maybe these two wrongs can make a right.

by youtrashqueen

Summary

a few years after the barrier fell, when monsters and humans were finally coming together, a gruesome incident forces mankind to rise against them once again. this time, its best chance at sending them running are the hunters, humans belonging to an organization specializing with dusting the things that go bump in the night. you're one of those hunters, tasked with a mission that might turn everything you believe in upside down and inside out. but you were taught better than that and you'll be damned if you let anything affect your resolve.

but sometimes, you come to notice, the real monsters are the ones wearing the masks.

it's...better than it sounds. and it will pick up after the first chapter, which is a bit of a bumpy ride. put this up to see how many peeps like this idea and roll with it if I get enough positive feedback. thanks!
“One, I have it cornered.”

Your heartbeat was like a war drum in your ears and your calves burned from the chase, but the thrill you felt in your gut, that was all worth it. Behind the stark white mask, marked with the roman symbol for two, your lips curled in a satisfied, if not predatory grin.

The alleyway was a dead-end and the dark of the night offered you the perfect guise as you stalked down your prey until they had nowhere else to run. The monster you had your sights on for quite a long time was a mix between a jellyfish and a hyena, with a taste for human flesh, if the report you received was right.

“So, I heard you like humans.” your distorted voice spoke, the cowering body of the eight feet tall creature, quivering at being addressed by you. Oh, it knew what you were. It knew the mask and it knew it was hunted. “I’m gonna be your judge and your executioner, you disgusting piece of shit.”

It breathed hard, its four eyes in slits, staring at you horrified. There was no reason to confront it in a real battle, you would end it like it deserved it to be ended. Grasping the twin jagged blades tighter in your hands, you advanced towards it, each step making the creature more tense, to the point where you could hear its haggard breath in a desperate hiss.

Then it released a shrill cry as you lunged at it with a roar of your own.

This was no mercy killing, this was just you bringing justice where there was none. You ducted under its translucent tentacles as it tried to grab you in a last desperate attempt to incapacitate and then leaped over it, feet-first, activating the knives at the toes of your boots through the mask, before sinking them into the monster’s body in order to latch on. It howled in pain but had no time to recover or throw you off, because in the next second, you drove both your blades into the sides of its throat, silencing the abomination for eternity.

Before it turned into dust, it looked you in the eyes, well, it looked into your mask visor, and it would never know, but you smiled as you yanked your blades free and hopped off with a back flip.

White dust poured down, the body disintegrating in the most fascinating way. No matter how many monsters you had killed, this process always mesmerized you.

Tonight was another success in bringing down a potential threat.

It all started five years ago, when the monsters came out of their Underground prison, with a human as an ambassador, trying to fit back in where they believed they belonged. Nonetheless, humankind was more than happy to accommodate as best as it could. New laws were put in place and support groups were created, but there was always that fear of the unknown, always that hatred for what was different. Monsters were much the same, a bit distrustful, some of them, but attentive regardless.

Two years went by in peaceful companionship, after all, humans had an amazing way of coping with change, of adapting to any given situation and make it...normal. They became indifferent to the new race of oddities living among them. Sure, there were those that marched against monsters being a part of the society and given rights, but nothing too extreme.

By now, monsters and humans cohabited in relative acceptance, learning each other again, until one terrifying incident changed everything for both parties.
The ambassador of the monsters, Frisk was killed in an attack, among several other human children. Nobody saw what happened, but the missing goat monsters and the piles of dust around the maimed bodies was enough evidence.

Sure enough, it was proved that monsters had killed the children and that the queen and king, Toriel and Asgore had been caught in the crossfire. This caused an uproar throughout the world, the start of the monster’s ungraceful descent began and nothing was ever the same again.

First there were the riots, harmless in the beginning, but growing violent, with monsters ending up being dusted by humans. Throughout this, some monsters insisted this was just a big misunderstanding and some pointed at humans as the culprit, which only made it worse. Some tried to fight back and some fled. In the wake of all this chaos, a single group came to strive. They called themselves the descendants of the original seven mages that had entrapped the monsters in the first place, each of them influential people, each working together for a greater purpose.

