

"Legends say that those who climb the mountain never return."

Inside the dank cavern, lying motionless on a bed of flowers was a lithe shiba. He wore a striped sweater and an average pair of jeans, with hair that flowed down to his shoulders before curling up, and bangs that draped over his right eye.

The man lets out a series of groans as he awakens into consciousness, sitting straight up and rubbing at the back of his head. His eyes look up to see the light that was sinking through the hole above him. Give or take, he must have fallen about two-hundred feet. It was a miracle that he was even alive!

The shiba looks around to see where he was, taking in the plethora of golden flowers before spotting a hallway that leads to a large doorway. Knowing for certain that he was not going to be getting out the way he came in, he picks himself up and follows the trail deeper into the cavern.

In the next room, there weren't as many flowers as before, but there was one of the golden flowers in the middle. Though this one seemed different. How different? Well, there's a face on it. Usually, a sane man would try to avoid approaching something like that, but the shiba seemed to not have much of a choice. The next entrance was on the opposite side of that flower, and judging by how they've been staring the canine ever since entering the room, there was no way to avoid talking with it.

He slowly steps closer, taking precaution, almost ready for anything that could happen.

"Howdy!" the flower exclaimed, causing the shiba to halt his movement. "I'm Flowey! Flowey the... Oh, screw it all." His tone had changed from being upbeat and full of joy to sounding very concerned. "Look, just listen to me because I'm only going to say it once. Run. Run as fast as you possibly can! Don't let that strange woman get ahold of you! She'll do terrible things to you just like she did to the others that have fallen! Hurry! There's not much time before she—"

The talking flower was abruptly interrupted as a ball of fire sweeps them away, causing it to let out a short wail as it tumbles. The shiba looks up to see where that strange magic came from, noticing that there was another figure standing underneath the doorway up ahead.

The person had a purple robe with a strange crest on the front and lengthy white sleeves. They possessed horns on the top of their head and snow-white fur to accent the softness of their face and long floppy ears.

As they approached, their figure became more distinct. The bumps on their chest suggested that they were female, but it wasn't until they spoke up that the shiba's assumptions were confirmed.

"What a terrible creature, torturing such a poor, innocent youth..." The goat looks over to make sure that the flower had left, her eyes showing genuine concern when she turns back to the shiba.

"Umm... I'm in my twenties, but thanks anyway? Heh."

"Oh! My apologies." The woman giggles to herself with a paw to her mouth. "I think I should introduce myself then. I am Toriel, caretaker of the Ruins."

"My name is Isaac, caretaker of... my well-being." Isaac's small joke made Toriel giggle some more, her cheeks puffing up as if trying to hold back some laughing. "Can you tell me why exactly you're here?"

"Well, every day I come through here to see if anyone has fallen down. You are the first one in a long time."

"Fallen... I do recall my leg being caught by a vine before I became unconscious." The shiba rubs his head again, clearly remembering how he fell into the hole. "Shit... Is there any way out of here?"

"Out? Well, yes, but you look like you could use some rest first." Toriel steps closer to Isaac and puts a paw on the back of his head, feeling around for any sort of bump with her

delicate fingers. "I think you should at least come to stay with me for the night. I would feel terrible if you were to go walking around with a headache."

"That would be great actually... Thank you, Toriel."

The goat smiles up at Isaac before taking her hand back and turning around, heading towards the next doorway. "Follow me then. Make sure you don't lose me; the Ruins can be a dangerous place." As she steps ahead, her little tail wiggles behind her, but she stops for a moment and turns around to look at Isaac. "Also, please watch your language. An old lady like me can only hear so many curses." She smiles for a moment before turning back around. With no other options, Isaac nods and follows right behind Toriel.

After climbing a set of stairs, the two arrive at a room that had a closed door, a lever, and lots of tiles along the floor. Without saying a word, Toriel goes and steps on four of the tiles, pushing them into the floor before going to the lever and pulling it down. The large door rumbles for a moment before it begins to slide open. Toriel takes no time to step through it.

"This way," she states. Isaac then makes haste to catch up to Toriel.

In the next room, there were a couple of streams with bridges going over them. There were some levers on these walls too, some with arrows pointing towards them even, but those ones seemed to have already been pulled. It wasn't concerning for Isaac, as he just kept his focus on keeping up with the goat.

"Isaac, I must say that you look pretty thin for someone in their twenties."

