

Sans dodged out of the way as Frisk swung another blow at him. He couldn't guess at this point how many times he'd made her reset - her expression had become unreadable, just a grimace of persistent anger. Sometimes, she pulled her punches in a way that made him think there was still some part of kindness in her. But if that was the case, she wouldn't be here right now. "you look frustrated about something," Sans said, "it doesn't have anything to do with me, does it?"

His sarcasm only frustrated Chara more, speeding up the swings of her knife. Inside her head, however, Frisk was still there, fighting for control. Every time she pulled a swing or allowed herself to get hit, it was Frisk's doing. She struggled for control against Chara's spirit, but just couldn't seem to overcome that dark power.

Chara swung again, causing Sans to casually dodge. He stood aside and measured up his opponent. The first bits of exhaustion had crept into his bones, and he was finding it harder and harder to dodge. Perhaps it was time to try another approach?

Sans cleared his throat as well as his skeletal body would allow, and then began. "remember what i said earlier, about anyone being able to be a good person? i can still feel it, there's a glimmer of a good person in there, somewhere inside of you. someone who, in a different time, might have even been a friend? please, lay down your weapon, and we can... put all this behind us. i promise."

The words had no effect on Chara, but they meant the world to Frisk. They gave her the strength that she needed, to finally toss off the influence that had cloaked them like a shroud. Her body froze for a moment, her mind focusing entirely on breaking through. Chara ranted and raged, but her words began fading, growing less powerful, less prominent, in Frisk's mind.

With one final push, Frisk broke through, the influence over her mind shattering like clouds breaking apart over a field. At once, she felt like herself again. Without wasting a moment, she dropped her weapon and raised her hands in surrender too.

Sans seemed a bit shocked by this, taking a step back. He opened his mouth and managed to say, with a slight smirk, "...you're sparing me? finally. buddy, pal, i know how hard this must be. to come so far, only to toss it all away. c'mere pal, give me a hug."

Frisk did so, without a second thought. She ran to him, and wrapped her hands around his body in a big, tight hug. Any thoughts of violence or revenge were gone from her mind, she was just happy to have her friendship with Sans again.

Sans looked down in shock, not totally believing what he was seeing. "woah, you really fell for it?"

She looked up, not understanding. Up close, she could see that his body was less... thin than she'd imagined. Instead of being connected by regular bones like she'd thought, he instead had a sort of skeletal skin underneath those lazy clothes, hard and chalky. It wasn't entirely shocking, considering his skills at combat, but it still took her a bit off guard.

Her reverie was interrupted by Sans tilting her head upwards with a palm. "hey, you, are you listening? anyone home in there?"

Frisk nodded, seemingly unaware of the new malicious gleam in Sans' eye.

"you know, i'd been planning to just impale you," Sans said, "but no, i think you deserve something worse than that. you play god with my friends, you kill my bro, and now you wanna pretend to be some hero?" His hands wrapped tighter around her, pressing her face lightly into his hard belly.

With some effort, Frisk shook her head. Without words, she didn't know how to explain her possession by Chara, how she hadn't been in control of herself since this began. She began an attempt at explanation by pointing her hand past Sans, towards the inner chamber where Flowey would doubtlessly be.

"nope, you're not getting out of this one," he said, hands gripping her like she was a piece of meat. "for once, you're gonna face the consequences of your actions, and i'm looking forward to what comes next."

Before Frisk knew what was happening, she was being lifted off of the ground. She was pulled up until she was at eye level with Sans, who eyed her over like a prize. Then, he opened his mouth wide. Frisk struggled in his grip, not understanding what was going on, or what it was that he planned to do. But it didn't matter now - she'd understand soon enough.

Sans gave her one last malicious look before shoving her in his mouth. Her legs kicked panickedly as her body landed on his warm, tangling tongue. Frisk struggled in shock, punching and struggling against the sides of his mouth to no avail. His tongue wrapped around her, seemingly determined to pull her down.

He grasped her legs and shoved her in deeper, tossing his head back and feeling as she slid down and down. Frisk's legs disappeared down his throat, and he closed his mouth, sealing her fate. He let his tongue savor her flavor for a moment, luxuriating in her doomed struggles. Sans removed his hands from her legs, and instead used a finger to trace her descent, going from his mouth, down his throat, to his waiting, gurgling belly.

“huh, not bad,” Sans said. “could’ve used some ketchup though.”

Frisk immediately started struggling and kicking, but the sides of Sans’ belly didn’t give at all. His belly tightened around her as it got to work breaking her body down. Sans sat down, and stroked his belly, letting out a small burp. “man, it’s been a hard day’s work. it’s good to sit down and take a load off, y’know?”