Thus, the Anti-Monster organization was formed, funded first by civilians wishing there was someone out there to protect them from the creatures that were out to get them, and sure enough, ending up being officially declared a faction of the military, a program called ARES, only a few months later.

In less than a year, they wiped out potential threats from among the monster kind, bound only by the laws and regulations they were forced to respect, but entirely backed up by most of the human population. To them, they were the saviors, their protectors, fighting a war between races and keeping them safe, but to monsters, they were their worst nightmares coming to life.

It became pretty clear that the monsters were not as strong as their enforcers and with their numbers dwindling, the outcome was clear enough; the representatives of the monster kind, those that were left, asked for a treaty or a truce, willing to negotiate for their freedom and survival.

They asked to be left to live peacefully in Ebott City, among the humans there. In exchange, they would call upon their own to return and never cause any problems, even allowing the hunters free reign whenever they needed to investigate anything or simply check the state of the city.

The deal was good and accepted, thus, most of the monsters retreated to Ebott City, their only safe haven on the surface, while others ran back in the Underground out of fear. The humans there were accepting and the monsters were more than happy to help and accommodate in return. For three years everything was quiet, but then a report came in suggesting that there was some kind of radical monster with a questionable agenda causing some minor trouble.

The best team of hunters was deployed to go in undercover to gather intel on the monsters in the city and cleanse any potential ‘radicals’. First, they sent you, under a different name and you had three months at your disposal to fit in and get accustomed to the surroundings.

That also meant getting a job to keep up your appearance, make ‘friends’ and build as many connections as possible. During the night, you were free to roam as a hunter, take down whoever you deemed a danger. The regulations prohibited you to engage unless you were engaged by one of them and they posed a threat to yours or another human’s well being.

You got a job at a diner as a waitress, made some friends there and were expected to file in a report at the end of every four weeks. Another hunter was sent in after your three months period, your all-time partner, One. The same pattern was followed, until there were six of you infiltrating the city on different angles from three cardinal points in duos, with different jobs and the same purpose.

Sure enough, eight months in, there were TV reports of missing humans and carcasses being found
at the periphery of the city. So you and One had been stalking and tracking down this monster for some time, following the crime scenes and even hacking into the local police database to find the reports on the corpses.

Then you found out that there wasn’t just one monster, there was a group, like a sect, taking in voluntaries. One of the monsters you caught a few nights prior to this one, confessed to having been coerced into joining their little campfire gathering, but you doubted they were frying marshmallows and singing kumbaya.

Much to One’s displeasure, you didn’t kill it, you intentionally let it go. The fool led you to this ‘higher’ in the hierarchy monster, who was apparently helping with kidnapping the humans and dragging other monsters into this grotesque orgy. The ambush went perfectly, One went after the interrogated and you went after the big prize. It was the best game, because you would injure it and then let it run some more, only to catch it again and again. During this, it would spew information, hoping something would get it a pass, but you didn't relent.

The chase lasted all night, not that you complained, however, your day-job was going to be a nuisance on your muscles now. Not to add the fact that you had to get back to the city center all the way from the outskirts.

But you took out one of their important links and the trail was still hot, so you were satisfied with that until you would be able to take out their leader and return to the headquarters.

Domestic life really didn’t suit you that well. Or, to be honest with yourself, you didn't want it to suit you.

One joined you shortly after, his war axe dusty and attached to his hip, signaling that his hunt went just as well as yours did. “Time to head back. I will send you the details via mail for the monthly report and don’t forget that tomorrow we patrol.”

His identical stark white mask, marked with the roman symbol for the number one, inclined towards you as if he acknowledged your words. "I will let the others know of our findings." was his only reply as you two parted ways, becoming only shadows in the dark, each on a different path.

As soon as you were back ‘home’, a flat you rented out in an apartment building not far from the very center of the city, you took off your trench coat, the one hiding your hunter attire underneath, and then your boots, before you proceeded inside to clean up your trusty knives and fold your ‘uniform’ back inside the box under the bed.