"Oh? Uh... Have you not seen a skinny person before?" Isaac's face turned red from the sudden statement, giving an embarrassed chuckle.

"I have, but you are the skinniest one I've met." Toriel gives another soft giggle as the two proceed through the next room.

Off to the side of this room, there was a dummy that stood up tall, but it was turned around so that the back was facing towards them rather than the face. Isaac stops for a moment to observe it, but Toriel did not notice as she walks further ahead of the shiba.

"Usually the people around here are a bit more... Isaac?" Toriel stopped herself and turned around to see the shiba standing there. With a sigh, she whistles for his attention, causing him to stand up straight. "Isaac. I don't want you to get lost, so please try to keep up with me."

"Y-yes ma'am." He takes quick steps to get behind Toriel again, then they continue on their way.

"As I was saying – Those who live down here are usually a bit more on the larger side. You could say I have something to do with it, but all I do is sell pies at the bake sales. It's not

like an old lady like me can force someone to eat all my pies.~" Toriel giggles again. Isaac could only nod in response though, unsure of how exactly to respond.

"I think someone like you could use a bit more meat on your bones, Isaac. You probably have no energy with how small your frame is."

Isaac's face heats up again. His hands grab at the waistband of his sweater and pull it down past his hips. "I-I have plenty of energy..."

"You keep saying that, dear. " Toriel gives a soft smirk before turning her head back around, looking ahead as the two proceed through a long hallway lined with pillars to their left.

Isaac was beginning to wonder where exactly everyone else is. He heard Toriel talk about others living in the Underground, but he hasn't seen another living soul except for that strange flower from earlier. He still pondered over what he meant by "strange woman..."

'Could they have meant...?' Isaac looks up at Toriel, who was humming softly as she walked ahead. '... Nah. Toriel seems too kind. I think she couldn't even hurt a fly.' Isaac gives a slight smile as he continues following Toriel, looking ahead to see where they were. Something caught his eye though; a strange hand was waving around the corner with a pair of eyes watching him. It almost looked like a frog?

Isaac stopped walking for a moment, looking over to watch the figure. Almost immediately after it's seen, it disappears behind the pillar. He checks ahead to see Toriel was still walking along the path, not noticing that Isaac had stopped yet again. He walks up to the pillar and pokes his head around, seeing the strange white frog shaking beside what looked like a ghost with twig-limbs and some small wings, who was also trembling beside the other creature.

"What are you guys...?"

"Don't go with her... ribbit..." The frog croaked with less energy than a normal frog would. All the little ghost bug did was sniffle beside them.

"With her? You mean Toriel?"

"Yes, her," the other replied. "She'll make sure that you will never leave..."

"She seems so nice though... Are you sure she's actually that bad?" Isaac knelt in front of the two, showing his own confusion. "How do you know that she won't let me leave?"

"Because she's evil! Croak!" The white frog was about to say more, but his mouth was left agape as he looked above Isaac to see Toriel standing over him, giving a menacing glare to the two creatures. If their face wasn't already white, Isaac would have noticed how pale the frog-like creature had become.

Toriel didn't say a word as she stared down the two creatures, her mouth curling down to give off a stern frown. After a whole thirty seconds of silence, the two hopped and flew away respectively with their heads hanging low.

"Isaac... What did I say?"

"I'm sorry, ma'am..." The shiba stood up with his own head hanging low. With a firm nod, Toriel grabs Isaac's hand with her own soft hand before beginning to walk off again. She did not say a single word the rest of the walk back...

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After another ten minutes of walking, the pair finally arrive at Toriel's house. It was then that Toriel finally let go of Isaac's hand.

Toriel lets out a soft sigh as she turns around to Isaac, crouching down a bit to look at him with level eyes.

"Isaac..." Toriel reaches up and puts her hand onto Isaac's shoulders. "I'm sorry that I have been so stern with you... It's just that there are monsters out there who have intentions of hurting poor innocent souls like you... Monsters worse than those two you saw earlier... I can't bear the thought of you being hurt by something while under my watch. So please, just while you stay with me, please do as I tell you to, for your own sake."



Isaac felt a strange feeling overtake his body. He could not keep his eyes locked with Toriel's, and he was struggling to keep his head facing towards her. He knew that this feeling was guilt, and he knew that it was his own fault for straying away from Toriel. He begins mumbling as his eyes try to fight away from looking into Toriel's, but eventually, he was able to say something...

"I... I'm sorry. I won't try to scare you like that again."

