

EVERDAYTALE

“The last Strike”

“huh, always wondered why people never use their strongest attack first.”

They utterly failed at their first attempt.

Sans had killed them within seconds, his signature grin never once left his face.

Chara lost count of how many times they had to reload because of the comedian. Heck, she couldn't even recall the number of times she had fought him since she took over Frisk's body midway. Even that smiling trashbag didn't comment at the beginning of the battle anymore. Somehow he seemed to remember their reloads, what an annoying bastard.

Frisk was broken.

Technically, Frisk was broken since the end of their last run, however, Chara was powerless. She couldn't do a thing to protect Frisk back then nor stop her rampage in this timeline.

Chara had been too weak. The only reason why she was able to take over Frisk's body in the first place was simple yet alarming; Frisk's determination was almost non-existent. Her soul was covered in cracks, ready to break apart at any given moment.

Heck, even Chara didn't know how long *she* could go on at this point. Even the LV Frisk had gained wasn't of much help now.

Don't take away our last hope, trashbag!

SANS 1 ATK 1 DEF
The easiest enemy.
Can only deal 1 damage.
Can't keep dodging forever.
Keep attacking.

Just die already!!

Chara missed once again. Sans on the other hand landed multiple hits, just enough to lower their HP to 0.

They had died *again*.

Please keep holding on, Frisk.

LOAD

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But Frisk didn't respond.

Tch.

Chara would soon hit her limits. Her breathing rate was dangerously high – inhumanly so – and bullets of sweat were covering the human's body. Maintaining a physical body was already difficult enough as it is, but this battle put a whole new level of strain on Chara.

Of course she wasn't the only one growing tired. Every once in a while she saw Sans breathing rate increase ever so slightly, too. His movements were getting slower as well, but it just wasn't enough. Whenever victory felt within reach, he'd pull another stunt and got the better of her.

Chara had to end this charade.

“heh, didja really think you would be able-”

Shit.

Why?! Why did she miss again?! This was her only chance and yet... yet...!

**slash*

W-what...??

“... so... guess that's it, huh?”

Chara hadn't moved one inch but there it was, “her” arm midway in the air and a slash wound right across Sans' upper body. Red liquid could be seen, was that blood?

Frisk... was that you? How did you...?

But nobody answered.

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