You passed by the kitchen, a fleeting glance at the clock above the doorway telling you how you had two more hours until your morning shift started at the diner. That meant you had enough time for a hot bath to freshen up and soothe the sore muscles, eat, send the mail for the report and be on time.

...  

A moan of relief slipped your lips as you sank into the bathtub and finally relaxed. Since you moved here and started your undercover mission, you had witnessed a lot of scenarios that completely went against your beliefs, or to be precise, your father’s beliefs. From the old tomes
you read as part of your training, you gathered that the monsters were those vile creatures, devouring and absorbing SOULs, killing humans for sport and embracing their nature fully.

You were groomed to become a hunter, way before the barrier even fell. That’s because it was your family’s tradition, since your ancestor, one of the seven mages, trapped the monsters under the mountain. This tradition continued with every generation, knowledge passed down, preparing for an apocalyptic future that nobody knew if or how it would come.

But you trained religiously. You listened to your father, did what you were told to do, obeyed and never questioned your orders. No matter how...questionable they were sometimes. Discipline and obedience had been beaten into you for so long and you prayed so hard that something would happen, so your sacrifice wouldn’t be in vain, that when the barrier did fall, you felt...happy, almost accomplished.

You were excited. Waiting for your orders, following the plan and the motions, until it was time to reveal yourself when the Anti-Monster organization took root. Not that you didn’t go hunting before it was an official and accepted affair. Your father would send you on missions with One, another descendant like you, even before that. Nobody knew that this organization existed for eons and it was only the barrier’s fall that brought it to light.

A languid sigh escaped your lips. You remember how lost you were at first. You didn’t understand why humans weren’t reacting more hostiley towards these creatures, why they weren’t as afraid as they were supposed to be.

Why were they being accepted and so well received?

Your father reassured you then that monsters were cunning; they lied, cheated and manipulated the weaker, but that their motives were as malicious as they were written in the old books. They just hid it very well, he had noted, squeezing your shoulder a bit too tight.

“Sacrifices have to be made so humans can see them for what they truly are.”

And that was your drive. That was your truth, your shield and your sword for the next years to come. Never had you stopped to doubt your father’s words, not even after you almost hesitated in killing your first monster, seeing it cry and beg.

Father had to be right. He knew better.

For the past months, though, you saw some odd things happening. Monsters and humans got along, helped each other and...even went on dates. You shuddered as you remembered that couple you had served yesterday for brunch.

You felt repulsed. A bit sick to the stomach, but after the first impression, you became indifferent to it.

But it was still so weird, because they behaved like humans. They had personalities, they had essence to them, laughed and joked, had jobs and were...kind. You were at a loss for words when they would interact with you so casually, so easily. They had children and they loved them, like a human mother would her human child, a sentiment you didn’t know they were capable of.

And they were afraid. They were greedy, they were sad and felt. They weren't hollow...

Your father’s words haunted you at night and you kept tossing and turning a lot in your bed in the recent month, because your beliefs were...they were...not as solid as you thought them to be. In fact, when you looked at One, you were pretty sure he wasn’t affected like you were and you kept
wondering if something was wrong with you.

No. Your father’s words were the truth. You had to stand strong against this charade, you wouldn't let them get to you. Paranoia was settling in comfortably right after and you looked at everyone around you suspiciously. Did they know who you were? Did they know you were an undercover hunter? Was this real or false? Lately you became jumpy, more anxious and less focused during your day-job, over-analyzing every small gesture, every whisper and gaze.

God, you just wanted to get this mission over with and catch the culprit, return to headquarters where you could be yourself again.

“Morning, Mauve!”

You almost didn’t respond to your undercover name. It was that one or Frederica, and this one sounded short and nice, easier to remember because of the color. You straightened up immediately, the tinkle of the bell above the diner door already having announced your arrival.

“Morning Ann!” you chirped, a smile on your face at the sight of the older woman tirelessly preparing the place for opening. Her name was actually Mary Ann, a doting wife and an incredible mother to this little angel called Ally. It was often that the little girl would come here during the afternoon shift to do her homework, right after she was done with school.