Toriel smiles. She pulls the shiba in close before wraps her arms around him tightly, embracing Isaac in possibly the warmest hug he has ever experienced. Isaac couldn't even lift his arms with how tight the hug was, but he hadn't mind. He closes his eyes and rests his head atop her shoulder, enjoying the moment.

After thirty or so seconds, Toriel lets go of Isaac and gives his hair a tussle before going into her home, Isaac following right behind without any hesitation.

"Come with me to the kitchen. I assume you are hungry after all that walking."

Isaac nods, following Toriel past the living room and to the kitchen. Inside, Isaac couldn't believe what he saw, or he could if he were dreaming. Scattered throughout the kitchen was countless amounts of pies! All over the table, the countertop, and some even sitting inside the

sink of all places. And even with all that, Toriel pulls out another two freshly baked pies from her oven, setting them on top of the fridge before putting in two more.

"Please, help yourself to as much as you want! I've got plenty of pies left to take for the bake sale if you take one.~"

Isaac nods, looking around to see what exactly was among the plethora of pies. He would have asked if there were any forks to use, but luckily one was already sitting atop a plate on the table with a knife right beside it. He slides one of the pies over and cuts out a piece for himself, slipping it onto the plate. He picks up the plate to observe the contents inside of the pie. The golden-brown filling on the inside oozing out, the way it glistened in the light, and the lightly browned crust.

Wasting no time now, he takes his fork and cuts off a small bite for himself. What he tasted was a blend of cinnamon and butterscotch, but was getting a hint of more cinnamon than butterscotch. The savory flavor went well with the soft, yet firm crust that was baked with it.

And before Isaac knew it, his one slice of pie was already gone! He thought to himself that he might actually be hungry if it took that little of time for his slice of pie to be devoured. Looking back to check out what Toriel was doing, seeing that she was busy preparing another pie, he then turns back around and slices another piece of pie out. And like the last piece, that too was gone faster than he could keep track of. He wasn't going to get anywhere if he just kept

taking out slice after slice of the pie, so he decides to break his table manners, shoving the plate away so he could eat straight from the pie tin.

Toriel could hear Isaac's fork scraping against the metallic tin, making her smile a bit as she knew that he was enjoying her creations.

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The empty pie tin is set aside with a clatter, the canine sitting back in his seat and resting a hand on his stomach. The delicious pie left an aftertaste in his mouth for a while, but just thinking about having another bite of food made him feel a bit queasy. Toriel took notice of Isaac's current state, going over to check up on him.

“My my... Seems like you really enjoyed my cooking.~”

“Yes—” a soft belch is stifled past Isaac's lips as he spoke, sitting further back in the chair. “That was a really great pie.”

“Glad to hear! Feel free to have another if you wish.”

“Urph... Thank you Toriel. I think I'm satisfied for now though.”

"Oh? Are you sure?" The goat reaches over and gives Isaac's belly a firm press, making him wince as her fingertips sink into his gut. "It seems like you still have some room left in that tummy of yours. I insist you have another pie, dear! As I said; you can have as many pies as you please." Toriel stands herself back up before heading over to the counter to start making more pies, leaving Isaac to stare at the countless amount of pies that have been left on the table still. He takes his fork back from the empty tin as he pulls in another pie, stabbing into it and slowly bringing up his next bite. After a moment of hesitation, he takes the next gooey bite...

‘Mmrph..... Hm? Butterscotch cinnamon?’

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With a column of tins stacked ten-high, Isaac had started to notice just how much his gluttony was being tested. His stomach had started to droop into his lap, pulling his shirt up past his belly button. It felt firm to the touch, and the slightest movement caused him to wince in discomfort.

As sweet as the pies were, he was not aware of how he had become a slave to Toriel's own sweet talking. Anytime Isaac felt like he was at his limit, Toriel was right beside him to reassure that he still had plenty of space inside, giving him more reassuring belly rubs while doing so. She was just too kind to him; how could he say no?

Her words have been working for a while, though after that tenth pie, Isaac felt like he could explode just from taking in too deep of a breath. He tries to push himself away from the table, causing the chair to squeak against the floor as it slides back. Right behind him though was Toriel with another large batch of steaming hot pies. She sets them right in the middle of the table before looking over at Isaac.

Their eyes locked for a second before she gives him a smile, then going back to her side of the kitchen. For the shiba, it felt like he was stuck staring at her for an eternity. Her eyes were so soft, and even through all the steam that was emitting from the freshly baked pies, they still sparkled.

