Swapfell Sans Suffers

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Summary

Swapfell Sans gets treated like a Japanese schoolgirl by a tentacle monster in Waterfall.

Or Swapfell Sans get kidnapped by a tentacle monster in Waterfall for breeding purposes.

Notes

I've never written anything like this before and it's definitely the most self-indulgent thing I've written so far. PLEASE read the tags, this is little more than gross porn with a small amount of plot thrown in.
Patrol

Sans was alone on patrol duty today, even though he shouldn’t be. Patrol duty alone had the potential to be dangerous. Dogamy and Dogaressa were supposed to be with him. But Dogaressa had come down with a bad case of the flu and her mate had wanted to stay home to take care of her. Sans was fine with that though, he’d never liked them much anyway. And he could’ve brought Papyrus with him. But he wasn’t in the mood to listen to his brother whine and moan about being forced to go on patrol when he’d rather nap at his sentry station all day like the lazy idiot he was.

So, Sans was alone. But that was okay. He was fierce, strong and magnificent, nothing was going to get the better of him. He’d never needed anyone to watch his back anyway. And this way he didn’t have to risk catching whatever illness the dogs had. The last thing he had time for was getting incapacitated by some illness for who even knew how long.

He was almost at the end of his shift too, just a few more places to check to ensure there wasn’t any illegal activity going on. He doubted there would be, it had been a quiet day today. All he’d run into so far had been a gang of kids spray painting a bunch of swear words on an old abandoned building. It hadn’t taken more than announcing his presence to get them to disperse, vanishing off into whatever hidey hole they’d crawled out of.

He was in Waterfall, patrolling some of the lesser explored hallways and caverns that made up the place. If he was going to find anything it would be in one these empty corridors, some of which weren’t even properly lit.

Walking alongside the river, he turned down one of these dark corridors. The only light coming from the glowing crystal ‘stars’ set in the ceiling and the occasional echo flower or glowing mushroom. Making it look like something one would see in a horror movie, the kind of place where the heroes would get jumped by whatever eldritch abomination lurked in the shadows.

This wasn’t a horror movie though. And it didn’t make him at all nervous to walk down it all by himself without anyone there to watch his back in case something started creeping up on him. He’d even been down this path before, always with at least two other guards with him to watch his back. But he wasn’t a child, he could walk down a creepy dark cavern alone without being scared. Even if as he started down it he got the distinct feeling that someone or something was watching him, following his every move with malicious intent.

It was probably just his imagination playing tricks on him, he’d never run into any trouble in this particular corridor before. It was too dark and creepy even for criminals to want to hang out here for long. But he’d stay on his guard anyway, better to be safe than sorry. He hadn’t become a member of the Royal Guard by being lazy after all.

He walked cautiously while still trying to look relaxed and confident, like he had no reason to be afraid of anything. All the while keeping an eye on the darkest shadows for any sign of movement. And his ‘ears’ perked for any abnormal sound that might be heard over the burbling of the river behind him. There was nothing, everything seemed to be in order. That didn’t mean there was no danger though.

His focus on the shadowed corners turned out to be his downfall. Something cold, wet, and slimy wrapped around his ankle, pulling him harshly into the river before he was even fully aware of it.

He gasped in shock, his body enveloped in freezing cold water as it dragged him down at an astonishing speed. Panicked and on the verge of drowning, he struggled against its tight grip. He
tried to summon a bone attack but his concentration was too frazzled for him to hold onto anything.

Suddenly after what felt like an eternity, he was pulled up and out of the water, dangling upside down by his ankle. Desperate for air and unable to get his bearings, he choked and coughed on the water he’d inadvertently taken in when he’d been dragged under.

He didn’t have time to catch his breath before he felt more long appendages start to snake around him. Panicked he summoned a row of Blasters, already winding up to fire. But before they could one of the tentacles wrapping around his chest quickly slithered underneath his armor and into his ribcage. Where it squeezed tight around his soul, cutting off his magic and causing his Blasters to disappear with a strangled pop of aborted magic.

He writhed and thrashed against the thing holding him, still trying to summon magic. The tentacle wrapped around his soul oozed some kind of slim that seeped into his soul, making him feel nauseated and sick.

“Let go you…” Sans cut off as he finally got a look at the thing that had him in its grasp.

It looked like something straight out of some fucked up hentai anime. It was huge and had more tentacles than Sans could count. Its eyes seemed to bore into him with a startling intensity that left him feeling cold and frozen with terror. Like a deer in the headlights of a car that was about smash into it.

It started drawing him closer to itself, restoring him to his senses. He renewed his struggles and attempts to wriggle out of its grasp. He tried in vain to call upon on his magic, to attack and escape whatever horrible fate had befallen him. But all he got for his efforts was the tentacle wrapped around his soul tightening its grip, making him shudder and gag in revulsion as he felt more of its slime sink into his soul.

Soon it had him resting on the ground in front of where it was floating in the river, still holding him tight to keep him from wriggling free. It looked even bigger and more intimidating up close.

The tentacle on his soul starting pulling out, bringing his soul with it. The little heart looked small and fragile in its grasp, almost entirely enveloped by the tentacle wrapped around it. Its slight glow intensified by Sans’ fear, panic, and anger.

“You’ll pay for this,” Sans growled. He kept the fear out of his voice by burying it under his outrage and anger at being treated like this. No one was allowed to do this to him. No one was allowed to make him this afraid. This thing was going to pay. By the time he was done with it, it was going to wish it had never been born.

“How dare- ah!” He cut off with a yelp of surprise and fear as more of its slimy appendages rushed towards him and began messing with his armor’s straps. It was trying to undress him! He renewed his struggles and attempts to call upon his magic. But to his growing dread, it barely seemed to notice and didn’t care one bit.

“W-what do want from me?” He was unable to keep the fear out of his voice this time as it easily ripped his chest piece off, exposing his ribcage. Where had this thing even come from? Sans had never seen a monster like it before.

It ignored him as it continued to work his clothing off, made more difficult by his continued struggles. His first thought about it looking like a tentacle monster from some fucked up anime came back to him with the horrifying realization that that description might turn out to be far more accurate than he would like.
Soon it had all his clothes off, leaving its tentacles free to roam over his bare bones. Which they did, stroking his spine and rubbing up against the sensitive underside of his ribcage. Its tentacles were smooth and slick, and despite their obvious strength they were gentle. They might’ve even felt good if they and the entire situation weren’t so awful and horrifying.

Sans shivered as he stopped squirming, still cold from his dip in the river and exhausted from his struggles and attempts at magic. It seemed like escape was impossible for him right now. So, he was just going to have to wait for a better opportunity and conserve his strength until then. But at least it wasn’t killing him as it could easily do, especially with his soul in its grasp. And it wasn’t hurting him yet either.

“You’re perfect, exactly what I’ve been waiting for.” Its voice was oddly soft for its size and lacked any indication of what its gender might be, assuming it even had one. At least it was speaking though, it wasn’t some mindless animal. But then again, it being sentient would probably mean it would be harder to escape from.

“W-what do you want from me?” Sans asked, trying desperately to sound more angry than afraid despite how little good that would do. He suppressed a shudder as its tentacles continued to explore his bones, touching him and stroking him in ways that made him want to gag. But at least it was starting to warm him up a little bit.

“Oh, just to have a little fun. And one other thing that you’ll find out about when the time comes. But don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll enjoy this, well some of it at least.”

Sans couldn’t hold back a small shudder of fear at those words. He didn’t want to know what it meant by ‘fun’ or that he’d ‘enjoy’ some of it. But unfortunately, he was probably about to find out.

It giggled at his discomfort, a sound that sent shivers down Sans’ spine. How could he have been incapacitated so easily? Yeah, he’d been taken by surprise, but he should’ve been able to recover. How could he have been so weak to let it capture his soul?

“If you don’t let me go I’ll… ah!” He cut off once more with a strangled cry as several of its tentacles started stroking at his pelvis. In a way he was not at all comfortable with.

“You’ll do what if I don’t let you go?” It teased as it continued to stroke him in ways that felt good in an awful horrible way. Completely ignoring his attempts to squirm away from its foul touch.

“I’ll fucking kill you,” he growled. He tried with all his strength to pull one of his arms out of the tentacle holding it. It was slick and smooth so he should be able to wriggle free if he tried hard enough. And having taken it by surprise he almost succeeded too, almost.

“Nice try, little one,” it said with what could only be humor in its voice. It tightened its hold on his arm, squeezing hard enough to hurt a little. “But since you’re so eager let’s get this show on the road, shall we?”

It had moved his soul out of his range of sight somewhere. But he could still feel it and the tentacle wrapped around it preventing him from calling on his magic. And he felt its grip tighten as it started sending strong waves of arousal into his soul.

“No…” he groaned in discomfort and distress as he fought the urge to let his magic form into anything in his pelvis the way his soul was telling him to do. The way the monster in front of him wanted.

It resumed caressing him, wrapping a gentle tentacle around his spine and stroking it up and down. It
felt *good* in a way that left him panting for breath and wanting to vomit at the same time.

He moaned as it continued its ministrations. Its tentacles pulled his legs apart, ignoring his efforts to lock them tight. It stroked at his pelvis some more, somehow guessing what spots would be sensitive. It took all of his self-discipline and concentration to not let the magic pooling in his pelvis form into anything substantial.

“Wow, you’re really stubborn, I like that,” the monster said with a hint of admiration in its voice. “It’ll make this whole thing a lot more fun.”

“Fuck off,” Sans said through clenched teeth. He was *not* going to let this thing get the better of him. It was going to have to kill him before he let it fuck him.

“How cute, you think you can resist,” it said with a small laugh.

Its grip on his soul tightened again as it sent another *strong* wave of arousal into it. Between that and its continued stroking, the magic in his pelvis was finally made to form into a pussy, already dripping wet with forced arousal.

“Gah… *fuck,*” Sans cursed, trying desperately to get it to dispel. But it was futile, his body was too aroused for his magic to follow his orders any longer.

“See, I told you, you couldn’t resist,” the monster said, again giggling at his distress. “This part will be fun though, I promise.” Without any other warning, one of its tentacles starting pushing into his opening.

“Ah… stop, stop, please stop,” Sans begged, trying to pull his hips away from the unwelcome intrusion. It was thick, and despite how much he wanted it gone, it felt good as it started to stretch him. And that just made it worse, no part of him should be enjoying this.

“See, this isn’t so bad, is it?” the monster said, as its tentacle was pressed in as far as it could go. It started slowly thrusting in and out of him, giving him time to adjust, never fully pulling out. “I’m even starting slow to make sure I don’t hurt you.”

“F-fuck you,” Sans gasped. He tried to wriggle free again, but just like all his previous attempts, it got him nowhere.

“You’re cute,” it said with another small giggle. Under normal circumstances a comment like that would’ve made Sans’ blood boil, he was *not* cute. But this time, especially with how condescending its tone was, it made him shudder in fear. This thing was well and truly taking pleasure from his suffering and thought his pathetic attempts at escape were *cute.* Could the situation get any worse?

Apparently, it had decided it had given him enough time to adjust as its thrusting started getting faster. Soon it was pounding into him in a hard and steady rhythm.

Sans balled his hands into fists as he fought the urge to rock his hips up into its thrusts. At the same time, trying his best not to moan or gasp in pleasure. It was raping him, it shouldn’t feel good! But his body and soul were telling him that this was exactly what he wanted and needed, that it was supposed to feel good. That made it worse. And there wasn’t anything he could do to fight that feeling or make it stop.

“See, you’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” it teased.

Sans didn’t reply. He wouldn’t be able to without gasping or moaning as each harsh thrust filled and stretched him in an all too pleasurable and horrible way. He refused to give it that satisfaction. He
refused to admit to it that any part of this felt good. Even if most of that pleasure did come from the arousal it had forced into his soul.

It giggled when he didn’t reply, again laughing at his petty attempts at defiance. “You really are adorable, you know that, right? I don’t think I could’ve picked a better candidate for this. Thank you for coming along and making my day so much better.”

“F-fuck you,” Sans growled with all the anger he could muster in his small body. How dare it thank him for this? How dare it even touch him? This foul disgusting creature was going to pay. Only Sans wasn’t in any position to make it pay. There was nothing he could do here to get revenge or even escape its grasp.

His vision blurred slightly as tears came unbidden to eyes, tears of anger, frustration, and most of all fear. He’d never been this helpless before. Even back when he was a baby bones, Papyrus had always been there to watch out for him. But now there was no one and no way to get out of his current predicament.

“Aww, don’t cry little one,” it cooed at him with another delighted giggle. One of its tentacles moved up to stroke his face and wipe away the tears before they could spill over. Another one of its tentacles started stroking his spine again while another moved to rub at his clit. Making him gasp and moan, arching his back at the sudden added pleasurable sensations.

Despite his emotional turmoil and how little he wanted this, he could feel himself starting to get close to orgasm now. Maybe once he did it would stop and let him go, probably not though. And he couldn’t hold back small gasps and moans as it continued to mercilessly pound into him and stroke all his sensitive spots.

But suddenly just as he was about to hit his peak, it stopped. It stopped thrusting, it stopped stroking him. It stopped moving entirely. It just held him there with its tentacle still shoved up in his pussy.

“Do you want to come?” it asked, a humorous note in its voice. Did it really think teasing him like this was funny? Surely it was going to make him come regardless of whether or not he wanted it to.

“N-no,” Sans said. He needed to though. His body was screaming at him about how bad it wanted release. He could feel himself unconsciously clenching around the tentacle inside him, trying to get it to resume moving so that the pressure that had been building in him could be relieved.

“Oh, okay.” It pulled its tentacle, glistening with proof of Sans’ arousal, out with a wet slurping noise, leaving Sans feeling painfully empty and unfulfilled. Could it really be doing this to him? “You sure?” it asked. It hovered the tip of its tentacle over the lips of his pussy, just close enough to tease but not close enough for him to get anything out of it.

“Fuck off,” he growled at it. He was not going to ask it to continue fucking him even if his life depended on it. And no matter how much he felt like he needed to finish.

“Oh, okay.” It said with a cruel giggle. “It’s time for the real reason I brought you here anyway. I’m not so sure you’re going to like this part. But then again, some people are in to this kind of thing so you might.”
Eggs

Sans shuddered at its words. What did it mean ‘the real reason’ it had brought him here for? Surely the whole point had been to fuck him, right? Even if it wasn’t going bring him to climax.

“W-what do you want?” he asked, unable to keep the tremor from his voice. Surely it couldn’t do anything worse to him than it already had, right?

“You’ll see,” it said with a demented giggle.

From somewhere beneath its body another tentacle like thing emerged and approached him. It was slightly thinner than the other tentacles and looked hollow and somewhat transparent. It tapered off into a closed opening.

He tried to squirm his hips away as this new thing went between his legs. But it was no use and it easily slid into his still soaked pussy.

He moaned a little as it entered him, clenching around it as it slid in. He was still far too aroused and in need of release to stop himself. But its intent clearly wasn’t to bring him pleasure as it slid about half way in before stopping.

Magic tendrils grew off the new tentacle where it entered him. They seemed to fasten onto and around his pussy, latching the tentacle in place.

Sans squirmed uncomfortably at this new development. It didn’t hurt but it wasn’t comfortable either. What could possibly be the purpose of this? He didn’t want to know. But he was going to find out soon. And that thought terrified him.

“That’ll do nicely,” the monster said, admiring its handy work. “Now since you’ve been such a good boy I’ll let you come before we begin.”

‘Begin what?’ Sans wanted to asked but didn’t as one of its tentacles moved up to rub at his clit again. Another one moving to stroke his spine once more. He could even feel it sensually massaging his soul somewhere out of sight with the intent to arouse him and pleasure him.

He gasped, moaned, and quivered under its attention. He suddenly very badly did not want to come. Once he did it would begin whatever it had planned for him. And he’d rather not ever have that happen.

More tears sprang to his eyes as he tried to wriggle free once more. It was more an act of desperation than out of thinking he might escape. Despite his fear and loathing it felt good in all the ways it touched him. And he could already feel his orgasm building again.

He fought it as long as he could, trying to delay the inevitable for as long as possible. But finally, against his will his climax rolled over him in strong waves of unwanted pleasure. It was the most intense orgasm he’d ever had and it seemed to last for ages as the monster continued to rub and stroke him.

When he came down from it he was left shaking with exhaustion. He’d never felt so gross, disgusting, and violated in all his life. He felt like he needed to puke and might’ve if the monster in front of him wouldn’t probably find that humorous. And he probably would’ve started sobbing too, except he refused to give the monster that satisfaction.
“Much better don’t you think?” the monster said, its voice disgustingly happy as if it were proud of its achievement. Which it probably was.

“W-what are you going to do to me?” Sans’ voice sound broken and exhausted even to himself. He felt like all the energy he normally possessed had been wrung out of him, leaving him feeling limp and exhausted.

“Well, as I’m sure you’ve noticed you’ve never seen a monster like me before,” the monster said, ideally stroking one tentacle along Sans’ spine. “That’s because I’m the last of my kind. And I don’t like being the only one, so you’re going to help me fix that.”

“You mean you going go to…” Sans froze at the thought. It couldn’t be serious, could it? It wasn’t really about to… No, fuck that, he wasn’t going to lay here and let it do that to him. With renewed motivation, Sans resumed struggling. His exhaustion temporarily buried beneath rising panic. He pulled at the tentacles holding his arms and legs, trying to slip at least one limb free. If he could do that maybe he could get some kind of leverage and escape somehow.

The monster laughed at his efforts to free himself. It didn’t even seem like holding on to him was any kind of struggle for it. “You’re far too cute for your own good,” it said. “But yes, I am going to impregnate you. But don’t worry, it’s just a few eggs, you’ll be fine.”

“Fuck you,” Sans growled. But his growl quickly turned into a whimper as he spotted a bulge traveling down the tentacle tube thing still jammed up his pussy. An egg. He could see through the translucent tubing that it was round and not too dissimilar from a giant fish egg.

“No, please no,” he begged with a whimper. He did not want that thing inside him. Just the thought of it touching him made him want to gag.

With increased desperation, he tried to dispel the magic forming his pussy. But as long as there was something inside it he couldn’t make it go away, no matter how badly he wanted it to.

“Please, I’ll do anything, just don’t…” he cut off with a strangled yelp as the egg reached his opening. It stretched him wide, almost to his limit. And he gagged when it pushed out of the ovipositor inside him and into the walls of his magic. It was gross and squishy with an almost jello-like consistency.

His traitorous magic automatically expanded to accept it, in part due to the tentacle on his soul encouraging it do so. It formed into a womb and an abdomen to support that womb. It, like all his magic parts, was a see through purple. So, he could still see the egg as it slid in and came to a rest inside him.

“Oh, how nice,” the monster said. It rubbed a tentacle gently over his newly formed magic.

“F-fuck off.” Sans felt like he might puke and tears blurred his vision again. He’d never been so violated before and he just wanted to go home and cry. But he was still not going to break down into sobs in front of this thing. He refused to give it that satisfaction no matter how badly it violated him.

“F-fuck…” he cut off with another gag as he felt another egg push into him, stretching him out once more. Followed by the feel of it pushing into his magic and sliding into his womb. Where it came to rest next to the first one.

Glancing between his legs he saw several traveling bulges making their way down the ovipositor. He whimpered at the sight. How many were there? And how many could he fit before he burst?
“Why?” he whimpered, not really expecting an answer. He fought not to let his tears spill over as yet another egg reached him.

“Why am I doing this to you?” the monster inferred. “Well that’s because you just happen to be the first monster to come down this way alone after I finished preparing myself to lay my eggs. Hasn’t anyone ever told you to never walk down creepy dark caverns alone?”

“I hate you,” Sans said with all the hatred he could summon into his voice. He whimpered and tried to pull away as another egg slid into the walls of his magic. There was probably no worse feeling in the world.

The monster giggled as it rubbed its tentacle over his belly again. “Oh, and also another reason I grabbed you is because you have to use magic to create everything that I need. The last person I tried this with was a one of the fleshy monsters. She died because her body couldn’t physically handle it. That was a real bummer. Do you have any idea how long this stuff takes to prepare?”

Sans shuddered as another egg pushed into him, sliding into his womb with all the others. His belly was starting to bulge out a little with all the eggs crowded inside. How many could he take before his body couldn’t physically take it and he died as result.

“Is that going to happen to me?” he asked, unable to keep the horror from his voice. Of all the ways he could die, that had to be the worst. He’d rather kill himself right here and now than go through that.

“No, of course not, don’t worry,” it said as if it were comforting a child. It rubbed its tentacle over his belly again, seemingly admiring the view as another one of its foul eggs slipped inside. “Magic is much more adaptable and durable than flesh. Of course, there is probably a limit to how far it can stretch. But I highly doubt we’ll reach it.”

Sans shuddered again, still wanting to break down in sobs. This wasn’t fair. How could it do this to him?

He looked at the ovipositor between his legs again. More and more eggs kept traveling down it. One entering him every thirty seconds or so. He was exhausted beyond belief. His pussy was sore and oversensitive from its earlier pounding and each egg pushing into him made it worse. He never wanted anything in the world more than he wanted this to stop.

“Please stop,” he begged in whisper. He tried to clamp down on the next egg as it entered him, maybe slow it down or push it out. To nobody’s surprise at all, it didn’t work. It just made him more aware of its jello-like consistency against the walls of his magic.

The monster giggled at his plea, continuing to stroke his slowly expanding belly. “I don’t think I’ll ever get over how cute you are. I’d never thought I’d get so lucky to snag such an adorable mate to carry my eggs.”

“I hate you,” Sans said again despite how futile his defiance was. He was too exhausted to struggle, and struggling was useless anyway, so all he had left were words. Not that words would do much good here.

“Oh, I know you hate me,” the monster giggled. “But that’s okay, I’m sure I’ll grow on you after a while. You are having my babies after all.”

Sans shuddered as another egg pushed into him. He tried not to look at his magically created womb and all the eggs already nestled inside. He felt gross and disgusting, like he’d never be clean again.
“H-how many more?” he asked in desperation. Each egg forced his magic to stretch a little more and it was starting to feel uncomfortably heavy. He wasn’t sure how many more he could take before it started to hurt. Or how many more he could take before he reached his limit.

“I don’t know the exact number,” the monster said, continuing to occasionally caress his belly with one of its tentacles. “But I’d say we’re probably nearing the halfway point by now.”

Sans whimpered, balling his hands into fists as he tried not to feel the next egg pushing into him. He was unable to take his eyes off the ovipositor as eggs continued to travel down it. It horrified him but he couldn’t look away. Watching it was better than just closing his eyes and not knowing when the next egg would enter him.

He took several deep breaths as he willed the tears in his eyes to disappear instead of spilling over into sobs the way he wanted them to. He wasn’t going to cry. No matter what he wasn’t going to let this thing see him break down and cry like that.

They stayed silent for the next little while after that. As the monster continued to force its eggs into Sans. And Sans’ belly continued to stretch a little more with each one.

He tried to remain calm, taking deep breaths as he did his best to not think too much about what was happening to him. But no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t escape the feeling of each egg pushing into him. Stretching the walls of his poor abused pussy out before sliding into his womb and making him that much heavier.

“We’re almost done, little one. You’re doing such a good job,” the monster encouraged him, sounding as if it were talking to a toddler. Sans would’ve been offended at its tone if he were able to care.

It stroked a gentle tentacle over his swollen belly, soothing the ache caused by being forced to stretch so far so fast. Seeing the eggs in there made him sick, filling him with nausea and revulsion.

“Oh, and in case you’re wondering,” the monster continued. “You’re not just a host for them, they’ll be feeding off your magic while they grow and get ready to hatch. Which is why I’m unable to do this without a proper partner. So, you’re going to be their mommy, even if none of them will look like you.”

Sans groaned, unable to come up with a reply. He wasn’t sure if that made it worse or better somehow. Either way he didn’t want this. He wanted nothing to do with this at all. He wanted to go home and never see this place or this monster ever again.

The monster continued to stroke his belly in a loving way. It disturbed him but it felt nice. He’d never admit to it or even let on to that fact though. The last thing he wanted was to encourage it to touch him.

“Hmm, you’re not going to say anything?” it asked.

“Fuck you,” Sans said with what little energy he had left. Which wasn’t much. The only thing keeping him from passing out was the feel of the eggs as they entered him.

It giggled in response. “Don’t worry dear, we’re almost done. Only three more left and then you can take a nap.”

Those words filled Sans with a gross disgusting relief. He was almost done. Just three more left, he could do that.
The first one reached him, pushing its way in. He was now used to feel of it against the walls of his magic as it exited the ovipositor and slid into him. But the stretching was still uncomfortable, he was far too sore for this. Now there were only two left. The second one came shortly after. One more.

It seemed to take forever before that last one was pushing into him. But he let out a sigh of relief once he felt it slide into his womb with all the others. He was finally done. There were no more eggs coming down the ovipositor.

He took several deep breaths, trying not to think too much about the heaviness in his womb. He could worry about that later. For now, he could just be relieved that this part was finally over.

He felt the magic tendrils holding the ovipositor in place inside his pussy dissipate. And it finally pulled out with a wet slurping noise, glistening with Sans’ magic. The monster then pulled it back to wherever it had come from originally.

Sans sighed in relief once more as he was finally able to make his sore pussy go away, so he didn’t have to feel it anymore. The magic making up with womb automatically sealed itself so the eggs couldn’t slip out. His traitorous body had apparently decided that it was okay with carrying them. And there was sadly nothing he could do to change that.

“There we go, all done,” the monster said, sounding far too cheery for Sans’ comfort. “Bet you’re all tired now, huh?” It shifted its tentacles’ hold on him so that it was no longer restraining but instead cradling him.

He considered trying to escape again. But he was far too tired and it would catch him long before he got anywhere close to getting away from it. And then it would probably just make fun of him some more. So, he just lay there and let it stroke and pet him for now. He could come up with an escape plan later when he wasn’t on the verge of collapsing form exhaustion.

Its tentacles cradled him in their firm but gentle grip. One tentacle continually caressed his swollen belly. It still felt good despite Sans wishing it wouldn’t touch him there of all places. He didn’t want to be reminded of it. Not that he could ignore its heaviness or the slight ache there, or even just the feel of it in general. Thinking about it made him sick, he wanted it gone. But that wasn’t an option.

“You can sleep now,” the monster said. “I’ll feed you something when you wake up, okay?”

Food was probably the last thing on his mind right now. But he was too tired to say ‘no’ to sleep. And even if he would normally refuse to fall asleep in front of an enemy like this, he couldn’t fight off his exhaustion for long and was soon fast asleep.
Cell

Waking up, Sans blinked open his eyes to the sight of an unfamiliar cave wall. Suddenly very much awake he shot up into a sitting position to get ready for any potential danger.

He was in some kind of cell, two of the walls were the walls of the cavern, the others being normal bars. He was atop a thin mattress set in the corner with a blanket on top.

He tried to stand up but stumbled. His front was far heavier than it should be. Looking down at his still naked body everything that had happened to him last came back with horrifying clarity.

His belly was big and swollen with that thing’s eggs. He was big enough to look about nine months pregnant, maybe a little bigger.

He whimpered, trying to dispel his magic even though he knew it wasn’t going to work. He didn’t want this. How could this have happened to him? It was gross and disgusting and he wanted it gone. And he wanted to go home and…

And he couldn’t freak out. He had to find a way out of this situation first. He could worry about getting rid of the eggs after he’d escaped his captor. He just had to keep his wits about him. Panicking wouldn’t help him accomplish anything.

Having calmed himself as much as he could, he tried to stand again. This time taking into account the added weight on his front. He still felt a little unsteady but managed to keep his balance this time.

Through the bars of his cell he could see the cavern he was in. It wasn’t very big and there didn’t seem to be any entrance or exit except for the river. Which flowed on the opposite side of the cavern from where his cell lay with the monster floating in it. The one who’d done this to Sans.

But its eyes were closed and it seemed to be sleeping. Good, that meant now might be a good time to try to escape.

He had his soul back so he could call on his magic again. He tried to summon a Blaster but nothing happened. He tried again with normal bone attacks, still nothing. It was like it still had hold of his soul though he could feel it in his ribcage.

What if it had damaged his soul somehow and he was no longer able to use his attack magic? What if whatever it had done was permanent? And Sans was now doomed to try to live the rest of his life without being able to use attack magic.

That thought horrified him enough that he had to push it away before he lost his cool. Later when he was free he could go to a healer and try to get it fixed. For now, he’d just have to try to sneak out without waking his captor up.

And even if he couldn’t escape on his own, Papyrus and the Royale Guard would be looking for him. They’d no doubt find him soon and that foul disgusting monster would finally get what was coming to it. And then Sans would be able to get everything fixed and he could finally go home. So, his situation was not at all hopeless.

He wasn’t going to sit and wait for rescue though. He was going to at least try to get out on his own.

First, he had to try to find a way out of his cell. The gaps between the bars weren’t wide enough to allow him to slip through, especially with his added bulk. There was a door, but it was probably
locked. It wouldn’t hurt to try it though, maybe the monster had forgotten to lock it or thought he
wouldn’t bother trying it.

He walked over to and gave it a push. To his great surprise, it actually opened but with loud ringing
sounds. There were bells on it that he hadn’t noticed before. These bells unfortunately woke the
monster in the river.

“Oh, hello little one,” it said. “It’s good to see you’re awake.”

Sans growled in frustration. There went his chance of a quiet escape. And without his magic he
couldn’t fight this thing. So, he probably wasn’t going to be able to escape right now after all.

Several of its tentacles started heading towards him. He shied away, even backing up into the corner
of his cell as far away as he could get. But its tentacles were too long and soon it had him in its grasp
again.

Disgusted by its touch and with a slight edge of panic, he struggled against it. He didn’t want it
touching him ever again. Especially after what it had done to him last time. But just like last time, his
efforts were futile.

“Do stop struggling, will you?” the monster said as it started to draw him closer. “Unless you want
me to fuck you right here and now.”

Sans immediately went still. Just the thought of it ever touching him like that again made him want to
cry and beg for mercy. Something he could never allow himself to do, especially since it probably
wouldn’t listen to him.

