

EVERDAYTALE

“a week’s worth of chocolate”

“A dance battle?” Frisk held a pamphlet in her hands, which promoted Mettaton’s upcoming variety show. It was his first show featured on nationwide TV. In addition, it would also stream online and thus could be viewed from everyone around the world. This was a huge deal for both monster-kind and human-kind since the barrier had been broken almost a year ago.

“It is more of a rhythm game, darling.” Mettaton explained, “You see, humans have this enthralling machine! You have to dance to the rhythm of the music and step on the right buttons.” Oh yes, the girls could vaguely remember such machines from their last visit to the arcade. Monster kid had been surprisingly good at this.

“Buuu~uuuuut!” Mettaton wasn’t done explaining the upcoming event. “Each misstep will be punished with a *sweet* rush of high voltage.”

“...” Frisk’s expression was a mixture of *Are you serious right now?* and *There he goes again*. Somehow this kind of “game” shouldn’t come as a surprise to her after the ordeal in the Underground.

“I knew the guy’s got a loose screw.” Chara sighed, her expression matched Frisk’s pretty well. “Met, that’s not how things work on the surface. You just scare all the humans to death.” *Not that I’d mind*, Chara added in her head.

“But darling! The humans explicitly asked for this!”

“**That** does it.” In a flash Chara was on her feet and headed towards the kitchen, leaving her guest (as well as Frisk) behind in confusion. “Chara?” The girl asked, feeling uneasy about Chara’s reaction. Her sixth sense was spot-on, because Chara returned to the living room with a handy kitchen knife in her hand and declared: “*I’m going to kill humanity. Every . last . of . them.*”

“Chara, *no.*”

“Chara, *YES.*”

It took a **lot** of convincing (and a week’s worth of chocolate) until Chara put her plan to exterminate all of humanity on hold. Frisk was invited to Mettaton’s rhythm dance battle nonetheless, though difficulty and penalty of the game were lowered drastically. Ratings weren’t worth a maniac killer on the loose after all.