Feeling **determined**, Isaac grabs his chair and slides himself back in, causing his belly to respond back with soft gurgles and jiggles.

"Hurph... One... One more couldn't hurt..."

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For the last hour, Isaac had kept on eating. He just did not know how to stop himself!

Ten pies became twenty.

Twenty became thirty.

Thirty became fifty.

After that, he had lost track of how much he had eaten. He was caught in a trance of consuming pie after pie, unaware of the pace he had been eating at. He was unable to see the red tint forming around his navel as his stomach starts to become overstretched.

His gluttony had overthrown his own logical reasoning to a point that he hadn't even realized that he couldn't reach the table anymore! He tries his hardest to grab his unfinished pie, but to no avail, he could not grab it as his gut presses tightly against the corner, causing it to billow into his chest and chin with each feeble attempt.

Toriel only notices what Isaac was doing when she heard the poor shiba huffing from his gut pressing up against his lungs. Motherly instincts kicking in, she takes her oven mitts off and heads over to help Isaac once again.

"Here, let me help you..." She grabs the back of Isaac's chair and pulls him away from the table with a soft "umph," turning him around before pushing him back in so that he was sitting beside the table instead of in front of it.

The shiba stopped attempting to reach while he was being readjusted, left to huff in his chair as he waits to be close to his last pie again. Feeling generous, Toriel helps Isaac a bit more

and puts the almost empty tin on top of his stomach, giving his hair another tussle before walking away.

"Finish that last bite for me. I know you can at least do that."

Isaac was left to huff and stare at the last bite. Feeling **determined**, he grabs his fork and stabs the last bite of the pie, bringing it to his mouth and slipping the fork right out without the bite on it anymore. His chewing was slow, his eyes heavy and his legs kicking out to the side as he tries to savor the current bite. With one loud gulp, the piece slips down his throat and into his stomach.

He sets the tin aside and leans back in the chair, finally catching a well-deserved break, but as if on cue, a shocking sound emitted from his belly.

*Crrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....*

The familiar sound of an overstretched hide causes Isaac's head to snap back into reality, eyes shooting wide open for but a moment before squeezing shut tightly in discomfort. His hands reach for his gut to try and soothe it with belly rubs, becoming fully aware of what he had done to his body. Under his fingertips, he could feel just how tight his skin was being pulled and pressing a single finger into it showed little give.

He looks around for Toriel as he continues huffing. Suddenly, he felt a pair of soft hands against his shoulder, causing him to stop turning frantically. Seeing the familiar white sleeves, he

tips his head up to see that Toriel was leaning over him, a smile still on her face even while his own face was plastered with fear.

"Is something wrong? Did I add too much cinnamon to the butterscotch?"

"T-Toriel... I-I think I'm—\*burp\*—done now..." Isaac's cheeks develop a soft blush after the small belch, but it swiftly fades away as his belly gurgles loudly.

Toriel reaches over to give a feel to his gut, giving the same firm press as before, making him gasp as her digits just barely dig into his taught gut. He could feel her nails pressing in, causing his face to go pale as he prayed that they wouldn't cause him to pop.

"Hmm... I think you are still hungry." She gives the gut a gentle rub as she stands herself back up.

"N-No, I really think I'm going to...\*urph\*...burst..."

"My fingers sinking into your belly say otherwise.~" She reaches over and grabs another pie for Isaac, leaving it right on top of his stomach. He could feel the warmth of it against his body, but it didn't stop his face from turning green. "Have another pie for now. I still have tons more to bake!"



With more hesitation than when he first began, he grabs his fork and slowly scoops a bite onto it. He had to prevent himself from hurling everything he just ate, so he closes his eyes before bringing the fork to his mouth again, but this time he doesn't chew the piece. Instead, he gulps it down with hesitation, hoping to get through with the current pie faster doing this.

It wasn't working out well for him though, as he just ate slower than he previously was. Toriel took note of it, giving a slightly displeased look as she watches Isaac struggle to eat such small bites.

On Isaac's sixth bite, he opens his eyes up as he brings the fork back to his maw. He could see his hands shaking from the dread of bursting. The fear overtakes him though, causing him to drop the fork onto the floor with the piece of his pie. The shiba's face turned pale as he looked back over to Toriel, expecting to see her face become stern like it was earlier that day, but Toriel's face only showed concern.