His belly gurgled and grumbled, greedily accepting the meal it had been given. Sans gave his belly a hard smack, grinning as he imagined just how bad this was going to be for Frisk. Seriously, she caused him so much head and heartache, and she thought it’d just be as easy as lying down her weapon and giving him a hug? The thought made him laugh bitterly.

Inside of his belly, Frisk was struggling with total abandon. She wasn’t the one who deserved this! Chara dig, she was the one who’d made her slaughter everyone in the underground! Her arms and legs hit out at the gut walls around her, but they refused to give. The juices in Sans’ belly were already getting to work on her, as were the contracting, churning walls of his belly. She let out a cry of fear, and beat back as hard as she could.

“woah, you’re really fighting hard,” said Sans. “if only you fought like this when you were fighting me, it might not have ended up like this.”

Frisk ignored the taunt, partly out of anger, and partly out of panic. Sans burped and gave his belly another slap, already feeling it growing a bit softer as his defeated foe was digested. If he wasn’t having so much fun, he even might’ve gone for one of his naps. But he didn’t want to miss this, not after everything this human had done.

Before long, the sounds of Sans’ belly grew louder. He rubbed and kneaded his belly with both hands, feeling as they pushed into his increasingly-soft gut. “you feel pretty soft already,” he said, “gotta wonder how long you last at this rate. who knows, maybe now you understand how helpless all the monsters you killed feel?”

Frisk, with failing strength, cursed that they weren’t able to tell Sans the truth, that she hadn’t been the one responsible for killing all of the monsters. But even if she could speak now, it would be of little use. Sans’ gut was so loud, with all the gurgling and churning sounds it was giving out, that none of her words would have been heard.

Sans looked down at his body, admiring his struggling gut. However, he noticed that his body was also already growing heavier from Frisk’s weight, adding her own to his own. He reached down and gave one of his thighs a wobble, noticing that it was definitely heavier than it had been

before. “i guess i can blame you for another thing, ruining my perfect body. though, i guess you’re only ending what grillby’s started.”

For some reason, Frisk wasn’t in the mood for his jokes. She redoubled her struggles, feeling her body starting to be pumped away by Sans’ heavy gut.

Though, her struggles didn’t do much good. All they seemed to do was further excite Sans, who patted and rubbed his belly with increasing satisfaction. He felt that Frisk was quickly being churned away - give it a bit longer, and there wouldn’t be anything left of her. Sure enough, her struggles grew continually weaker, and her cries continually softer, until Sans finally felt ready to finish her off.

Sans put his hands on the sides of his belly, and pushed in. At the same time, his belly contracted and churned harshly, crushing down on Frisk. There came a final cry from the human, followed by the sounds of crunching and gurgling as her body was gurgled and mulched. He felt what was left of her slosh around in his gut, before being pumped thickly away through his body. Immediately, Sans felt his body grow heavier and weightier with all that Frisk.

He belched, and rubbed his mouth with a sleeve. “well, i hope you had fun in there. i dunno if you’ll come back from that, or whatever. though, i’d definitely prefer it if you didn’t. would you do that for me, pal?”

His gut just gurgled in response.

Sans took this as a sign she wouldn’t. So, he laid back, massaging his belly as all of Frisk’s weight was distributed around his body. Still though, all of that fighting had tired him out. Surely he deserved a little rest while his body rounded out? Sans got comfortable, using his jacket as a pillow, and passed out.

Sans awoke much later, decidedly heavier than he’d been before. It took him a couple of attempts to sit up as he got used to the new weight all around his body. Once he did, Sans rubbed his eyes and got a clean look at himself. “woah, uh,” he said, looking at his new fat. “that’s a lot...?”

For one, his jacket wouldn’t be keeping in the belly he now had. He’d always been a bit tubby, but now his gut was as large as a small monster, wobbling as he patted it with his hands. Sans let out a sound somewhere between a laugh and a sigh, enjoying the pathetic state Frisk had been reduced to, but regretting the change in wardrobe the new pounds would necessitate.

And that's before discussing what she did to his thighs. His beloved loose pants had ripped, exposing his new large, rotund thighs. Standing up, he felt them chafe together, each one having grown huge from the weight of his latest meal. Smirking, Sans gave them a hard smack, watching them ripple like waves. Reaching behind himself, Sans felt up his new ass, and found it rounded out as much as his thighs had been. He gave his ass a slap, and listened to it clap. At least Frisk had done one thing right.

Sans patted his belly one last time, and burped up a scrap of her shirt. Normally he was opposed to littering and leaving trash around, but he decided to make an exception just this once. With a grin, he noticed he hadn't been reset yet. Perhaps he'd finally dealt with her for good? Or maybe just scared her off? He didn't know. And, true to form, he didn't care too much now that it was done.

"well frisk, it was fun," Sans said with a grin. "i'm heading to grillby's now, seeya."