For some reason, you took a liking to the kid, especially after she repeatedly headbutted her way into your space ever since she saw you for the first time. Her curiosity and desire for knowledge about anything and everything was refreshing. Not that at first you didn’t find it annoying. The first month with the kid around was a nightmare, because you didn’t like being touched and that little girl kept hugging your legs and shooting questions at every turn, but you slowly got used to it and you were looking forward to her visits.

“You look a bit distracted today.” the woman chuckled, passing by you with a stack of menus in her arms. The chairs had already been pulled down and arranged properly at each table. She must have been here for an hour already.

“You look so much distracted as sleepwalking. How do you even get so much energy in the morning?”

“Ugh, honey, it’s called worrying. Dean is away again for a whole week and my mom is in the hospital, so I had to wake up extra early to pack a lunch for Ally and say bye to my husband.” she started rambling, rolling her eyes and sighing as she dropped the leather covered menus on the bar counter.

“Damn. Is she feeling better? Your mom?” it was good manners to ask. You walked around the bar area and into the back, to the very small locker room reserved for employees to get their uniforms on and leave their stuff in.

“Well…” she paused and you took off your coat, then your shirt, while she came up with an answer. You knew this was a sensitive subject. Her mother had been in the hospital on and off for the past two months. Finally, you heard her sigh just as you buttoned up your white blouse and zipped up the black skirt you wore only at the diner. The owner had a certain policy about the employees having a specific dressing code. “The tests aren’t good… I don’t know, M, I really…” another sigh.
You pulled on your black flats and came out with a sympathetic look on your face, while you tied the short white apron around your middle. At least you hoped that this was what sympathy looked like, because you didn’t know how else to respond to her emotional reaction. “Hey, it’s gonna be okay.” you placed a hand over her shoulder and squeezed reassuringly, a gesture you learned on the field from volunteer hunters that actually had a social life.

It was basically the only form of comfort you knew how to offer.

“You go take a smoke break while I do everything else here, okay?”

She wanted to protest, but ended up sighing, shoulders slumped as she leaned on the sink behind the bar. “Yeah...yeah...thanks, M.”

You smiled and nodded as a ‘you’re welcome’, before you went back to the locker room to get your pen and notebook for orders, along with your name tag. The good part about this whole mission was that you got to hone your social skills. It wasn’t as if you didn’t know how to properly talk and behave, it was more of how it was expected for you to do so and you meeting those expectations, like knowing what the other person wanted to hear and saying it to appease them. It wasn't so bad. Besides, showing emotion on the field was frowned upon and you were coping with this undercover thing by mimicking emotions you would normally see on others. This was new and intriguing for you, mainly because you had to repress a lot of what was humanly normal.

It was like discovering yourself, little by little.

When the barrier fell, so did your walls and you were relatively free to explore and roam and interact with people other than your mentors, teachers or father. More so, you had a partner, one of the hunters that you trained with as a child. Well, in five years, you got better at this social thing and it became easier to behave in certain patterns. Smile, say please, change your tone, touch, control your facial muscles. You were in control!

Until your second day on this particular job, when you broke the broom handle after closing hours, all thanks to a skeleton monster that literally popped out of nowhere with some dishes in his arms. He thought it would be funny to do it, he told you later, because he did it to all new employees. He didn't expect you to react that way. Most either screamed or fell back, but you didn't even flinch, you just snapped the broom in two.

Sans the skeleton was the busboy, the dish-washer, the table clearer of the diner. Occasionally, he held stand-up comedy sessions at another locale called ‘At Grillby’z’. At least, that’s what Ann told you after a cigarette break, during which he made her laugh so hard that she had tears rolling down her cheeks and her stomach was hurting.

Everyone basically liked Sans. The owner, Mr. Pea, an actual vegetable monster, even turned a blind eye when the skeleton would laze about or randomly start talking to customers while they were eating their meals. No matter how many times you whined about it to him, he always retorted with ‘well, he does his job. Now you go do yours.’ --that had you bristle.