Without saying a word, she steps over to the silverware drawer and grabs another fork before walking back over. She picks up the pie from Isaac's gut, finally giving him a second to breathe again, right before Toriel shoves a large bite into the shiba's unsuspecting maw though!

“Hrmph?!”

Toriel was quick to bring bite after bite to his maw, uncaring of how much food was already stuffed into it. Not wanting to choke on any of it, Isaac was forced to swallow down

whatever was being crammed in, gasping for air after each gulp, which in turn made Toriel shove another bite straight into his maw.

"Isaac dear, I can tell when you are truly full. I have had plenty of guests come and stay with me and they have all thanked me for helping them not leave hungry. Now please eat. I've started making some snail pies for you to try.~"

"S-snail pie? Th-that's okay, I—**HLCK!?**" His sentence is interrupted by another piece of butterscotch cinnamon pie forcing its way into his maw. It was much harder for him to interject when he had food being packed into his cheeks.

As he gulps down his pies, he finally realizes just how stuffed he was becoming. The fur on his belly had begun to part, revealing patches of his skin that have gained a rosy pink tint. All Isaac could do now was pray that his stretched hide would survive for long enough...

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With the last bite of pie traveling down his throat, Isaac had managed to finish all the pies that Toriel had forced into him. The poor shiba grasps at his gut again, but now it only made the pain worse. He takes his hands off as he is forced to just huff, tossing himself back into the chair and seeing just how large his gut had become.

The bottom of his stomach was pressing against the cold floor, the front looking redder than a ripe cherry. The chair beneath him had been making as many straining noises as his stomach had been as the legs bent outwards, and right behind him, Toriel had just finished putting the last of her pie tins into a cupboard.

"Took you an hour just to swallow that one bite. Thought for a minute that you fell asleep on me.~" She closes the cupboard door before walking back over to Isaac. She puts her hand onto his firm gut again, giving it a gentle press just to feel how full he had become. The shiba gives a wimpy howl in response to the lack of any give his belly showed, curling his toes and trying to part his legs further to make more room for it.

"Absolutely no give... I wouldn't be able to push my finger in any further unless I intended on making you burst! You've made me so proud, Isaac." She smiles as she grabs Isaac's hand with her own, placing the other on his shoulder and gently beginning to pull him up from the chair.

The shiba slowly gets back onto his feet, his legs buckling as his new weight pulls him closer to the Earth.

"Now then, let's get you to bed. You should sleep well with a full tummy.~"

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The walk was a long trek for Isaac, considering that he had to walk backwards to even get anywhere due to his belly being too heavy to pick up. Toriel had to guide him since he couldn't look ahead.

When he was told that they were coming up to the door he was expecting to have a struggle with it, surprisingly, he did not get stuck. He was pulled past the door with ease. When completely through it, he could see that the doorway was much wider than an average doorway for a house. It seemed... Too convenient, as if it were planned.

He didn't ponder about it as much as he should have though due to the constant pain in his belly making him not care for anything else but the thought of his belly being relieved of stress. His wish had finally come true when he was able to sit onto the bed.

Toriel moves in front of Isaac and gets onto her knees, disappearing from Isaac's sight for a moment. He looks around to try and see what she was doing, but then suddenly feels his belly being heaved up, causing him to yelp as he is tipped over onto his back, becoming pinned by his massive belly.

The bed was much wider than a normal bed in a guest room, giving Isaac enough space for his gut to sprawl out. His knees were bent, and his hands pushed up against his stomach to keep it from swaying around, even if it hurt him to put more pressure against it.

"T-thank you, Toriel..." Isaac huffs. His eyes were slowly starting to close, ready to rest for the night and to let all the food digest, but the sound of spinning wheels getting closer made him open them again just seconds later. Tilting his head to see around his belly, he watches as a giant metal machine labeled "Nice Cream" approaches him.

When it had come to a stop, the person pushing the machine came around, and of course, it was none other than Toriel. She had her usual smile on her face, but for Isaac, that smile had finally become a symbol of terror.

"Don't thank me yet, dear. You looked so starved after such a long walk to your room.~" The goat grabs a hose from the side of the machine and a rubber strap before making her way back to Isaac's face. The shiba could only struggle underneath his own mass as he tried to keep himself away from the crazy woman, but each movement only made his stomach cry in distress with a harmony of creaks and groans. Sweat drips down his brow and his huffing increases in pace and ferocity, his heart beating against his chest and stomach.