“There we go, much better,” it said. It placed him on the ground in front of it again, sitting up and
with only a single tentacle wrapped around his ribcage. He could probably escape if he tried hard
enough, but it had placed several of its other tentacles in ring around him. So, even if he did escape
he wouldn’t get far.

“Now, how are you feeling?” it continued, ignoring his slight trembling. “Does anything hurt?” It
moved one of its tentacles to caress his belly. He flinched away its touch from it but couldn’t escape
it.

“Fuck you,” he said with as much venom in his voice as he could get given the situation. Just
because he was terrified of it didn’t mean he had to act like it. Papyrus and the Royal Guard would
be coming to save him soon anyway. He’d just have to stay strong until then.

It giggled in response. “I’ll take that as ‘everything’s okay’,,” it said. “But you must be hungry.”

Sans couldn’t remember the last time he’d had something to eat. So, despite how disgusting he felt he
was also starving. He wasn’t going to say so though. The less he had to talk with this thing the better.

One of its tentacles moved to drag what looked like a metal lunchbox out of the shadows. The
tentacle around his ribcage loosened and slid off, though resting close by. It then dangled the metal
lunchbox it in front of him with the clear invitation to grab it. Sans did so, he needed to eat to keep
his strength up for when he was eventually rescued.

Doing his best to ignore how close its tentacles were to him, he unlatched the lid. It was filled with
fruit and the sight of it would’ve made his stomach growl if he had one.

“What did you do to my soul?” he asked as he took an apple out of the box. As much as he wanted
to eat fast he was going to go as slow as possible. The more time he wasted before his rescue the
“You’re talking about how you still can’t use magic, right?” it said. “Well I’m sure you remember that slime stuff I put in your soul. That prevents you from using attack magic. It wears off after about a week, so I’ll have to renew it every so often.”

Good, it wasn’t permanent. So, as soon as he was rescued all he’d have to worry about is getting rid of the eggs inside him and everything else would be fine. He just had to be patient.

He ate so slowly that the monster head to know that he was stalling for time. But it didn’t seem to mind. And after a while a few of its tentacles started touching him, rubbing up and down his back and stroking his egg swollen belly. Sans did his best to ignore it, trying to pretend like it didn’t bother him. But no matter how hard he tried he couldn’t stop himself from tensing uncomfortably underneath its foul touch. At least it touching him like this wasn’t as bad as it could be, it could be touching him in far worse ways.

It took him maybe a whole hour before he’d eaten all the fruit in the box. The entire time he’d been silently praying that Papyrus and the Royal Guard would show up to save him. They didn’t. He’d had to endure its touches and silent stare the whole time instead.

“There now that you’re done eating we can have a little fun,” it said as its tentacles closed in on him.

Sans froze in terror as it grabbed his arms and legs, restraining him in almost exact same way it had last time. “B-but you said you weren’t going to if I didn’t struggle,” he stammered.

“Ha, no I never said that,” it said. “I only said that if you stopped struggling I wouldn’t fuck you right then. I wanted you to eat first, since you need keep your strength up.” It rubbed one tentacle over his belly as if to emphasize why he would need to keep his strength up, making him shudder in revulsion. “But don’t worry, it’ll feel good, I promise.”

“No, please not again, I’ll do anything. Just don’t do that to me again, please,” he begged and pleaded. Abandoning his dignity as tears sprang to his eyes at just the mere thought of it raping him again. He couldn’t go through that again, not ever.

“Ah, look at how cute you are,” it cooed. One of its tentacles moved to stroke his face and wipe away his tears. “But don’t worry dear, you’ll get used to it after a while.”

Sans didn’t want to get used to it. He never wanted it to touch him like that or any other way again. But until Papyrus and the Royal Guard came to his rescue he had next to no say in what it did to him.

One of its tentacles traveled up his ribcage to rest over where his soul hovered. Using magic, it pulled out his soul with a small ping. Before he could try to move his soul away, its tentacle wrapped around it and pulled it away from him. Immediately it started massaging and sending strong waves of unwanted arousal into it.

“Stop please,” Sans begged. He fought to not let his magic form into anything even though he knew it was useless.

It ignored his plea, forcing more arousal into his soul. At the same time, it started rubbing at his pelvis again. At least it could no longer wrap around and stroke his spine. Though that didn’t help much.

In the end, he couldn’t even fight it as long as he had yesterday. Knowing he was doomed to fail made it almost impossible. His magic was once more forced to form into a dripping wet pussy that he couldn’t dispel as long as he was this aroused.
“No,” he said quietly to himself. He hated how weak he was and how disgusting he felt. He’d give almost anything to have this torture end.

The monster giggled at his distress. “This time I’m going to have a bit of fun too,” it said.

Another tentacle emerged from beneath the water and approached him. It was different from the others in that it was made from the monster’s magic. Based off what the monster had said, it was probably some kind of tentacle-dick.

Sans moaned, whimpered, and tried in vain to wiggle free as it slowly pushed into his dripping pussy. Stretching him out with its thick length. Like last time it started thrusting slowly, to make sure it wasn’t ‘hurting him’, before steadily picking up the pace.

It didn’t end up thrusting as hard or as fast as it had last time, probably because of the eggs it had forced upon him. But it was still more than enough to leave him gasping as he tried to stifle his moans of unwanted pleasure and whimpers of despair.

“Since we got your soul out, let’s add a little bit of extra fun to this, shall we?” it said. Its tone had Sans shuddering in horror even before he knew what it meant. Fun to it only meant more despair for him and he didn’t want to know what it had in mind this time.

But he didn’t have to wonder for long before with a ping it summoned its own soul out in the open. It was at least twice as big as Sans’ soul was and glowing bright with excitement.

“No, please don’t, please don’t,” Sans begged as its soul starting moving closer to his. Soul sex as something that monsters only did with people they absolutely trusted in every way, and it was about to force it on him.

“This’ll feel good, trust me,” it said with another giggle.

The moment their souls touched, Sans’ mind went blank. He could still feel the tentacles stroking him and thrusting into him, but he couldn’t think. His mind was overpowered and overwhelmed with the thoughts and feelings of the soul raping his. It was far more powerful than him and he couldn’t fight it.

It felt good though. Everything about this, its tentacles stroking and thrusting into him and its soul rubbing against his soul, felt so good. Just like how it wanted its cute little mate to feel.

Lost in its thoughts and feelings of pleasure, Sans was vaguely aware of every loud moan and gasp that escaped him mouth. “Feels so good,” he said, unable to remember why he shouldn’t say that, or why he shouldn’t feel that way.

“Fuck,” he moaned. Something about this was wrong, but he couldn’t think much beyond how good it felt, how good the monster wanted him to feel. And if it felt good, why was he trying to struggle against it? There had to be reason but it wouldn’t let him think of that reason.

They climaxed at the same time, everything disappearing in an intense wave of pleasure. The world seemed to black out for a few moments before with a sudden wave of clarity it ended and the monster pulled its soul away from his. Freeing his mind from its oppressive thoughts and feelings that he’d been buried under.

Gasping for breath and trembling violently from the after effects of his orgasm, Sans started brokenly sobbing. He couldn’t stop himself and he didn’t care to try. It had raped his soul, his very being. And it had made him like it! He’d been violated in every possible way now and had nothing left. He no longer cared about his dignity or not giving it the satisfaction of seeing him break down. It didn’t
matter anyway. All he was to it was a cute plaything that could be used to carry its eggs.

“There, there, little one, we’re all done,” the monster said as it gently returned his soul to his chest. At the same time, it pulled its tentacle-dick out of his pussy. Something warm and wet dripped out, mixing with his own release. It had come inside him. Dispelling his pussy caused it to splatter on his pelvis.

But he hardly even noticed. He was too busy sobbing. It was all too much. Raping his soul had been the final straw and he just wanted this to be over. He wanted to go home. More than anything in world he wanted to go home.

It shifted its hold on him so that it was now cradling him. It started stroking and petting him as if it wanted to comfort him. One tentacle moved to pet his face and wipe away his continual tears, while another caressed his belly. None of this helped, it only maked him sob harder.

“Please Pappy, come save me soon,” he begged as if his brother could actually hear him. Surely Papyrus would come to save him soon, right? He and the Royal Guard were probably on their way right now. They were going to save him, he just had to wait until they arrived.

“Please hurry Pappy, please,” he whispered, not really caring if the monster could hear him or not. “Please save me.”

But nobody came.
Behave

“All right now little one, you have a choice. We can either bring your soul out and have more fun with that, or you can cooperate with me and summon your cunt all on your own,” the monster said. It was holding him loosely with only one tentacle wrapped around his ribcage. Technically it wasn’t restraining him all that much, but it might as well be gripping him tight with how little choice he had in being here.

“Please no,” he whimpered. It had been some time since it had raped his soul, long enough for it to have fed him again. But he was still haunted by it, he couldn’t let it touch his soul again. It was just too much.

“I’ll give you a little bit of leniency since you’re still new to this,” the monster said. “But if you don’t cooperate, I’ll have to take out your soul again. And if I have to do that, I might as well bring out mine again too. I’m sure after a few times you’ll grow to love soul sex.”

“I’ll do it, d-don’t touch my soul again, p-please,” Sans begged, hating every word that he managed to stutter.

Hating himself for how disgusting he was for giving up so easily, he spread his legs all on his own. And with a little bit of effort he managed to get his pussy to form despite his fear and lack of arousal. He hated how it felt between his legs and wanted it gone. But he couldn’t let it rape his soul again, he just couldn’t. The mere thought of it ever touching his soul like that ever again made him want to panic.

“Very good,” the monster praised him, again in a tone one would normally use to praise a small child. It moved one of its tentacles up to rub at the lips of pussy, sliding up to stimulate his clit.

Sans shuddered as tears filled his eyes. He wanted to pull away, close his legs, and deform his magic. Even without the forced arousal its touch felt good, with the promise of more pleasure. Pleasure he didn’t want. But if he resisted it would pull his soul out again.

So, with no small amount of self-loathing, he sat there and let it play with his pussy. As long as it wasn’t raping his soul again he could hold on until Papyrus and the Royal Guard came to rescue him. He’d just have to endure until then.

He took deep steadying breaths as it continued to play with him, making him wetter and more aroused every second. He didn’t even try to fight that feeling, the quicker this went the better. Instead he closed his eyes and just tried to focus on the parts about this that felt good, despite how much he hated himself because of that. But he had no choice.

He even moaned and clenched around its tentacle-dick as it pushed into him. He balled his hands into fists as it filled him far too slowly. It was teasing him.

“You want me to fuck you?” it asked after what felt like forever when its tentacle was pressed up against the rear wall of his magic. He clenched hard around it, wanting it gone.

He didn’t want it to fuck or even touch him ever again. But if he said ‘no’, would it take out his soul and have ‘fun’ that way again? Or would it just fuck him normally because he was otherwise cooperating? It was probably better to play it safe, just in case.

“Y-yes,” he lied in a whisper, trying to ignore the tears leaking from his eyes. Why did it have to do this to him? Why couldn’t it be satisfied with just fucking him? Why did it have to make him say he
wanted it too?

“‘Yes’ what?” it prompted. “Because if you don’t want me to fuck you we could always have fun with our souls again. Wouldn’t you like that?”

“Yes, fuck me, please fuck me,” he said, choking on a half sob. He hated himself. He was disgusting and he hated himself.

“That’s much better,” the monster giggled.

Its tentacle-dick finally started moving inside him. He moaned in a mix of pleasure and despair, his tears continuing to stream down his face. He threw his head back and closed his eyes, trying desperately not to think about anything. Even if he hated it, it at least it felt good. It wasn’t hurting him and it wasn’t raping his soul. He could endure this until Papyrus and the Royal Guard came to rescue him. Which would no doubt happen soon because it had to.

Some of its other tentacles moved along his body. One went to rub at clit in time to its thrusts, making him gasp and moan even more. And another moved to caress and cradle his pregnant belly, like it always did whenever it held him.

“Gosh, you’re just so much fun,” the monster said with a laugh.

Sans didn’t reply. He was still trying not to even think about anything. He just wanted it to hurry up and have this be over with. And it would put him back in his cage and he could finally be alone to cry in peace.

It giggled at his lack of reply. “You know if this isn’t fun enough for you, we could always bring out your soul for extra fun,” it said.

“No, no,” Sans blurted out. “This is fun, it’s fun. It feels good.” That last part at least was true, it did feel good. Even if he hated it.

“That’s what I thought.”

It wasn’t long after that that he felt its tentacle-dick swell inside him followed by a gush of warmth as it came. He moaned and wiggled uncomfortably at the feeling. He felt dirty and gross and worst of all in need of his own release.

“You want to come too?” it asked.

“Y-yes, I want to come,” he said without hesitation, before it could threaten to rape his soul again.

“Very good,” the monster praised him before it started moving again, its cum squelching out around its tentacle.

Sans arched his back and moaned again as he climaxed a short time later. Despite his best efforts he’d been still been far too loud.

It pulled its tentacle out and he allowed his pussy to disappear. The feel of its cum splashing on his pelvis made him shudder in revulsion. It was gross and he desperately wanted to clean it off. That wasn’t an option though.

It cradled him for a couple minutes after that, petting him and lovingly caressing his belly. Despite how much he hated it, it felt kind of good. At least it wasn’t fucking him anymore.
He didn’t try to fight it as he lay back and let himself relax. Rescue would be coming soon, he just had to wait.

“I’m gonna put you back in your cage while I go out for a bit,” it said after a while, when he was just starting to drift off. It then lifted him and put him back in the cage in the corner of the room. Before he could react, he heard the sound of it locking the cell door with magic. “If when I come back I see you’ve tried to escape I’ll take that to mean that you missed me and want me to play with your soul again.”

Sans didn’t reply as he watched its tentacles retreat and it sunk beneath the water. He waited a few minutes before rattling the cell door. It didn’t even budge enough to ring the bells.

Now should he try to escape and risk its wrath if he failed to get out of here before it came back? Or should he play it safe and continue to wait for rescue?

The thing was if he somehow did manage to get out of his cell he still had no idea how to get out of the cavern. There was presumably an underwater passage, which was how it got in and out. But how deep was it? Would he be able to reach it without drowning? There was also the fact that he was pregnant that he had to take into account. He wasn’t a very good swimmer under normal circumstances, how much harder would it be with all this extra weight?

“Papyrus, you better hurry up and get here to save me or I’m going to be very mad at you,” he said under his breath. He gently lowered himself on the mattress in the corner. With a sigh, he lay down on his back. He rolled around a bit until he found the most comfortable position he could, his pregnant belly making it difficult.

Papyrus and the Royal Guard had to be close to finding him, right? It had to have been at least about a day since he’d disappeared. They would find him and they would save him soon… hopefully.

But what if they didn’t find him? What would happen then?

Taking a shaky breath, Sans looked down at his body. He pressed a hand against his swollen belly, disgusted by the sight of the eggs inside. If he wasn’t rescued he’d be forced to carry them until they were ready to hatch. How long was that going to take? And what would occur when it happened?

Would they hatch inside of him? Or would he birth them first? And if they did hatch inside him would they rip their way out of his womb? Something that would no doubt kill him. He whimpered at the thought. That would be the worst possible way to die. Or even if that didn’t happen he could still die during the birthing process. Or what if once his purpose was done, the monster killed him?

Taking a deep breath, Sans forced his mind away from such dire topics before he started crying again. Everything would be fine. He was going to be rescued soon… hopefully. He just had to wait until then, he could do that.

He pressed his hand against his belly again, a bit harder this time. How much force would it take to crush the eggs? Probably enough that it would hurt him too. Anything he could do to try to get rid of them on his own, without the aid of a professional healer, would most likely injure or possibly kill him too. Meaning if he didn’t get rescued he’d have no choice but to carry them to term even if it led to his death.

He shifted uncomfortably as tears sprang to his eyes. He didn’t bother to try to staunch their flow, he was alone anyway. “Please Pappy, please save me soon,” he begged to the empty silence of the cavern.
What had to have been several days went by and still nobody came his rescue. Sans had no way to keep track of the time save how often his captor fed him. He guessed it might be two or three times a day. And it fucked him every time it took him out of his cell. He always had no choice but to comply, else it would rape his soul again. The worst part was that he was starting to get used to it.

“A-are they going to hatch inside of me and if so are they going k-kill me?” He asked when it brought him out to feed him again. That question had been silently haunting him ever since it had first occurred to him. So, even if he hated conversing with his captor he’d finally had to break down and ask.

“No, they’re not going to kill you, silly,” the monster replied with a giggle. But it didn’t answer the question about whether or not they were going to hatch inside him or if he was going to birth them first. And Sans wasn’t sure which he would prefer if had had to choose one or the other instead of the abortion he really wanted. But he was going to find out when the time came. Unless he was rescued before then, as he hoped would happen.

“And” the monster continued. “I’ll make sure you don’t die when you’re birthing them either. You’re much too cute to just let you dust for no reason.”

Sans let out a sigh of relief, it or its babies weren’t going to kill him. So, even if he was going to go through hell he at least wasn’t going to die at the end of it, however long away that.

“H-how long?” he asked. If he was already talking with it might as get some other questions answered to.

“‘How long’ what?” the monster asked. Its tentacles were petting him, stroking his back and caressing his belly in a loving way that felt all too good.

“How long before they hatch?”

“Oh, you’re asking how long you’re going to be pregnant for,” it said. Sans nodded. “Three months is how long it should take.”

Sans groaned in despair. Three months was a long time. There was no way he could take this for one month let alone three. But unless he was rescued he had no choice.

“And after? What happens after? Will… will you me let go after they hatch?” he asked with desperate hope in his voice. It had grabbed him for him to carry its eggs, surely once his purpose was fulfilled it could let him go.

“Hmm, maybe.” Its tone gave no indication for what that ‘maybe’ might mean. “But only if you continue to behave. If I ever catch you trying to escape or if you ever try to defy me again, even a single time, your chances of me letting you go afterward are zero. You understand?”

Sans nodded. “Y-yeah, I-I’ll behave,” he promised, his voice breaking. He hated himself for giving in but if he wasn’t rescued his only hope was that it would let him go. There didn’t appear to be any other way out of this for him.

He’d still pray for rescue. But if it didn’t come, which seemed more and more likely as time went on, he’d have to pray for it to let him go. He would just have to endure somehow until the eggs hatched. It was just three months, not really all that long in the grand scheme of things. After he was done he could go home… maybe.
Tears formed in his eyes again, spilling over. There was no point in trying to hold them back anymore. It had already seen him cry way more times than he would like. And even if it hadn’t, it didn’t matter anyway.

“Ah, don’t cry little one,” it cooed. One of its tentacles moved to wipe away his tears. “You really are very cute, you know that, right? Especially with your belly as big as it is, you can even still see the eggs in there and everything. You’re more perfect for this than I thought you were going to be when I spotted you.”

Sans whimpered in reply, closing his eyes and curling up a little as if he could hide from the monster in front of him. He wanted this to be over so he could go home. Three months felt like such a long time, an eternity trapped in hell.

“No finish eating and I’ll make you feel good,” it said.

Sans considered for a moment continuing to eat slowly anyway, but didn’t. As long as he behaved it would consider letting him leave once the eggs had hatched. With the chances of him getting rescued diminishing with each passing day he couldn’t give up on that chance. Besides if he didn’t cooperate it would rape his soul again.

So, he finished eating as fast as he could. Taking a deep breath, he then leaned back against the tentacle wrapping around his ribcage to support him. And hating himself with every fiber of his being, he spread his legs and summoned his pussy for it.

“Good job little one,” it praised him as its tentacles started to play with him. They rubbed at this clit and along the lips of his opening, working on arousing him.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t long before his pussy was dripping wet and its tentacle-dick was pushing in, filling and stretching him out. He moaned as he clenched around it. Why did it have to feel so good? It didn’t even need to give him much time for him to adjust to its size anymore.

It quickly built speed until it thrusting hard and fast. Making him gasp and moan in pleasure. No matter much how much he hated it, it always felt good when it fucked him. He should probably be thankful for that.

“You’re loving this, aren’t you?” the monster said.

“I-I… yes,” Sans lied. “I l-love it.” He choked on the words but he got them out. As long as he was good and behaved it would let him go at the end of all this… maybe.

“Are you happy I grabbed you, little one? Are you happy I impregnated you?”

Sans moaned in a mix of pleasure and despair. It was really going to make him say he was happy about this, wasn’t it? “…I uh…” he didn’t want to say it. It would be the biggest lie he’d ever told and he didn’t want to give it the satisfaction. He wanted to growl and tell it to go fuck itself. He wanted to summon his Blasters and spray its dust across the water.

“Hmm, you’re not happy, huh?” it said. “If you’re not happy we could…”

“No,” Sans blurted out in terror of what it was no doubt going to suggest. “I’m… h-happy… I’m happy.”

“Ah, happy about what?”

“I’m happy you grabbed me. I’m happy you… you i-im-impregnated me.” His voice sounded weak
and broken and he hated it. Why did it have to make him say these things? Why couldn’t it just be satisfied with keeping him as a sex slave? Why did it have to make him say that he liked it? It wasn’t fair.

His vision blurred with tears, just barely managing to keep himself from breaking down into uncontrollable sobs. He moaned again instead, clenching around its tentacle-dick each time it thrust into him. He was starting to get close to orgasm now. He wanted this to be over and done with so he could take a nap and forgot about everything for a little while.

“That’s much better,” it said. “I’ll forgive you for taking so long to answer this time, but next time I won’t.”

Sans nodded his understanding. They were just words. He could say what it wanted him to say without the words being true. Saying lies was hardly the worst thing it was forcing him to do anyway. He’d just have to endure for now until either rescue came or it let him go after its eggs had hatched. He could stay strong until then. He had no other choice.

He moaned loudly in a mix of pleasure and despair as he climaxed a short time later, the walls of his magic clamping hard around the tentacle-dick inside him. It swelled in response, releasing deep within him with a familiar warm gushing. The monster even made a small sound of pleasure.

It pulled its tentacle-dick out of his pussy. Its cum was dripping out and splattered onto his pelvis when he dissipated his magic. He was already filthy so it didn’t matter all that much. But it was still gross and only reminded him how badly he needed a bath. Not that he would ever feel clean again anyway.

“You want me to hold you until you fall asleep?” the monster asked.

“I… yes.” Sans nodded, feeling exhausted. It was a lie. All he was truly capable of wanting right now was for this nightmare to be over. He wanted Papyrus to come rescue him and take him home.

“Very good,” it praised him. It being happy with him was probably a good thing.

Its tentacles scooped up his limp body. They cradled him as it started to pet him, caressing his belly and stroking his back. “You like this, don’t you?” it said.

“Yes.” His voice lacked any emotion. But it did feel kind of nice. And at least it was no longer fucking him. He still hated it though and would much rather be anywhere else.

He closed his eyes as he allowed himself to relax in its grip. Sleep would at least let him forget everything for a little while. And who knows, maybe he’d wake up to Papyrus and the Royal Guard coming to save him.
“Come to me little one,” the monster said, holding open the cell door.

It was probably the next day. Sans had slept for a long time and had woken up in the cell on the mattress again. And now it was holding the door open for him, waiting for him to go to it as if he actually wanted any part of this.

He had no choice but to obey.

Taking a deep breath, he started walking towards it. By now he was mostly used to the weight and feel of the eggs in his womb. So, he could at least walk without suffering the humiliation of stumbling or falling over. He avoided looking at them as much as possible though, the sight of them nestled in there still made him feel a little ill. But given enough time even that feeling would no doubt fade.

Once he reached the monster its tentacles moved to help him sit down. “Good job,” it praised him and it started to stroke his back and caress his belly.

“Here’s food,” it said, bringing out another lunch box with food in it.

Sans eagerly grabbed it. He didn’t know if it was because he was pregnant and the eggs were feeding off his magic, or something else, but he was starving. He didn’t even care where it had got the food from. He was just grateful that it was healthy.

He opened it and started eating. He didn’t bother to eat slow this time. It made no difference and only delayed the inevitable. It was going to fuck him when he was done whether he took five minutes or five hours, might as well get it over and done with as fast as possible.

“Oh, you must be eager for some fun today,” it said. Its tone implied that it found that humorous. Sans didn’t care.

“Yeah, sure,” he said.

It didn’t take him long to finish eating and the metal lunchbox was taken away.

“All right now little one, would you like to have some fun?” it said.

“Yes,” Sans lied. He’d rather go back to his cell and wallow in his misery until he fell asleep again. But that wasn’t an option.

“Hmm, and what do you want to do for fun?”

Was it really going to make him ask for it to fuck him? Why couldn’t it just do it? Or better yet, why couldn’t it just die in a hole and never touch him again? Or even better, why couldn’t it die a slow agonizing death that left it begging for mercy? Mercy that Sans would never grant it.

“Fuck me,” Sans said with a whimper of anger and fear. How dare it do this to him? How dare it make him say he wanted this? “I want you to… fuck me.” He ground his teeth together as he spread his legs and summoned his pussy. Why did it have to do this to him? It wasn’t fair.

“Oh, very, very good,” it said. “You’re being such a good boy. I should find a way to reward you, shouldn’t I?” Its tentacles started playing with his pussy as it spoke, arousing him all too quickly.
“Will… will you let go me home?”

“If you continue to be this good I’ll consider it. But only after the eggs hatch.”

Sans nodded, moaning as its tentacle-dick pushed into him and started thrusting. He’d already decided that he was going to do that. If it meant he to go home at the end of this, it was worth it.

“All right now little one, I need to see your soul.”

“What? W-why?” he stammered in fear. Surely it wasn’t going to make him let it rape his soul again? It couldn’t do that to him after he’d been so good.

“Oh, calm down, you’ve been good,” it assured him. “So, I won’t force you into soul sex. But I need to see it to make sure you don’t accidentally hurt yourself with your attack magic.”

Remembering back to what it had said about its magic-suppressant slime, that meant he’d been here for a whole week. But had it worn completely off or was it about to? If he called on his magic right now would it work? Probably not, there was no way the monster would risk that.

Shuddering in fear and fighting against his instincts, he summoned his soul. It was glowing bright with his arousal and terror. He fought to keep it still as one of the monsters’ tentacles reached for it.

“Very good,” the monsters said as one of its tentacle wrapped around his soul. It sent waves of approval and comfort into it, helping him relax a little.

He moaned in pleasure and despair, spreading his legs a little wider. He did his best to just focus on how its tentacle-dick felt thrusting inside him, and not on the feel of its tentacle on his soul.

But he couldn’t ignore the cold, wet, disgusting feeling as its tentacle secreted its magic-suppressant slime. He gagged and shuddered as he felt his soul absorb it. “Ugh…” he said, tears filling his eyes. It was gross. Why did it have to be so gross?

“There you go, all done,” it said with a giggle. “You’re doing such a good job.” It returned his soul to his chest and picked up the pace on its thrusts a little bit. Sans nodded as he moaned, unable to respond.

A short time later, he moaned and whimpered some more as his climax hit despite how gross his soul felt. The walls of his magic clamped around the tentacle-dick just as it swelled and released into him, almost as if his body were trying to milk it. Why did this have to feel so good?

Later when he was back in his cell and the monster had left and locked the door, he used his finger to scratch a small mark in the cave wall. It hurt but he didn’t care, he needed a way to keep track of time. And the only way to do that was by keeping track of when it renewed its magic block on his soul. Which, according to it, would be once a week.

Meaning he’d been here for a week already. It had felt more like a month of misery all by its self. And it would be three whole months before the eggs hatched and he (maybe) got to go home. That was about twelve weeks or so and he’d only made it through one so far. How could he possibly survive eleven more weeks of this?

He groaned as he curled up on the bed in despair, still looking at the mark he’d made on the cave wall. One whole week and no one had come to rescue him. Were they even still looking for him or had they given up?
Surely Papyrus wouldn’t rest until he found Sans, even if the Royal Guard did eventually give up. So, he just had to wait until Papyrus found him and saved him. He could endure until then.

But what if Papyrus wasn’t looking for him? What if Papyrus was glad to be free of his demanding little brother? Sans had been awfully bossy towards him the past couple of years after all. What if because of all that he hated Sans now and was happy he was gone?

The thought alone brought tears to Sans eyes. That couldn’t be true, could it? Papyrus was his big brother, he’d always had Sans back for as long as Sans could remember. But he wasn’t here. Was that because he hadn’t found Sans yet or was he just not looking all that hard, if at all? There was no way Sans could know for sure unless Papyrus rescued him.

“Please Pappy, please be looking for me,” he begged quietly as he tears spilled over. He curled up into as tight a ball as his pregnant belly would allow. Obviously, his begging did nothing, Papyrus would never be able to hear him, but it made him feel a tiny bit better anyway. “Please Pappy, I need you now more than anything. Please save me soon, please.”

More time passed with no one coming to rescue him. The monster continued to fuck him and he continued to cooperate with it. He always did and said whatever it wanted him to, no matter how much he would rather not. As much as he hated doing so he had no choice. Cooperating was better than the alternatives and might eventually lead to him being freed.

It felt like another entirety before he was scratching another mark in the wall next to the first one. Two weeks, he’d been here for two weeks, or about. He had no way of knowing if it was exactly seven days for it to renew the magic block on his soul. But it was the only form of time measurement that he had, so it would have to do.

“Let’s try something new, shall we little one?” it asked what was probably the day after it had renewed the magic block on his soul.

Sans had just finished eating, meaning it was time for it fuck him. He’d even already summoned his pussy without being told or prompted to. And to his chagrin he was already a little wet with just the thought of it fucking him. How could he have fallen so low?

“W-what do you mean?” he asked, not caring to try to keep the tremble from his voice. He didn’t want to know what horrible thing it was going to ask him to do next.

Instead of answering it brought out its tentacle-dick. Sans got a little wetter at the sight of it. But instead of going between his legs and pushing into his waiting pussy like it had done every other time the monster had brought it out, it went to hover near his face. “Open your mouth and summon your tongue and throat,” the monster said.

Sans whimpered but obeyed. He knew where this was going and he didn’t want it. But he had no choice. Until he was rescued or it let him go after its eggs had hatched, he was little more than its sex toy.

“Very good,” it praised him. “Now I’m sure you can guess what I want you to do. If you do a good job, I’ll make you feel good too. I can see how much you want me to.” Of course it had noticed his pussy was wet.

