on the other side. I proceed forward, jumping, carefully, from stone to stone. Once across, I was greeted by Sans, leaning off to the side, by a large hill.

I met his eyes, my cheeks still slightly flushed from our encounter. Thankfully, he didn't seem to notice. He just smiled and said, "this way," as he turned towards the hill and started to climb.

*A mountain within a mountain?*

*This place is just full of surprises.*

I started to climb, my boots digging into the, coarse, dirt. My hands grasping at the purplish grass, that covered the hill, as I pushed myself upward. The hill wasn't all that steep, once I gained some speed, I reached the top relatively quickly. I pushed myself to a stand, and felt my breath hitch at the sight of the incredible view, that was presented in front of me.

It was unlike anything I've ever seen before. The top of the hill was surrounded by glowing vines and trees. They emitted off a neon-bluish color, that gave everything a perplexing glow. We were so high up, it was unnerving, yet overwhelming. From the large waterfalls, to the tiny, little, villages, it looked like I could see almost every part of the Underground.

The most breathtaking part, were the tiny, blue, sparkling lights, scattered across the top of the cavern. Like a thousands little stars, twinkling in the darkness.

I turned to Sans with wide eyes. "What is this place?"

"it's the highest point in waterfall. actually, it's one of the highest points in all of the underground." He sat down under one of the glowing trees, pulling out that bottle of—*ketchup?*—from the pockets of his, blue, jacket.

"It's—*beautiful*." I breathed.

A few seconds of silence passed before Sans spoke, "yeah, i like to come up here sometimes. it's quite.....peaceful. a great place to just sit and—gather your thoughts."

I walked over and sat down next to him. The neon-glowing tree, draped over us like an umbrella. My shoulder brushed his, and I felt him tense up, only for a few seconds, before he relaxed again. His scent was all around me, and the warmth from his body felt so nice.

I felt him shift as a light chuckle came tumbling out of his mouth. "pap, calls it my *brooding* place."

I couldn't help but let out a laugh myself. "Brooding? What do you *brood* about?" I teased.

"you'd be surprised." He took a swig of his drink. I could tell from the familiar smell that it was definitely ketchup.

It was weird to see him actually *drink* something. I don't know why I didn't realize this earlier, when Papyrus was eating a plate of spaghetti, but it had just occurred to me that, skeletons don't have digestive systems. How were they able to consume *food*? ***Drinks?***

I turned my gaze towards Sans, only to notice that he was already staring at me. He turned away quickly, almost as if he was embarrassed. I felt my cheeks flush instinctively, and turned my head away as well.

*"Oh please, don't make me vomit in my non-existing mou—"*

Chara was quickly silenced in my mind by the sound of Sans' urgent voice.

*"fuck—get down."*

Before I even had time to question him, I felt his hand touch my lower back and push me down, making me fall flat onto my stomach. He silently fell next to me.

"What the *fu*—" my voice was suppressed by his hand, claspings briskly, over my mouth. His other hand, still on my lower back, keeping me pinned to the, mossy, ground. He kept his face forward, clearly staring at something below. My eyes shifted and saw what was catching his attention.

There was someone standing at the bottom of the hill.

It was hard to see details, but I could definitely tell it was a female, from the way she carried herself. She had blue skin, almost scale like, which looked iridescent in the neon lighting. Her crimson hair, swaying gracefully in the breeze, side to side, by her ponytail. She looked so intimidating with her thick, metal, armor, along with the, deadly looking, spear held tightly in her hands. Her beaming yellow eyes squinted, as if she were looking for something—

Or *someone*.

Sans slowly removed his hand from my mouth allowing me to speak.

"Who is that?" I whispered.

"undyne." His voice was rough and low. "she doesn't usually patrol this late—what the *fuck* is she doing?"

So *this* was **Undyne the Undying**, Captain of the Royal Guard. Papyrus had mentioned her briefly during dinner. He didn't go into full detail, mostly because he was too busy boasting

about himself, but he did mention that she's been working with the King in regards to getting seven, Human, souls for the barrier, that keeps all Monsters trapped underground.

