

Out of the Void

(Gaster as predator, Frisk and Monster Kid as prey.)

(Warning! It is... **Endosoma/Safe Vore**... Because of course it is. >w>; And **absolutely** non-sexual because **no pedo.**)

The human child often went off and played in the strange twisting caverns of Waterfall with their friend. The monster child was their own age, and Frisk was an accommodating kid with a friendly demeanor. The both of them got along well.

“Do you think Undyne would let me borrow, like, extra armor?” Monster Kid said as they hopped a rock to cross a thin stream. Frisk followed, tilting their head.

“Does she even have any?”

“I dunno! But she must! She was a kid a million years ago or something, so she’s gotta have a small set...”

“You should ask her to teach you stuff.” Frisk wobbled, just barely clearing the edge of the water. “Like... uhh... how to punch tomatoes..?” Frisk was not knowledgeable on fighting techniques of any sort.

The Monster Kid giggled and snorted, flopping backwards as if laughter caused them to lose control of their legs. “Punching tomatoes!” They grinned, “If Undyne punched a tomato the ketchup would go all the way to the castle!”

Frisk giggled. The monster child caught up to the human as the two forged forward into a new cavern, exploring a new and slightly darker corridor.

“I don’t remember goin’ in here before!” the Monster Kid ogled the walls, which occasionally shone with luminous crystals, “Do you think there’s treasure?”

“Maybe it just opened cuz water moved some stone out of the way?” Frisk seemed less excited, tugging the collar of their sweater. But they followed, sure that any monsters in this uncharted cavern would be possible to deal with, especially with a fellow monster with them.

“Aww...” Monster Kid slumped at the prospect of no hidden treasure,

“Well... maybe some other cool stuff?”

“There’s always cool stuff in new places.” Frisk climbed a shallow cliff before reaching down and helping the armless little monster up, “Like... cool glowy crystals.”

“Aw, maaan, there’s cool glowy crystals everywhere!”

“Just blue ones. We could find a red one or a green one.” Frisk followed a path left by the tiny points of light, checking every so often to make sure Monster Kid was keeping up, “Some of them could have... weird... powers?”

“Like super-jumping powers?” Monster Kid brightened.

“Super-jumping would be so cool.”

“It’s like flying! But... not!”

“Yeah, but flying doesn’t make any sense if you don’t have wings.” Frisk was caught up in childish talk and had yet to notice the lack of lights behind them, as if the tunnel was closing and becoming lost itself, “Super-jumping you could like... bounce off of buildings and walls and stuff.”

The human turned, expecting a reply and becoming worried their friend had tripped and dropped back. Monster Kid had frozen, peering behind them into the blackness that had formed there.

“U-uhh...” They turned to Frisk, sweat beading on their scales though it was quite damp and chilly, “Pretty sure th-there was a cave there just a second ago...”

“Uh... Well, maybe the glowing crystals go out, like the mushrooms do?” Frisk began feeling about, “Maybe if we touch them they’ll...”

The child groped about on what they were sure was a stone wall. What their hand fell on, however, had the oddest smooth texture, and surrounded by fabric. It reminded them of that first joke Sans had pulled, their hand in his bony one, hand buzzer zinging them and making them squeak from surprise...

Monster Kid squealed, looking past Frisk at the dark figure beyond them. Though darkness had mostly filled the space a pale skeletal face could still be made out, a faint, jagged line of a mouth and two dark spaces of closed eyes bordered with

deep cracks the only distinguishable features. What Frisk had touched was a matching bony hand—a perfect rounded hole seemingly punched through it. The fabric was robes or a cloak of some sort, though it was too dark to tell if it was truly formless or just oversized.

The human backed up, eyes widened but not yet frightened. Monster Kid hid behind them, unable to clutch their friend's hand for obvious reasons but finding comfort in their relatively steady nerves.

“Wh-wh-wh-whaddowe do?” They whispered. Frisk swallowed nervously, trying to make out what the strange being was doing and why it had not noticed them yet.

“M-maybe they know how to get back?”

“You're crazy!” Monster Kid shivered, “You wanna talk to the creepy black-robed weirdo in the dark cave?!”

“Well... yeah.”

The monster child let out a low whine, uneasy with the options but not wanting to doubt Frisk and their bold nature. Frisk cleared their throat. No response.

“I think he's asleep.”

“A-are you sure?” Monster Kid squinted, shuffling from claw to claw.