After taking a deep steadying breath, Sans stuck out his tongue to lick along the underside of its tentacle-dick. He shuddered at the taste but kept going. He yelped when it suddenly thrust into his
mouth, forcing its way to the back of his conjured throat. Being a skeleton he didn’t have a gag reflex but it was still too much. It was too big and he couldn’t breathe and…

“Breathe through your nose,” it instructed him in a calm voice.

Shuddering with tears in eyes, Sans did as he was told. He needed to get this over with fast. He pulled his head back, letting his tongue drag at the underside of its dick.

“You are going much too slow,” it said.

Sans whimpered in fear as he forced himself to speed up as he started to take it back in. He swallowed around it, not knowing how much it wanted him to try to fit in his mouth.

“Still too slow,” it said. “But I guess I can’t blame you, you’ve never done this before after all.”

Before Sans could try to speed on his own the tentacle-dick thrust mercilessly into his mouth once more. It shoved roughly all the way to the back of his conjured throat before pulling back out only to thrust right back in again, over and over again. It was much too fast and hard for Sans to be comfortable with.

He whimpered as he closed eyes and his tears spilled over. Focusing on breathing through his nose he forced himself to relax as much as possible and just let it have its way with him. The less he struggled and resisted the faster this would be done, hopefully.

“There you go, just relax,” it said. Some more of its tentacles were roaming over his body. One slipped down to push into his still far too aroused pussy, how could he still be turned on after all this?

He moaned as it filled and stretched him out, clenching around it. It started thrusting in time to the tentacle-dick thrusting into his mouth.

He squeezed his eyes shut as he leaned back against the tentacle wrapped around his ribcage. He was half tempted to bite down as hard as he could, but didn’t. He’d get in big trouble if he did.

“You’re going to swallow,” it said after what felt like ages.

That was the only warning Sans got before its tentacle-dick stilled, swelling as it released into his mouth. He choked a little on the explosion of cum, but he managed to catch himself and started swallowing it. It tasted gross and he wanted to spit it out but it had told him to swallow and so he did.

He took several deep relieved breathes as it tentacle-dick finally withdrew from his mouth. He wiped the drool and spilled cum off the sides of his mouth with the back of his hand. Gosh, he really needed a bath.

“Ah, see wasn’t that fun?” it said.

“Y-yes, it was fun,” Sans deadpanned. He was far too used to lying to it by now.

“You want to come too, little one?”

He was starting to get close to his own climax as its tentacle continued to thrust into him. “Yes, please.” He made an exaggerated sound of pleasure as he clenched around the tentacle each time it filled him. It felt good and he did want to come. That would mean this would end.

It giggled as it sped up its thrusting a little. Which quickly brought Sans over the edge. He moaned loudly as he came. He’d stopped trying to stifle himself a while ago, it had never made any
difference anyway.

He relaxed as he came down off his high. He took several more deep breaths to ward off his need to burst into uncontrolled sobs. The taste of its cum hung around in the back of his throat, making him want to vomit.

He had to remind himself that this was only temporary, Papyrus was going to rescue him soon (maybe) and it would all be over. Or failing that once the eggs hatched he would (maybe) be allowed to go free. He just had to hold on until then. He could make it through this.

Another week or so passed much the same. There were three marks on the wall now, meaning he’d been here for approximately three weeks. Three long terrible weeks with no one coming to rescue him. The Guard had no doubt given up looking for him by now. It was their policy that if a missing person wasn’t found within the first two weeks they were presumed dead.

But what about Papyrus, was he still looking? Or had he given up too? Assuming he’d been looking in the first place. Or what if something had happened to him and he was dead or incapacitated? And that was why he hadn’t arrived yet. Sans had no way of knowing. He could only hope that Papyrus was smart enough to keep himself out of trouble and still cared enough to continue to search for Sans.

But the thought of Papyrus being dead was horrifying. He refused to dwell on it. Papyrus had always been strong, he was probably okay. He just hadn’t found Sans yet. (Assuming he was even searching.)

“Who’s Pappy?” his captor asked him one day after fucking him one day. They’d done oral a few more times but mostly it stuck to fucking his pussy, which was how he preferred it. “You’re always crying to him when you’re asleep and sometimes when you’re awake too. So, who is he?”

“My brother.” Sans didn’t want to talk about Papyrus, especially since Papyrus might come to save him. But he had to answer or risk making it unhappy with him.

“You think he might come to save you?”

“I don’t know.” Hopefully. More than anything else in the world Sans hoped Papyrus would come to save him soon.

“If he does come, how do you think he’ll react to seeing that you’ve become such an obedient little whore?”

Sans froze at that thought. How would Papyrus react if he saw Sans like this? Big and pregnant with this thing’s eggs and letting it fuck him whenever and in whatever way it wanted. He’d be disgusted. Disgusted and disappointed.

“I-I don’t know,” Sans whimpered, tears blurring his vision. In the past three weeks, he’d probably cried more than the rest of his life combined. He hadn’t even known it was possible to cry this much. Surely, he had to run out tears eventually, right?

Sans looked down at himself. The monster was cradling him, stroking and petting him, paying special attention to his pregnant belly like it always did. And he was lying here and letting it do that. Part of him was even enjoying it. It felt good and relaxing. It was disgusting, he was disgusting. If Papyrus ever saw him like this he’d be disgusted and would no doubt start to hate Sans for being so disgusting.
Just the thought alone of Papyrus seeing him like this almost made Sans want to sob. He still needed Papyrus to save him but… What if when Papyrus saw him like this he was too disgusted and decided to just leave him? He couldn’t take that, he’d rather die.

“If he ever does come and try to steal you from me, I’ll kill him,” the monster said with a cruel giggle.

Sans froze. He hadn’t considered what the monster might do if it caught Papyrus trying to rescue him. Would Papyrus be able to fight it off? Sans hadn’t, but he’d been taken by surprise, Papyrus probably wouldn’t be. But the monster was still big and strong, would Papyrus stand a chance against it?

“Anyway, little one, you’ve been awfully good,” it continued. “I think you deserve a reward. What would like? Other than me letting you go, because if that happens it’ll only happen after the eggs hatch.”

Sans thought for a moment, a bit jarred by the sudden change of topic. “A bath?” he said, thinking about how filthy he was.

“A bath it is then.” It wrapped its tentacle around his ribcage, lifting him up. It then gently lowered him into the water.

He shivered, the water was cold. But he didn’t care that much, he was getting a bath. “D-do you have a-any soap?” he asked. If he could clean himself with some soap he could maybe feel half way decent again.

“No, but I can try to get some next time I go out,” it said. “You have been behaving really well after all. And that seems like a pretty good reward, don’t you think?”

“Yeah.” He nodded. Its tentacle was still wrapped around his ribcage, preventing him from sinking further into the water or trying to swim away. Not that he would be able to get far even without it there.

“For now, let’s try to get you as cleaned up as best I can.”

Sans nodded eagerly, any amount of being cleaner would do right now. Not that he’d ever feel truly clean again but it would maybe make him feel a little bit better at least.

From somewhere off to the side, it pulled out what Sans recognized as the shirt he’d worn underneath his armor. It was torn from when the monster had ripped it off him. But, it didn’t matter as it probably wouldn’t fit him anymore anyway, not with his belly as big as it was. Heck, none of his old clothes would fit him like this. But seeing it reminded him of how much he missed wearing clothes.

It dunked the shirt under water and started gently scrubbing him with it. Without soap, it didn’t do a whole lot, but it still rubbed away the worst of the grim covering his bones. And best of all, once it reached his pelvis it rubbed off the dried cum that had accumulated there over the past weeks, which was a huge relief.

Unfortunately, it rubbing him down there was enough to make magic start pooling in his pelvis as it aroused him. He even moaned like a gross disgusting whore at how good it felt, both the rubbing itself and the fact that he was a little bit cleaner.

“Ready for some more fun?” it asked with a giggle once it had cleaned him as much as possible without the use of soap.
“Yeah.” Sans nodded, having no choice but to go along with what it wanted. He’d rather not, even with being aroused, but he had no choice but to please it.

It shifted him so that he was floating on back, its tentacles still supporting him. Without further prompting he spread his legs and summoned his pussy. He couldn’t see much with his belly in the way but he could feel its tentacle-dick push into him. Stretching him and filling him in an all too familiar way that felt good and pleasurable.

“Very good,” it praised him as it wasted no time starting to thrust into him.

Having no ground to brace his hands against each one of its thrusts caused his body to rock in the water against the tentacles supporting him. He moaned as he relaxed into it, trusting the monster to keep him afloat. The cold water surrounding him felt good against his heated bones.

Why did this have to feel good though? How could he possibly be enjoying this? It’s not like he had any choice but to cooperate with it but that didn’t mean he had to start liking it. Maybe it was just pregnancy hormones making him horny and had nothing to do with how he actually felt. And the fact that he was cleaner probably helped too.

Soon its thrusting speed up a little, a sign that it was starting to get close. Sans was too, moaning and clenching around it, his dignity long forgotten.

The monster made a small noise of pleasure, its tentacle-dick swelling as it released deep inside him. The feel of it coming inside him triggered Sans’ own climax. Making him moaned loudly as his walls tightened around it.

It pulled out and he let his pussy dissipate. Its cum washed away in the water instead of landing on his pelvis this time. Meaning he got to stay relatively clean for a little while longer.

One of its tentacles wrapped around his ribcage and lifted him back up and out of the water. He shivered as the air hit his wet bones. But it started cradling him again, warming him up as its tentacles started stroking him again. He relaxed in its hold, his eyes drooping.

“You’re being such a good boy,” it praised him as he drifted off to sleep.
“Papyrus, it’s been more a month, there’s no way Sans is still alive,” Alphys said. “So, just give the fuck up already and leave me the fuck alone.”

Papyrus growled. “The fuck do you know?” he said. Sans couldn’t be dead, Papyrus refused to believe that. He was out there somewhere in need of their help to get him out of whatever situation he was in.

“I know it’s highly unlikely that whoever or whatever fucking kissed him would bother to keep him alive after all this time.”

Papyrus growled again, barely resisting the urge to punch Alphys in the face. She was supposed to have been Sans’ friend how could she have given up on him like this?

There was absolutely no evidence anywhere that Sans was dead. His dust was nowhere to be found and the repeated dredging of the river in the area around where he’d disappeared hadn’t brought up his armor. Meaning he was still alive somewhere, probably counting on Papyrus and Alphys to come save him because he apparently couldn’t save himself this time.

Why had he even thought going on patrol alone was a good idea? Especially into one of the areas that wasn’t covered by any of Undyne’s cameras. Meaning they had nothing to go off of when it came to what might have happened to him or where he might have ended up. But he had to be still alive somewhere, waiting for Papyrus to come save him.

“Undyne, help me out here,” Papyrus said. The three of them were in her lab, he’d interrupted them when they’d been talking about something.

“He’s dead,” Undyne said. “Get over it and move on.”

“He’s not fucking dead. Stop saying that.”

Sans needed him right now, probably more than ever. How was Papyrus supposed to find him without the Royal Guard’s resources?

“Look Papyrus,” Alphys said with an obviously forced calm. “We can’t continue to waste resources looking for him when all logic points to him being dead. We’ve already searched for him a lot longer than we normally do for most missing person cases.”

“He’s not dead though. We just have to keep looking for him and we’ll eventually find him.” There was no way Papyrus could accept that Sans was dead without seeing absolute proof. Sans was the only family he had, he wasn’t going to just give up on him like that. “Undyne, there has to some sign of him somewhere on your cameras.”

“I already told you a thousand fucking times that there isn’t.” she said. “I’m sorry but he’s dead, that happens sometimes, hold a f-funeral for him and move on.”

“Fuck,” Papyrus growled. How could he have let Sans get kidnapped? He should’ve been there to watch out for him. But instead he’d been napping at his sentry station. “Fine I’ll continue to look for him by myself. And when I bring him back don’t blame me when he yells at you for giving up on him so soon.”

He turned on his heel, shoving his hands into his coat pockets as he strode out of the lab. Sans was
probably going to be mad at him too for taking so long. But it didn’t matter as long as Sans was okay. He’d gladly take any amount of rage as long it meant Sans was safe.

But how was Papyrus going to find him? Especially without the Royal Guard’s help. He didn’t have a whole lot of options. He’d already looked everywhere he could and wasn’t sure where else he could go.

With a frustrated growl, he teleported to just outside of Muffet’s. He needed a drink. He strode in, ignoring the looks the usual patrons were shooting him. He hadn’t been in here in a while, he’d been too busy looking for Sans.

“Heard your brother’s dead,” Muffet said as he approached the bar. She was already preparing his usual, hard whiskey with a dash of hot sauce.

“He’s not dead,” he said with a slight growl. “He’s just missing, I’m gonna find him.”

“And how are you going to do that?” she asked, finishing his drink and handing it to him.

“I… I don’t know yet. The Guard’s stopped looking for him so I’m on my own now.” He threw back his drink, downing it in one go.

“You have any leads?” Muffet wasn’t asking because she cared. She didn’t care much about anything other than her bar and making gold. She just wanted in on some potential gossip. Sans being missing was something that a lot of people were talking about, especially here in Snowdin where his temper was well known.

“No, he was in an area of Waterfall that doesn’t have any cameras set up. And no one’s seen any sign of him anywhere.”

“How do you know he’s not dead?”

“I… I just do.” He couldn’t handle the thought of Sans being dead. “There’s no evidence, no one’s found his dust or even his armor. So, he has to still be alive.” Sans had to be alive, he just had to be.

Muffet mixed him another drink and handed it to him. He again downed it in one go. How could he possibly find Sans? The Underground was a big place and he and the Royal Guard had already searched so much of it, especially in the Waterfall area.

“Yo, I heard Sansy’s dead,” Doggo butted in suddenly as he walked up behind Papyrus.

“He’s not dead,” Papyrus growled. People needed to stop saying that before he punched somebody.

“What’cha gonna do without your little lord bossing ya around all the time?” Doggo pressed up against Papyrus’ back, putting a hand on his shoulder as he leaned in. Papyrus could smell the smoke and alcohol on his breath, it was almost gag-worthy when it was mixed with that natural dog breath stench.

“I’m gonna find him.” He swatted Doggo’s hand off his shoulder.

“Why? If I were you, I’d be happy he’s gone. He was a demanding little bitch, especially to you.”

Instead of responding with words, Papyrus stood up. Turning around, he punched Doggo squarely in the gut. He made a huffing cough sound as he doubled over in pain, clutching at his midriff. Before he could recover, Papyrus gave him a shove, causing him to fall to the floor with a thud.
“Don’t ya ever talk about my bro like that again,” he said, placing his foot on Doggo’s chest. He pressed down hard enough to cause Doggo to whimper in pain through his desperate attempts to regain his breath. He held it down like that long enough to convey a clear warning without doing any real harm.

“Ugh,” Doggo groaned when Papyrus lifted his foot. “Fuck you too you piece of shit.”

“Fuck him up,” one of the onlookers cheered. Their shout was quickly followed by more shouts encouraging Papyrus to beat the shit out of Doggo.

He ignored them all as he turned back around to sit in his seat once more. He also ignored the sounds of disappointment behind him as he gestured for Muffet to fix him another drink. He didn’t have time for bar fights right now. He had to come up with some kind of plan to find Sans and get him out of whatever trouble he’d landed himself in.

“Fucking asshole,” Doggo muttered behind him before presumably stumbling off.

Later Papyrus went back to the area of Waterfall Sans had disappeared in. There were several corridors he could’ve gone down once he’d gotten away from the cameras. Any one of them could’ve easily hid someone waiting in ambush in the shadows. But they had searched the place thoroughly and hadn’t found any trace of Sans or anyone who might’ve kidnapped him. There had to be something somewhere though. Sans couldn’t have just vanished.

Papyrus went down the one with the river running through it. The one Sans was most likely to have gone down since it was the most direct path, even if it was also the darkest. Sans wouldn’t have cared about that. He’d always gone out of his way to make sure people didn’t think he was a coward even if he really was afraid of something.

Papyrus sighed as he walked. He was unsteady on his feet due to the copious amounts of alcohol he’d consumed at Muffet’s earlier. He had to force himself to leave before he got so drunk he passed out. He still had to find Sans somehow, getting blackout drunk wouldn’t help.

Over the past month, he’d become very familiar with this part of the Waterfall. With the Royal Guard’s help, he’d searched the entire place several times, looking for any sign of Sans. As time had gone on Alphys and everyone else had become more and more convinced that they were searching for dust. They would’ve given up looking entirely a lot sooner if Papyrus hadn’t been very insistent on them continuing the search. But now, he couldn’t get them to look anymore.

Pretty much the only place they hadn’t thoroughly searched was the bottom of the river. He’d suggested finding an aquatic monster to search down there for them, but Alphys had refused. She’d insisted that there couldn’t be anything down there. The water was too cold in this part of Waterfall for any of the aquatic monsters to be comfortable staying in for any significant length of time.

He stared down into the river as it flowed by him. Would it be worth his time to find a way to search down there himself? It would be difficult. He didn’t have any gold to hire someone to search for him. And he couldn’t do it himself. He couldn’t breathe underwater and was one of the worst swimmers of all time. He could ask Undyne, she could breathe underwater and was presumably a good swimmer. And she was a friend so she might be willing to help him as long he promised her a favor in the future.

He gathered his magic to teleport back to her lab. Alphys had left by now and Undyne was working on some science thing that Papyrus didn’t care about.
“Hey Undyne,” he said, his speech only a little slurred from the alcohol.

She jumped up with a squeak of surprise. “Don’t fucking do that,” she growled. “Can’t you use the goddamn door like a n-normal fucking person?”

“Sorry, but do ya think you could help me look for my brother?”

She groaned. “He’s…”

“Not dead,” Papyrus cut her off. “Do ya think ya could swim around in the river near where he disappeared and see if ya can’t find anything.”

“Do you think I’ll find some h-hidden underwater passage or something? And that whatever grabbed S-Sans dragged him through that and is keeping him prisoner in some hidden cavern on the other side?”

“I… I don’t know, maybe,” Papyrus said. “But the river is the only place we haven’t searched thoroughly so there could be something there. So, will ya help me for old times’ sake?” He gave his best attempt at a friendly smile.

“I can’t, I have work to do.”

“But… but it won’t take more than an hour or two at most. And I’ll owe you big time, even if we don’t find anything.”

Undyne sighed heavily as the pushed her hair back behind her fin and crossed her arms. She looked at him through her glasses, stern but not angry. “Papyrus, Sans is dead. I’m s-sorry but this kind of thing just happens sometimes. Y-you can’t change it no matter how m-much you want to.”

“But…”

“No ‘but’s,’” Undyne cut him off. “I know it must be hard not having any closure or d-dust to spread for a proper ‘goodbye’, but that doesn’t change the fact that Sans is dead. You’re never going to find him. All you’re doing while looking for him is wasting your time. It’s time to m-move on.”

“He’s not fucking dead.” Papyrus pounded his fist on the table with a growl, causing everything on it to jump a few inches in the air before landing with a clatter. But as quickly as his anger had manifested it disappeared. “He can’t be dead, he just… can’t be.”

Sans being dead would mean Papyrus was basically all alone in the world. For a very long time the only thing they’d had was each other. So, he couldn’t just accept that Sans was gone forever.

There were a few moments of silence before he felt Undyne place a tentative hand on his shoulder. Looking up at her, he realized that tears had started to trickle down his face.

“I’m sorry,” was all she said.

He looked back down at the floor, his eyes filled with tears of anger and sadness. Sans couldn’t be dead. Yeah, all logic pointed to him being dust. He’d been missing for about month with no sign of him anywhere. If he’d been kidnapped they should’ve been able to find him by now unless he was being held in an extremely well-hidden cavern somewhere. What was the chance of there being a place in the Underground no one knew about?

But still, how could Sans be dead? He’d always been so strong and tough. What he lacked in size he made up for in attitude and willpower. How could he have been killed so easily by some unknown
bandit without leaving any trace behind?

“He can’t be dead,” Papyrus said. Sans was his baby brother, Papyrus had always watched out for him and protected him when they’d been growing up. Papyrus had practically raised him. So, he couldn’t be dead because Papyrus still had to protect him.

“I’m s-sorry.” Undyne sighed again. “But it really is time to move on now.”

“He can’t be dead, Undyne. How could he just up and die like that? He has to be alive somewhere even if we can’t find him. We just have to look harder.”

“You’ve already looked e-everywhere. You’re not going to find him,” she replied. “Now, you’ve c-clearly had a bit too much to drink, why don’t you go home and take a nap? You’ll feel better a-afterward.”

“I know we’ve looked everywhere, he just has to be somewhere we haven’t looked yet.”

“Fucking hell,” Undyne muttered under her breath. “I’m sorry, I really am but he’s dead. T-there’s nothing you can do to change that. It’s time to fucking move on already.”

“But he can’t be dead. There’s no dust or anything.”

“Look why don’t you just g-go home and go to bed. M-maybe you’ll think of something tomorrow.”

“But I… okay.” Papyrus nodded. He hadn’t slept properly in a while, he’d been too worried about Sans. As a result, he was dead tired and the alcohol only made that worse.

Maybe after a proper night’s rest he would be able to think of something he hadn’t tried yet that might lead to finding and saving Sans. Unless of course, everyone was right and Sans really was dead. That couldn’t be true though, could it?
“I’ve been wondering something for a while now,” the monster said. It had brought him out to feed him and it had just finished fucking him a little while ago.

“W-what is it?” Sans was afraid to know. It was probably something else horrible that it was going to do to him that he was going to be forced to cooperate with.

“If I stick something into one of your eye sockets will it cause any significant harm?”

Sans froze, not liking where this was going. “I-I don’t think so. B-but it would probably hurt.” It couldn’t be thinking about doing what Sans thought it was thinking about, could it?

“Hmm, let’s do some experimenting, shall we?” it said, sending a shudder of horror down Sans’ spine. But he had no choice but to go along with it.

It summoned its tentacle-dick again. Sans couldn’t hold back a small whimper of fear as it approached his right eye socket. He had to resist the urge to close his eyes and turn his head away. This was no doubt going to suck but he didn’t dare try to defy it.

Its tentacle-dick got closer. Its tip rubbed against the outer edges of his eye. Teasing him and prolonging his horrible anticipation about what it was going to do to him.

“You want me to fuck your eye socket?” the monster asked.

“Y-yeah,” Sans lied with a whimper. He just barely managed to keep his head from turning to the side. He didn’t want this. Why did it have to hurt him like this? Why couldn’t it just leave him alone? “P-please fuck me.” He couldn’t bring himself to say where and could only hope that that satisfied it.

“Very good,” it praised him. “You’re such a perfect little pet, aren’t you?”

“Yeah.” Sans shuddered. At this point that was true. He was nothing but an obedient little pet to it. He had no other choice if he wanted to be let go at the end of this.

It wasted no more time inserting its tentacle-dick into his eye socket. It was a tight fit as it squeezed in, piercing the magic in there and temporarily blinding him. It hurt and he wanted it out right now.

But he somehow managed not to make any sound as it slowly slid in and pressed up against the back of his skull. Instead he forced his body to relax as much as he could make it. The less resistance he put up, the less it would hurt, hopefully.

“It feels all tingly,” the monster said. “How does it feel for you?”

Sans wasn’t sure if it wanted him to lie and say it felt good or tell the truth. “It uh… hurts?” he said. Maybe that would get it to stop. It had to be careful not to hurt him too much since he was carrying its eggs after all.

“Hmm,” it said, thoughtfully. “A lot?”

“No?” It wasn’t unbearable pain, he could take it if he had to, but he’d rather not.

“Then it should be no problem then as long as I’m careful,” it said with a cruel laugh, crushing Sans’ hope that it wouldn’t do this.
Without any further ado, it pulled its tentacle-dick back out only to thrust right back in again. Sans yelped in pain, that had hurt a whole lot more. And it wasn’t stopping. It kept thrusting into him, ignoring his pained whimpers.

His other eye flooded over with tears as he tried to make himself relax as much as possible, which wasn’t very much. It hurt and felt *wrong*. Things weren’t supposed to go into his eye sockets. Especially things like that.

Gritting his teeth, he breathed deeply, not letting himself give into panic or despair. He had to stiffen his neck so that its thrusts wouldn’t snap his head back. He just sat there and cried as he let it use his face like a sex toy.

Eventually he started to get used to the pain each one of its thrusts caused to the magic in his eye. It wasn’t as bad as it could’ve been, it wasn’t thrusting at full force at least. But he still hated it and wanted it gone. Yet he still sat there and took it.

“See this isn’t so bad, is it?” the monster prompted.

“It uh…” Sans scrambled to think of what lie it wanted him to say. It was hard when he was so distracted by his face getting fucked. All he could think about was how much he wanted it to stop but couldn’t do anything about it. “…feels good?” he finished eventually.

“Yes, very good job,” it said. Good, Sans had said the right thing so it wasn’t upset with him.

They were silent for a little while after that. Sans did his best not to think about it and just endure it. It would finish and then he could… When it finished, it would be spraying the back of his skull with cum. How would he ever clean that out properly?

“D-don’t…” he began before cutting himself off. Asking it not to do something wouldn’t get him anywhere but in trouble.

“Hmm, what were you going to say?” it asked.

“I uh… can you… n-not in my head, p-please,” he said hoping it wouldn’t take offense.

It giggled derisively, but at least it wasn’t mad. “You’re cute,” it said.

Sans whimpered but didn’t dare say anything else. He was just going to have to deal with it. It wasn’t like it could bring him lower anyway.

It felt like forever before it swelled and released inside his skull. Its cum hit the back of his skull, thick, warm, and uncomfortable. It started dripping down, making him want to gag. It was gross and disgusting and it was going to dry there if he didn’t clean it off right away. But he had no way to clean out right now.

“Ha, the look on your face is priceless.” The monster laughed at him. “Maybe next time I’ll make you beg for me to finish in your mouth.”

It at least pulled its tentacle-dick out of his eye socket. His vision returned albeit a bit blurry. His eye socket was sore and achy due to its rough treatment. But it didn’t feel like it had actually suffered any real damage.

“C-can I go lay down n-now please?” Sans whimpered. He covered his sore eye with the palm of his head as if that could protect it from further intrusions.
“Sure, I have some stuff I need to go do anyway.”

One of its tentacles wrapped around his chest to help him stand up before releasing him. He walked back to his cell. He even opened and closed the door himself, acting as if he wanted to be here. It locked the door even though at this point Sans probably wouldn’t have bothered with leaving the cell when it was gone. There was no way out of the cavern anyway.

Once it was gone, Sans lowered himself onto the bed. He did his best to ignore the feel of its cum already starting to dry against the back of his skull and stared at the marks he’d made on the wall. As of what had to be a couple days ago, there were six of them now. He’d been here for more than a month. He just had to endure for less than two more and then he could go (maybe) home.

And he was going to have to endure until the end of the three months. Rescue most certainly was not coming. Assuming Papyrus was still alive, which had to be the case anything else would be too much for Sans to think about, he either couldn’t find Sans or wasn’t looking.

Sans desperately hoped that he latter wasn’t true and wished he could dismiss it outright. But he’d had a lot of free time on his hands lately. Free time in which he couldn’t help but ruminate on all the fights he’d had with Papyrus over the past few years. During some of which he’d said some pretty awful things that he hadn’t really meant but had never apologized for.

Papyrus couldn’t be blamed if he didn’t care about Sans anymore. He’d be justified in doing so actually. That didn’t mean he did though. It was entirely possible that he just couldn’t find Sans.

“Just two more months,” he promised himself, forcing his mind away from Papyrus. He just had to carry its eggs for about two more months and then this nightmare would end. He could do that.

But why did time have to move so slow? Why couldn’t it go faster? He just wanted this nightmare to be over and done with. He wanted to go home and see Papyrus again. That wasn’t too much to ask for, was it?

“Just two more months,” he promised himself again with as much resolve as he could muster. After that he could (maybe) go home and everything would be all right again. He could endure until then.

“Come over here little one, I have a special treat for you,” the monster said. It was a while later and there were now seven marks on the wall. The monster had just come back from one of its outings. Which was an unusual time for it to invite him out.

“What is it?” Sans asked as he stood up from the bed where he’d been resting. He left his cell and started walking towards his captor. He was terrified of whatever its ‘special treat’ for him might be but he had no choice but to obey it.

“It’s something I know you’ll like,” the monster said. “But I’m going to make you work for it, okay?”

“O-okay.” Sans nodded still unsure what it might be. No doubt ‘work for it’ pertained to something to do with sex. Which he was very familiar with at this point so it didn’t really bother him as much as it should have.

Its tentacles wrapped around him to support him as he sat down in front of it. “Now remember a little while ago when we discussing ways to reward your good behaviour and you said you wanted a bath?”
Sans nodded. He’d kill for a proper bath with warm water and soap. It had bathed him with just water alone a few times but that wasn’t really enough. Though it was better than nothing.

“Well, I found this when I was out today.” It pulled out a plastic box. It opened it, revealing its contents to be a bar of soap and a clean washcloth.

Sans whined as he reached for it. With that he could take a bath and get properly clean for the first time in what felt like ages. He needed it.

The monster giggled, holding it just out of his reach. “You have to work for it, remember?” it said.

“Y-yeah, yeah, okay, whatever you want.” Sans nodded eagerly. It was going to make him say he liked it, nothing new. He’d been through that more times than he could count by now. Afterward he could take a bath and finally be clean.

“Good,” it said. “Now, I want you to beg for me to fuck you, and beg like you mean it too. If you do a good enough job, you’ll get a nice lovely bath afterward.”

It had never made him beg for it before. It had made him ask for it and say he liked it but it had never made him full on beg for it. How could it make him beg for it when he’d rather beg for it to let him go home and have this horrible nightmare be over with? But he had to do what it said and he’d at least get a bath afterward.

“P-please fuck me,” he said. He tried to make his voice sound like he was actually begging for it. “Please… fuck me, I want you to fuck me.” Thinking about how he would beg to be allowed to leave helped a little bit but he wasn’t sure how good a job he was doing. “… I need you to… fuck me.” A bath, he’d get a bath after this if he did a good job. A proper bath with soap.