Undyne peered around, carefully listening and searching, for anyone or anything. Her mouth opened slightly, exposing her razor, sharp, teeth.

With one last sweep of her golden eyes, she turned around and began to walk out of sight.

I felt Sans breath a sigh of relief besides me, and began to rise to his feet.

"she'll be back, we should get going." Sans glanced down the hill. "and we shouldn't walk back, either. it's too risky."

I pushed myself to a stand, brushing off the dirt from my clothes. My head cocked in confusion. "But if we can't walk back, how are we gonna—"

Before I could even finish, I felt Sans' arm wrap around my torso. I inhaled sharply, my lips parting in surprise, as he pulled me close. My body pressed into his ribs, while my face was inches from his sly smile. His voice was so deep, it was *unbelievably arousing*.

"we're gonna fly."

The world around me was suddenly spinning. Electricity swirled, crackling like a flame. I felt like I might fall over, I was *so* dizzy. I could feel myself gripping the front of Sans' jacket, trying not to vomit. He held me so close, both of his hands positioned on my back.

*Why is the world spinning?!*

*What the fuc—*

And then, as if a switch had been hit, it stopped.



I felt Sans pull back from me. I lifted my head, and despite the extreme dizziness, I realized that we were no long on the hill, but—

We were back at the house, standing in the middle of the living room.

I let go of Sans' jacket, detaching myself from him completely. I held my head as I steadied my feet onto the ground.

I shot him a bewildered expression. "What the actual *fuck* was that?!"

He laughed and began to make his way up the stairs. "relax, you lived didn't you?"

I narrowed my eyes, unsatisfied with his response. "You're really not gonna explain what the fuck that was?!"

He was standing in front of one of the doors, upstairs. I'm assuming it's *his* room, from the way he held his hand, casually, on the door handle. He smiled down at me, over the railing.

"i'm kinda tired right now. maybe in the morning, if i'm feelin' up to it."

He opened the door and blackness instantly poured out. He turned around, once last time, before disappearing into the ominous room. My eyes locked with his,

"goodnight frisk."

Chapter End Notes

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# New Developments

## Chapter Summary

Frisk and Chara discover some "New Developments" within their relationship, while Sans takes Frisk into Snowdin Town.

## Chapter Notes

First off, I'm sorry this is late. Shit went down with my job and I lost a lot of my time....

I do want you guys to know, I am changing the rating to Explicit, due to a lot of upcoming ADULT content/Graphic Violence.

That being said-

-TRIGGER WARNING-

Shits about to get REAL bloody.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

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And all the kids cried out,  
"Please stop, you're scaring me."  
I can't help this awful energy  
Goddamn right, you should be scared of me  
Who is in control?

**-Halsey; Control**

---

*"Hello?"*

*The little boy's, tiny, voice just barely broke the silence looming in the air. The night was late, and it was far past his bedtime. He made his way down a long corridor, while clutching an, old style, lantern. The soft breeze from an open window waved around a metallic and musty stench. It was so quiet, it was almost unbearable.*

***Something was terribly wrong.***

*He eventually approached an old, wooden, door, that seemed to be covered in a wet, sticky, substance. It was slightly ajar, which emitted a, very small, crack of light, out and into the corridor. Completely engulfed with fear, the boy slowly lifted his free hand, and brushed his fingers against the door. The sticky substance stained his, pale, fingers red, as the door fell back to reveal a large sleeping chamber.*

*The little boy hitched his breath at the horrific scene he suddenly presented with.*

***Blood.***

*There was so much **blood**.*

***It was all so overwhelming—***

*From splattered walls, to glistening puddles, seeping into the floorboards, the room was truly a nightmare.*

*But the most disturbing part were the **bodies**.*

*The bodies of slaughtered **children**, tossed in every part of the room.*

*Some appeared to have their throats slit, while others were stabbed, profusely, through many parts of their body.*