“I think so...” Frisk ventured a baby-step closer, shuddering involuntarily from the increasing cold, “His eye lights are out... like Sans's are when he's sleeping.” (Frisk had a large sampling of examples on that point.)

“Y-you wanna wake 'im up, doncha?” The kid whimpered and sunk lower to the ground, “Wh-whaddya think I should do if he's bad news..?”

“Uhh... Play... dead?” The two kids looked at each other a moment, “Or run.”

The skeletal figure seemed to twitch, catching Frisk's attention again. Two dim, white lights ignited in the darkened recesses of its eyes, blearily giving off more light as the eyes widened. The children were frozen—mostly from fear, but also from the icy chill that seemed to be spreading around the scene.

W. D. Gaster had awoken from an indeterminate amount of sleep to this.

He was certain at first that he was losing it. In the shadowy borders of reality there would not be a pair of children. Though he sensed reality was not quite so slushy at the moment. His lopsided gaze scanned both of the small figures, the less drooped eye widening greatly as he noticed Frisk. A human child.

“(How did you come to be here?)” He asked, or more likely wondered aloud since the youngsters would not understand his antiquated dialect and distorted speech patterns. He straightened, the robes he wore shuffling and slithering across each other as he rose to full height. It seemed while he was unawares the wall—or what was supposed to be a wall—had phased out slightly and allowed him to lean against it. Or phased in? Gaster blinked, not minding the kids a moment. If the children had managed to wander into the lack of existence where he (mostly) resided, then that would mean they had been trapped in a place that had phased *out*.

“(This is not a place for children...)” His attention returned to them, his white eyes brightened in curiosity and intensity.

Frisk and the Monster Kid had now basically huddled together, the cold was so intense. The human quaked, their knees getting unsteady. It was colder than Snowdrake’s breath, but they had to concentrate—trying to focus enough on what the strange monster was saying to reply. Monster Kid buried their face in Frisk’s sweater with a whimper as the tall skeletal thing seemed to slide closer.

Gaster was much larger than they had first thought, and though the kids’ comprehension was suffering from the chill it seemed like he was only increasing in size, the darkness of his cloak unfolding only to reveal more mass.

“Uh...uh... hi.” Frisk croaked. Gaster’s head tilted slightly. It suddenly struck him—the cold, the dark, the lack of substance in this pocket of void. It would slowly wither any un-phased creature away, not stopping until there was even less left than was of Gaster himself. He stepped forward again, now tall enough that the quivering pair only barely made it past his knees. Frisk tried to raise their hand but found it was shivering too much, “W-we didn’t m-mean to bother you, uhh...”

“(You two don’t have any idea the danger you’re in,)” Gaster carefully extracted a hand from amongst his robes, beginning to stretch it out towards the human, “(Come here. You must get shelter from the void. I will try to phase you

back—)”

His hand was the size of Frisk’s head now, but the shift in size had ceased. The human and monster child both ducked and shrunk away from the skeleton’s reach, confused and disoriented by the strange monster’s speech.

“(Don’t run.)” His mouth gaped in exasperation, knowing that time was short. In fact, time may or may not be something that existed here.

But as things dependent on the fears of kids often do, his beckoning backfired. Neither Monster Kid nor Frisk were willing to be snatched up by a monster whose words and intentions were both this unreadable. Monster Kid’s teeth snapped onto the scruff of Frisk’s sweater collar and tugged them backwards, out of reach of Gaster once again. They pulled each other upright and took off in what they hoped was the way back, out of the dark.

“(I said do not run!)” Gaster forgot to be gentle and reassuring, even as ineffective as that was. He rose a bit more, white eyes cutting through the lack of reality and tracking the children’s escape route. They would be lost forever, even to him, if they strayed too far. The fragment of existence that was W.D. Gaster himself was all that had been holding them together so far. His mass extended; he dematerialized.

Or so it had seemed.

Frisk found it harder and harder to make their legs move forward. They nearly buckled as Monster Kid gasped and fell against them, tripping on their oversized claws. The human caught a terrifying glance of their friend’s face—white, almost drained-looking and ill. Their eyes were dull and they had to be held up around the waist to continue keeping up with Frisk. Something was wrong here. They panted, taking a sudden turn at what felt like a crossroads in tunnels. They couldn’t see anything anymore, not even a single pinpoint of crystalline light. Was this something that skeletal monster was doing, they wondered—and if so, why was he doing it to a monster child as well as a human? But maybe it was not intentional, Frisk realized.

The two of them were slowing down as running became like slogging through pudding. It was as if their legs were slowly becoming “not there” enough to move.