“Hmm, where would you like to be fucked, little one?” the monster said. Maybe that meant he was doing a good job so far, hopefully anyway.

Sans whimpered as he spread his legs and summoned his pussy. “P-please fuck me, please,” he said. He almost sounded convincing that time. He wanted it to hurry up and fuck him so he could have his bath and then this part could be over. “I want you to fuck me, please fuck me.”

It giggled. “Oh, I should’ve had you do this a long time ago,” it said. “You’re so cute when you beg for it like that.”

“Just fuck me already, please.” Sans hated himself. It was making him beg for it and thought it was cute. Why couldn’t it just fuck him? Why did it have to make him beg for it of all things? “Stop being a fucking asshole and just fuck me already,” he said with a growl. He froze in terror as he realized he’d insulted it.

But to his great relief instead of getting mad, it started laughing. “Yeah, okay, since you’re so impatient,” it said.

To Sans’ surprise, it brought not one but two identical tentacle-dicks. He shouldn’t have been surprised, they were made of magic so it made since that it could summon more than one. But that didn’t mean he had to like the implication here.

One wasted no time pushing into his pussy. The other neared his face. He opened his mouth for it, even sticking out his tongue a little. But it ignored that invitation and slid into the magic of his right eye socket instead. He whimpered at the pain and discomfort that caused.

“Now beg one more time for me to fuck you until you can’t think straight,” it said. It’s tentacle-dicks
were pressed all the way back as far as they could go, not moving yet.

Sans took a deep breath, trying to block out the pain in his eye. “…Fuck me, please fuck me until I can’t think straight,” he said. “P-please fuck me.”

“Very good job,” it said. “You’ve definitely earned your bath.” Good, that was very good. He’d finally be clean after this.

It’s tentacles finally started moving. He did his best to focus on the one in his pussy. It didn’t bother him at all anymore, not even a little. Where once its thrusts had almost been enough to overwhelm him, they now felt natural. His body was used to be treated as a sex doll and there was nothing he could do about it.

He took a deep breath as he relaxed against the tentacle wrapped around his chest. He lay there and took it like the disgusting whore he was. He forced his mind away from the pain in his eye socket and how horrible this situation continued to be. He wasn’t sure whether or not it was a good thing that he was starting to get good at that.

He closed his free eye, ignoring the tears that trickled out of it. It hurt but he could survive this. A little bit of pain had never bothered him before. He could endure it.

And he was going to get a bath after this. That alone was enough to make this worth it. He’d always been a very clean person. Being forced to go so long without a proper cleaning made his entire situation worse. Being clean would help him endure until its eggs hatched and he got to home.

“W-when you come, can you not… can you do it in my m-mouth instead of my eye?” He said, thinking back to what it had said about making him beg to finish in his mouth next time. He’d much rather have that than have it finish inside his head again.

“Hmm, if you beg for it sure,” it said.

Sans shuddered, taking a deep breath. “C-come in my mouth p-please,” he said. He moaned in exaggerated pleasure, hoping to please it as he clenched his pussy around its thrusting member. “Feels good. Please, come in my mouth, I want it, please.” He sounded pathetic and disgusting but he really didn’t want any more cum coating the back of skull. Cleaning back there was not easy.

“You’re so cute I just might grant your request,” the monster said a giggle.

“You’re so cute I just might grant your request,” the monster said a giggle.

“P-please do, please.” Sans moaned again. He was getting close to climax now and was eager for it. After this he’d get a bath with soap.

A short time later its thrusts increased in pace a little, meaning it was getting close too. “Open your mouth, little one,” it instructed.

Sans eagerly did so, summoning his tongue and throat as well. He stuck his tongue out as he opened his mouth as wide as he could. But he was still barely ready for it when a short time later, it pulled the tentacle-dick out of his eye and shoved it roughly down his throat. A few more thrusts and it was swelling, pouring cum down his throat that almost made him choke.

He forced himself to swallow all of it though. Even as he felt the one in his pussy release at the same time triggering his own orgasm. His moan of pleasure was muffled by the dick in his mouth.

He came down and took several deeps breath as it withdrew from his mouth but not his pussy for some reason.
“You want to go again?” it asked.

“Please n- yes, please yes.” Sans corrected himself just in time. He just wanted a bath. It had fucked him multiple times in a row a few times before so this was nothing new. But he wanted to take a bath right fucking now. So, why did it have to choose to do that this time? It wasn’t fair. Nothing about this situation was fair. He wanted to go home and see Papyrus again.

It giggled, thankfully not upset by his near slip-up. “Let’s go again then, shall we?”

It started thrusting into his pussy again, causing its cum to squelch out around it. At the same time, it thrust back into this mouth too. He was just starting to be able to force himself to relax and just take it when he saw it had summoned yet another tentacle-dick. He whimpered as it went straight for his still sore eye and thrust right in.

“Hmm, you still have one free hole, I think you can take another, don’t you?”

Thankfully Sans couldn’t answer due to his mouth being full. He didn’t think he could take another. That would blind him completely and he didn’t want that. But he had no choice.

His vision blurred with tears when he saw that it had summoned another. It was moving towards his free eye. He whimpered closing it as tight as he could, before remembering that he couldn’t defy it. So, he immediately opened it again, shaking as it got closer.

He yelped in pain and fear around the member in his mouth as it thrust into his eye. It hurt and he couldn’t see!

Having his vision lost to him made everything happening to his body feel more intense. It wouldn’t have been so bad if it were just his pussy getting fucked. But every thrust into his mouth was uncomfortable and intrusive as it forced its way down his throat. And each thrust into his eye sockets hurt more, those two were in sync so that as one pulled out the other was pushing back in. And it hurt.

He whimpered and no doubt would’ve burst into sobs if he eyes weren’t otherwise occupied. Even with breathing through his nose he still couldn’t get enough oxygen and was starting to hyperventilate. He might faint if this didn’t end soon.

“Just breath,” it said in a soothing voice. Bringing him back from the edge of panic, it rubbed a gentle but firm tentacle up and down his back. “You’re doing good, just relax and take deep breaths. When we’re done, you’ll have earned your bath.”

Trembling, Sans gripped the tentacle wrapped around his chest as tight as he could, as if it were his only lifeline. He hated himself for it, but its attempts at soothing him were working. He did his best to force his body to relax as much as he could with it fucking him every which way. It had made him beg for it for fuck him until he couldn’t think straight. It had certainly accomplished that.

It felt like it took hours and hours of endless torture before it reached climax again. He whimpered as he forced himself to swallow the cum flooding his mouth, trying to ignore the feel of its cum hitting the back of his skull. It was gross and there was so much of it and he would never be to clean it properly.

“Ugh… ugh…” he whimpered as its tentacle-dicks finally withdrew. He blinked his eyes as his vision returned. “P-please no m-more,” he begged. He couldn’t take anymore.

“Don’t worry, we’re done for now.” Its tentacles scooped him up and started cradling him. “That seemed like it was a bit stressful so we probably won’t be doing it a whole lot. Stressing you out too
much probably isn’t very good for the babies.” Its tentacle pet over his belly, emphasizing its point.

Sans whimpered. That meant it was probably going to do that again in future, maybe multiple times. He wanted to beg for it not to, but he’d already pushed his luck when he’d begged for no more. And the only reason it was concerned about not stressing him out too much was because he was carrying its eggs, how fucked up was that?

“Now how about that bath, huh?” Its voice was far too cheery, as if it was proud of the fact that it had just horribly abused Sans. And it no doubt was.

“Y-yes, bath please.” Sans nodded with more energy than he’d had in a long time. A bath, even in cold water, would surely help him feel at least a little bit better.

It lowered him into the cold water. He shivered and shook, clutching at one of its tentacles to stay afloat. He didn’t have the energy or willpower to keep his head above water otherwise.

“You’re a very good pet, huh? And you deserve a bath, don’t you?” it said.

“Y-yeah, I’m a good pet, I deserve a bath.” He nodded. He’d feel better when he was finally properly clean. He then he could take a nice long nap and forgot all about this for a little while. Until tomorrow when he woke up and it fucked him again like it did every day. And the day after that would be the same, and so on and so on.

He whimpered, his sore eyes filling with tears that stung a little as they spilled over. He couldn’t take much more of this. But he had to, he was going to endure until its eggs hatched. After that he could home and everything would be over. He just had to hang on until then.

The monster pulled the soap and washcloth from earlier out again. It started cleaning him, very carefully and thoroughly He was more than content to lay there and let it do all the work. He was too tired to do much anyway and probably would’ve fallen asleep if the water weren’t so cold. But even with it being cold it still felt amazing to finally be getting cleaned. And he even managed to stop shaking underneath its gentle touch.

“Wow, you’re really like this,” it said.

“Yeah.” The first time in a long time when he wasn’t lying to it. He did like it, probably more than he should. He should still be repulsed that it was touching him, even to clean him, but he wasn’t.

“C-Can you drip a l-little water into my eye sockets?” he asked. That would hopefully clean out its cum from the back of his skull. “P-please.”

“Sure,” it said. It squeezed the wet wash cloth out over his eye.

Sans flinched as the feel of the cold water dripped through the magic in his eye socket. But he could feel it working and nodded for more. It wasn’t long before the water had washed away the last of its cum, it all flowed out as he tipped his head forward.

It then lifted him out of the water, shivering and cold. But clean! He was clean, properly with soap and everything.

It wrapped its tentacles around him, cradling him and warming him up. “How are you feeling?” it asked.

“Cold, tired,” he mumbled.
“You excited to be a mommy soon?” it asked.

Sans looked down at himself, at his pregnant belly and the tentacles gently caressing it. How could he have gotten so used to this? Not only the feel of them in there but also the sight. It was gross and disgusting but he was used to it. He still wanted them gone but they didn’t bother him as much as they had before.

“Y-yeah, I’m excited,” he lied. He was eager to have them gone but not excited about the prospects of being a ‘mommy’. But once they hatched this nightmare would (hopefully) be over and he could go home and never think about this again. He just had to hold on until then.
Exhaustion

Tired was the only word that could explain how Sans felt. He hadn’t even known that it was possible to feel this tired and not be able to fall asleep. Why couldn’t he just stay asleep forever and not wake up until this nightmare was over?

He should be berating himself for being so lazy. At first, he’d managed to do a little exercise here and there. Mostly walking around his cell and doing simple stretches, nothing too strenuous, being pregnant made it kind of difficult anyway. But it had still been exercise. He hadn’t been laying around moping all day.

As time had continued to drag ever so slowly on though, he’d done less and less of that. And now even the mere thought of getting out of bed seemed like a monumental task, one that he didn’t care to achieve.

He was laying on the mattress with the blanket pulled up to his chin. He was staring at the marks he made on the wall. There were ten of them now. That meant ten weeks. He’d been here for ten weeks. Ten long weeks.

But that meant he was almost done with this. In a few more weeks the eggs would hatch and he would be able to go home. That thought had been the only thing keeping him from completely losing his mind for a while now. He was almost there, just a little while longer and he’d be home free. He’d made it this far, so that should be no problem.

He lifted the blanket to look at his belly, checking for any possible change in the eggs that might mean they were going to hatch soon. It was probably a bit early to be checking for things like that but who knows, maybe they’d hatch early or something. There didn’t appear to be anything different about them. That didn’t necessarily mean anything though, they could still be close to hatching.

“Please hatch soon,” he whispered as he put a hand over his belly. There was no way the babies inside could hear him or even if they could they wouldn’t understand him. But talking to them made him feel a little bit better anyway. It made feel a little less lonely when his captor was out of the cavern. "I wanna go home. So, please hatch soon, please."

He lay there, wishing he could just fall asleep and staring at the marks on the wall until he heard the sound of his captor returning. He perked up immediately, sitting up and looking out of his cell at it.

“Can I come out?” he asked. The monster had stopped locking the door a while ago but Sans still never left his cell without permission. There was nothing to do out there anyway.

“Yes, you can come out,” it said.

Sans stood and exited his cell. He walked over to sit down in front of it even though it hadn’t asked him to. “A-are you going to give me another bath soon, please?” he said. It had bathed him a few times since that first time. Being clean was the closest thing he could get to being comfortable in this situation. The baths had helped him endure, making everything just a tiny bit more bearable. It always made him work for it, though none as bad as that first time. For that he was grateful.

“It has been a little while, huh?” it said.

“Y-yeah, and I’ve been a good pet.” Saying that, especially without prompting always pleased it. “So, please fuck me. Please fuck me and then bathe me, please. I want you to fuck me.” He shouldn’t be so willing to say these things, even for a bath. But he didn’t care. They were just words
and it was just sex. He needed that bath.

And it fucking him at least gave him something to do. Otherwise he’d be lying on the mattress staring at the marks he’d made on the wall until it was time to feed and fuck him anyway. And this way he’d get a bath afterward.

“Very well.” Its tentacles moved to wrap around him, stroking him and petting him they paid special attention to his pregnant belly like they always did. He relaxed in its hold, spreading his legs and summoning his pussy, already dripping wet and ready for it. Like the gross disgusting whore that he was.

But he was almost done with this. In a few more weeks the eggs would hatch and he could go home at last. Everything was going to turn out just fine. He’d be able to go home and see Papyrus again. And Papyrus would welcome him back with open arms and promise not to let anything ever hurt him again. (Unless Papyrus hated him. In which case Sans had no idea what he’d do.) He just had to make it through a few more weeks.

It summoned two of its tentacle-dicks, one for his pussy and one for his mouth. The feel of it forcing its way into his throat didn’t bother him anymore. He was used to it, even down to the taste of its cum when it finished. Heck, even it fucking one or both of his eye sockets didn’t hurt anymore. His entire body was used to being treated like a sex toy.

That should’ve horrified him more than it did. But he didn’t really have the emotional energy to care. This was his life for now until the eggs hatched and he got to go home. Might as well try to enjoy what parts of it that he could.

“We’re almost there, little one,” the monster said one day when it had invited him out to feed him. “You excited?” It was of course lovingly petting his belly as it spoke and stroking his back.

Sans looked down at his swollen belly as he munched away on an apple. Was it just his imagination or had the eggs grown a little bit? Not a whole lot, but enough to be noticeable and make his belly a bit bigger too. “Yes,” he said, not lying for once. Them being bigger had to mean they were going to hatch soon. Which meant he’d get to go home.

“Good,” the monster purred at him. “Bet you’re going to be sad when you’re no longer pregnant, huh?”

“Yeah.” Sans was far too used to lying to it. He took a deep breath before forcing himself to say what he needed to say next. “I-I like being pregnant but I’m… excited to be a mommy too.” He’d say whatever he needed to make it happy with him. That could only improve his chances of it being merciful and letting him go after the eggs hatched.

“Very good,” it praised him.

Sans nodded as he finished eating. “Now I want to have some fun, so can you fuck me please,” he said. Asking it to fuck him after eating was part of the routine, he’d long since lost the need to be prompted to do so. He was even already turned on and spreading his legs to give it access to his pussy.

It summoned its tentacle-dick and thrust right in. He moaned in a much-exaggerated way as he adjusted himself to be more comfortable. He was a gross disgusting whore for enjoying this as much as he did. But the thought of this nightmare almost being over made it feel better.
Who knows, this might be the very last time it fucked him ever. The eggs had to be very close to hatching by now. He was so close, he was going to make it. And then he could go home.

Unless it didn’t let him leave. No, it was going to let him go home once the eggs had hatched. It had grabbed him for the sole purpose of carrying its eggs. It only made sense to let him go afterward. Also, once they hatched it would be busy taking care of them and wouldn’t have time for him anymore.

“I need to see your soul,” it said after a little while.

Sans automatically summoned out his soul and moved it towards the tentacle reaching for it. He shuddered a little as it released its magic-suppressant-slime into this soul. That still felt gross and unpleasant and nothing would ever change that. But there was a good chance that this would be the last time it did that to him.

That thought alone excited him enough to bring him over the edge to climax. And with a few more thrusts the monster was releasing deep inside him with and all too familiar and disgustingly pleasant warm gushing against the walls of his magic. But it didn’t pull out. Meaning it wanted to go again.

Sans sighed, clenching his pussy around it. Why couldn’t the eggs just start to fucking hatch already? “C-Can we go again?” he asked.

“Do you want to?” it asked.

“Yes, please fuck me again,” he said. It didn’t matter anyway, it was just sex. And it was better than lying in bed waiting for the next time it would bring him out to feed and fuck him.

It giggled as it started moving again. It brought out two more, one that went into his mouth and one that went into his left eye socket. He moaned around it, closing his other eye and letting himself get lost in the sensations. It didn’t matter if he let himself enjoy it because soon he’d finally be going home soon and everything could go back to how it had been before.

Later upon waking up on the mattress once more he scratched another mark onto the wall besides all the others. There were twelve now. Assuming it took exactly a week for it renew its magic block on his soul, he’d now been here for about three months. He was almost done.

He looked down at his swollen belly again. Yeah, the eggs had definitively grown a little bit. They were no doubt going to hatch soon, probably any day now.

“Almost down,” he whispered to himself with the closest thing he’d had to a smile since this had all began. Tears trickled lightly down as his face as he placed a hand over his belly. “Almost there, almost time to go home. Please, please hatch soon, okay?” Before he lost what little sanity he had left.

“Please come in my mouth, I want you to come in mouth. Please, please, I want it,” Sans begged. It coming in his skull was not even that big a deal to him anymore. But he still preferred if it didn’t. And it always seemed pleased when he begged it for anything to do with sex. So, whenever possible he did. Pleasing it could only mean good things for him.

Without any words, it pulled its tentacle-dick from his eye socket and shoved it down his waiting throat. He moaned loudly around it, clamping around the one thrusting into his pussy as he climaxed.
A few more thrusts and it was finishing too. He swallowed it all easily.

“C-can you hold me?” he asked once it had withdrawn. It often held him after sex but seemed to enjoy when he asked for it.

“Of course,” it said. Its tentacles scooped him up. It cradled him as it started petting him. “You’re being a very good pet, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, I’m a good pet.” Sans sighed, relaxing in its hold. His eyes were drooping. Falling asleep cradled in its tentacles shouldn’t be so easy. But it was.

There were now thirteen marks on the wall back in his cell. And his belly was slightly bigger as it eggs had grown a little bit more over the past week. Its tentacles felt good as they lovingly caressed it.

But its eggs were going to hatch soon and Sans would be home free. Any day now, could even be today.

He snapped awake an indeterminate amount of time later to a sharp pain in his belly. He automatically curled around it, clutching it until the pain passed.

“You okay, little one,” his captor asked. He was still cradled in its tentacles.

“I uh…” Sans stammered, rubbing a hand over his belly. Was it just his imagination or could he feel the babies inside the eggs moving, pushing out against their shells, and for the outer ones, into the walls of his womb?

“Ooh, is it time for them to hatch?” The monster adjusted its hold on him to get a better look at his belly.

“I…” Sans cut off as another pain rolled through him. He nodded instead. “Y-yeah, it’s t-time,” he said once the contraction had ended.

“Good, very good.” It gently lowered him to the ground, keeping one tentacle wrapped around his chest to support him. More of its tentacles stayed close by, forming a large ring around him.

It was time, it was finally time. The eggs were hatching and afterward Sans would be able to go home. This nightmare was almost done. He’d be able to go home and see Papyrus again.

His elated thoughts were cut off as another contraction hit. “Ugh…” he groaned, holding a hand to his belly until it passed. He just had to make it through this and then he’d be done.

“You might want to consider summoning your cunt for this, it’ll make things easier,” the monster said.

Sans quickly obeyed. Liquid trickled out as his pussy formed, it automatically connected to his womb and his water broke.

“Fuck,” he groaned as another contraction hit him. “It hurts.” But after this everything would be over and he could go home. He was almost done with this nightmare.

“Of course it hurts, silly, you’re giving birth” the monster said. “Now lean back and spread your legs so you can start pushing them out.”
Sans did as instructed, leaning back against the tentacle wrapped around his chest. He took a deep breath as he rubbed a hand over his belly again. He could make it through this. And afterward he’d get to go home.

He waited for another contraction to hit before he started bearing down, wanting to push all the eggs out as fast as possible. Both to get this over with quickly and so none would hatch while still inside him.

He almost gagged at the remembered feel of the eggs’ jello-like slickness against the walls of his magic. It had swelled to a point where it stretched him almost painfully wide. But its slickness made it easier for his artificial muscles to push it down to his entrance.

With one more big push, it slid out and rolled onto the ground. It glistened with the purple-sheen of his ecto-magic. And the thing inside was definitely moving, pushing out against its prison. Sans could feel the ones still inside him doing the same.

“Very good,” the monster praised him. “Now you just have to do that a few more times.”

‘A few more times’, there were a lot more than just a few. But he had one down. And once he was done with this he would finally be allowed to go home.

So, as another pain rolled through him he started pushing again, working on pushing the next egg out with as much force as he could. The faster this went the better.

By the time, he was pushing the fourth egg down the walls of his magic, the first one finished hatching. It burst out of its shell, flopping on the ground with a small wet splat. It looked a bit like a baby octopus except, like its parent, it had more than eight tentacles.

“Ah, how cute,” the monster purred. One of its tentacles moved to pet its baby. “You want to hold him?”

“N-no.” Sans shook his head, trying to ignore the contraction rolling through him as he forced the fourth egg through his opening. He didn’t want to touch it, let alone hold it. He didn’t care that he was technically its mother and had given birth to it. Maybe if those things hadn’t been forced upon him he might’ve thought it was kind of cute. But knowing where it came from only made him feel vaguely disgusted by it. He’d never asked for any of this to happen to him. So, why should he give a damn about the babies that hatched out of the eggs?

The monster giggled, thankfully not offended. “Suit yourself little one,” it said. “But it looks like one is about to hatch inside of you.”

Looking down at his still overly swollen belly, Sans saw that it was true. One of the ones near the top looked like it was almost split in half as the thing inside worked on freeing itself. Unfortunately, as much as he didn’t want it to, it wasn’t long before it broke free, wriggling out against the wall of his womb.

“Don’t worry dear it won’t hurt you or any of the other eggs,” the monster assured him. “You’ll birth it normally, just like you’re doing with the eggs.”

Sans groaned as he shifted uncomfortably. The newly hatched octopus baby was squirming around unpleasantly inside him. With all the eggs still packed in there, there wasn’t a whole lot of room for it to move. But that didn’t stop it from trying, causing the eggs surrounding it to slide around a little. Which was a highly unpleasant feeling.

He needed for this to go faster. For it to be over before any more of them hatched inside him. And he
was going to get to go home after this. It was almost over. Just a little more and he was home free.

“Almost done,” he said to himself, not really caring if his captor heard him or not. Another contraction hit and was working on pushing out yet another egg. He could do this.

As time went on, his belly shrunk a tiny bit with each egg he pushed out. The octopus babies continued to hatch, adding to the small herd on the floor. Unfortunately, some more of the ones still in his womb hatched too, squirming around in there and causing him discomfort.

He was about halfway done when the egg he was pushing down towards his entrance hatched. It felt like a bubble popping as the octopus baby broke free its shell and slipped into the walls of his magic. “Fuck,” he said. It was slimy and gross and he wanted it out of him right now.

“No, no, fuck.” It felt like it was trying to wriggle its way back up to his womb.

The monster giggled. “Having trouble?”

“No.” He pushed down as hard as he could to counteract its efforts to wriggle back up. Why did this have to suck so much? He was already starting to feel exhausted and he was only halfway through.

It took a bit before he managed to push the baby octopus through his opening. To his horror, it immediately moved as if it wanted to crawl back up inside him. Thankfully, its other parent scooped it up to bring over to its siblings. Which were herded into a group held together by one of the monsters’ tentacles.

“Halfway there,” Sans promised himself in a whisper. Soon he would get to go home. He could do this.

“Yep,” the monster said, apparently having heard him. “And you’re doing such a good job. Aren’t you excited to finally be a mommy after waiting so long for this moment?”

“Y-yeah.” Sans nodded weakly. He’d give anything for a break from the contractions and all the pushing. Even if it was only five minutes. But that wasn’t happening.

Home. He had to focus on the fact that after this he’d get to go home.

It felt like very long time before he was starting to work on pushing out the final egg still inside him. Four more had timed their hatching to be when they’d been within the walls of his magic. They’d all tried to wriggle back up him, one of the ones still inside him had succeeded too. Thankfully this one didn’t and slid out with relative ease.

But as much as he wished he was done, he wasn’t. There were still six octopus babies in his womb, waiting to be birthed as well. They were squirming and moving against each other and against the walls of his much-flattened womb.

“There now little one, you’re almost done,” the monster said.

Sans shuddered in exhaustion. His body was sore and achy. This was far more work than he done in the past three months and he just wanted it to be over with so he could go home. But it wasn’t.

He groaned as the monster brushed a tentacle over his still slightly swollen belly. “Just a little more and then you’re all done,” it said.

“Almost done,” Sans promised himself in a breathy whisper. He was almost done, he could do this. After this he could go home and never think about anything related to this ever again.
He balled his hands up into weak fists as he waited for the next contraction that would help him start pushing out the first of the octopus babies. It hit and Sans started pushing again, silently promising himself that he was almost done. Unfortunately, the octopus baby didn’t want to leave the safety of his womb as he saw and felt it try to resist his artificial muscles pushing it down.

Why couldn’t it just leave? Why did it have to do this to him after so long of living with this torment? He was almost done why did it have to make it harder by not cooperating? It wasn’t fair.

It took far too long before the octopus baby was finally sliding out of him and the monster was taking it away to join its pile of siblings before it could try to crawl back inside.

“Very good,” the monster praised him. One of its tentacles moved to wipe away the sweat on his brow. “You’re doing a very good job, little one. Just a few more and then you’re all done.”

Sans nodded weakly. “Almost done,” he promised himself. After this he could go home. He just had to endure this for a little while longer and everything would be fine. And when he got home he was going to sleep on his own bed for however fucking long he wanted to. It was going to be amazing.

Time dragged very slowly onward as he continued to force the octopus babies out against their will. But slowly, one at time he got them out. Until there was only one left.

“Last one,” Sans promised himself. One more and then he would be done and could go home.

By now all of the eggs had hatched. Most of them appeared to be sleeping. Unfortunately, the one still inside him was not asleep and like all the others was very determined not to leave his womb.

But with great force of will and effort he managed to force it out with a final splash of purple magic. The monster scooped it up and forced it to join its siblings.

“Done,” Sans said, tears of relief and exhaustion springing to his eyes. “All done.” With no small amount of relief, he allowed the magic forming his pussy, ecto-body, and everything else to dispel. It was finally over. He was done. He had made it. It was finally time to go home.

“Yes, you’re all done,” the monster said. “And you did a very good job.”

“Can I go home now?” Sans asked. It had grabbed him to carry its eggs and he was done with that now. He’d been very good under the promise that he’d get to home at the end. He’d endured everything asked of him. It was only fair to let him go now.

The monster seemed to think for a while. “Hmm, you have been awfully good,” it said thoughtfully. “Y-yeah.” Sans nodded. “I’ve been a good little pet, I deserve to go home.”

It sat there silently, apparently considering his words. It was just teasing him, it had to be. He’d been good, he deserved to go home.

“Please,” Sans begged as the silence stretched. “Y-you can even f-fuck me one last time before you let me g-go. In any way you want.” His body was far too tired for that, but if it meant he got to go home afterward he’d endure it somehow.

“Or I could keep you for when I’m ready to lay another batch of eggs. That way I won’t have to look for a new mate because I’ll already have a perfect one ready and waiting for me.”

“No, please no,” Sans begged, his vision blurring with tears at just the thought. It couldn’t really be doing this to him. It was just trying to upset him. It would let him go, it had to. “I’ll do a-anything just
let me go h-home, *please.*”

“Hmm, but you’re so cute and obedient,” it said with a giggle. “Letting you go would be such a waste. Especially after I’ve done such a good job training you to be the perfect sex toy.”

“P-please, I wanna g-go home, please, please, *please.*” Sans couldn’t even see through his tears anymore. It couldn’t do this to him.

“But *this* could be your home if you want it to be,” it said, obviously referring to the cage and the cavern.

“P-please no,” Sans begged, his voice breaking. “Just let me leave, *please.* I’ll do a-anything. Y-you can even r-rape my soul again, I don’t care. I just wanna go h-home and see Pappy again, *please.* J-just let me go home, *please.*”

“I *could* let you leave. And when I first grabbed you that was my intention, to let you go once you were done carrying my eggs. But you’re far too cute and perfect to just give up like that. I think I’ll keep you.”

Stunned, shocked, and horrified Sans couldn’t do anything as it lifted him up and placed him back in his cell on the bed.

“No, no, no, no,” he mumbled in despair as he heard the sound of the lock clicking shut with the monster’s magic. “No, no, no, please no. I wanna go home. I just wanna go home and see Pappy again, p-please.”

His shoulders started shaking with weak exhausted sobs as he curled in on himself. “P-please Pappy, please save me, *please,*” he begged despite knowing Papyrus would never come for him.
Sans woke slowly. He was on the mattress with the blanket on top of him, nothing new, but something was wrong. He refused to open his eyes, knowing instinctively that whatever it was he didn’t what to think about it yet, or ever. He felt sore and achy. If only he could stay unconscious forever, that would be nice. Never having to think about or feel anything ever again.

But as much as he didn’t want to wake up, he couldn’t put off doing so forever. So, after a while, he blinked open his eyes and lifted the blanket, thinking to check for any differences in eggs. There was nothing there. The eggs were gone.

His eyes flooded with tears as he remembered what had happened. The eggs had hatched, he’d give birth to them. And his captor hadn’t let him go home.

“No, please no,” he mumbled to himself as he sat up, hoping it wasn’t true. But it was. He was still in his cell in the cavern.

“Ah good, you’re finally awake.”

Sans flinched at the sound of his captor’s voice. He glanced over to where it was floating in the water, his vision still blurred from his tears of despair.

This couldn’t be true. He’d thought for sure that it would let him go. He’d been good, he’d done everything it had asked of him and more. He deserved to go home.

He staggered to his feet, his balance offset by the absence of the eggs’ weight. He made his way over to the cell the door and opened it with that familiar ringing sound. He then walked over to stand near his captor.

“Home, please, I wanna go home,” he begged. Maybe it had changed its mind. Or had just said that to torment him and had only wanted him to get some rest after giving birth before setting him free.