And something was off about him. Your instincts told you so, because you would sometimes catch his lingering gaze, as if he knew something, but then he always gave you that grin and a relaxed wave to probably trick you into thinking he meant nothing by it.

Even Ally, the kid, absolutely adored him, and instead of asking you for help with her homework, she would eagerly run to him, because ‘he was funny’ and had entertaining ways of teaching her math. Then there were these moments in which you could feel his scorching gaze on your back and this uncomfortable tense silence would fall over you both whenever you were on closing duty with
him alone.

Maybe it was because you never laughed at his jokes.

You were onto him, however, because he might be looking like a harmless hobo, but how many monsters could...teleport like him? It was on more than one occasion that you found him using his magic to carry plates or move objects around. Above all else, you were a hunter and it was your job to notice these things.

“hey kiddo,” speak of the devil and he shall appear. You didn’t even look at him as you came out of the locker room again. You just passed him by with a curt nod and went to gather the daily menu offer brochures from the bar counter to spread them on every table. “had a long night, huh?” and he had this way of making you think that he was seeing through you. That he knew you.

And you hated him for it.

Three months into your new job and he made himself a target in your eyes. Despite your better judgement, you decided that you would fuck with him like he fucked with you that second day on the job and continued to do so every day from then on. So, that same night, you started researching him thoroughly. Apparently, he was one of the original monsters that came to the surface with the ambassador, Frisk. There was even an old newspaper picture of them all together, all smiling and happy. How did they make it look so genuine?

First, you started analyzing him, observing his habits, his quirks, then his patterns. What route he took home and where he lived, where he ate, where he shopped, you stalked him for at least two weeks. It was best to know your prey, learn its steps. On the last night, you waited until he finished at the diner and you followed him as usual, but he took a sudden route and circled the whole city, until he just vanished.

You were baffled, perched on the roof of a building, looking around incredulously. Then he popped up right behind you --"hey pal, you lost something?” and that turned out into a full on brawl between hunter and monster, started by yours truly. He was strong, you had been right, but he also knew you had been following him, you realized that later. Before you broke more regulations, you fled, with a nasty bruise on your back nonetheless. The next day at the job, it was hard trying to walk like a normal person instead of someone with a broken hip.

Two more such encounters followed in the next months and you came to the realization that he could be a potential threat. He was stronger than many monsters you had faced, he hid it well and more often than not, he caught you off guard. You hesitated sending that report in after your findings, mostly because he never attempted to kill, only bruise. But that was a requirement, you had to file in any impressively powerful monsters, let the organization know of their existence and if they dared raise their heads, execute them.

“Yes. Having some trouble sleeping actually.” you muttered without glancing at him as you passed by each table and booth, leaving behind perfectly aligned brochures.

“sounds to me like you’re tired of sleeping.” he snickered on his way to get changed, and you groaned to yourself. He just threw puns at you like it was the best part of his day. What was it with him and wordplays? As soon as you were done with the brochures, you went back behind the bar and arranged all the cutlery, the glasses and other tools in perfect order so that they would be at hand, and for good measure, grabbed a cloth and wiped the bar counter.

When the skeleton came back out, in his white t-shirt and black sweats, you passed a judgmental stare from his skull to his...thank God, sneakers. There was one time when he came in with slippers
“i got a better one, kiddo --” he began, his eye lights lazily staring at you and his grin hitching higher. “some might call your condition insomnia, i call it resisting a rest.”

“Oh my god Sans!”

You both looked over at Ann, who just returned from her break, with a wide smile on her face, having a fit of giggles after probably hearing the monster’s pun. Sans’ eye lights got a bit brighter, you quickly noticed, and he winked her way. “wanna hear more?”

“Yes!”