"T-Toriel... I-I'm actually going to explode if you feed me anymore!"

"Nonsense! Everyone must have at least a little dessert before bed, no matter if they're full or not! And besides, you have to try the Nice Cream at least once.~"

"**TORIEL!!!**" Before he could shout another word, the thick rubber hose was shoved straight into his maw and his jaws were clamped shut by one of her paws. The shock that Isaac

was in prevented him from swatting her away with even one arm, giving her time to tightly tie the rubber strap around the shiba's muzzle. His hands reach at the strap first to try and pry it off, but when he found that it wouldn't budge, he decides to move on to the hose. Pulling at that yielded similar results though.

With each toss of his body, his stomach creaked and gurgled loudly from the strain he had been putting on it.

Toriel knew that the hose was secured now. Reaching back to the machine, she flicks on one of the switches, causing it to whirl to life.

Isaac could feel the hose becoming colder, causing him to let go of it instantaneously. He then felt the hose sticking to his lips as it becomes frozen, right before feeling a stream of frozen dairy product shoot into his maw! The creamy treat causes his cheeks to puff up to the size of melons, his throat bulging with each pump from the hose.

He tries gulping the dessert down as quickly as his body would let him, but the below-freezing temperature made his throat stiffen up, making it impossible to swallow and the dessert deciding to force its way down his gullet instead. His eyes close tight as his body begins to tremble from the cold radiating from the hose and the ice cream.

He attempts to scream for Toriel to stop the machine, but when he had opened his eyes expecting to see her, he had noticed that he was alone in the room. Looking to the other side of his rotund stomach, he sees the door to his room closing shut.

The red around Isaac's stuffed gut was becoming darker as it stretches further past his personal limits. Violent stretch marks formed around his belly button and his waist with each quart of ice cream that shot down his throat. The churning and gurgling are replaced by an orchestra of creaking and groaning. He couldn't keep his knees up anymore to hold his gut steady, but his hands continued to try and push it away from his face.

His heels grind against the bed as he squirms pathetically, unable to handle the increasing pressure inside of his stomach. Before he feared popping, but now he was wishing he could just explode!

He just wanted the pain to end.

His inability to say no was his downfall, making him drag out his own fate for much longer than it should have been. All he could think of now was what he would have done differently; if only he hadn't started eating a second pie; if he had actually tried to listen to the monster's warning; if only he didn't cause himself to fall into that hole.

Isaac's thoughts are cut short though as he feels his stomach pressing into his face. He cries out again for any sort of help, but the whirring of the machine and the symphony of grotesque noises emitting from his drum-tight belly made his voice unheard.

He knew it was over. If he had a second chance, he would do things differently. He was **determined** on that.

Isaac felt his stomach push against the ceiling, and then his whole world started to move in slow motion. He could see his skin parting, watching a large tear form around his stomach as he is pushed past his physical limit...

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Inside the dank cavern, lying motionless on a bed of flowers was a lithe shiba. He wore a striped sweater and an average pair of jeans, with hair that flowed down to his shoulders before curling up, and bangs that draped over his right eye.

The man lets out a series of groans as he awakens into consciousness, sitting straight up and rubbing at the back of his head. His eyes look up to see the light that was sinking through the hole above him. Give or take, he must have fallen about two-hundred feet. It was a miracle that he was even alive!



The shiba looks around to see where he was, taking in the plethora of golden flowers before spotting a hallway that leads to a large doorway. Knowing for certain that he was not going to be getting out the way he came in, he picks himself up and follows the trail deeper into the cavern.

In the next room, there weren't as many flowers as before, but there was one of the golden flowers in the middle. Though this one seemed different. How different? Well, there's a face on it. Usually, a sane man would try to avoid approaching something like that, but the shiba seemed to not have much of a choice. The next entrance was on the opposite side of that flower, and judging by how they've been staring the canine ever since entering the room, there was no way to avoid talking with it. He slowly steps closer, taking precaution, almost ready for anything that could happen.

"Howdy!" the flower exclaimed, causing the shiba to halt his movement. "I'm Flowey! Flowey the... Oh, screw it all." His tone had changed from being upbeat and full of joy to sounding very concerned. "Look, just listen to me because I'm only going to say it once. Run. Run as fast as you possibly can! Don't let that strange... Heyyyyyyyyyy... Haven't we met before? You look familiar. Didn't you just go... you know... boom?"