

The moment Gaster struck, reality fractured.

The throne room blurred, twisting into an incomprehensible mess of colors and static. The human, the Puppeteer—everything around him collapsed.

And then—

Nothing.

Gaster found himself in the Void again, weightless, his form flickering uncontrollably. But something was wrong.

This was not the same Void he had known for centuries.

It was empty. Too empty.

And in front of him—two buttons.

They hovered in the nothingness, unfamiliar yet strangely important. Unlike the mechanical profile he had seen before, these buttons seemed raw, untouched by the artificial structure of the Puppeteer's influence.

PAST

DELETE

Gaster stared at them.

He did not know what they meant. He did not know who—or what—had placed them here.

But he knew one thing: this was a choice.

He hesitated.

"Delete." The word echoed in his mind, hollow and ominous. Would it erase everything? Wipe out the human? Remove the Puppeteer? Or... would it erase him?

He did not know.

But the other button—

PAST.

His fragmented mind buzzed with curiosity, with instinct.

What was the past? His past? The Underground's past? Could it change something? Could it fix something?

His hand twitched.

And then—he pressed it.

Everything shattered.

A sensation like falling, but weightless. Like being pulled, but by nothing. His vision blurred, sounds echoing and reversing and distorting into something he could barely comprehend.

And then—

Stillness.

He stood on solid ground.

He was in the Underground.

Not the ruins of the Underground, not the dust-covered graveyard the human had left behind.

The real Underground.

Gaster blinked, his form stable—no flickering, no glitches.

Something was off.

He looked around.

The labs. The machines. The Core humming steadily in the distance.

His hands were whole. No fractures, no warping, no feeling of slipping away into nothingness.

He was here.

And then it hit him—he remembered nothing.

The genocide, the human, the Puppeteer, the fights, the choices—all of it was gone.

All he knew was that he was Dr. W.D. Gaster, the Royal Scientist.

And his work had only just begun.