“Ah, but you are home, little one,” it said, crushing the very last tiny shard of hope Sans had had left.

He whimpered as he sunk to the ground. He was never going home. He was never going to see Papyrus again. He was stuck here forever being nothing but a sex toy.

“There now little one, don’t cry.” It stroked a tentacle down his spine. “You belong here. And this way you can help me raise our precious babies.”

It scooped him up and moved him to what at first looked like an indistinct blur through his tear-filled eyes. But turned out to be all the octopus babies huddled up in a group fast asleep.

“Aren’t they precious?” it asked.

“Y-yeah,” Sans replied instinctively. He was used to agreeing with it.

He scooched a little closer to get a better look at them through his tears. They were still small, but all laid out like this he almost couldn’t believe they’d all fit inside him. They were maybe even a little cute. No, he could think that that. He didn’t want them. He wanted to go home.

“I don’t wanna be a mom. I wanna go home.” He needed to see Papyrus again, needed to see if he
was okay and if he still cared for Sans.

His captor pet his back again. “You’ll get used to it.”

Sans whimpered, bowing his head, causing his tears to drip to the ground in a small puddle beneath him. He was going to get used to it. He was already more than used to being its sex toy. How much of a stretch was it to believe that he’d get used to being a mom and the thought that this was his home now? That maybe he’d even completely lose his mind and start to enjoy it as some point.

“Please, mercy, please,” he begged in a weak pathetic whisper. “I wanna go home. I wanna see Pappy again, please”

The monster giggled, petting his back some more. “Come on, you can play with them later after they wake up.” It picked him up again and moved him over to sit in front of it. It brought out the lunch box and handed it to him. “Eat up now.”

Sans opened it and after several seconds of staring despondently at it, started eating. There was nothing else for him to do and he was hungry.

He ate slowly. Not to delay anything but because he didn’t have the energy or willpower to eat any faster. His captor didn’t say or do anything that implied dissatisfaction with that though. Instead it kept petting down his back.

“Now’s it’s time for some more fun,” it said once he was done eating.

“No,” Sans said, quietly. His body had automatically summoned his pussy almost as soon as he’d finished eating. It was already wet in anticipation of it fucking him. He couldn’t get it to dispel and just had to settle for crossing his legs instead.

“What did you say?” the monster said, a hint of warning in its voice.

“I said ‘no’. I’m not… no more. I don’t want to, so I’m not going to.” Sans had no reason to cooperate with it if it was never going to let him go home. It was going to force him of course but he wasn’t going to ask for it or blindly comply anymore. Even if that’s exactly what his body wanted, as evidenced by the fact that he couldn’t make his pussy go away.

His captor giggled cruelly. “I had hoped you wouldn’t try anything like this,” it said. “But considering how stubborn you are, I’m not really that surprised. But don’t worry I’m sure we can work with it.”

Sans whimpered as it tentacles moved to restrain him, forcing his legs apart. He didn’t fight it or struggle in anyway, that would get him nowhere. It could fuck him all it wanted it but he wasn’t going to ask for it or pretend like this was something he wanted ever again. After a while of him not cooperating, it would no doubt start to get bored him. When that happened, it would probably kill him. But hey, that would at least mean that this nightmare would finally be over.

It moved a tentacle over to his chest and pulled out his soul with a small ping. That couldn’t be right, it had renewed the magic block on his soul fairly recently. It couldn’t already be that time again, could it?

There was another ping as it summoned its own soul.

“No!” Sans jolted as he realized his mistake. How could he have forgotten about that? “Please no, not that. Please just fuck me instead. I want you to fuck me. I want you to fuck me, please fuck until I can’t think straight, please. I need you to fuck me, please.”
It giggled, moving its soul closer to his. “It’s a bit late for that, don’t you think?”

“Please no, please no. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Just fuck me please. Please just fuck me instead. I want you to fuck me please.”

It ignored him as it continued to move its soul closer to his own.

“Please…” Sans cut off as their souls touched. His once more completely and totally overwhelmed by its.

It felt good. And he belonged to it. He wanted this and it felt good.

He moaned in pleasure as its soul rubbed up on his own. “P-please… ah.” What had he even begging for? It felt good, why wouldn’t he want this?

It summoned its tentacle-dick, wasting no time thrusting it into his waiting pussy. He practically screamed in pleasure at the hard and rough pace it set. Without the delicate eggs inside him, it could fuck him as hard as it pleased.

It summoned three more for his mouth and both of his eye sockets. They thrust right in, not as hard as the one in his pussy but still harder than they’d been any time before.

He moaned and whimpered. It felt good, he was liking this, he was supposed to like it. Why would he not want this? Why couldn’t he remember why he shouldn’t want this?

“Let’s see if we can’t get you to take one more, shall we?” it said with cruel laugh.

Why wouldn’t Sans want that? This felt good. He was this thing’s sex toy, it could do whatever it wanted to him. So, why did some small tiny screaming part of him not want that?

He couldn’t see but he could feel that it had summoned another tentacle-dick. It thrust as deep into his pussy as it could go at the same time the one already in there did. And he screamed in pain and agony around the dick in his mouth as his pussy was forced to stretch way beyond its limit until it started to rip and tear. Each thrust making it worse as both of them thrust into him at the same time to give him the maximum amount of searing pain. But at the same time, it felt good. The soul on his soul was telling him that he loved this and so he did.

He arched his back, loving every second of everything thrusting into him. Even as he felt his pussy continued to get torn apart as both of its tentacle-dicks stretched it way too far and pounded into it way too hard. How was it possible for this to feel so good when he was in so much pain?

He would’ve been sobbing from the pleasure (pain) if it weren’t thrusting into his eye sockets. Instead he moaned loudly in pleasure (screamed in pain and agony) around its member thrusting mercilessly down his throat. Not being able to see only made the pleasure (pain) feel more intense.

It hurt. It was ripping apart his pussy and it hurt. But at the same time, it felt good because he deserved this. He’d been bad, he’d disobeyed, and so he deserved this.

Overwhelmed by everything it wasn’t terribly long before they reached climax together. It hit him hard, like a lightning bolt tearing through him. He arched his back, screaming around its dick some more, louder than ever. He was distantly aware of everything releasing into him, filling his head and torn and broken pussy with its cum, even as he reflectively swallowed the cum pouring down his throat. But once the intense painful waves of pleasure were finally over, he thankfully fell into blessed oblivion.
Sans woke sometime later to the feel of gentle rocking. Blinking open his sore eyes, he saw that his captor was cradling him. It was rocking him back and forth and gently stroking a tentacle down his back.

He whimpered and started trembling as what had happened last came back to him with far too much clarity. It had raped his soul again, worse than last time. And he had liked it, loved it even. It had *hurt* him, torn apart his pussy and it had made him *like* it. It had made him feel like he’d deserved it. All because he’d refused to ask for it to rape him again.

“Oh, good you’re finally awake,” his captor said looking down at him. It had paused in its rocking for a second before picking it back up.

“P-please d-don’t hurt me.” Sans cowered away from it as best he could while still being held by it. His whole body was sore from the extra rough treatment it had given him, especially his pelvis and sensitive eye sockets. His tears stung as they spilled over, making his torment that much worse.

“I’m not going to hurt you, silly,” it said as if that idea were preposterous. “I only hurt you when you deserve it, you know that.”

“I-I’m s-sorry I d-disobeyed, I’m sorry.” How could Sans have forgotten disobedience meant it would rape his soul? “I-I won’t do it a-again. I p-promise. S-so, please don’t h-hurt me, please.”

“I forgive you,” it said. It stroked a tentacle across his face, wiping away his streaming tears. “And I won’t hurt you unless you try something like that again.”

Sans nodded, trembling with relief. It had forgiven him. That was good. It wasn’t going to hurt him anymore as long as he did as it asked.

“I only want you to be happy.” It continued gently petting him and rocking him.

“I-I’m happy,” Sans said. He was happy as long as it wasn’t hurting him. “I’m happy.” Maybe if he said it enough times it would eventually become true.

“That is very good,” it said, praising him. “Now do still want to go home?”

“I…” He did. More than anything else in the world he wanted to go home and see Papyrus again. “T-this is my… h-home.” He could never leave. This was his home now. He would never see Papyrus again. He had no choice in the matter. He just had to get used to it.

“Yes, this is your home now, you belong here.”

“I b-belong here.” Sans nodded, trembling. It would be better if he could just forget about his old life and just settle into this new one. It wouldn’t be that bad as long as he cooperated. Which he already had a lot of practice of doing.

“Very good, little one, very good,” it said.

Sans relaxed a little in its grip, even as tears kept trickling down from his eyes. Everything would be all right as long as he never tried to defy it again. Why had he even tried to in the first place? He’d known it wouldn’t have gotten him anywhere but in trouble. How could he have forgotten its threat to rape his soul? Was he really that dense?

“This is home now, I belong here,” he whispered to himself. He shook some more as tears flooded
down his face. How could this have happened to him? It wasn’t fair.

“Don’t worry, you’ll forget all about your old life in no time,” it said. “Now come one, you want to properly meet our precious babies? They’re awake now.”

“Y-yeah.” Sans nodded. It’s not like he had any choice. And seeing them would maybe help him not think things he shouldn’t be thinking about. Like home and Papyrus.

It moved him over to where all the octopus babies were hanging out, placing him gently on the ground beside them. They were indeed awake now. About half of them were floating in the water. The other half were still on shore, though most of them were wet from an earlier swim.

“See, you’re a mommy now, aren’t you proud?” his captor said.

“Yeah,” Sans automatically agreed with it. What was there to be proud of though? He’d never asked for this.

He reached out a hand to touch one. In response, it stretched out its tiny tentacles to latch onto his fingers. He gently lifted it in the palm of his hand to get a better look at it.

It and all its siblings were so small. How could they ever grow to be as big as their other parent? It would no doubt take a very long time. How long was it going to be before they learned how to talk? They already clearly knew how swim.

“Ah, they like you, how sweet,” his captor said.

Looking up from the one in his hand, Sans saw that the others had turned towards him as well, even the ones in the water. They were moving towards him and were soon crawling up onto his lap.

He let them. This was his life now. They were his only company other than his rapist. He might as well befriend them as much as possible. His shitty situation and the circumstances of their birth wasn’t their fault. They were too young to even begin to understand any of that.

And who knows, maybe when they were older they could help him escape. Probably not, after being here for that long he’d no doubt forget about escape and be ‘content’ with his lot in life.

He sighed in despair, a few tears falling from his eyes. He didn’t want that to happen. But there wasn’t anything he could do to stop it, save drowning himself. There was no way his captor would let him do that though. So, there was no point to bother with even trying.

He ‘played’ with them for a while after that. Letting them crawl all over him as he held and pet different ones. It was kind of nice and relaxing. All they wanted from him was simple attention and affection, to be held and stroked. He didn’t even have to talk to them. He could just sit there, hanging out with them and not think about anything other than what was right in front of him.

Maybe he should try to give them names. But there were so many of them, about thirty if he didn’t miscount. He didn’t have the mental energy to come up with that many unique names. He could just name them all the same thing. It’s not like he’d be able to tell them apart for a long while anyway, they all looked pretty similar. And he needed to think of them as something other than ‘octopus babies’ since that wasn’t really what they were. But what could he call them?

He could think of something to call them later. He was too tired for that right now.

Sadly, because they were only about a day old, they needed to sleep a lot. Meaning it wasn’t very long before they all fell asleep again, essentially leaving Sans alone with his captor.
“Come over here, little one,” it said.

Sans sighed, standing up. He walked over and sat down in front of his captor again. “H-how long before… before you’re ready to lay more eggs?” he asked. Hopefully not for a very long time. Sans didn’t want to have to deal with that again any time soon. Or really ever again, but it’s not like he had a choice.

“I’m sorry to say it won’t be for another year or two,” it replied. “So, you’re going to have to wait a while before I can impregnate you again.”

The thought of being here that long was almost physically painful. But this was where he was going have to spend the rest of his life, so he might as well get used to it.

How many times was it going impregnate him before he died? Either from old age, some sickness, or child birth. The latter probably being the least likely. He didn’t want to know and would rather not consider that horrifying thought ever again.

“Now is there anything you’d like to do to make up for your earlier disobedience?” it prompted.

Sans sighed, his body was still sore and achy from last time as well as from giving birth yesterday. But he spread his legs and summoned his pussy anyway. Luckily because it was made of magic, resummoning meant that it was no longer torn or broken. He could at least be grateful for that, even if his pelvis itself was still sore.

“Fuck me,” he said. Despite his soreness, he was already getting wet at just the thought of it fucking him. He’d gotten used to his body’s betrayal a long time ago, but it still made him want to burst into sobs sometimes. Like right now. How could he have convinced himself that it would let him go after the eggs had hatched? He should have known better.

“I want you to fuck me.” And he did, he wanted it to fuck him. It felt good as long as he cooperated. This was his place in life now, might as well start to get used to it as much as possible.

It summoned its tentacle-dick and thrust into his waiting pussy. He jerked a little bit as that upset the soreness in the pelvis but moaned in pleasure at the same time as it perfectly stretched and filled him with each thrust.

“I love this, and I want this,” he said. If he could convince himself of that, this new life wouldn’t be so bad. “I love it and I want it. It feels good.”

“See, little one, I knew you liked it here,” it said.

Sans nodded, moaning loudly. “Yes, love it, want it, feels good.” He had no other choice but to accept this. This was his life now.

He repeated that mantra to himself over and over again, trying to convince himself that it was true until he reached orgasm. He moaned loudly, arching his back. At nearly the same time, it swelled and release deep inside him, filling his pussy with its pleasantly warm cum.

“Ah feels good.” He sighed, closing his eyes in satisfaction. He was gross and disgusting and it would be better if he could just throw himself into the water and drown. He deserved no less for accepting such an awful fate and choosing to try to enjoy it as much as possible. “Again, can we go again?” He was still sore and his body still hurt but he wanted to forget. He needed to forget.

“Oh, of course, little one.” It had just started to pull out but thrust right back in again at his request. Maybe after a while he’d be able to stop thinking about everything entirely and just enjoy the fact
that it physically felt good when it fucked him. That would make his new life a lot more bearable.
Papyrus woke with a jolt to his phone ringing, causing him to fall off the couch and onto the living room floor. He groaned as he picked himself up, sitting on the floor with his back against the couch.

Looking at the clock told him it was almost halfway through the day. This was the earliest he’d woken up in a while. But hey, at least he’d fallen asleep on the couch instead of collapsing on the floor again.

The half empty bottle of beer that he’d been drinking out of when he’d passed out last night was lying on the floor next him. A small pool of spilled beer spread out around its mouth. Sans would’ve had a cow at the sight of it.

“Fuck,” Papyrus groaned. He blinked away his tears as he grabbed it and finished it in one gulp. A vain attempt at drowning out the memory of his brother.

He then finally pulled out his still ringing cellphone. The caller I.D. said it was Undyne. Why would she be calling?

“Hey,” he said into it after flipping it open. He sounded tired, even to himself.

“I need you down at the lab. I have to show you something,” she replied. She sounded almost excited about whatever it was.

“What is it?” He didn’t want to bother going all the way down there, even with teleporting. He was too tired and hungover for that.

“It m-might have something do with what happened to your brother.”

Without replying, Papyrus hung up and teleported over there immediately. It had been almost four months now since Sans had disappeared. Chances of him still being alive were nonexistent. But any lead on what might have happened to him, no matter how small, was worth investigating.

Even though she should’ve been expecting it, Undyne still jumped and squeaked in surprise when Papyrus landed in front of her. “I r-really hate that you can do that,” she said.

“You said you found something do with Sans?” Papyrus demanded.

“W-well it might have something to do with want happened to him. I don’t know for s-sure.”

Papyrus deflated a little. ‘Might’ didn’t mean much. But it was still better nothing. “What is it?” he said.

“Well uh… let me show you.” She gestured for him to follow her over to where her monitors were. The ones connected to the cameras spread all over the Underground. She sat down in the red spinny chair up front and gestured for him to sit on stool next to her. He refused, he’d rather remain standing.

“Uh…” she said before recovering. “L-last week I finally finished setting up the new uh n-night vision cameras around the area where Sans disappeared. And well uh I caught something interesting on them the other n-night that got me thinking about stuff.”

Papyrus hadn’t even known she’d been working on night vision cameras to set up around there.
“What was it?” he asked.

Undyne typed some on the keyboard and brought up a video on the screen. The footage was a bit grainy with a greenish colour over everything. It was of an area around the river near where Sans had disappeared. In the river was a monster that looked a bit like a giant octopus except for the fact that, even with its body halfway submerged underwater it looked like it had more than eight tentacles. Papyrus had never seen a monster like it before. Following it were a bunch of smaller octopus-like monsters. It was pretty obvious that the big one was guiding the smaller ones, probably its offspring.

“What does this have to do with Sans?” he asked.

“Well uh I was thinking that the big monster there might be what killed him. M-maybe he ran across it and challenged it or something and it k-killed him and g-got rid of his dust and armor somehow. It seems to want to keep its p-presence secret for some reason.”

“I’m gonna fucking kill it.”

“Wait.” Undyne grabbed his arm, pulling him back. She was surprisingly strong for someone with such a nervous disposition. “W-we don’t know that for sure. And its kind is supposed to be e-extinct. So, you can’t kill it unless you want to be responsible for raising its offspring.”

Papyrus growled. Why should it matter if its kind went extinct? If there was even an off chance that it might’ve hurt Sans, it deserved to die.

“Then why the fuck did you even fucking show me this?”

“B-because I was thinking you m-might want to look around its h-home.” Before Papyrus could ask her what she meant, she turned back to the computer. She set the video playing on screen to fast forward. After a little while she set it back to normal speed. “You see, it and its babies rise out of the water here and as you can see they disappear here too. S-so I was thinking it might have some kind of s-secret cavern it lives in around there. And if it did kill Sans that might be where it left his dust or h-his armor or something.”

“You’ll help me go there to check?”

“Yes.”

“Why? And what for?” It was unlike her to want to do something for free.

“Because you’ve been a depressed whiny bitch ever since Sans disappeared. M-maybe you’ll feel better if you can find some closure about what happened to him. A-also I’m curious about what’s on the other side and too scared to check it out by myself. And the water’s too cold for Alphys.”

“If we find out that it killed Sans, I’m gonna kill it,” Papyrus said. There was nothing Undyne would be able to do to stop him.

“Of course, but only if we know for sure that it killed Sans. And you aren’t allowed to touch its offspring. T-they’re the last of their kind, we shouldn’t let them go extinct.”

“Yeah, sure, whatever, let’s go.”

“We can’t,” she interrupted him before he could grab her arm and teleport them out there. “We should w-wait until it’s gone.”
“Fine.” Papyrus huffed, crossing his arms. It being gone would make searching its home a whole lot easier anyway.

What were the chances of them finding anything related to Sans there though? Even if it had killed him. Low but still possible. And it was better than lying around and grieving some more like he’d been doing.

Undyne typed some more on the keyboard and brought up the live footage of where they expected the entrance to its home to be. There was of course nothing there.

“What were the chances of them finding anything related to Sans there though? Even if it had killed him. Low but still possible. And it was better than lying around and grieving some more like he’d been doing.

Undyne typed some more on the keyboard and brought up the live footage of where they expected the entrance to its home to be. There was of course nothing there.

“Why did you decide to put up cameras around there anyway?” Papyrus asked. That entire part of Waterfall was notoriously empty, mostly due to how nobody liked how dark it was. Which was why there hadn’t been any cameras there in the first place.

“Well uh, I wanted to maybe help you find out what happened to Sans. It uh took a bit longer then I’d hoped to get them up and running though. Getting power all the way out there was bit difficult.”

“I uh… thanks.” Papyrus had had no idea she’d been trying to do anything like that. He would’ve gladly assisted her if he’d known. But it was just like her to not have ever brought it up.

Undyne’s only response was a shrug and small hum of acknowledgement. They then settled down to watch the screen, waiting for the monster to leave.

***

Sans curled up on the mattress, underneath the blanket. His captor had just left to take their babies out for a swim to give them some proper exercise.

This was going to be their third outing. They were now twice as big as when they’d hatched. They couldn’t talk yet but seemed to be able to understand simple words and commands. They still slept a lot, but needed proper exercise too. So, they got to go out with their other parent every so often. Leaving Sans all alone in the cavern. So, he was going to sleep until they came back.

He’d just gotten a lovely bath, so he was feeling nice and clean. As well as tired from how many times it had fucked him beforehand. And miraculously for once it wasn’t long before he was drifting off.

But he hadn’t been asleep for very long before he was awoken by the sound of water splashing behind him as if something were surfacing. It didn’t sound like the monster, not big enough. And the young ones never made much sound when they surfaced.

So, Sans didn’t know what it was and didn’t care enough to bother with rolling over to check. He just lay there, regretting the fact that sleep was once more doomed to elude him even with how exhausted he was.

There were more sounds from the water that Sans still didn’t care to investigate. They were followed by a few seconds of silence before the bells on the cell door started ringing. Meaning it was being opened.

This time Sans did force himself to roll over to see what it was. Papyrus was standing in the doorway. He froze in place as he no doubt caught sight of Sans’ face.
“S-Sans?” he stammered in amazement after they’d stared at each other for a little while.

Sans sighed. He wasn’t in the mood for this. He’d had this dream before, though he hadn’t had it in a while. Papyrus was either here to save him or berate him for being a gross disgusting whore. In a lot of ways, the former was worse. Papyrus would save him and bring home, maybe even kill his captor. Only for Sans to wake up back here. He wasn’t in the mood for that kind of disappointment.

“You’re alive.” Papyrus was dripping water as if he’d actually come through the river. That was a detail normally left out of Sans’ dreams, though it made little difference. “You’re actually alive. I-I thought you were dead.”

Papyrus’ eyes filled with tears as he stumbled closer to Sans. He sunk down to his knees to sit beside him. He reached out a tentative hand to touch Sans.

“Go away,” Sans said. And the hand froze in place, inches above his shoulder. “I’m not in the mood for this so just go away.”

“What?” Papyrus sounded stricken and hurt. Even if it was just a dream it made Sans feel guilty. He sighed. “I’m sorry Pappy, I’m just not in the mood for the disappointment,” he said. Why did his mind have to torment him like this? Why did he have to dream about this of all things when he’d gotten so good at not thinking about it when he was awake?

“Sans?” Papyrus reached out to place a hand on his shoulder again. Sans let him this time, it was gentle and trembling slightly. “W-what are you talking about? What’s wrong? I’m here to save you.”

“Maybe I don’t want to be saved. Maybe I like it here.” This was his life, he was the tentacle monster’s sex toy. And when the time came he’d carry its next batch of eggs. There was no use fighting that so he might as well accept it and move on.

It was a simple life but it wasn’t so bad now that he’d gotten used to it. The sex always felt good as long as he cooperated and ever since its first batch of eggs had hatched he’d had plenty of company most of the time. He could live like this. It’s not like he had much of a choice.

So, why did his mind have to come up with this dream to torment him? Papyrus should be the absolute last person he’s thinking about. He’d never see the real Papyrus again, so why did he have to be tormented by this dream one?

“Sans!” Papyrus sounded very upset now. “I thought you were dead. But all this time you were here and… What happened? What did that thing do to you?” Those last words were spoken with anger and vehemence as if he wanted rip something apart with his bare hands.

Sans closed his eyes as he pulled the blanket tighter around himself, trying to block out the dream. It was going to hurt when he woke up and Papyrus was gone. It always did.

“T-this is not what I expected.” That was Undyne’s voice. “W-we thought you were dead Sans.”

Opening his eyes again, Sans saw that she was standing behind Papyrus. She also looked upset and shocked. But what was she doing here? His dreams had involved Alphys a time or two, but never Undyne.

“O-oh gosh, w-what must have happened to y-you to make you like this?” she continued. “I can’t… I-I’m sorry. If we had known, we would’ve come s-sooner. B-but everyone was sure that you were d-dead.”
“Can you just… leave me alone please,” Sans said. “I want to wake up. I don’t like this dream.”

“You’re not dreaming,” Papyrus said.

Sans ignored him. He closed his eyes tight as he curled up and tried to will himself to wakefulness. It didn’t work as he felt Papyrus arms wrap around him, picking him up and pulling him close. While also keeping the blanket wrapped around him.

Sans pressed his face into Papyrus’ chest, not caring about the fact that his shirt was wet with cold water. “I miss you Pappy, m-more than anything I miss you,” he whispered, tears coming to his eyes. “But I have to be dreaming. I know you’ll never come for me.” It was too good to be true. “If you were going to save me, you would’ve done so a long time ago.”

Assuming Papyrus had ever been looking for him, he would’ve given up by now. Sans had been here more than three months, he didn’t know exactly because he’d stopped keeping track of the weeks. No sane person would still be looking for someone who’d been missing for that long.

Papyrus stiffened, he almost seemed to be shaking a little. “Fuck, I’m sorry m’lord, I’m sorry. I-I thought you were dead. If I had known…” He sounded like he was on the verge of tears. He pulled Sans close, cradling him against his chest. “That thing is going to fucking pay for whatever it did to you,” he growled, his underlying anger showing through once more, while still somehow managing to sound like he might burst into tears at any moment.

“W-we should probably leave soon,” Undyne said. “T-take us back to the l-lab and we can make sure he’s not injured and then… I don’t know.”

“‘Kay,” Papyrus said.
Sans winced as the bright light of Undyne’s labs hit his eyes. It had been much dimmer in the cavern. And even though it was a dream Papyrus’ teleport had still felt disorienting.

“A-all right, I g-guess put him on the t-table and I’ll give him a q-quick checkup,” Undyne said.

Papyrus gave him once last squeeze before placing him on a metal table. He sighed, pulling the blanket tighter around himself. He was tired, so very tired. Why couldn’t he sleep without having any dreams?

“Can you uh… remove the b-blanket so I can get a better look at you?” Undyne asked, hovering nervously in front of him. She was also wet, presumably from the river.

He obeyed, letting the blanket fall from his shoulders. It didn’t matter. He’d eventually wake up in his cell anyway.

As Undyne did her medical examination, Papyrus took one Sans’ hands in his own. He squeezed it gently as if he wanted to offer some sort of assurance to Sans. It made Sans want to cry.

Why couldn’t this be one of the dreams where Papyrus told him how gross and disgusting he was? As much as that would’ve hurt, it would be nothing compared to how painful waking up back in his cell was going to be.

“You uh seem okay, physically anyway. But uh there’s something off about your magic,” Undyne said after a while.

“It’s blocked,” Sans said.

“How?” Papyrus growled. He was still holding Sans’ hand despite Sans not reciprocating in any way.

“It puts stuff if my soul. Wears off after about a week.”

“All right, g-good, it’s not permanent,” Undyne said. “And uh one other thing, have you b-been sticking stuff in your uh… eye sockets? The magic in there is a bit… d-disturbed.”

“It fucks my eye sockets sometimes,” Sans said with a shrug.

Both Undyne and Papyrus froze. They were staring at him as if he’d said something horrifying. Sans didn’t care. As far as he was concerned there was nothing horrifying about that, it was just a part of life.

“I’m gonna fucking kill it.” Papyrus’ eye flared with anger.

“Don’t, not yet.” Undyne grabbed his arm, preventing him from going anywhere. “W-we have to make sure that S-Sans is going to be o-okay first. A-and you shouldn’t fight it without b-backup.”

Papyrus growled again but his stance loosened. He stood frozen for several seconds before turning to face Sans. He took a deep breath before bowing before him. “M’lord, I… I apologize.” His voice sounded strained and even though his head was bowed, Sans could see that he was crying a little. “I-I should’ve come to save you sooner. I… I thought you were dead. I couldn’t find you so I thought you were dead. I gave up too soon. I’m sorry.”
Sans didn’t reply as he pulled the blanket back around his shoulders. Sighing, he looked to the side. He hated seeing Papyrus upset and just wanted to wake up already so that he could have a good long cry about how much he missed Papyrus and the fact that he would never actually come.

“M’lord… Sans!” Papyrus sounded desperate now. But Sans refused to look at him.

“Hey Undyne.” Sans’ attention snapped to the lab entrance as Alphys walked through. “You wanna…” She froze mid-step as her eyes locked onto Sans. “Is that… Sans?”

“Yeah, uh… turns out he’s n-not dead after all,” Undyne said.

“Oh my gosh, Sans you’re alive.” Alphys ran over to him to pull him from the table and gave him a bearhug. She squeezed him tight for several seconds before placing his feet back on the floor. “Where the fuck have you been? What happened? Are you okay?”

Sans shrugged, pulling the blanket tighter around himself as he looked to the side. A few tears fell from his eyes. The last thing he wanted was to see dream Alphys too.

“C’mon Sans, what’s wrong? Look at me.” Alphys tried to force eye contact. Sans just closed his eyes, turning his body away from her.

She huffed in response. “Snap out of it,” she commanded. Then before Sans could open his eyes to look at her again, he felt the palm of her hand connect solidly with the side of his face, snapping his head to the side. He almost seemed to hear the slap before he felt the pain.

Stepping back to stop himself from stumbling, he put a hand to his face, blinking in confusion. It stung and his head seemed to be ringing from the impact. Pain like that couldn’t exist in a dream, he’d have woken up.

Reality hit like a sack of bricks, or more accurately, like Alphys’ hand on his face. He wasn’t dreaming. The impossible had actually happened; Papyrus had come to save him.

“P-Pappy?” His eyes flooded with tears as he looked up to see that Papyrus seemed to be threatening to punch Alphys’ face. Both of them froze as they turned to look at Sans.

“Sans, you okay?” Papyrus asked. His face was etched with worry, his voice reflected it tenfold.

“I… I…” Sans was shaking as he let tears flow unchecked down his face. “You… you actually came to save me. I’d… g-given up hope a long time ago. But you came. You actually came to… to s-save me.”

“Oh thank god.” Papyrus’ eyes also filled with tears as he moved to embrace Sans, pulling him close and hugging him tight.

Sans buried his face in collar of Papyrus’ jacket. “I thought I was never going to see you again,” he sobbed. “I-I thought I was going to be that thing’s sex toy u-until I died.”

