

The Judgment Hall.

Gaster had seen many things from the Void—timelines forming and collapsing, lives ending and resetting, hope rising and crumbling. But this... this was something else entirely.

The human stood across from him.

Sans.

The skeleton's usual slouched posture was gone, replaced by something Gaster hadn't seen in a long time.

Determination.

"you really like to take things to the next level, huh?" Sans' voice was quiet, but steady.

The human did not respond.

Gaster watched as the fight began.

He had known Sans was strong—stronger than most monsters ever realized. But he had never seen him like this. His attacks were relentless, blue bones trapping the human, gravity shifting at his command. Every dodge, every teleport, every precise attack was honed to perfection.

For the first time in this genocide-run, the human was struggling.

But Gaster knew. He knew how this fight would end.

Sans was powerful, but he was playing against something far greater than just the human. He was fighting the thing behind them.

The Puppeteer.

Gaster clenched his hands into fists, his glitching form flickering with frustration.

"You have to keep going..." he murmured, his voice lost in the abyss.

Sans dodged. Again. And again.

Until he didn't.

Gaster felt something crack inside him as Sans' expression shifted from confidence to realization.

The human had learned. They had waited.

And the moment Sans was forced to sleep, it was over.

Gaster turned away, unable to watch as the human cut him down.

It wasn't fair.

It wasn't right.

And he could not let it continue.

He searched the Void once more, his fragmented mind scrambling for anything—anything—that could let him intervene. And then, at the edge of his perception, he saw it.

An opening.

Not a crack like the one he used to watch the world. No, this was different.

It led somewhere else.

The profile.

The very thing he had discovered before, the thing that controlled everything.

If he could just reach it... if he could just do something...

Gaster pushed himself through, his form flickering violently as the Void tried to hold him back. But he didn't stop.

And for the first time in centuries, he felt the world beyond.

He reached out.

But it was too late.

By the time he emerged, the throne room was painted in dust.

Asgore was gone.

And the flower—Flowey, the remnants of Asriel—stood before the human, trembling.

"Y-you don't have to do this!" Flowey begged, his voice panicked. "I can help! I can bring everyone back! I can fix this—"

The human raised their weapon.

Flowey's eyes widened.

"No—WAIT—!"

And just like that, he was gone too.

Gaster's glitching form trembled. He had failed.

But he was here now.

And for the first time since his erasure, he was going to fight back.

The space around the human twisted. The world itself flickered as an unnatural energy filled the throne room.

The human turned, their expression empty.

But Gaster knew. He knew something else was looking through those eyes.

"No more." His voice reverberated through the space, distorted and broken. "I will not let you continue."

The human tilted their head.

The Puppeteer hesitated.

And then, the fight began.