A second later, Monster Kid collapsed. Frisk was taken down with them, but

twisted to land on their back, cushioning their friend's head. With a grunt of great effort they finally sat up, propping the other against them.

Though it was surely total dark, it felt as if a shadow had fallen over them both. Frisk peered up.

“(That was very foolish, child,)” Gaster loomed over them, a faint scowl twisting his features. He was very large now, the crumpled pair of youngsters less than knee-high. He stooped over them, eye lights studying both of their pale faces and softening somewhat. Who would be able to stay angry at terrified kids, especially two who were fighting not to disintegrate into the void. “(The further you move from me, the worse it becomes. You are already being drained.)”

Gaster's hands emerged again, each now half the size of Frisk. The human yelped and covered their face as one wrapped around their waist and lifted them easily. Monster Kid was similarly scooped up, though all they were able to do was sniffle with eyes wide as saucers.

“D-don't hurt us, skeleman man...” They whined. Frisk peered through their fingers, emboldened by the fear that their friend might be in danger sooner than they.

Gaster sighed, the kids squirming slightly as the slight heat reached them. “(I am trying to help you, child. Though you don't understand this just yet.)” The skeletal monster blinked slowly, coming to the realization that it would indeed be very difficult to convince the two he was saving them from a terrible fate, even without the language barrier, “(I do apologize in advance for frightening you both—but you see there is no other shelter from the nothingness but something of substance... and there is only me.)”

He lifted Monster Kid a bit more. To the kid's horror, their captor's jaws opened wide, then wider, and wider. Against the stark blackness of the void around them the faint blue-grey of the monster's maw and throat seemed to glow.

“W-wait, don't do that!” Frisk's struggling was renewed as Monster Kid let out a sharp squeal at the sight of where they were headed. “Don't eat them! Put us down!”

Gaster's eye lights flickered to the human a few moments, quite surprised the child still had energy to try to escape his grip. Reluctantly he tightened his fingers around them before returning to the most weakened of the youngsters.

“Ack!” Frisk could no longer do more than wriggle in the grasp of the huge skeleton. They had a desperate thought that maybe this monster did not know what they were saying either—if they could just manage to free a hand, maybe they could mime out something... something along the lines of “we are not delicious.”

“Aaa..! F-Frisk, h-help me..!” The Monster Kid’s voice was muffled. Gaster wasn’t wasting any time and had already stuffed them up to the waist into his jaws. The little monster writhed about like a worm, though try as they might the skeletal monster did not have any weaknesses or gaps inside his mouth. The semi-translucent flesh, faintly glowing blue, distended and became visible under his chin as he slid more of the child into his throat, “E-ew..! I thought skelemans didn’t *have* any gooky parts..!”

Frisk had stopped fighting Gaster’s grip for a moment, looking on in horror as his friend’s feet were sucked into the larger monster’s mouth. They were, at least, relieved that the strange skeleton had not chomped into them—though the thought that they would both be swallowed whole still filled them with cold dread.

“H-hey, uhh, I-I might have a p-piece of monster candy or something in my pocket—you don’t have to eat *us*! So please, l-let my friend go at least!”

Gaster ignored the pity he felt welling up at Frisk’s last attempt to “help” Monster Kid. His reply was a deep, audible swallow which sent the slightly yellow-tinged bulge in his throat downwards.

“(Unh...)” He could not help but shudder. This was a difficult undertaking, physically. And the monster child entering his stomach was still struggling gamely; though too weak to harm him it was still somewhat unpleasant.

Frisk shook. The skeleton’s white eyes had turned to them now, expression intrigued. The human returned his gaze, mind racing on how to survive this encounter and save Monster Kid too.

“(You are very noble for such a young child...)” Gaster murmured. “(And surprising that you have lost so little of your strength so far. Your friend was halfway to disintegration already, and yet you are barely touched...)”

The kid whimpered, only able to guess at what their captor was saying. Guesses that were ninety-nine percent wrong, and filled with nightmare fuel.

“P-please...?”

The answer they received was the view of Gaster’s open mouth and luminous throat that Monster Kid had just experienced. They screwed their eyes shut as they felt the skeleton lifting them.