Papyrus stiffened a little. He scooped Sans up in his arms, cradling him against his chest again. “No Sans, never, I would never let that happen,” he said. He almost seemed to be shaking, Sans couldn’t be sure with how much he himself was trembling.

“What the fuck do you mean ‘sex toy’?” Alphys demanded.

Sans turned his head to look her, while still clinging tight to Papyrus. “I… I…” He’d already said too much, he couldn’t keep it a secret. Everyone was going to be disgusted and ashamed of him when
they found out how low he’d fallen. He deserved nothing less.

“I had no choice,” he whimpered. “If I didn’t cooperate it would r-rape my soul. And it hurt and it was awful and I h-hated it. T-there wasn’t any way for me t-to escape. S-so, I let it fuck me. I let it f-fuck me and I… I l-liked it.” He was gross and disgusting and deserved to be hated.

Sobbing, Sans pressed his face into Papyrus’ chest again. He couldn’t bear to look at anyone and see the disgust that was no doubt on their faces now. Why couldn’t he just curl up and disappear forever?

“Holy fucking shit Sans. What the actual fuck happened?” Alphys exclaimed after a long silence filled only by the sound of Sans sobbing.

Sans flinched, cowering at the anger in her voice. “It grabbed and me and d-dragged me through the river and cut off my magic,” he whimpered. “I couldn’t f-fight it. I-I tried but I’m too w-weak, I couldn’t do anything. And it… it…”

“It’s okay Sans, ya don’t gotta talk about it right now,” Papyrus said. He was definitely shaking, in anger probably, maybe disgust. But he held Sans close in a tight comforting grip. It was the first time in what seemed like forever that Sans felt safe.

“Fucking fuck,” Alphys said. She sounded upset herself. Was that because she was disgusted with Sans’ confession or was she mad at the thing that had done this to him? “That’s… fuck. We thought you were dead. Where and how the fuck did you guys even find him?”

Before anyone could answer though she spoke up again. “You know what no, Papyrus take him home for now. We’ll get a better more complete story out of him later, once he’s calmed down a little. Undyne will fill me in on what she knows for now. Later we can start organizing a hunt for whatever kidnapped him.”

“I…uh yeah, sounds good,” Papyrus said. “It’s gonna be okay Sans I promise.”

With that Sans felt the pull of Papyrus teleporting again. Looking up, his eyes flooded with tears once more. They were home. Real home, not the cavern he’d been kept in as a living sex toy and breeding tool.

Through his tears, he could see that the living room was an absolute mess. There were empty and broken beer bottles everywhere. As well as various other kinds of trash. And the entire place smelled heavily of cigarette smoke. But it was still home.

“Fuck uh… sorry about the mess, m’lord,” Papyrus said.

“It’s okay, I… I’m just glad to be home,” Sans said, trembling and not caring about the tears still leaking from his eyes. He’d never thought he’d be happy to see the living room in such a state. But he was. Right now, it was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen. “And uh… just call me ‘Sans’, p-please.” It had been far too long since he’d been referred to by name.

“All right Sans, let’s uh get dressed, I guess. And then I’ll uh clean up the living room and you can rest or something.”

“Okay.” Sans nodded. Clothes, he’d get to wear real clothes again.

Papyrus carried him up the stairs and brought him to his room. His clean perfect room that was all his own. With all his stuff and his own nice bed with a proper bed spread and bed frame.
Papyrus placed him down in the front the closet. “I’ll uh… go change out of my wet clothes, ‘kay? Be right back.”

Sans nodded as he left. He was a bit reluctant to leave Papyrus’ side, but this was fine.

He turned back to his closet and opened it. His armor was gone, presumably still in the cavern. So, he was going to have to wear causal clothing. But that was fine. It would be more comfortable anyway.

After dropping the blanket on the floor, he quickly pulled on a clean shirt and pants. The fabric felt a bit weird and almost itchy against his bones after so long of going without.

“Home, I’m finally home,” he whispered to himself as more tears fell from his eyes. And it wasn’t a dream, he was really home for good this time.

He stepped out of his room to see Papyrus waiting for him. He’d changed into something dry. “Hey Sans,” he said. “Ya doing okay?”

Sans nodded shakily as he started for the stairs once more. Papyrus followed him.

“I’m so glad to be home Pappy. I thought I’d never see this place again.” Sans was completely unbothered by the mess as he made his way towards the couch. He sat on it, amazed by how wonderful it was to do so again. “C-can you sit with me Pappy, please?”

“I uh… sure.” Papyrus sat next to him and Sans immediately crawled into his lap. He hadn’t done anything like that since he’d grown up and become an adult. He didn’t care though, he wanted the comfort and security of his big brother’s arms wrapped around him.

“Thank you so, so much for saving me, Pappy,” he said as he made himself comfortable. He couldn’t stop the tears from leaking down his face. But for once they weren’t tears of despair but of happiness and relief.

“I… I’m sorry I took so long to find you. I… I thought you were dead. I looked everywhere but I… couldn’t find you. I’m sorry.” The guilt in Papyrus’ voice almost broke Sans’ heart.

“I’m just glad you came at all. I thought you weren’t going to. I… I was afraid you d-didn’t even care to find me, that maybe you were happy I was gone.”

Papyrus stiffened. “N-no Sans, I would never… Why would ever you think that?” He sounded upset, hurt, and horrified by the idea.

“I-I don’t know, I just… did,” Sans said. “I missed you so much, Pappy. I thought I was never going to see you again. I-I thought I was going have to spend the rest of my life there. B-but you came to save me. T-thank you.” Sans buried his face in Papyrus’ shirt again as started to cry once more. There was a time when he would’ve felt ashamed of crying on or around Papyrus like this. But he didn’t care. The nightmare had finally fucking ended. He was home. And best of all he got to be with his brother again.

“I missed you too Sans, more than anything,” Papyrus said in a whisper.

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Sans was alive! Papyrus still almost couldn’t believe it. He’d given up looking a few weeks after his
talk with Undyne when he’d continued to not find anything. He’d been sure that Sans was dead.

But all the while that he’d been grieving, drinking himself to oblivion almost every night, Sans had been suffering. What the horrible abomination had done to him was probably a whole lot worse than Sans had let slip.

“I’m so sorry Sans,” Papyrus whispered softly as not to wake Sans. He’d cried himself to sleep on his lap and for the first time since Papyrus had found him he looked at peace. He’d been so hollow and empty when they’d found him. It had been like looking at a lifeless shadow. “I’m sorry.”

No amount of ‘sorry’ was ever going to make up for the fact that Papyrus had given up on finding him. Sans had needed him and he’d given up to indulge in his grief by trying to drink himself to death. If Undyne hadn’t set up those cameras then Sans would still be there, probably for the rest of his life too. And Papyrus would’ve had no idea.

But how could he have given up on finding Sans? Sans was his baby brother, his only family. Even if he could be a bit of an asshole sometimes, Papyrus still loved him more than anything else. He shouldn’t have given up so easily. If he had kept looking he might’ve found and saved Sans sooner, sparing him at least some of the torment he’d been forced to go through.

Papyrus should’ve never let him get captured in the first place. He should’ve been there to watch his back and protect him. He had protected Sans pretty much right from the moment Sans had been born. But he’d failed monumentally this time and Sans had paid a heavy price for it. Papyrus would never be able to make up for that.

The abomination who had done this to Sans was going to pay dearly though. It was going to die a slow painful agonizing death. Papyrus was going to make sure of it. It was going to be begging and screaming for mercy long before he was done with it.

But as much as he wanted to go do that right this very second, his first priority was Sans. Like Undyne had said, he had to make sure that Sans was going to be okay first. And since it had overpowered Sans so easily, it was probably a good idea to have some backup when he went to go fight it.

Sans seemed so… broken. Would he ever be able to come back from this? Probably not completely. He would probably be scarred for the rest of his life because of this and there was nothing Papyrus could do to change that.

“I’m so sorry,” Papyrus whispered again. “I’ll make it better, I promise.” He’d do everything within his power to make it better in any way he could.

He stood up, gently lifting Sans. He considered carrying him up to his room to let him sleep up there but didn’t like the thought of being that far away from him. So, he placed him the couch for now instead, so that his head was resting on the armrest.

Then, as quietly as possible, he started cleaning up the mess he’d made of the living room. Sans had always liked things being neat and tidy. Papyrus was going to make sure he woke up to that.

It took a while before he had it as clean as he could get it without the use of the vacuum cleaner. He could do that later when Sans wasn’t sleeping. He then moved on the kitchen to do the dishes and clean up in there as much as possible too. Gosh, he really had made a huge mess of the house, hadn’t he?

He was just finishing up when he heard whimpering coming from the living room. “P-pappy, save
me please Pappy. Please, wanna go home,” Sans begged in weak voice. It was barely audible from Papyrus’ place in the kitchen.

He immediately teleported to Sans’ side. He was still sleeping, fidgeting from his nightmare as he called out to Papyrus for rescue.

Papyrus shook his shoulder lightly. “Wake up, m’lord,” he said.

Sans eyes fluttered open. His eye lights were indistinct and hazy from the magic in there being disturbed so often, as Undyne had pointed out. The reason for that made Papyrus want to puke and rip a certain monster’s face off at the same time. Hopefully it at least didn’t affect Sans’ ability to see any, though it probably did.

“P-pappy?” Sans asked, looking confused as his eyes teared up a little. It was still weird hearing that nickname after so long. Sans had stopped calling him ‘Pappy’ years ago, when he’d decided he was an adult and didn’t need to call people silly nicknames anymore.

“Hey baby bro,” Papyrus said. He tried to keep his voice as soothing and relaxed as possible “You were having a nightmare so I woke ya up.”

“Is this real? I’m not dreaming?” Had Sans always looked so small, fragile, and helpless? Like if someone even so much as looked at him with a violent expression he’d crumble to dust.

“Yes, this is real, you’re not dreaming.” Papyrus picked him up again and sat back on the couch with Sans in his lap. Just like how he used to do when they’d been kids and Sans had had a nightmare.

“O-okay.” Sans nodded but didn’t sound too sure. At least it wasn’t as bad as when Papyrus had first woken him up.

He was just starting to relax in Papyrus’ arms once more when he stiffened. “W-what if it comes looking for me” he asked, an unmistakable tremor of fear in his voice. “It-it’ll punish me, it’ll…”

“No,” Papyrus interrupted him before he could freak himself out. “It’ll never touch ya again, I won’t let it. I’ll never let anything hurt ya ever again. So, don’t even think about it, all right?”

“I… all right.” Sans nodded, his trembling dying down a little. “Y-you promise?”

“I promise.” Papyrus had always been good at keeping promises.
Pancakes

Things weren’t going to go back to how they had been before Sans had been captured. He knew that from the instant Papyrus woke him up the next morning.

“Hey uh, I made breakfast,” Papyrus said. “And I somehow managed to not burn it too.”

Sans blinked up at him, realizing for the first time that his vision was a bit blurry. Probably due to his eyes sockets getting repeatedly fucked. He hadn’t noticed last night because his vision had been obscured by tears most of the time anyway. But now it was painfully obvious.

“O-okay.” He nodded. The entire time he’d been thinking about rescue or being allowed to go back home, he’d always assumed that once he did so everything would go back to normal. That he’d be able to go back to how he’d been before as if nothing had happened. That wasn’t what was happening though. He couldn’t just forget everything that had been done to him or how far he’d fallen. He would probably never be the same again. He was broken.

Pushing those thoughts aside for now, he slipped off his bed. His very own bed, soft, warm, and comfortable. He’d missed it.

Last night Papyrus had read him a bedtime story to help him fall asleep, hopefully without nightmares. Something he hadn’t needed since he was small child. It had helped and he’d slept through the whole night without any dreams that he could remember.

He’d thought he’d wake up before Papyrus though. He always had before. But no, it was late morning and Papyrus had gotten up before him to make breakfast and had had to wake him up. Who knows how long Sans would’ve ended up sleeping if he hadn’t.

“Hey Sans, uh how are ya feeling? Ya doing okay?” Papyrus asked as Sans followed him downstairs.

“I uh… yeah, I’m good,” Sans said. He was still elated to be back home. But he still felt tired too, like he wanted to spend the whole day in bed sleeping. He couldn’t do that though, he had… stuff to do?

In the kitchen, Sans saw that Papyrus had indeed made breakfast, pancakes to be exact. It had been ages since Sans had eaten anything like that. They were still warm and fluffy. He eagerly dug in after reminding himself how to hold the fork.

“Heh, guess I’m not that bad a cook then,” Papyrus said. He had sat down across from Sans to eat his own serving.

Sans nodded. He probably couldn’t make an accurate call on whether or not they were particularly good, but he didn’t care. They were warm and he hadn’t eaten anything that required cooking since he’d been captured. So, they tasted good to him.

He finished eating rather quickly, without saying much. And then to his great horror and shame, he found himself very much turned on. His pussy automatically formed in his pelvis, wet with arousal. And he couldn’t make it go away.

That shouldn’t happen though. He’d been saved, he wasn’t a sex toy anymore. But his captor had always raped him after feeding him. Apparently, his body still thought that that was going to happen, still wanted that to happen.
He whimpered in despair as he pushed his empty plate aside to bury his head in his arms there instead. How could his body have betrayed him so thoroughly? Especially now that he’d been saved.

“You okay Sans?” Papyrus sounded worried.

Sans whimpered again as tears came to his eyes. “No.” He sounded pathetic. How could Papyrus not hate him after seeing him like this?

“What is it? What’s wrong?”

“I can’t… I can’t…” He couldn’t get his pussy to dispel no matter how hard he tried. He’d always had impeccable control of his magic before. But that was long gone now. Would he ever be able to get it back? Or was he doomed to be this weak and pathetic for the rest of life?

“You can’t what, Sans?” Papyrus had apparently stood up and had moved to stand beside him and rub his back comfortingly. “I can’t help ya if I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“I-It always… f-fucked me after I ate and now…” Sans buried his head further in his arms to make sure he didn’t have to see the look on Papyrus’ face. “N-now I can’t make my m-magic go away.”

“What do you… oh.” Papyrus hand on his back froze and withdrew. There were several seconds of heavy silence before Sans gathered enough courage to glance up at Papyrus’ face. He looked angry, furious even and was doing a poor job of trying to hide it.

“I-I’m sorry,” Sans whimpered like the pathetic piece of shit he was. “I know I’m gross and disgusting and I…”

“No, Sans you’re not,” Papyrus interrupted him. “The thing that did this to you is the one who’s gross and disgusting.” His voice was full of hate and anger, all of it directed towards the tentacle monster. It was oddly kind of comforting. “That thing is gonna die Sans, I promise. It’s gonna pay for every single time it touched you.”

“I… okay.” Sans nodded, feeling a tiny bit better. When Papyrus promised something, he always followed through on it. Maybe after it was dead he would be able to regain some sense of normalcy. What if it killed Papyrus though? It was so big and strong. Did Papyrus really stand a chance against it?

“B-be careful though, please. If it killed you I’d…” Sans wouldn’t be able take that. He’d just gotten Papyrus back, the mere thought of losing him again was almost too much handle.

“I’ll be careful, don’t worry,” Papyrus assured him. “I’ll have Alphys and Royal Guard with me as back up. And were gonna fucking kill it. And it’s gonna be a very long slow painful death. It’ll regret even thinking about touching you.”

“Good, okay.” Sans nodded again, using his sleeve to wipe away the tears on his face. Between Papyrus, Alphys, and the Royal Guard, the tentacle monster stood little chance of making it out alive. So, everything should turn out just fine. But wait, what about…

“Hey uh Pappy, when you go to kill it, there’ll be… smaller baby ones. Can you promise not to hurt them? Or let anyone else hurt them either.”

Papyrus studied him for a couple seconds. “Why?” he asked.

Because Sans felt responsible for them and maybe even cared about them a little. And he hadn’t
gone through all that horrible shit carrying them and giving birth to them just for them to die.

Papyrus didn’t need to know Sans was their mother though. Given his tendency for violence, he might end up wanting to kill them if he knew that. Sans might be able to tell him sometime in the future but not right now.

“They didn’t do anything wrong and they’re just babies,” Sans said. He didn’t have to lie about his reasons for wanting them to be okay, but he didn’t have to tell the whole truth either. “They kept me company and helped me keep my sanity a little.” After they’d hatched spending time with them was the closest Sans had been able to get to being happy. They’d given him something to think about that wasn’t related to his rapist or the unattainable idea of freedom. For that alone he at least owed them something. “So, can you promise to make sure they make it out okay?”

Papyrus was smart, he had to know that Sans was leaving something out. But was he going to ask about it? “All right, I promise I won’t hurt them,” he said after a short pause. “Undyne didn’t want me hurting them either anyway,”

Sans nodded. What was going to happen to them without their dad to take care of them, he no idea, but he could figure that out later. For now, he was satisfied with the promise that they weren’t going to be hurt.

So, with a sigh, he lay his head back down on the table. His pussy still hadn’t dissipated despite the serious conversation they’d just had. It was still there between his legs, wet with arousal he didn’t want but couldn’t make go away.

He closed his eyes, taking deep breaths as he focused on trying to get it to dispel. He had to remain calm, his body and magic weren’t going to listen to him if he was freaking out. That had been one of the first things he’d learned when practicing control of his magic.

But clearing his mind and focusing on it only made him more aware of it. Which only made his arousal worse. Getting fucked would feel really good right about now. Its tentacle-dick had always stretched and filled his pussy perfectly when it thrust into him at just the right angle and speed. And its cum had always been pleasantly warm when it released deep inside him.

“Oh fuck…” he moaned at just the memory of it. His pussy was soaked and dripping now. It almost hurt with how much he wanted it filled.

“Uh… Sans you okay?” Papyrus asked.

Sans froze, shame, disgust, and self-hatred filling him as he realized what he’d just been thinking about. How could any part of him still want that? He was free now, he was never supposed to think about anything having to do with that again. And yet here he was fantasizing about it.

“I uh…” he stammered as tears formed in his eyes. “I gotta…” He needed to do something about this but what? And why had he been thinking about his rapist? Those kinds of thoughts should not have turned him on. But they had. He was disgusting.

“Hey Sans, it’s okay.” Papyrus put a gentle reassuring hand on his shoulder. “It’s okay, don’t freak out, it’s okay.”

Sans whimpered, curling in on himself as he squeezed his legs together. His body wanted it to fuck him. It would feel good and satisfying. And thinking about how good it would feel only made him want it more.

“I-I don’t know what to do,” he whimpered. Tears still leaking from his eyes, he pressed his face into
the table again. He couldn’t bear to look at Papyrus. Did he have any idea about what Sans was thinking about? About how part of him wanted to get fucked by the tentacle monster again?

“Maybe try taking a cold shower,” Papyrus suggested, clearly having no idea either.

That probably wouldn’t work. The water the monster had used to bathe him had always been cold. And it fucking him during and/or after that hadn’t been uncommon. The added bonus of being clean had often made it feel even better.

“Ugh…” he groaned, balling his hands into fists. That thought had sent another twinge of arousal straight to his pussy. ‘I gotta…’ He stood up, trying not to feel how wet he was down there or the tears leaking down his face. ‘I’m gonna go… lie down for a bit.” Then, still not even glancing Papyrus’ way, he hurried out of the kitchen and made his way upstairs to his room.

His hands shook as he locked the door. Ha, he could lock the door, he had his own private space again. That was amazing. But his elation at that realization was dampened by his continued distress and disgusting arousal.

Trembling, he lay down on his bed. What was he going to do about this? Would he ever be normal again? How long was his body going associate eating with getting fucked?

And how was he going to fix his current problem? He had to do something about it. It was gross and disgusting and he needed for it to stop before he fantasized about the tentacle monster raping him again. It fucking him had always felt so good though and his body was so used to it and seemed to still expect it. He was gross and disgusting.

He groaned, forcing his mind away from that. He had to do something.

Maybe he could… touch himself? He’d done that a few times in the past. He’d always gone for having a dick when he did that though. But that could work.

Taking a deep breath, he focused on the magic in his pelvis again. Instead of attempting to get it to dispel he tried to make it change shape and form into a dick instead. It almost seemed like it was going to work, except for the fact that it didn’t. His pussy was still there, dripping wet and aching with its need to be filled, preferably by something long and thick.

He groaned in frustration and despair. He was so weak and pathetic he couldn’t even make his magic change form. Meaning he had to either lie here and wait for his arousal to go away or touch himself anyway.

It wasn’t even five minutes before his will broke and he slid one hand down underneath his pants. He hesitated, hovering his hand centimeters away from his dripping pussy. There wasn’t really anything wrong with this, was there? Yeah, he was gross and disgusting for being aroused in the first place. But there was nothing wrong with relieving that arousal, right? It was just, he’d been raped so many times the thought of touching his pussy seemed wrong somehow. But he needed to do something.

Letting out a shaky breath, he lowered his hand to brush at the lips of his opening. He shuddered, pulling his hand back for a couple seconds before lowering it again. His magic was warm and slick. With a moan, he slid his fingers up to rub at his clit, lifting his hips up into the motion.

He was gross for indulging himself like this. He should be practicing stern self-control. But he’d been a gross disgusting mess for a while now, this made little difference.

He closed his eyes as he imagined something long and thick thrusting into him, stretching and filling
his magic in just the right way. He could almost feel it as his pussy twitched at the imagined intrusion.

“I want it, I want it, feels good,” he said in breathy whisper. He slid his fingers inside his opening, staring to thrust them in and out. They were too thin and could never go deep enough, but they would have to do for now.

He spread his legs a little wider, still imagining that certain something thrusting into him. “Feels good, love it,” he said. If it wasn’t fucking his mouth that meant it wanted him to talk and say how much he loved it.

He kept moaning and mumbling to himself, making sure to keep his eyes firmly shut the whole time to aid in his imagining. It took longer than normal before he started to get close to climax. “Ah feels good,” he mumbled, moving his fingers a little faster.

Imagining that certain something swelling as it released deep inside him, filling his pussy with wet warmth was what brought him over the edge. He moaned, arching his back as the walls of his pussy fluttered and clamped down on his fingers.

He whimpered as he came down. He’d been thinking about… how it felt when his captor had fucked him. He’d even orgasmed to the thought of it coming inside him. Tears of shame, disgust, and self-hatred filled his eyes as he pulled his hand out of his pants. His fingers were glistening with his purple magic. He was gross and disgusting, how could he have been thinking about that of all things?

But hey, at least he was finally able to get his pussy to dispel. That didn’t make him feel any better though. He shouldn’t have been aroused in the first place. And the absolute last thing he should’ve been thinking about was his rapist.

Crying, he rushed out of his room and to the bathroom at the end of the hall before Papyrus could see him. He turned on the faucet to wash the proof of how far he’d fallen off his hand. He could never erase it from his mind though.

How could he fantasize about it raping him? Even if it had felt good and he had liked it at the time. The thought of it ever touching him like that again should make him want to vomit, but he’d masturbated to it instead.

He was pulled out of his frantic gross thoughts by a small knock on the door. “You okay Sans?” Papyrus said from the other side. Even muffled by the door, his concern was audible.

“I… I uh…” No, Sans wasn’t okay. He was gross and disgusting. He’d been fantasizing about his rapist as he touched himself. Nothing about that could ever be okay. “Y-yeah, I’m… okay,” he lied. How could he ever admit what he’d just done to anybody, even Papyrus?

“Ya sure?” Papyrus had to know he was lying.

“I… yeah, I’m fine. D-don’t worry about it. Could you grab me a clean towel? I’m gonna take shower.” If Sans left the bathroom Papyrus would see the tears on his face and know for sure that he wasn’t okay. He might ask about it more and Sans didn’t want that.

“Uh… sure thing,” Papyrus said.

Maybe a scalding hot shower would help Sans feel a little less disgusting. Probably not. But hey, at least he could take a hot shower, he’d missed those. Even though he would never feel properly clean again.
“All right, tell me what happened,” Alphys said.

She’d called Sans in a little while ago, wanting to get an official statement from him. At first, she hadn’t wanted Papyrus there too but had quickly relented. And now the three of them were seated in her office.

“Do you really need an official statement?” Papyrus asked. “Can’t we just go kill the damn thing?”

Alphys sighed. “Yes, I need an official statement,” she said. “I unfortunately have to follow proper protocol on this, like I do with everything else. We’ll make it pay for hurting Sans though, I promise.”

Papyrus huffed crossing his arms but didn’t say anything else. Sans didn’t fancy talking about it but Alphys was just doing her job.

“All right Sans, tell us what happened when it kidnapped you,” Alphys said, looking expectedly at him.

Sans sighed, fidgeting in his chair. “I was alone on patrol duty.” Like a moron. How could he have ever thought that that was a good idea?

“Why? Don’t you normally patrol with the dogs or sometimes Papyrus?” Alphys asked. She had always told him and all the other Guard members to never be alone while on duty because the Underground was an extremely dangerous place. It would be far too easy to pick off a lone Guard member. Sans was more aware of that now than he’d ever been before.

“I uh… the dogs were sick and I thought I could handle myself.” How different would things have been if he’d brought Papyrus? Would it have still grabbed him or left him alone because he was with somebody? Maybe it would’ve grabbed both of them.

At least Alphys wasn’t reprimanding him for it. She’d scolded Guard members, including himself a couple times, for doing stuff like that in the past. The Underground was dangerous, she didn’t want to have to mess with getting a new recruit every time a Guard got killed for doing something stupid.

Staring down at his feet, Sans took a deep breath before continuing. “I was walking by the river in the dark part of Waterfall when it took me by surprise. It uh grabbed my ankle and dragged me underwater and to its secret cavern or whatever. It… grabbed my soul and cut off my magic before I could fight back. Then it… it uh…”

How could Sans ever tell them that it had impregnated him and forced him to carry its eggs? That it had manipulated him into submitting to its every whim by promising not freedom but merely the consideration of it once the eggs had hatched? That he’d eventually starting enjoying being fucked by it? That he’d not only let it fuck him but had also begged and pleaded for it, often without even being prompted to? That before he’d been saved he had accepted that he was going to be its sex toy for the rest of his life?

Papyrus put a comforting hand on his shoulder. “It’s gonna die, Sans,” he said. “It’s gonna pay, I promise.”

Sans nodded, a few tears trickling down his face. They were going to get vengeance on it for him and then everything was going to be okay. Once it was dead things would start to go back to normal.
“Do you really need to make him fucking talk about this?” Papyrus asked with a slight growl. “We know enough about what it fucking did to him to justify murdering it.”

“Yes, but we need to know what happened,” Alphys said. “And Sans, I’m sorry about what happened and that we didn’t save you sooner. We stopped looking for you because we thought you were dead. So, I… apologize for that.”

Wow, Alphys was apologizing to him and sounded sincere too. She never apologized about anything, or at least not that Sans had ever seen.

On one hand that made him feel a bit better. Alphys was his friend and cared about him. But on the other hand, it made him feel worse too. He’d always admired Alphys as Commander of the Guard, had looked up to her as a mentor, and now she knew how weak he was and pitied him.

Sans sighed, he didn’t want to talk about it but he had to. “It… raped me and forced me to be its sex slave. When I tried to resist, it… raped my soul. I couldn’t… I had to… submit to it otherwise… And I thought I was going to be there for the rest of my life.” He didn’t have to tell the whole truth. He could leave out the eggs and anything to do with how weak and disgusting he was.

But even saying that was enough to bring tears to his eyes. He didn’t even bother with trying to hide them or keep them from spill over. He had no dignity and both Alphys and Papyrus had to already know how weak and pathetic he’d become.

“Fuck,” Alphys growled. “We’re gonna kill it, okay Sans? No one fucking messes with my pals and gets away with it.”

“Yes, we’re gonna kill it, so everything’s gonna be okay, I promise,” Papyrus said.

“I… thanks,” Sans said, wiping away his tears with his sleeve. It being dead would mean things could start to get better. Papyrus and Alphys were going to get vengeance on it for him and everything was going to be just fine. There was just one more thing he needed to make sure of.

“Alphys, when you guys go to kill it, can you make sure not to hurt the small baby ones, please?” Sans at least had to make sure that they were going to be okay. He could figure out what to do about them once the tentacle monster died later.

Alphys studied him for a couple seconds. “Why would you care about what happened to them?”

“They’re too young to understand what was going on there and they kept me company. So, can you please promise not to hurt them?”

Alphys thought for a couple seconds, studying him, before replying “Fine, I’ll ensure that they don’t get hurt. Undyne said something about how they were supposed to be extinct anyway and I don’t have a quarrel with them.”

“Thanks.” Sans nodded. Maybe no one else ever needed to know that he was their mother. He could say that the only reason he cared about what happened to them was because they’d kept him company.

“And uh one more thing,” he said, taking a deep breath. “Am I still a member of the Guard? I know you thought I was dead so you probably got a replacement for me but…” Being part of the Royal Guard had been his dream since childhood and he’d finally achieved it a couple years ago. But now with how weak he’d become…

Alphys froze, giving him an unreadable look. “Uh yeah, of course you’re still in the Guard.” She
didn’t sound entirely sure. “But you’ll be taking a break from active duty for a bit, while you recover and shit.” Meaning for all intents and purposes he was out of the Guard, possibly for good. At best, they’d give him some kind of desk job. Which was what they did for Guard members who’d become so physically crippled in the line of duty that they were no longer able to fight.

He sighed, his shoulders slumping. He couldn’t blame Alphys for that. He was too tired and broken to be all that useful as a real Guard member.

“Sans… you need to eat,” Papyrus said, giving Sans a worried look.

“I’d rather not,” Sans said. After eating he’d only get turned on again and fantasize about his rapist as he touched himself. He was gross and disgusting.

They were back home and it was past lunchtime. Alphys had decided that they’d wait for the monster to leave its hideout before going after it. As soon as it did, she’d call Papyrus and he’d teleport out to join her and the Guard members she was bringing along to kill it.

It had been decided that Sans would stay at home. As much as he’d like to watch it die he didn’t want to be anywhere near where it could potentially grab him again. And he wouldn’t be very useful in a fight anyway and not only because his magic was still blocked.

“C’mon Sans, ya love to cook, right?” Papyrus picked him up off the couch and carried him to the kitchen, placing him in front of the stove. “So, how ‘bout ya make some lunch, huh? Even though at this point it’ll be more like an early dinner. But uh I’ll help if ya want. You’re always yelling at me to do shit around the house anyway.”