*The boy stumbled backwards, but was obstructed by something.*

***No—someone.***

*The lantern fell from the boy's, sweaty, grasp, shattering against the rickety floor. He flew around to meet a pair of fiery eyes.*

*It was a girl, no older then **eleven years old**. Her chestnut hair was disheveled, while her ghostly skin, and raggedy dress, were splashed crimson. Held tightly in her hand, was a, single, sliver kitchen knife, completely drenched in blood.*

*The boy stumbled backwards, away from the girl. Pieces of glass, from the broken lantern, cutting his bare feet in process.*

*"Please—Chara, I—" he pleaded, but Chara's poisonous voice didn't give him the chance to speak.*

***"I don't have time for your excuses."***

*And with one swift motion, she slashed the knife forward, causing a large gash across the boy's throat.*

*Blood poured out of the wound, soaking the boy's clothes instantly. He clutched his throat with his hands, as if he might be able to stop the bleeding, but instead, he fell to the bloodstained floor with a, **THUD**. The life, slowly draining from his eyes.*

*His breathing dissipated, and the silence returned. Chara cracked her neck, while her lips opened in pleasure.*

***"Much better."***

---

I woke up, breathless, the smell of spaghetti and cigarette smoke hit me in waves. I sat up straight, my hair was soaked in sweat, and my clothes clung to my overheated body.

I squinted my eyes, to see that I was still in the skeleton brother's living room. I was lying on the, rundown, green couch, and was covered by a blue, fleece, blanket.

*What the hell kind of nightmare was that?*

I felt Chara, stir in my mind.

***"It wasn't a nightmare, sweetheart. It was a memory."***

I pushed myself to sit up straight, my mind was in so many different places, all at once.

*A—memory?*

***" My memory."***

*Wait—but—*

"bad dream?"

Still on edge, the sound of his voice made me jump. I glanced over to see Sans sitting in the corner of the room, lounging in a recliner. His feet were positioned up on the, small glass, coffee table, while he held a newspaper in his skeletal hands.

His eyes met mine and the corners of his mouth turned upward. I peeled the sweaty, fleece, blanket off of my body, and tossed it to the other side of the couch. Looking up, I noticed that Sans was staring at me, his bone brow raise in a concerned, yet amused, manner.

"you alright, kid?"

"I'm fine." I said defensively, "Just kinda thirsty."

"i'll go get you something." Sans immediately put the newspaper down, and proceeded to walk, lazily, into the kitchen. As soon as he was out of sight, I then turned my attention back to Chara.

*What did you mean by, YOUR memory?*

I heard a sigh, as if my question was annoying to her.

***"Have you forgotten that we're connected? You have just as much access to my memories, as I do to yours."***

I bit my lip at her response.

*But if that was a memory, **YOUR** memory, then that means—*

*—You **murdered** all of those children.*

**"....."**

***"They deserved it."***

Before I could respond, Sans returned back to the living room with a cold bottle of water. He cleared a spot on the couch, and sat down beside me. His scent alone, calmed my nerves, almost immediately.

As he handed me the bottle, I grabbed it, almost desperate, to feel the cool water soothe my, dry, mouth.

I chugged it, to say the least. Water falling from my mouth and dripping down onto the , already damp, couch. Eventually, I pulled the bottle away, as a breath escaped from my lips.

"you weren't kidding when you said, *thirsty*." His pupils, pulsing, with every word.

I felt the heat creep up into my cheeks. I turned my head away from him, in hopes he wouldn't notice my pink flush, and shifted uncomfortably from my damp, sweaty, clothes.

*Chara's clothes.*

I was still wearing her green sweater.

I suddenly wanted, nothing more, then to rip it off. After seeing what she did—*what she's capable of*—I felt as if they were soaked in blood, rather than sweat.

***"Oh please, you're such a baby."***

Ignoring Chara, I turned to Sans and asked, "You wouldn't have any extra—uh, clothes....would you?"

"Uh—" Sans stopped as his eyes wondered over my body. I saw something flicker within them, like a sudden spark of electricity. For a moment, his left eye almost looked blue. "not anything that—uh, would fit you."