Gaster pushed the human into his jaws, still gripping Frisk’s legs to prevent any last-minute escape attempts. The lack of struggle was both a relief and a cause for concern considering how vigorous their fight to avoid this had been. He swallowed slightly, his tongue tugging at the dry fibers of Frisk’s sweater. Their head and shoulders slid into his throat, legs disappearing beyond the vague semblance of teeth he had left. One eye squinted sharply as he held back a choke—Frisk’s hair was sticking to his throat flesh. Another swallow alleviated this and squeezed the human deeper in. Gaster winced, his neck, then chest, then belly distending, stretching far more than he was ever used to. Even with a partial existence the feat seemed just a bit too much for his body to handle.

“Yeep!” The shrill noise was the first thing Frisk heard upon their head popping back into an open space. Monster Kid was balled up, directly underneath them, but there was nowhere else to go and the skeleton’s throatflesh was still forcing them down. The human flopped awkwardly on top of the small monster with a grunt.

“Fr-Frisk? That you?”

They opened their eyes, stunned to see that they could see. The semi-solid “flesh” that surrounded them was emitting just a bit of light, enough to make out each other’s features and the details of the skeleton’s insides. Above and in front of them Gaster’s ribs glinted, standing out like prison bars.

“You okay?” Frisk huddled up alongside Monster Kid. The little monster sniffled, eyes shifting to each side nervously, “You’re not hurt?”

“A-aside from bein’ freaked out and ate... I’m good.” They wriggled, pushing their claws against the pulsing wall of flesh, “Wh-why’d this dude eat us?! We weren’t *that* annoying...”

Frisk paused their reply to give Monster Kid a long, confused look. The kid managed a stifled laugh and grin, blushing sheepishly.

“What?” Their eyes shifted again, shrinking away from Gaster’s stomach as it flexed against them, “Your parents never ate you when you were little and havin’ a tantrum?”

“Uhhh... nope.” Frisk struggled to push away the tight wall flexing from the other direction, “I was thinking he was... well, hungry.”

“Well, duh...” Monster Kid slumped, teeth gritted and uneasy, “I was hopin’ maybe not though...”

Frisk wrapped their arms around their friend’s quivering shoulders, bracing their feet against the spectral stomach walls, “It’ll be okay. We’re not being hurt by anything yet. We could escape somehow... we just gotta figure out how...”

Monster Kid seemed comforted, and grumpily kicked at their captor as his belly tightened inwards again.

“Yeah... I am *so* gonna give this dude a piece of my mind when we get out..!”

“Err... better not. He might eat you again.”

“Oh...” The kid blinked, “Yeah...”

“(Oof...)” Gaster wobbled again, grimacing at the kicks and struggles continuing in his gut. Being only partially corporeal did not seem to lessen the stretching, squirming sensation at all. He floated onwards as he became able to concentrate again.

His robes shrank away, becoming less amorphous, more distinguishable from the inky surroundings. His eye lights brightened in shock—this time, phasing back in felt tremendously easy. His mind raced for an answer, and he found none until his hand by chance settled on his overfilled stomach.

“(The human child..?)” Looking down at himself, he squinted, wondering. Along with the fitful wriggles of the kids there was something else, something not quite light, not quite warmth. Whatever it was, it was potent—easily sensed by the skeletal monster. “(This is almost like... hmm... yes...)”

Gaster paced, hands lacing and unlacing. “(It could be that, yes. Proximity to a

human SOUL, one filled with determination, so much that it leeches out and overlaps with those around them...)"

"(Though... the method here is, erm... unusual.)" The skeleton hunched slightly, bracing against the force of Frisk and Monster Kid renewing their struggle. Perhaps they had heard him speaking and assumed that someone else had encountered him—they were trying to be seen. He quieted, peering around. Almost fully phased in: Through darkened borders the stones and cataracts of Waterfall's main route were instantly recognizable. Gaster smiled ruefully. All he would have to do once fully phased in is wait—he would phase back out again if he did not work to keep himself solid and visible within a few hours. The children both belonged to reality still, and if he vanished they would remain safely anchored to substance.

With a heavy sigh, Gaster slumped against a large stone. Seated cross-legged, his cloak billowed out and took on the appearance of a puddle of blackness. His gut was more apparent this way; he interlaced his hands over top of it. Why he was trying to hide it he didn't know—even before the accident he had already given up apologizing for his natural oddness. After the CORE incident—why bother? He considered maybe there was another reason. Maybe sheepishness had nothing to do with it.

He had phased in fully. The children were safe now, in the full-color world.

Though they were still being distinctly uncomfortable. A grunt escaped him as one of the human child's feet kicked against his ribs. He rubbed at it, wincing at a new sore spot.

"(Well,)" he muttered. "(At least your strength is returned, child. Hopefully your friend has also recovered from the void—)"

On cue almost a pointy clawed foot pushed out against his stomach; Gaster jolted and wheezed slightly.