Sans sighed, staring at the stove. It had been a while since he’d even last thought about cooking. He had loved it, cooking had been one of his favourite pastimes. But if he cooked something he’d have to eat it and then… And he wasn’t really in the mood to bother with cooking right now anyway.

“C’mon m’lord, you’re one of the best cooks in the Underground, right?” Papyrus said, repeating something Sans had used to say and believe. Just like how he used to believe that he was strong and could take care of himself and didn’t need anyone to watch his back. “So… how ‘bout ya show off your amazing cooking skills, huh?”

“I can’t.” Sans sighed again. Papyrus was trying to make him feel better but it wasn’t working. Cooking meant eating and eating meant gross disgusting arousal.

“Sans I… ya can’t just…” Papyrus’ shoulders slumped. “That… problem you have after eating, I’m sure it’ll go away eventually.”

How long would that take though? How many times would he end up fantasizing about getting raped? And how many times would he masturbate to those thoughts?

“Ya can’t not eat though,” Papyrus continued. “Look if you’re not feeling up to it, I’ll make lunch. I’m not as good a cook as you but I’m sure I can come up with something.”

“Don’t,” Sans said. Papyrus froze, turning to look at him. “I’ll eat something later, okay? You can just go to Muffet’s or whatever.”

He then left the kitchen, going back to the living room. He flopped on the couch again with a tired sigh, curling up and resting his head on the armrest.
He was home and he was free, he should be happy and elated. He should have his old energy levels back and be eager to do things like cook and get vengeance on his former captor. But he was still gross, disgusting, and tired.

How was it even possible for him to have had so much energy before when he had so little now? It was past midday and he just wanted to go back to bed and sleep. When he should be wanting to do… stuff. What had he even used to spend his free time doing?

“M’lord… Sans,” Papyrus said as he dragged his feet back into the living room as well. “I’m so sorry ‘bout… ya know. I failed you, I’m sorry.” He slumped on the couch next to Sans, giving him a sad guilty look.

“Don’t you dare try to blame yourself for anything that happened,” Sans said, trying to put as much command in his voice as he could, he still ended up sounding mostly tired and sad. The last thing he needed right now was to start feeling guilty about upsetting Papyrus. He hated himself enough as it was without adding that to it.

Papyrus sighed. Knowing him he was going to blame himself no matter what Sans said. “That things gonna fucking die,” he growled, his eye briefly flaring with anger. “It’s gonna suffer, I promise. It’s gonna pay for what it did to you. Don’t ya think for one second that it’s not.”

“I know,” Sans said. After it was dead things would get better. “I know.” It was going to die and then everything would be fine.

The sat in silence for a while after that. Normally Sans wouldn’t have wanted to sit and relax for any significant length of time. But he didn’t have enough energy to do anything else right now. And surrounded by the comforts of home and the security of having Papyrus close by, it wasn’t long before he was lured to sleep by the quiet murmuring of the T.V. in the background.

_He was in the cavern, wrapped up tight in his captor’s tentacles. It was holding him and rocking him as it stroked and caressed his pregnant belly, its eggs visible through the translucent purple magic making up his womb and abdomen. He was warm and comfortable and it felt good._

“C-can you fuck me?” he asked.

“Do you want me to?” it asked in a mischievous tone.

“Yes, I want you to fuck me. Please fuck me.” It would feel good and give him something to do that wasn’t lying around. He was even already turned on and summoning his pussy for it.

“Very good job, little one,” it praised him.

It adjusted his hold on him so he could spread his legs and give it access to his pussy. It wasted no time summoning its tentacle-dick. He moaned in satisfaction and pleasure as it pushed into him. Each hard thrust filled and stretched his him perfectly.

“Ah fuck, feels good,” he said. For some reason, it had been a while since he’d been properly fucked and he needed this.

It giggled as it summoned another tentacle-dick. He eagerly opened his mouth for it. He moaned around it as it forced its way to the back of his throat with each thrust.

_He clenched his pussy around its member each time it filled him, delving all the way to the back of_
his magic. It was amazing, exactly what he wanted. Even it thrusting into his mouth was satisfying in its own way.

A short time later he shuddered and moaned as it released deep inside him, triggering his own climax as he swallowed the cum flooding his mouth.

“Love it, want it, feels good,” he said once it withdrew from his mouth. He groaned in dissatisfaction as it started to withdraw from his pussy too. “Again, can we go again? Please fuck me again.”

“Of course,” it said with a giggle. It thrust into his pussy again, wasting no time in picking the pace right back up.

“Good, feels good,” he moaned.

“What the fuck is going on here?”

Sans jumped a little, turning his head to see Papyrus standing to the side. He looked furious and disgusted.

“Oh hello,” the monster said. It paused in its thrusting for maybe half a second before continuing, not at all bothered by the audience.

“Pappy I…” Sans began before Papyrus cut him off.

“Sans, you’re fucking disgusting, ya know that? How could ya want that thing to fuck you like that?” he said with a growl. “If I had known you were such a gross fucking whore I would’ve left you to die a long time ago.”

“It’s not… Pappy I’m sorry,” Sans said, tears filling his eyes. “I… ah,” he cut off with a pleasured moan as it picked up the pace on its thrusting.

“You’re fucking disgusting,” Papyrus growled at him. “You deserve to be that thing’s sex toy.”

“Pappy no, don’t…” he cut off as Papyrus disappeared with a small pop.

“Ah little one, you don’t need him anyway, you’re happy here,” the monster said.

Tears still falling from his eyes, Sans nodded. He deserved for Papyrus to hate him anyway. “Feels good, want it, I’m happy,” he said. He was gross and disgusting, he deserved to be here.

He climaxed again a short time later, moaning loudly as he arched his back and closed his eyes.

When he relaxed once more, he blinked open his eyes to the sight of the… living room ceiling? He’d been dreaming. Dreaming about getting raped. And he had liked it, had even wanted it. And worst of all he could tell that his body had orgasmed from just the dream alone. How could he be so disgusting?

“Sans, you awake now?”

Tears filled his eyes as he turned his head to see Papyrus crouched on the floor beside him. His vision was too blurred with tears to make out his expression, but it had to be disgust, right? There was no way he didn’t have at least some idea of what Sans had been dreaming about.
“I—I’m sorry,” Sans whimpered. He shrunk against the back of the couch and away from Papyrus. Dispelling his pussy as soon as he realized it was still there.

“Hey Sans.” Papyrus reached out a tentative hand to touch Sans’ shoulder but froze and withdrew it before actually making contact. “You were having a dream and I tried to wake ya up but… I couldn’t.”

“D-do you know w-what I was dreaming about?”

“I uh… from what you were saying and the sounds you were making I uh… think I have a pretty good idea,” he said, looking awkwardly to the side.

Sans curled himself into a ball, pressing his face into the armrest so he didn’t have to look at Papyrus. “I’m disgusting I know and gross and I… I’m sorry.”

“No, Sans, you’re not any of that.” This time he did place a gentle hand on Sans’ shoulder. “And there’s nothing to be sorry for.”

“D-do you hate me now?” Sans asked, thinking back to how the Papyrus in his dream had reacted. A perfectly normal and understandable reaction.

“No, I don’t hate you, I could never hate you. You’re my baby brother and I’ll always love you no matter what.” Papyrus said, Sans still refusing to look at him. “It’s okay, everything’s gonna be okay, I promise.”

“It’s not okay though.” Sans shouted, the loudest he’d been in a long time, as he finally looked up at Papyrus. “Don’t you fucking understand, part of me wants it to fuck me again. I fantasized about it earlier when I touched myself and I just had a fucking dream about it. No fucking part of that is okay or ever will be okay. I’m a gross disgusting whore and that’s not fucking okay.”

His spurt of anger faded immediately to be replaced by despair and self-loathing once more. He curled in on himself again as he shoulders started to shake with sobs. How could this have happened to him? How he could he have become so gross and disgusting? And how could Papyrus not be absolutely disgusted with him?

“Sans.” Papyrus’ voice sounded weak and broken, barely above a whisper. “I… don’t know what to do. I want to make it better but… I don’t know how to.”

“You can’t make it better. Nothing can make it better, so don’t even bother trying.”

Papyrus made an unintelligible sound of distress. Sans briefly glanced his was to see that he was crying now too, a pair of thick tears slowly rolling down his face. He looked hurt and upset, as if Sans had just said something horribly mean and awful.

Seeing him like that only made Sans feel worse. He didn’t need to be dragging Papyrus into his misery as well. If it wasn’t for Papyrus, Sans would still be that thing’s sex toy.

“I’m sorry.” Sans slid off the couch and basically onto Papyrus’ lap. He wrapped his arms around him, burying his face into shirt. Hopefully Papyrus wouldn’t care too much about tearstains. “I’m sorry.”

Papyrus scooped him up before moving back to the couch. He held Sans close for several minutes, letting him cry it out for a little while before speaking. “I’m sorry I can’t make it better.” He still sounded upset.
“Fuck no, I’m sorry I said that. You do make it better.” Sans was calming down significantly by just being held. Papyrus was warm and he would never let anyone hurt Sans. He was safe, so how could he still be so miserable? “If it weren’t for you I’d probably just kill myself.”

He hadn’t considered that option before but it was true. He was a gross disgusting broken mess. Ending himself wasn’t all that unappealing of an idea. But he couldn’t leave Papyrus like that.

Papyrus sighed, not saying anything for several seconds. “I know I’ve said this like a million times by now, but that things gonna die. I’ve never hated anything more than I hate that thing. So, I’m gonna make pay, okay?”

“Okay.” Sans nodded. No matter how many times he heard it, he was always comforted by Papyrus’ promise to get vengeance for him. Afterwards things would start to get better.

They stayed like that for a while, relaxing and not saying anything. Eventually Sans drifted off again, thankfully with no dreams this time. He was jolted awake sometime later by the sound of Papyrus’ phone going off.

“Ugh…” Papyrus groaned, pulling it out. Knowing him he’d been sleeping too. He flipped it open and held it up to this ‘ear’. “Hey,” he said.

Sans could hear Alphys’ speaking on the other end, though he couldn’t make out what she was saying. Whatever it was made Papyrus stiffen to attention.

“I’ll be there in like five minutes,” he said before hanging up. “The thing left its cave so we’re gonna hunt down it now.”

“Oh, good, that’s good.” Through them Sans would finally get vengeance and then everything would start to get better. “Be careful though, please. Don’t let it hurt you.”

“Of course, I’ll be careful. You gonna be okay on your own for a bit?”

Sans nodded as he crawled off Papyrus lap. “I’ll be fine,” he said. He didn’t fancy being alone for so long but he could handle it.

“’Kay, see ya in a couple hours then when that thing’s nothing but a pile of dust.” With that Papyrus disappeared with a small pop, leaving Sans alone in the empty silence of the house.
Papyrus didn’t like the idea of leaving Sans alone for any length of time, not with how broken and mentally scarred he was. But letting him be anywhere near the abomination that had hurt him would be substantially worse. So, staying home was the best option for him right now. Though he should’ve objected to that idea and gotten pissed off at the mere suggestion that he was weak. But instead, he had accepted it seemingly without even considering making any sort of protest.

Papyrus sighed as his teleport landed him next to Alphys where she’d been waiting for him in Waterfall. He could worry about Sans’ mental state later, after he’d obliterated the piece of shit that had hurt Sans.

“Good, you’re here,” Alphys said. “Now we can finally get this show on the road.” She made gesture with her hand and they started moving. Following them was a squad of Guards, mostly consisting of aquatic type monsters since the monster they were hunting would be in the river. Due to their padded armor, they made little to no sound as they moved. The idea was to take the tentacle monster by surprise and get the upper hand early.

“You know where that thing’s at?” Papyrus was unable to keep a slight growl out his voice at the mere mention of the abomination that had hurt Sans. Just thinking about it made his nonexistent blood boil. He was going to make that thing pay for every time it had touched Sans.

“Yeah,” Alphys said with a nod. “Undyne said its following the river going southeast. She’ll call or text if it changes directions or if anything else comes on her cameras that we need to worry about.”

“Good.” Papyrus nodded. Part of him wanted to rush forward and destroy it right now but it was probably smarter to stay with Alphys and the Royal Guard. He had promised Sans he was going to be careful after all.

They walked in relative silence for a little while before Alphys spoke again. “How’s Sans been doing? He seemed pretty… not himself earlier. Is he… doing any better at home?”

‘Not himself’ was one way to put it. Before he’d been so full of life, with an overly cocky self-important attitude that could get annoying sometimes. Now he had none of that.

Papyrus sighed, his shoulders slumping. “He’s… been better. But he’s been through a lot so… I guess that makes sense,” he said. Seeing Sans so broken and upset was far more difficult than he could ever hope to put into words.

“You think he’ll ever recover?”

“I hope so.” Papyrus sighed again. There wasn’t really a whole lot more he could do other than hope and be there for Sans as much as possible.

They went back to walking in silence after that. They were going down the corridor that Sans had been heading down when he’d been kidnapped. There wasn’t any lighting other than the glowing crystal ‘stars’ in the ceiling and walls, as well as the occasional echo flower or glowing mushroom.

Why was this place abandoned? If there’d been lights and cameras set up around here four months ago they could’ve come to Sans’ rescue a whole lot sooner. Yeah, it was a bit out of the way and so
few people came down this way anyway, but there still should’ve been something here. How had that thing even survived out here without anyone finding out about it?

“Remember only hurt the big one, leave the babies alone,” Alphys said after a while, addressing the Guards. She spoke in a firm but soft voice so that she wouldn’t be heard by anyone who wasn’t immediately close by. “After we’re done dealing with the tentacle monster we’ll round up all of the baby ones and bring them to Undyne.”

That reminded Papyrus of Sans’ insistence that the babies not be harmed. He’d gone out of his way to ensure their safety with both him and Alphys. Why was that? Yeah, his reasoning made sense, that they had kept him company and hadn’t done anything to hurt him, on top of just being babies. But both times he’d brought it up he’d also been leaving something out. Something he thought was important but was afraid to reveal for some reason. Papyrus hadn’t pressed for more information in fear of upsetting him. So, he’d just have to figure it out on his own after killing the tentacle monster.

They kept walking as Papyrus fantasized about all the ways he wanted to enact vengeance on it. Everything from chopping its limbs off to branding it with a hot iron until it was begging for mercy. Of course, no amount of pain and suffering would ever be enough for proper vengeance. And sadly, it would never undo the damage that had been done to Sans, nothing could ever make that disappear. But the thing dying a horrible gruesome death was still a necessity and Papyrus was going to ensure that it happened.

After a bit more walking, Alphys made another gesture with her hand, apparently, a signal for half the Guards to slip into the river to start swimming beside them. Hopefully they would be able to prevent any attempt it might make to escape back to its hidey hole, which they had passed by a short while ago. They made a bit more sound as they moved but still not a lot. Stealth was looking like it might work.

A few more minutes of eerie silence passed, broken only by the occasional small sound made by one of the Guards or the burbling of the river flowing by. The near silence coupled with the darkness gave the cavern an unnerving quality, as if something horrifying could jump out at any moment. It was the proverbial calm before the storm of violence that was going to unfold as soon as they found their target.

“Well, well, well, what do we have here?”

Papyrus startled as a soft voice came from the river a short distance in front of them. Something large rose out of the water. It was barely visible in the low lighting but still recognizable as an octopus like creature. The wretched abomination that had hurt Sans!

“I assume,” it continued, “that because so few people normally come down this way, especially in a big group like this, that you must be looking for me. Leading me to believe that you’re the people who stole my precious pet.”

Papyrus growled, deep and guttural. How dare it refer to Sans as its pet? How dare it even talk about Sans at all?

“You must be Pappy,” it said with a slight giggle, seemingly not at all intimidated by his growl. “My pet used to cry for you, you know? Pretty much every night for almost two months before he gave up and started enjoying being my sex toy. So, I would very much like it if you gave him back, our precious babies are starting to miss their mommy after all.”

Papyrus summoned a row of Blasters but before he could fire them, he froze as its final words registered in his mind, even past his barely bridled rage. Had it really just said that Sans was the
tentacle monster babies’ ‘mommy’?

“What the fuck do mean, ‘they’re missing their mommy’?” Alphys asked with her own angry growl before Papyrus could. “Sans isn’t anyone’s ‘mommy’.”

“Oh, he didn’t tell you?” The monster giggled again, it sounded malicious and was more than a little rage inducing. “I grabbed him so he could carry my eggs and give birth to them. So yes, he is their mommy. He was very cute when he was pregnant too, with a big round belly. You could even see the eggs inside him through his magic. It was adorable.”

*That* had to be what Sans was afraid to reveal about the tentacle monster babies, that he’d been forced to carry and give birth to them. How *dare* this despicable thing do that to Sans? How *dare* it? How *dare* it even *touch* Sans? It and its foul disgusting offspring were going to die, they were going to *pay* for what they did to Sans.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry about the cliffhanger and short chapter. For a few reasons, the main one being writer's block making the next part hard to write, I decided to split this chapter into two.
Sorry for the kind of long delay, this is seriously the most difficult scene I've ever had to write. And I've put a fuckton of time and effort into writing, editing, and rewriting parts of it, so I just hope it's good.

Warnings for this chapter include: graphic violence, blood/gore, eyeball fluid, and death.

With a ferocious growl, Papyrus fired his Blasters, concentrating their beams on that thing’s foul disgusting face before it could speak any more slander about Sans. They hit right between its eyes, searing into its flesh.

It growled as it jerked back, ducking underneath the Blasters’ beams before they could do much damage as it lowered itself into the water a little more. “Oh, it’s going to be like that, is it? It would’ve been easier for all of us if you’d just given me my pet back.” As it spoke, it shot one of its many tentacles towards Papyrus. Even with his fast reflexes he barely managed to teleport away before it could reach him.

He landed on its other side, behind it. Its offspring were floating the river, huddled up together. They looked up at him as he appeared, too young to understand what was happening they didn’t look afraid, just curious. He was half-tempted to deal with them right now but had more important things to worry about.

“Where the fuck…” It cut off as Alphys’ barrage of magical axes, as well as the summoned projectiles from the other Guards, flew towards it in an organized salvo. It growled as it swept a tentacle aglow with presumably protective magic through them, knocking a lot of them out of the air before they could hit it.

Wasting no time, Papyrus attacked again, summoning a fast-moving wave of bone constructs as well as several more Blasters. It snapped around to face him the instant they hit. A satisfying look of fear came over its face as it no doubt saw how close he was to its offspring.

More tentacles rushed at him. They were fast, fast enough that because of how close he was standing he couldn’t react and teleport away in time. One grabbed him, wrapping tightly around his ribcage as it jerked him forward into the cold water with a loud splash.

Suddenly bereft of air, Papyrus struggled and writhed against its grip as it dragged him deeper. It was squeezing him tight, as if it were trying to crush his ribcage. Several of his ribs cracked and snapped under the pressure, the sound of them breaking amplified by the surrounding water. The pain and the sudden dunk in cold water made it hard to focus on summoning another attack to cut himself free.

Already desperate for air, he tried to teleport away, even if that meant dragging it with him. His magic lurched, unable to complete the teleport. He’d always suspected that there was a limit to the size of things he could bring with him on a teleport. Meaning if he couldn’t escape from its tentacle he wouldn’t be able to teleport to shore.

He gurgled in panic, bubbles escaping from his mouth and nose, as he kicked ineffectively with his
feet. There was no fucking way he could die like this. He still needed to get vengeance for what this thing did to Sans.

But just as the edges of his mind started to fade, its grip vanished. He floated there stunned for half a second before his senses returned to him enough for him to teleport away. He landed next to Alphys, falling to his knees and coughing up river water. His broken ribs flared with intense pain but there was nothing he could do about that.

“You fucking cheater,” the tentacle monster growled. Its voice had lost its amused tone and now echoed off the cave walls with anger. Good, it should be mad.

Ignoring the pain and taking deep breaths of blissful air, Papyrus glanced up to see that one of its tentacles, presumably the one that had been squeezing him to death, had been severed. Blood was steadily pouring out of its severed end. Where his Blaster beams had hit were obvious burn marks. And despite its earlier efforts at defense, there were also numerous cuts and slashes from Alphys’ axes and the various other kinds of projectiles shot by the Guards. These were leaking blood in dark red rivulets that trickled down to the water below. But despite all that it still looked furious and full of intent to kill and destroy.

“Ha take that, ya rotten piece of yesterday’s sushi,” Alphys taunted it. She hefted one of her axes up onto her shoulder as she flipped it off with her other hand.

“You’ll fucking die for that.” It grabbed a couple of the Guards closest to it and flung them at Papyrus and Alphys.

Papyrus managed to roll out of the way just in time. While Alphys got hit squarely by a fully armored Guard, causing her to topple over onto her back with the Guard still on top of her. The other Guard hit the ground where Papyrus had been kneeling with a loud thunk and distinct sound of breaking bones.

Ignoring Alphys and the Guard’s dazed stammering apologies to her, Papyrus pushed himself to his feet. He danced to the side just in time to dodge another tossed Guard. This one splatted face first into the cave wall behind him with a sickening crunch as their face and probably numerous other bones broke. Their body fell to dust before they even hit the floor.

The tentacle monster seemed to finally be fed up with the Guards’ constant barrage of mostly ineffective attacks as its tentacles mercilessly scooped them up to toss every which way. They started retreating, scattering and pulling back the way they had come to get out of range of it.

While it was distracted with that, Papyrus teleported behind it again, with more distance between them this time so it couldn’t grab him again. At first it looked like the babies had run away. But then he caught sight of them through a small gap in the monster’s tentacles floating above them in the water, presumably for protection. They were huddled together in ball, barely visible as they’d sunk themselves well beneath the water’s surface.

Maybe he should take care of them right now. The more it suffered the better after all, and killing its offspring was a surefire way to upset it. So, he summoned another Blaster, aiming it so that it would cut through the monster’s tentacles and hit the shivering ball of its foul offspring beneath.

“No!” Its voice rang of the cave walls, startling Papyrus a little. Apparently, it had turned around without him noticing.

Before he could fire his Blaster anyway, several of its tentacle shot out, wrapping around the Blaster’s snout, snapping it shut as it forced it to start tilting upward even as it started to fire. With no
outlet for the beam, the Blaster exploded with an ear-ringing bang and blinding flash of concentrated magic. It was like how he imagined a flash bang would look and sound outside of an action movie.

Blinking away the afterimage of the explosion, seemingly burned into his retinas, Papyrus saw that the tentacles that had grabbed the Blaster had been obliterated, with substantial damage to the surrounding ones as well. Most of the dust from that was left floating on the water. Its young, however, appeared to be unharmed, they were probably too deep underwater for the blast to have reached them.

Before his ears could even stop ringing from the sound of the blast, a tentacle slammed into him. It forced him back against the cave wall, knocking the breath out of him and causing his broken ribs to scream in agony.

“You are not allowed to hurt them,” it growled with all the anger and fury of a protective parent.

Its tentacle wrapped around him, squeezing him tight and trembling with anger. It pulled him back probably intending to dash him against the wall hard enough to kill him. Maybe focusing on killing its young when it was still alive to get mad at him hadn’t been such a good idea after all.

“Attack!” Alphys’ battle cry rang out, echoing off the cave walls and distracting the tentacle monster from killing Papyrus. What was left of the Guards had regrouped around her into an offensive formation, just out of range of its tentacles. “Chop off its limbs!” She raised an axe above her head as she shouted her command at the top of her lungs. The Guards replied with their own roaring battle cry of “Chop of its limbs,” as they shook various weapons above their heads as well.

The tentacle monster moved as if it wanted to lunge at them, maybe beat them to death with Papyrus, but halted with an angry growl. It pulled back instead, moving closer to where Papyrus knew its offspring were hiding underwater.

Wasting no time, Papyrus was able to take advantage of this momentary distraction by summoning a Blaster. He fired it at the tentacle squeezing him. The beam cut cleanly through, searing and cauterizing its flesh. The severed part twitched around him before collapsing into dust. He teleported away almost the exact instant he was free, before it could try to grab him again.

“You fucking…” The monster flailed what remained of its tentacles around in ineffective show of rage as Papyrus landed behind the Guards’ formation.

Knowing he was out of its reach and that it couldn’t go after him without leaving its young exposed, he took a moment to catch his breath and reorient himself. He really needed to not be anywhere near where it could potentially grab him again, two close calls was more than enough.

Alphys and her Guards were standing in their offensive formation, in front of him. With Alphys signal they were coordinating their summoned attacks to all hit the same spot, aiming primarily for its limbs. Taking advantage of its distracted fury, the first couple of salvos cut through more of its tentacles, adding more blood and dust to the water. Before it calmed down enough to start blocking again.

Unable to attack with its tentacles anymore, it was finally forced to start using its own attack magic. It summoned hundreds of ‘little’ magic bullets. It fired them all out in a big wave after blocking the Guards’ latest salvo.

The Guards hurriedly repositioned into a more defensive formation. The ones on the outer edge, summoning a defensive wall to protect the entire the group while the rest continued their organized attack on the monster. Papyrus being behind them meant they’d effectively protected him to.
The magic bullets, though no doubt deadly if one were hit, lacked the power to punch through the Guards’ defensive shields. Thus, they did little to no damage to the Guards or Papyrus behind them.

The tentacle monster screamed in fury and annoyance as it sent out another wave of mostly ineffective bullet attacks. It clearly had a lot more practice fighting and crushing things with its powerful tentacles as opposed to using proper attack magic. But it couldn’t physically come after the Guards without leaving its young open to an attack by Papyrus should he teleport back there again.

But even though this put them at an advantage, it wasn’t a very big one. The monster was also blocking most of the Guards attacks now that it focusing on doing so again. Given how much magical energy that thing no doubt had and how many Guards there were, this stalemate had the potential to last for a long time.

But as far as Papyrus was concerned, this was almost exactly where he wanted it. The longer they could draw its suffering out the better.

With a grin, Papyrus summoned another bone construct. It was long and with a little bit of effort he got one end to become form into a sharp point. He wrapped his hands around the other end as if he was holding a two-handed sword. Then during the split-second pause between the Guards’ salvo and the tentacle monster’s barrage, he teleported again. He landed on top of its head, positioned perfectly to stab his newly formed weapon down into one of its rather large eyes.

It let out a shriek of pain as the bone’s pointed end plunged deep into its soft eyeball with little resistance. It jerked harshly underneath him, causing him to lose his balance and start to fall. He teleported away, landing back behind the Guards once more before its reaching tentacles could grab him.

“You fucking cheater.” Its voice was filled with pain and anger as it yelled. It ripped the makeshift bone sword out of its eye, shattering it with a squeeze of its tentacle. Some kind of fluid started leaking out of the hole left in its eye as it started to sag like a deflating water balloon, running down its face and mixing with its blood and dust.

“We got this, boys,” Alphys said. “Go for its blindside. Don’t let up for even a second.”

Under her command the Guards started focusing their attacks on its blindside. It growled in response, turning its body sideways so that its good eye was facing them. It renewed its own barrage of magic bullets on them.

“Papyrus, when you get a chance see if you can’t take out its other eye,” Alphys said to him.

“Sure thing.” Papyrus nodded, eager for the opportunity. The more he got to hurt it the better.

“Ah fuck…” the tentacle monster said, its face contorting with hate and anger. It started backpedaling in the water, probably herding its offspring behind it. It kept attacking and blocking as best it could, though it was obvious it was starting to get frustrated and desperate.

The Guard easily kept up with it, keeping up their own attack and defense. They had the upper hand as long as they were out of range of its tentacles.

Papyrus followed along behind them, waiting for his chance to teleport in and take out its other eye. Occasionally he summoned a Blaster or wave of bone constructs to do more damage but his magic reserves were starting to run low. So, he had to hold back a little for now.

It wasn’t long before the tentacle monster stopped retreating. There was nowhere for it to go anyway. The river they were following ended in a drop into the abyss. They’d essentially cornered it.
“Go away!” it shouted at them.

“No, you’re gonna fucking pay you worthless scum,” Papyrus growled at it, reveling in its desperation.

It hesitated for a few moments, clearly getting ready for something, probably weighing its decisions. It growled, shifting its body before abandoning its defensive position. It lunged at the Guards, quickly closing the distance despite how much damage it had sustained to its tentacles.

They weren’t at all ready and their formation fell to pieces as its tentacles started grabbing them again. Papyrus was forced to teleport away, barely reacting in time as he hadn’t been fully prepared either. He landed several meters away from the action back in the direction they’d come from.

The tentacle monster growled in frustration, it had been aiming for him. It immediately glanced behind itself, probably looking for him. Halfway through its turn it spotted him, too far away for it to reach, it sent a wave of magic bullets at him.

He teleported again to avoid them. Instead of going for where he knew its offspring were, as it no doubt expected, he landed on its blindside.

The sight of its deflated eye, still leaking fluid, and cut up face brought him no small amount of satisfaction. Yeah sure, it probably would’ve gotten the best of them if it hadn’t been protecting its offspring but he didn’t care. They’d essentially already won the battle because of that, so he was happy.

It of course didn’t see him as it frantically turned to look back towards its offspring. The Guards were regrouping, getting ready to attack again but it didn’t seem to notice.

Papyrus stood waiting, summoning a large ring of Blasters until its good eye finally found him. It widened as it spotted him, a split second before he fired all his Blaster directly at it. Its eye being so big made it practically impossible for him to miss. He should’ve been aiming for its eyes from the very beginning.

Unprepared to block or dodge, it shrieked in pain and fury as its eye exploded in a burst of that same fluid its other eye was leaking. Before the echoes of its scream died down it slammed its tentacles down right where Papyrus was standing. Even expecting that he barely managed to jump back in time. He then quickly backpedaled until he was out of range of its flailing tentacles.

“You’ll fucking die for that.” Its voice had more than a hint of desperation and anger it. It started blindly firing more magic bullets in his general direction as well as waving its tentacles around, looking for him. “As soon as I fucking find you, you’re dead. And when my pet comes running back to me, I’ll tell him all about how I killed you. And then I’ll make him beg for me to punish him for your crimes.”