I grimaced at his answer, before he continued.

"there's actually a shop, right in the center of town. they sell all kinds of stuff, i'm sure you'd be able to find something there."

Sans stood up from the couch and looked down at me, as if an idea just popped into his head.

"i can take you, if you want?"

I pushed myself to a stand, my eyes still fixated on him. "Isn't that kinda risky? I mean—"

"—don't worry," Sans cut me off, a low chuckle escaping from his mouth. "i'll make sure we keep a low profile." Sans held out his hand, a wide grin spread across his face. His eyes were dim, and somewhat alluring. I returned his gaze, and slowly, moved my eyes to his, outstretched, skeletal hand.

***"How many times do I have to warn you about him before you get yourself killed?"***

I could hear Chara's voice, echoing somewhere in the back of my mind.

I silenced her and grabbed hold of Sans anyway.

Almost instantly, I felt the world spin around me, fast and unexpectedly. Electricity flowed through my veins, just like the night before. I felt Sans pull me close, his body pressed into mine. My vision was blurry, but I knew my face was only inches from his. I could feel his hot breath as he spoke.

"don't worry, i got you."

Seconds later, the world came to a standstill. I could feel that my feet were now planted, firmly, on the, cold, earth. My eyes slowly opened, to see Sans' soft, white, pupils staring back at me, while his arms were wrapped around me. We were no longer in the house, but now standing in the middle of the, cold, forest.

As much as I wanted to stay like this, pressed up against him, I felt a twinge of annoyance surge through me.

I pushed him off of me, and shot him a glare. "What the *fuck*, a little warning next time?"

Sans chuckled, and his eyes sparked brighter. "where's the fun in that?"

"You pulled that same shit last night! What—*how*—" I stumbled over my words, flabbergasted on how he was able to transport us, without moving. It was absolutely bizarre, I had never heard or experienced anything like that before.

"maybe i'll explain it later," he said as he slowly began to walk away, down one of the pathways. Then, without warning, he turned around and gave me a wink. "if i'm feeling up to it."

I shot him another glare as I jogged up next to him. "I'm gonna hold you to that."

Sans chuckled again, this time really low, almost like a growl.

*It was actually kind of sexy.*

Before I even had time to comprehend my own thoughts, I realized we had walked right into a brightly, lit, village.

It looked just like something you would see on a Christmas card. Quaint houses were set up on every other street corner, covered in, thick, blankets of snow. Pathways were lined with lanterns, while locals hurried down the, icy, streets. There was huge banner that hung from a wooden post. In big letters it read "Welcome to Snowdin." The atmosphere of the town was so joyful, it reminded me of how the surface us to be.

"Oh my god!"

A little voice called out from behind. Sans and I swept around and were met with a small, yellow, child Monster. He beamed as my curious eyes met his.



*He was so adorable.*

"So it is true! There is a Human in the Underground!" He shouted, causing some of the surrounding Monsters to turn their heads and gawk. I could see some of them whispering among each other, making me feel incredibly uncomfortable. Sans tensed up next to me, and pushed me slightly behind him.

"can you keep it down, kid?"

The child Monster backed away, suddenly, as if Sans had scared him. "Oh, I—I'm sorry S-Sans. I didn't mean to be loud, I was just excited."

Ignoring the child completely, Sans then grabbed my hand and lead me further into the town. I looked back to the child Monster and gave an apologetic smile, then turned my attention back to Sans who was, basically, dragging me by the hand now.

"You didn't have to do that, he was obviously, just curious."

"you need to stay undetected, for as long as possible. word travels fast in the underground." Sans let go of my hand, as we were now standing in front of a large, wooden, hut. He reached into his sweatshirt pocket, and gave me a handful of gold coins. "here, you'll need this. this is the shop i was talking about."

He placed the coins in my hands and I did my best not to drop them. I looked at him with cautious eyes. "Ar—Are you sure?"

Sans smiled and leaned up against the wall. He reached into his pocket again, this time pulling out a small box. He flipped open the top and pulled out, what appeared to be, a *cigarette*.