"(Oh good,)" He coughed. He heard their young voices muffled through his cloak and psuedo-flesh, Frisk's small hands (had to be the human's) shoving against each wall, as if testing for weak spots. Or trying to make him nauseous.

"(Hnnf! Now you two stop that,)" he groaned. Of course they were trying to make him nauseous. But whether or not he could safely eject them without harming

them or himself he did not know—his preference was the safe bet, waiting for his stomach to simply cease being corporeal enough to contain them. He held his belly in one hand, kneading his cracked forehead with the other, “(Ungh... Kids these days...)”

Frisk was poking and prodding every imaginable surface, pushing outwards with hands, bracing with feet, and both at once. The fleshy, glowing stuff the skeleton’s innards were made of did not seem to have much limit to how it bent and twisted, though the human noticed with some hope that every so often their struggling brought out a response from the monster. Monster Kid did what they could to add to their captor’s displeasure, butting with their head. After the second time banging into the ribcage they got a bit more careful where their head was going...

“Does he sound barfy yet?”

“I dunno... unh! He keeps talking though,” Frisk tried stretching completely out once again—or at least as much as they could, “I still don’t know what he’s saying... but he sounds not-happy.”

Their movements caused a low grumble to echo around them. Gaster wheezed again.

“C’mon, let us go..!” Frisk gasped, shoving against where Gaster’s spine was with all their might.

They were rewarded with a low “*burk*” sound. Monster Kid and Frisk both squeaked as Gaster’s stomach tightened sharply around them.

The skeleton gagged slightly as the sudden wave of nausea passed, shaking his head and blinking several times. “(...Oh dear.)” He gave his bulging gut an uneasy look. The children were going to escape sooner or later if that was all it took to make him retch, “(You are both really pushing the issue... Impatient...)” He straightened his back with a defeated sigh, “(If you insist...)”

Monster Kid and Frisk were no longer being smushed together, and the little monster was about to suggest they both try shoving again when the skeletal monster’s

guts tightened again, more gradually. Frisk picked up a soft choking noise from above them. A drool-like liquid, which also shone a faint bluey-gray, drenched them more than they already were.

“Hey—” The human wriggled, trying to negotiate the ever-shrinking space, “Get on my shoulders—quick—”

They had just enough time to squirm into a vaguely higher position before Gaster’s stomach squelched in on both of them. Frisk gave an almighty shove—their friend shot up, sliding up the throat.

The skeleton’s eye lights flickered, sockets bulged, as a slick wriggly lump made its way up his throat. He leaned over, brought his hands to the ground for support, and opened his jaws with a cough.

Monster Kid, a stunned expression on their face, tumbled out along with a great deal of slimy blue goop... Gaster panted slightly, his droopy eye squinting in disgust as he noticed an extra trail of drool still on his lower jaw.

“(Wait, the human child...)” Gaster tilted his head. “(They pushed you out first, child? Why would—ah...)”

The Monster Kid scooted furiously on their back, slicked by the goop. “Nu-uh,” they said, “You ain’t gettin’ me again, dude!”

A deep puddle stopped their progress, and they splashed right in. The skeleton sighed and smirked slightly as he watched, still trying to wipe away the goop on his face. The kid sat up in the puddle, clean of any gook.

“Y-you let Frisk out too, ya hear?” They stood, dripping water, still in the puddle, “Let ‘em out, or I swear I’ll... I’ll...”

One of Gaster’s hands left the ground to rub at the skeleton’s (much smaller) belly bulge. He was watching the monster child, grunting with discomfort at Frisk still working on their own escape, but managed to chuckle a bit at their bravado.

“I-I’ll totally go run for help and get Undyne, so, uh... later.”

They scurried off, making for Snowdin Town. Gaster settled slightly, relieved he would at least not have to be shouted at while attempting to spit out the human.

“(Easy there, child. Give me just a moment...)” Frisk had bumped the back wall of his belly again, creating only a hiccup now that he was less over-full.

Suddenly Frisk had the gnawing fear that maybe they wouldn’t be able to make the monster regurgitate them by themselves. They could hear the skeletal being give a sigh of relief, the latest struggle over with little effect.

“Y-you’re nice, right..?” Frisk reached high, trying to find where stomach ended and throat began, “Please, let me out... I don’t ever want to hurt anybody, but I really don’t want to be eaten either...”