Papyrus growled, feeling his eye flare with anger. How dare it talk about Sans like that? How dare it even suggest that Sans would ever come ‘running back’ to it?

Too angry for words Papyrus summoned another ring of Blasters, more than he’d ever summoned at any one time before. Filled with the extreme desire to destroy the wretched abomination in front of him, he fired them all at once. He aimed them at the exact same spot, right between what remained of its eyes. Unable to see, it couldn’t do anything to attempt to block and/or dodge.

The beams hit, their power combining to tear through its flesh and whatever organs lay beneath, filling the air with the smell of burnt calamari. It let out another strangled scream as it tried to pull
away. Alphys and the Guards had resumed firing at it now too, hitting it from all directions.

Even fueled by rage, Papyrus couldn’t keep firing that many Blasters at once for long. His magic reserves were starting to run dangerously low. But he managed to keep it up, following the tentacle monster’s every move, until all of a sudden it collapsed into dust. The ringing sound of its soul shattering seemed quiet as the loud blaring of the Blasters cut off, Papyrus’ magic reserves having hit zero.

“We did it,” one of the Guards shouted, pumping his fist in victory.

Papyrus blinked a few times as he stared at the massive pile of dust now floating in the water. It was dead! They’d killed it. He had intended to draw its suffering out longer, but this would have to do.

His exhaustion caught up with him all at once, replacing the extreme anger he’d been feeling mere seconds ago. He wanted to be elated about their victory but suddenly found it difficult to even stay on his feet.

“Gather the small ones,” Alphys commanded, not missing a beat in any kind of celebration. “Make sure none of them get away.”

“Yes ma’am.” The Guards still able to stand saluted her before diving in the water, seemingly unperturbed by all the dust and blood clouding it. They returned several seconds later, each bearing a small octopus like creature. Which they placed by Alphys before immediately going back to get another. It wasn’t long before there was a pile of thirty or so, the Guards declaring that that was all of them.

“You want to take care of them, or shall I?” Alphys said. She hefted a summoned axe up onto her shoulder as she turned to look at Papyrus.

“I…” Papyrus stared at them. They had huddled together into shivering mass, covered in their father’s dust. They were making pitiful mewling sounds, crying. Now that he was too tired to be angry he remembered that Sans had made him promise not to hurt them. Had even gone out of his way to get Alphys to promise the same.

But they were disgusting, Sans should never have been forced to carry or birth them. They had no right to exist. But if Sans didn’t want them hurt that must mean he… cared about them at least a little bit. Which wasn’t really too farfetched of an idea. On top of the fact that he’d carried them inside himself and given birth to them, they’d also been his only company other than his rapist. And he had evidently believed that he was going to spend the rest of his life there. So, of course he had become attached to them. Given the circumstances, it would’ve been odd if he hadn’t.

Not to mention, depending on how long Sans had been pregnant for, they couldn’t be more than a few months old. Meaning they were babies. And killing literal infants was not something Papyrus could condone, no matter how much they shouldn’t exist.

“Don’t hurt them,” he said with a tired sigh. He wished he could just take a nap but needed to take care of this first. Sans had made him promise not to let anyone else hurt the babies.

“You heard what that thing said,” Alphys said with an angry growl. “It forced Sans to carry and give birth to them. They shouldn’t exist, they’re a product of rape.”

“Yeah, but… Sans asked us not to hurt them.” Not just asked, but had made them promise. And Papyrus could never break a promise he’d made to Sans, even if he had made it without knowing the full story.
“Ugh… fuck you’re right. Sans must be more fucked up in the head than I thought.”

Papyrus didn’t appreciate her saying that, even if it did hold some truth. Sans definitely was mentally damaged but she didn’t have to say it like that. Now wasn’t the time to talk to her about that though.

“Killing them won’t help,” he said instead. Killing them would most likely upset Sans even more. He was already in a bad enough mental state as it was without adding that to it.

So, with another tired sigh, Papyrus placed himself between Alphys and the babies. Given how exhausted he was there wouldn’t be a whole lot he could do if she decided to push past him to hurt them, but it’s the thought that counts.

Alphys glared at him for a few seconds, somehow seeming to look down at him despite being shorter. “Fine,” she huffed as she dissipated her axe. “We’ll bring them to Undyne’s lab like we originally planned. Later we’ll ask Sans about what to do with them. He is their ‘mommy’ after all.” With that she turned on her heel and walked back to her Guards, no doubt to get a damage report.

With a sigh, Papyrus turned to look at the babies again. They were still making pathetic mewling sounds, crying and whimpering, probably terrified out of their minds. They most likely didn’t even understand what was going on.

But if Sans really was their… mother then Papyrus was their uncle. Technically making them… family.

“Fucking great,” he groaned as he slid down onto the floor beside them. After getting some medical attention, and maybe a brief nap, he would have to talk with Sans about this.
“Please be safe Pappy,” Sans whispered to himself. Papyrus had only been gone for about an hour and Sans had already gone through all the ways that things that could go wrong. The tentacle monster could kill Papyrus, Alphys and the rest of the Guard. Or they could kill it but Papyrus could be severely injured in the process and end up dying shortly afterward. Or he could die in the middle of the fight due to him being reckless or making a mistake.

Having such thoughts were more than a little stressful. Sans couldn’t bear the thought of losing Papyrus, especially so soon after being reunited. So, to try to drown out his thoughts he turned up the volume on the television. Napstablook was airing some kind of concert with the usual lively show of exaggerated fake violence and extreme vulgarity. It was comforting in its familiarity, he’d used to have this show on in the background when he’d cook dinner.

Maybe he should try to eat something. Earlier he had told Papyrus he would and starving himself wasn’t healthy. But… he couldn’t. He was already stressed out enough as it was without adding gross disgusting arousal to it.

Instead he curled up on the couch, resting his head on the armrest. He focused on the T.V., not letting himself think about anything else. He let himself get lost in it, zoning out.

The next time he glanced at the clock almost two hours had gone by. Papyrus had to come back soon, right? Unless… No, Papyrus was fine. Killing the tentacle monster, even with help, wasn’t something that was going to happen instantly. So, Papyrus was fine and would be back sometime soon. Sans just had to be patient.

Not allowing himself to think about that anymore, he relaxed again, snuggling back against the couch’s back. He was starting to feel sleepy, his eyes were drooping and he had trouble keeping them open. He shouldn’t feel that way though, it was still a good few hours before it would be even close to bedtime. But over the past four months he’d spent a lot of time lying around and sleeping. Just like the with the eating and sex thing, his body apparently hadn’t gotten the memo that he shouldn’t be like that anymore.

Even though he should probably fight to stay awake, he didn’t. Napping would make the wait for Papyrus seem faster, so he might as well go for it. He could worry about correcting his sleeping habits later.

“Hey little one.”

Sans snapped awake at the far too familiar voice and nickname. He was still laying on the couch, only he was no longer facing the T.V. but instead a far too familiar cave wall, marred with thirteen familiar scratches.

He froze, trying to work through what this might mean. But before he could a tentacle snaked down the back of the couch behind him and gently wrapped around his ribcage. It lifted him up and brought him over to its owner.

“I killed your precious Pappy and Alphys too,” his captor said with a giggle. “Which means you belong to me now.”

“Please no,” Sans whispered, unable to bring his voice any louder. Papyrus couldn’t be dead, he
just couldn’t be. It had to be lying to upset him surely.

“To be fair, they were trying to kill me. I was only defending myself,” it said. “But it’s better this way anyway. Now your brother will never find out how much of a whore you are. He would’ve disowned you the moment he found out and you would’ve come back to me anyway.”

Sans eyes blurred with tears, spilling down his face. “No, no, please no,” he begged. How could it have killed Papyrus? He’d promised he’d kill it, not the other way around. He’d never broken a promise before.

“Now summon your cunt for me, I have a special treat for you.”

Sans’ body obeyed even without his command.

“Well good,” it praised him.

“Please,” Sans said. Papyrus had promised he’d be careful. He’d even had Alphys and the Guard as backup. How could it have killed him? It wasn’t fair.

Another tentacle rose from beneath the water, angling itself between Sans’ spread legs. Only it wasn’t like its other tentacles, it looked hollow and a little transparent. Unable to think or move, Sans watched numbly as it slid into his wet pussy. It latched into place, magic tendrils growing off of it and latching onto his pussy.

“Please no,” he wanted to scream but couldn’t force his voice above a choked whisper.

“I’m not so sure you’re going to like this part,” his captor said. “But then again, some people are into this kind of thing so you might.”

“Please no,” Sans whimpered again, still barely able to speak.

“It’s just a few eggs, you’ll be fine.”

Sans tried to move and run away as he spotted the first egg traveling down the ovipositor and towards his pussy. It wasn’t holding him down or restraining him in anyway, so it should’ve worked. But it didn’t. It was like his body had been frozen in place, his eyes the only thing capable of moving.

“No, please no,” he tried to scream in, but his voice barely came out at all.

He couldn’t move. Why couldn’t he move? If he could just move, even a little bit, he would be able to get away. But his body was completely paralyzed.

“You’re cute,” it said with a giggle the exact moment the egg reached his opening.

It stretched the walls of his pussy out before sliding out the ovipositor and into the walls of his magic. It was slick and disgusting. Sans wanted to pull away but was frozen in place. So, instead he watched it slide into his womb, which had already formed without any input from him. It was like he wasn’t even in control of his own body anymore.

It wasn’t long before the second egg was sliding in as well. “N-no.” He tried desperately to move, wanting to run away from this. But his body refused to obey him. He could barely even bring himself to speak.

“Are you excited to be a mommy?” it asked as the third egg entered him.

“Yes, I’m excited to be a mommy.” It was his voice and his body speaking but it wasn’t him, he
hadn’t said that.

It pet a tentacle over his belly as the next egg slid in. “Are you happy I grabbed you?” it said.

“Yeah, I’m happy you grabbed me,” his voice and body said against his will. It was like something had possessed him, taking complete control of him and leaving him nothing but an observer in his own body. “Feels good. I like it, I want it,” his body said as another egg stretched out his pussy before sliding into his womb.

“No, stop, please stop,” he tried to beg and plead. But he couldn’t get the words to form and only made a choked gagging noise instead. Why couldn’t he speak or move or do anything? Why wasn’t his body listening to him?

“Are you happy?” his captor asked, still petting his now slightly swollen belly as another egg pushed into his pussy.

“Yes, I’m happy,” his body replied. A smile formed on his face despite Sans wishing he could scream, cry, and beg for mercy instead.

He wanted to beg for Papyrus to come save him but... even if he could, Papyrus was dead anyway. He was dead, meaning Sans was stuck here forever being nothing but a sex toy and breeding tool.

“I’m happy, I want it, it feels good,” his body said without any prompting this time. “I like being pregnant, I’m excited to be a mommy.”

Sans wanted to contradict the horrible awful words that were coming of his mouth but couldn’t. He couldn’t do anything. He was completely trapped and helpless in his own body, unable to even try to get away from his rapist, even when it wasn’t restraining him.

“Very good,” his captor praised him, petting a tentacle down his spine.

For the next little while it continued forcing its eggs into Sans, making his belly a tiny bit bigger with each one. The whole time his body kept answering its prompts about wanting this and being happy about it, saying it felt good. Multiple times even saying so without a prompt as if he actually did want this.

The worst part was he couldn’t cry and break down into sobs. His vision remained perfectly clear and unmarred by tears as he watched the eggs travel down the ovipositor and into his pussy before sliding into his womb. He couldn’t cry about this or the fact that Papyrus was dead.

“I love this, I want it,” his body said with no prompting. His belly was now almost as big as it had been last time it had impregnated him. The eggs were visible through his translucent magic, nestled snugly inside in his womb.

He tried to move again, even getting a finger to twitch would do for now. But he couldn’t even manage that. “Stop,” he tried to beg but nothing came out of his mouth, not even a squeak.

“You’re doing such a good job,” his captor encouraged him.

“I’m a good pet,” his body said in response. That at least was true. He was the perfect pet, unable to put up any kind of resistance no matter how hard he tried. If he was really that weak maybe he deserved to be here after all.

“Only three more left and then you can take a nap,” his captor said.
“Feels good, I want this,” his body said. Sans tried to stop it from speaking, even just getting to stutter would’ve been enough, but got nowhere. There was nothing he could do.

He counted them as they entered him, one, two, and then finally three. Once the final one was all the way in, it pulled its ovipositor out of his pussy, pulling it back to wherever it had come from. His pussy dissipated, again all on its own, and his womb sealed itself.

His hands moved with no input from him and against his will over his now swollen belly. “I like this, I want this,” his voice said. “Can you hold me now please? I want you to hold me.”

“Of course,” it said as its tentacles scooped him up. “You can sleep now, I’ll feed you something when you wake up, okay?” It started petting him, massaging him and gently stroking his pregnant belly. “You like this, don’t you?”

Sans tried to say ‘no’, even if that meant upsetting it, but of course his body didn’t listen. Instead it said, “Yes, I like this. I belong here, I want this. I deserve it.”

“No, no, no,” Sans tried to scream in a final act of desperation.

Suddenly he was falling, the tentacles holding him disappearing with no warning. He landed on… carpet.

Gasping for breath, he looked up. He was lying face down on the living room floor next to the couch. The T.V. was still on, playing an advertisement.

“A dream,” he said, pushing himself up into a sitting position. He could move and speak again, it had just been a horrible nightmare. “Just a dream.” He looked down at his body to make sure, letting out a sigh of relief when he saw no pregnant belly.

“Pappy!” he called out as loud as he could. He needed for Papyrus to ensure him that this was reality and the other thing had been the dream.

There was no answer. Of course, Papyrus was still out, killing the tentacle monster. He would be back soon. Unless…

“It was just a dream, Pappy’s okay.” Sans interrupted that thought before it could fully form. He hoped with all his soul that that was true and that Papyrus would be back soon.

Trembling, he forced himself to his feet. The headrest he’d been resting his head had a large wet spot on it. Based off the tears on his face and still leaking from his eyes, it was wet with his tears. So, even if he hadn’t been crying in the dream he’d still been crying in real life.

On unsteady feet, he stumbled over to the kitchen, thinking to get a glass of water. Papyrus would return soon and ensure him that everything was okay. That he’d kill the tentacle monster so now everything could go back to normal. Unless he was dead or dying. In which case, it might come looking for Sans instead to take him away to use as a sex toy and breeding tool for the rest of his life.

His soul lurched as he entered the kitchen. He barely made it to the sink before he was vomiting up magic that his soul was forcing out. Once he was done, he blinked in dazed confusion and misery, staring down that expelled magic in the sink. His body then heaved as he threw up again, the taste and smell of it making his torment that much worse.

Fresh tears sprang to his eyes, blurring his vision. “Pappy please…” he cut off as he vomited for a
third time. Thankfully, this time very little came up.

“Why?” he whimpered. He’d been feeling bad enough before, so why this? It wasn’t fair.

He leaned heavily against the counter, his legs too shaky to support his body properly. His soul burned from having been expelled so much magic. And he felt lightheaded from having gone so long without food, vomiting having only made it worse.

He stood there for another five minutes with subtle tears of misery leaking down his face, taking deep breaths to try to soothe himself, before concluding that he was done puking for now. He turned on the faucet to wash the magic vomit down the drain. He couldn’t let Papyrus know about it.

It seemed to take hours before he somehow managed to clean it all up. At least Papyrus had washed the dishes earlier so he didn’t have worry about that.

He then pulled out a glass and filled it with water to wash his mouth out with. Once he’d expunged the taste of vomit from his mouth, as much as he was able to anyway, he refilled the glass and slumped into one of the chairs at the kitchen table.

“Please be back soon Pappy,” he whispered. He felt wrung out and exhausted. He needed Papyrus to come back and promise him that everything was going to be okay. That he’d killed the tentacle monster so now things could go back to normal.

And Papyrus was going to come back. He’d promised he’d take care of things and he’d never broken a promise he’d made to Sans before. Sans couldn’t allow himself to consider any other option.

He sat there, quietly sipping away at his water, forcing himself not to think about anything. Thinking about things would only lead to thinking about how Papyrus might be dead or dying. He was just finishing the water in his glass for the second time, about to get up to refill again, when he heard a small telltale pop come from the living room. He probably wouldn’t have heard it over the T.V. if he hadn’t been waiting for it.

He instantly stood up and ran into the living room. “Pappy,” he said. He basically threw him himself to Papyrus’ arms, overwhelmed with relief at seeing him again.

Papyrus rocked back in surprise, almost over balancing before catching himself. “Good to see ya too Sans.” He scooped Sans up into his arms. “You okay?” he asked as he sat on the couch with Sans on his lap.

“Yeah.” Sans nodded, wiping away tears of relief with the back of his hand. “I was worried, I thought that you might have…” He couldn’t even complete the that thought aloud. “I had a nightmare that you… that it… And I couldn’t move or do anything and I…”

“It’s okay, Sans, everything’s okay,” Papyrus assured him in a comforting voice, gently rubbing his back.

Sans nodded again, relaxing and taking deep breaths as his tears started to dry up. Papyrus was alive and would never let anything bad happen to him ever again.

“D-did you kill it?” he asked once he’d calmed down. “Please, please tell me you killed it.”

“Yeah, we killed it. It’s dead now. So, ya don’t gotta worry about it anymore.”

“Oh thank god.” Sans’ eyes filled with tears of relief once more. It was dead. No matter what it
would never come looking for him. He was safe from it for forever. And now things would get better and go back to how they used to be before all this. “Thank you for killing it, thank you.”

“I uh… yeah. Sorry I took so long coming back. I uh had to go see a healer and might’ve passed out for a couple hours.”

“Are you okay?” Sans asked, pulling back to get a better look at Papyrus’ face. He hadn’t noticed before but Papyrus looked and sounded exhausted.

“Yeah, I’m okay now, just had a few broken ribs and used a lot of magic.” Papyrus fidgeted as he looked nervously to the side. “But uh… I need to ask ya something.”

“Uh sure, what is it?”

“Is true what it said about the uh… baby tentacle monster things? That you’re their uh… mom?”

Sans froze. Of course, it had revealed that Sans was their mother, he should’ve known it would. “I… yeah.” He nodded, shame filling him as he slid off Papyrus’ lap and onto the couch beside him. He couldn’t bear to look at Papyrus’ face and see how disgusted he was with Sans now. “Are they okay though? You didn’t hurt them, did you?”

“No, I didn’t hurt them. When I first found out about… ya know, I wanted to… but I promised ya that I wouldn’t so I didn’t. We brought them to Undyne’s lab like we discussed earlier.”

Sans let out a sigh of relief, still not looking at Papyrus. He still had no idea what he was going to do about the babies, but he was glad they were safe.

But now that Papyrus and Alphys knew his secret they were no doubt disgusted and disappointed in him. He shouldn’t care about the babies, not after they’d been forced upon him in such a brutal fashion. But he couldn’t help the fact that he did. If he were his old self from before all this, he’d no doubt hate them and want them dead, might even kill them himself. But he wasn’t like that anymore. They’d provided him with comfort and had helped him maintain a small measure of sanity. Even before they’d been born they’d given him hope in that he’d get to go home after they hatched and afterward they’d given him something to think about and do that didn’t involve his rapist. Without both of those things he would’ve completely lost himself. Not to mention going through so much pain and suffering carrying and birthing them, made the thought of them dying for nothing abhorrent.

“Sans,” Papyrus placed a hand on shoulder. “It’s… all right if you… care about them or whatever. I’m not gonna judge ya for that.”

Stunned, Sans finally looked up to meet his eyes. “Really? You don’t think I’m gross or disgusting?”

“No Sans, I would never think that about you. But uh… why didn’t you tell me about this earlier?”

“I uh… I thought you might hate me if I told you.”

Papyrus sighed. “I could never hate you for anything, don’t ever think that I would. And as long as you… care about them, then I uh… care about them too.”

“I… thank you.” Sans hugged him tight. Everything would start to get better now, things would be mostly back to normal in no time.

Papyrus hugged him back. “Anytime baby bro,” he said. “But uh ya wanna go see them? Alphys and Undyne want ya to make a decision about what we’re gonna do with them.”
Sans wasn’t ready to make that decision yet, but he should go see them. “Yeah, let’s go see them.” He nodded.

With that Papyrus teleported them, landing them side by side in Undyne’s lab.

“Is it true?” Alphys asked. She was standing in front of them and had apparently been waiting for them. “Are you really their… mother?” She pointed to the left where a large clear tank was set up with the babies in it. Undyne was standing beside it, watching and probably studying them.

“I uh… yeah.” Sans nodded. He stared down at his feet, unable to meet her eyes.

“And you really don’t want them dead?”

“No, I don’t want them dead,” he said. Alphys had to hate him or at least be very disappointed in him now. Maybe she wouldn’t even want to be his friend anymore.

But instead of the angry reprimand he expected he heard Alphys sigh instead. “Well, all right then. They’re your kids, so I guess you can do what you want with them.”

Looking back up he saw that she looked sincere, not angry or disgusted, maybe a little annoyed but nothing else. Deciding to figure her out later, Sans moved over to the tank with the babies in it. As soon as he did so, they all swarmed to be closer to him. They recognized him. Even if they weren’t old enough to speak or fully understand things yet they still recognized him and had probably missed him.

“Tell me about them,” Undyne said, her stutter minimal as she was in full on science mode. “They’re species was supposed to have gone extinct when monsters were forced to move Underground. And with all the records we lost when that happened, there’s next to no information about them.”

“I uh… I don’t know very much about them either.” Sans positioned a chair so he could stand on it and stick his arms into the tank to touch and pet the babies, the way he used to do before he’d been rescued. They all reached out with their tiny tentacles to wrap around his fingers and arms, eager for his affection and attention as always.

They seemed more eager than usual. The happy unintelligible mewling sounds they were making were louder and more frantic. That made sense, they hadn’t seen him in a while after all. Not to mention they’d just been uprooted from their old life and brought here with no understanding as to why.

“Wow they really seem to like you a lot,” Undyne said, jotting something down in a notebook she was holding. “But I guess that makes sense considering… Anyway, they presumably hatched from eggs, right? What was that like? How did it deposit the eggs into your uterus? How many weeks or months did you carry them? And did you birth them before or after they hatched?”

“Fucking really Undyne? Do ya have to ask him all that?” Papyrus asked. He’d slumped in a chair beside the tank and next to Sans.

“Oh, uh fuck, s-sorry,” Undyne stammered, seemingly coming back to herself at last. “You uh don’t have to a-answer any of that if you don’t want to Sans. I know it must be… d-difficult to talk about c-considering the uh circumstances.”

Sans sighed. He didn’t really want to talk about it. “I’ll uh… maybe tell you about it later, when it’s not so… recent.”

“O-okay, yeah that works,” Undyne said with a nod. “Again, uh s-sorry about bringing that shit up,
“w-wasn’t really thinking, sorry.”

“It’s fine,” Sans said with another sigh. She’d been asking for scientific purposes which he couldn’t blame her for. She was the Royal Scientist after all.

“So, what are you gonna do with them Sans?” Alphys asked after a few seconds of silence. “You gonna try to raise them yourself or what?”

“I don’t know.” He wasn’t even sure if he was capable of doing that or if he even really wanted to. It would be a lot of work and responsibility. And he would need Papyrus’ help at the very least. Would Papyrus be willing to do that, even for him?

And then there the fact that they lived in Snowdin. The babies were aquatic and moved around best in the water. Would they be okay in icy river up in Snowdin?

“W-what you could do,” Undyne began nervously, “is uh l-leave up at my place in W-Waterfall so that I can s-study them in my uh off time. And then while I’m at w-work, you could come up to t-take care of them and stuff. I-if you want to that is. I-it’s entirely up to y-you how much you have to d-do with raising them.”

Not being the only one taking care of them would relieve a lot of the pressure on Sans. He probably wasn’t capable of taking care of them all by himself anyway. Even if Papyrus was willing to assist him it would be difficult. This way would also be giving him something to do that would get him out of the house. Undyne would be able to do her scientific study on them. Also, if they did this, Papyrus wouldn’t have to have anything to do with the babies if he didn’t want to.

“Yeah, w-we could do that,” Sans said, relieved that Undyne had made that offer.

Now that decision had was taken care, things would start to get better. He was safe and his captor was dead, so everything would be all right now. It had to be.
Epilogue

Things weren’t going back to normal. Sans wasn’t even entirely sure what he meant when he’d thought things would go back to ‘normal’. How could he have ever been so cocky and full of energy all the time? How had he ever thought so highly of himself?

It had been a few weeks since he’d been rescued and his captor had been killed. So, he should be okay now, or at least not a gigantic mess anymore. But he wasn’t okay. Despite how much better things were going for him now, it still felt like nothing was or ever would be okay. How could that be?

Other than his daily visit down to Undyne’s place to spend time with the babies he rarely even left the house. He lacked the willpower and energy to do so. But to his surprise, Papyrus always came with him during those trips. He’d even helped Sans come up with names for all of them and they’d quickly grown almost attached to him as they were to Sans.

So, everything was going all right. There wasn’t anything terribly wrong with his life anymore. So, how could he still be a gross disgusting mess all the time?

After every meal, no matter what he ate he was always disgustedly aroused afterward. Which led to him fantasizing about his rapist while he locked himself up in his room and masturbated. Every time he did that he hated himself a little bit more.

He’d tried skip meals to avoid that but Papyrus wouldn’t let him get away with it. He was very insistent that Sans eat at least twice a day. He’d get sad, upset, and worried any time Sans tried to refuse. So, to avoid upsetting Papyrus he often ate anyway.

The nightmares were worse though. Some of them were wet dreams where the tentacle monster fucked him and he wanted it, even asked for it in most of them. He always woke up feeling ashamed and disgusted with himself for having a dream like that. But as bad as those dreams were, they weren’t as bad as the ones where he didn’t want it to fuck him. The ones where he didn’t have control of his body while it fucked him, and his voice, though not belonging to himself, begged for it and liked it. He was always a sobbing mess after waking from those, often spending the rest of the night in the living room with the T.V. on in fear of going back to sleep.

But no matter how disgusting or worthless Sans was, Papyrus was always there for him. No matter the time of day or what he might be doing, he was always willing to take the time to comfort Sans when he needed it. Which was nice but… he had to get sick of dealing with Sans’ problems eventually, right? How could Papyrus tolerate how disgusting and needy he’d become? Perhaps it was just pity and he’d soon tire of it.

“Pappy, can I ask you something?” He asked one day after letting that question eat away at him for several days. He needed to know.

“Of course,” Papyrus said, turning to face him.

They’d just returned from Undyne’s place and their visit with the tentacle monster babies. In another hour or two Papyrus would insist that they prepare dinner together like he’d insisted on doing every evening for about a week now. He said it was because Sans was a good cook and needed to get back into the habit of doing things. But the real reason had to be because he was sick of providing for Sans when all he did was lie around and do nothing most of the time.
Sans strode closer and sat down beside Papyrus. They were on the porch in front the house. Papyrus was smoking a cigarette, the smoke wafting in the cool air. Sans wasn’t bothered by the smell the way he used to be. With how much he smelled it on Papyrus’ clothes every time he held and comforted him, he was actually starting to like it.

Taking a deep breath, Sans hesitated, almost backing down. But he needed to know for sure. “Do you ever... get annoyed with me? Or tired of dealing with me all time?” He stared down at feet, shuffling them in the snow.

Papyrus paused, as if surprised by the question. “No, of course not,” he said. “You’re my baby brother, I would never get annoyed or tired of you.”

“But... but I’m a clingy broken mess and I can’t even take care of myself proper.” Sans sunk his head in his hands. What had he ever done to deserve a brother like Papyrus? The answer was nothing. He didn’t deserve for Papyrus to care for him anywhere near as much as he did.

Papyrus sighed, putting a hand on his shoulder. There was no way even he could deny the truth of Sans’ statement. “You’re not... clingy,” he said after a short pause. “You’re just... hurt and in need of comfort.”

Sans sighed heavily, turning his head away. “Still a broken disgusting mess though.” He’d mentioned his sex dreams and fantasies to Papyrus multiple times so he knew that Sans was a gross disgusting mess.

“You’re not disgusting,” Papyrus said. No matter how many he times said that, Sans always had doubts. His body and part of his mind still _wanted_ that thing to rape him again and Papyrus knew that. How could he _not_ be disgusted by it?

There were even times deep in the middle of the night when Sans would wake up from a particularly intense sex dream and, still half asleep, a small part of him would consider what it would be like to go back, or to have never been rescued. About how much easier his life would be if he didn’t have to think about anything ever again and could just be a sex toy instead.

Waking fully from those thoughts always left him _hating_ himself more than ever. Yeah, sure he was a gross disgusting whore and part of him wanted it to fuck him again. But how could any part of him even _consider_ wanting to go back to being its sex slave? At least it was dead so any temptation he might have to go back could never be fulfilled.

“And as for being a broken mess,” Papyrus continued. “That’s not really true either. You’ve just been through a lot of bad shit, that’s all.”

“Why aren’t I getting better though?” Sans finally asked aloud the question that had been plaguing him pretty much since the moment he’d been rescued. “You saved me and I’m safe. It’s dead and will never come looking for me or anything. So, why am I not happy? Why do I still feel like garbage all the time?” He kicked his boot in the snow in frustration. Things were _supposed_ to be better now. Everything was going great so why didn’t it feel that way?

“You’ve been through a lot,” Papyrus said with a quiet sigh. Sans looked up at him to see a sad expression on his face. “You’ve been severely emotionally scarred and damaged. Things like that don’t just get better all at once. It takes time, a lot of time. I don’t really know much about this kinda of shit but I know that you’ll start to get better eventually. Ya just gotta give yourself some time to heal.”

Tears blurred Sans’ vision, gosh he really was a huge cry baby. “You really think so? That things
will eventually get better and that I’ll… be happy again one day,” he said, hoping with all his soul that it was true.

“Yeah, I know so,” Papyrus said. The confidence in his voice comforted Sans more than a little. “Not today or tomorrow, maybe not even in year from now, but things will eventually get better. With enough time, you’ll start to heal and move on. You’ll be happy again one day. And I'll help ya in any and every way I can. I’ll never get tired of ya or annoyed. I’ll always be here for ya, no matter what, okay?”

“You promise?”

“I promise.”

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