But. He's a **Skeleton**.

*He doesn't have **lungs**, how can he smoke?*

My eyes, narrowed, questionably as Sans popped the cigarette into his mouth and lit it with an electric, blue flame, emerging from his fingers.

He took a drag and looked over to me, blowing his smoke in the opposite direction. "don't worry about it. you go ahead, i'm gonna wait out here and keep an eye on things."

"Alright-if you say so." I grabbed the door handle, the knob was cold to the touch. I looked back at Sans once more, who shot me a soft (yet confident) smile, before turning the handle and pushing into the shop.

The door shut softly behind me, while a light, bell, rang throughout the hut.

"Hello traveler!"

I turned my attention to the Monster walking towards me, her hips swaying from side to side. She looked like bunny, with her floppy ears and brown fur. Her mouth curved up into a pleasant smile, while her, green, eyes examined me curiously.

"How can I help you today?"

"Uh—" I stopped, searching for the right words. "I—um....I'm looking for some.....clothes." Feeling awkward I wrapped my arms around myself, suddenly remembering how dirty Chara's sweater was.

Luckily, the shop owner didn't seem to notice as she immediately went into a salesman stance. "Oh! Not a problem! The clothing racks are this way!"

She walked away hastily, towards the back of the store. I followed, reluctantly and cautiously. The store was surprisingly big, and was filled with various different items. From delicious pastries, to cute, little, trinkets, the shop reminded me of some of the boutiques, I often visited, up on the surface.

It felt like ages ago, now that I think about it.

"All of the clothes for sale are right here," she called over her shoulder, pointing to a few large racks. "Just call out if you need anything!"

I was surrounded by all different types of clothes. From business jackets, to oversized sweatshirts I was conflicted on what to get. I couldn't even remember the last time I actually got to go shopping. I looked around for a bit, roaming the isles, up and down. Eventually I chose a pair of blue jeans, a plain, cotton white, t-shirt, a new pair of black boots, and a sleek, black, leather jacket.

Walking up to the counter, now in my new clothes, I already felt so much better, being out of that gross, sticky, sweater. The shop keeper shot me an impressed smile as I approached her.

"Wow, you clean up nice! Great choice, that will be 70 gold."

I reached into my pocket and handed her the fistful of gold Sans had given me. While she

was picking through the coins, counting quietly to herself, the front door suddenly burst open, slamming up against the wall.

I jumped, as did she, from the sudden, loud, noise. I turned to see Sans rushing through into the shop, a look of panic splashed across his face.

"we gotta go." His voice was rough and urgent.

"Wait, but—" Before I could finish, Sans grabbed my shoulder and the world began to spin again. The dizziness hit me hard and fast, although, this time felt different. I could feel that we were moving, significantly, much faster than any of the other times. Within seconds of my dizziness, the world became steady and I was able to regain my balance. I opened my eyes to realize that, once again without any warning, we had relocated from the shop, back into the icy forest.

I pulled my shoulder away from Sans, harshly. "Son of a bitch, will you stop doing that!?"

Sans looked at me apologetically, but still on edge. "sorry, i had to get you out of there."

I narrowed my eyes. "Why? What was—"

My words were quickly cut off by a swift, flying object, cutting through the air, flying just inches by my face. It landed in a tree behind me, sticking straight into the bark. I could see now that-

*It was a glowing, blue, spear.*

"fuck." I heard Sans mutter.

Before I could even ask what was going on, my attention was, quickly, drawn to a new voice was presented in front of me. It was smooth, and maybe even a little bit *too* cocky.

"Well, well, well. What do we have *here*?"

As the figure came into view, I recognized her immediately. The sound of her heavy, metal, armor echoed throughout the forest. Her yellow eyes were set ablaze, and her red hair was whipping, furiously, in the wind as she crept forward.

## *Undyne the Undying*

She smiled a huge smile, revealing her sharp, jagged, teeth as she sneered, "I guess Papyrus was right. There really *is* a human in the Underground."

### Chapter End Notes

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