His stomach squeezed around the child, who squeaked in alarm but held still. The glowing pseudo-flesh flexed and pushed the slippery form, bringing them up even quicker than he had Monster Kid.

Gaster opened his mouth to the child’s head popping out. He stooped low to the ground and dropped them with a short gagging sound.

“Oogh...” Frisk sat up, trying to clear the bluish goop from their bangs. They shuffled backwards, apprehensive of the skeleton who was still seated just feet away. Watching out of the corner of one eye socket, every so often coughing slightly.

“(... There, child...)” Gaster cleared illuminated drool from his jaws again, gasping from the effort, “(There is no reason to fear. Danger has been past for some time now.)”

“(You do not understand me.)” He reminded himself this aloud; the human child shakily stood, keeping a wider berth from where Gaster still sat slumped. He leaned heavily on the rock behind him, exhausted from the effort it took to be phased in for this long. He raised a hand in a calming gesture, the only form of communication that might get through.

“Why... why did you try to eat us, Mister? And where were we?” Frisk stayed well back still but seemed curious. Gaster just smiled weakly at first, knowing that it would not be long until he would appear to vanish completely from this world.

“(I could answer your questions, of course. But you would not know what I said.)” he sighed deeply. “(You are different from the others... you are forgiving, kind. Others might have... no, no—others *would have* destroyed me if I approached

them in that manner.)”

Frisk stood, mystified. They knew for sure the skeleton was answering. Unknown things to them, but the tone was... gentle. Gentle and sad and hopeful all at once.

They sat down. The skeletal monster smiled.

“(You stay even though you are afraid of me... Interesting.)” Gaster noted the edges of his vision darkening with the void. He was beginning to phase out. “(I am glad you are safe now... you could be the one who does it. I would like that.)”

Frisk blinked rapidly as the skeleton made another sign with his hand—a sign that meant “good-bye” which Frisk recognized.

“Wait, wait! Who are you? Why do you have to go?” They stood up again, still filled with fear but wanting to take a step towards the strange monster, “I’m still so confused.”

“(Ha... to be honest, so am I.)” he chuckled, almost inaudibly. The blackness of his cloak was fading from view—becoming partial nothingness again, unable to be seen. “(I will be watching out for you. And I hope to see good things from you, Frisk.)”

The human stared in stunned silence at the bare patch of stone where the monster had been moments before. Whoever this skeletal thing was, he had disappeared into thin air. Not even Sans could do that...

A ruckus from behind them turned their head; Over a deep water-filled chasm came Undyne, fully armored, spear at the ready—an epicer pose was never executed since as she landed a few feet away and cracked the stones beneath her boots.

“ALRIGHT, where is the freak?!” She snarled, her voice echoed and metallic in her visor, “I am gonna PINCUSHION him—gimme a direction!”

“He... isn’t here anymore.”

“...Oh.” Undyne straightened up, shoulders sagging in disappointment. From on her back Monster Kid peeked out, eyes wide and shining with joy.

“Oh. My. Godddddd.” They squeaked, grinning at their friend, “Look where I

aaaaaaaaaam!”

“Hey, kid,” Undyne was swiveling her head from side to side, leering at any possible hiding spots, “Any idea where that monster that attacked you went?”

“Uh... no.” Frisk blinked, glancing over at where Gaster had been seated before. “He just... vanished. Right there.”

“Ohhhh nooooo...” Monster Kid hid on the back of their idol’s armor again, “He can teleport or somethin’, ohhhh nooooo...”

“Shhh, kid. Only Sans can teleport.” Undyne snorted. After scanning the spot where the skeletal monster was last seen, she finally straightened up and dematerialized the spear he was holding, “Well, he can’t disappear forever... I’ll get the Royal Guards together on the case as soon as possible.” She patted Frisk in a rough and chummy way on the shoulders, “For right now though, go back to Pap’s house! You two guys should be safe there—no weirdo skeletons showing up.”

Monster Kid gigglesnorted. Frisk stopped short of warning Undyne that their sweater was messed up with drool gook before realizing that their sweater—as well as their hair, shoes, breeches, socks, everything—was completely dry as if it had never been dampened.

Silently they agreed with Undyne, joining their friend as they slid down from Undyne’s back. As they crossed a narrow bridge, Frisk turned back for a final look.

There was a vague, blurry figure slightly behind the rock Undyne had her back too. He was amorphous and black, like an oversized cloak, with a pale skeletal face and hands. One of the hands was waving.

Frisk did not resist the friendly instinct to wave back, before rushing to catch up with their friend towards Snowdin.