No…

When was the cook coming in anyway? You needed the diner to open up faster so you could distract yourself from all this nonsense.
you could get me tangled up

Chapter Notes

okay, so this is my update~ only sans pov
thought i’d even the field since the first chapter was all reader. anyway, this story
won’t be written chronologically day by day. some things might happen in succession
and others may not. for example, in this chapter, it’s a whole new day etc.
the chapters will also be a bit shorter than my other story's. without further ado, please
enjoy!
songs to go with this : On Planets - Chapter (feat. Luca Fogale)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“hey kiddo…”

How did one turn back time? Reset, surely, but how do you stop something from happening when
you don’t know how or when exactly. Sans could only wonder, theories and questions swarming in
his mind as he sat down on pristine grass, facing a chipped funeral stone. He brought flowers,
because that was the respectable thing to do and along with them, he got their favorite food, from
Grillby’s.

“here you go.” he set the packed meal, fries and burgers, on the ground. “got you some of these
from grillb’s. i know how much you like ‘em…” his grin was strained as he looked upon the nice
scribbled name. Frisk’s name, still embedded clearly into the grey stone, even after so much rain
and other corrosive atmospheric conditions. It only had a chip, on the far left corner, but that just
made it unique, like them.

Every month, on this date, he would come to visit the grave of the ambassador. He had insisted
that Frisk be buried in Ebott City’s cemetery, because he never left this place and he knew Frisk
would have loved the peace and quiet, where they could be visited by all those that loved them.
Undyne agreed, so did Alphys and even though they struggled a bit, they managed to make it
happen.

“paps just got hired by grillby too. remember when i told you his spaghetti got better an’ better?”
he laughed languidly, eye lights a bit dimmer and brow bones drawn together. “he’s finally a
cook..heh.” slowly, very slowly, he unwrapped his own burger.

“and undyne moved in with alphys. they got this nice little house...think undyne’s takin’ proposal
into consideration, y’know? she gets that really serious face on whenever someone says ‘marriage’
or ‘rings’. been askin’ me to get one of my waitress colleagues to give some advice on what the
perfect ring would be..” he took a bite, completely ignoring how bland it tasted without the
ketchup. Frisk didn’t like ketchup and they always shuddered whenever they saw him gulp it down
like orange juice. He respected that.

“an’ i asked her why, ‘course she just denied everything.” he sighed “tori would’ve been excited to
help her...y’know how tori is...hah, probably offer to make it a pie proposal. make a pun of it…” a
chuckle left him when he actually thought about it and he looked at the stone earnestly.
“i only have pies for you.” he snorted at his own pun “or better, you are the apple of my pie.”

The kid would laugh at that one. Toriel would probably make another pun of her own, trying to one-up him. “stars...i really wish you were all still here…” he crooned softly, casting his gaze downwards at the burger in his phalanges.

He still had Papyrus, he reminded himself. And now they had to worry about the more pressing matters, such as the hunters that were infiltrating the city. So far, he could identify three, by their exp, their LOVE. The waitress at his diner, the one with the raven locks and baby blue eyes, she was one of them and he knew from the start. There was no hiding it from him, no matter how prettily she batted her eyelashes or how sweet her smile was.

But her SOUL. That was the most bothersome and scary thing about her. It was the SOUL of determination, red like blood and shining brilliantly, sublimely out of place. So much like Frisk’s that he had to compose himself when he first saw her. It was a habit of his to check the SOULs of humans that interacted with him or Papyrus, just to be safe, since you never knew in these trying times who to trust.

Besides that, she’d been following him sometimes, he knew that too and he played along, took detours, purposefully made it hard for her, but it was better to keep his mouth shut and keep an eye on her while she was close. This way, he could control the situation if it ever went astray. The occasional messing with her was just for his own benefit. Knowing that he could get such a strong reaction from one of them, it was oddly satisfying. More so, they already had a few run-ins, in which he made it clear he wasn't the right monster to trifle with and it had been a while since he felt her on his tailbone.

All in all, it was fine, as long as she didn’t prove to be a threat to the ones he cared for. Whatever reason she was here for, he didn’t care, not unless it involved his friends.

He could play and dance and pretend.

“gotta go, kid. some of us have jobs to go to.” he smiled lazily at the gravestone, placing his burger next to the package he brought for them. “promise i won’t work myself to the bone.” and he could already imagine Frisk just scoffing at that and shaking their head.

“i’ll see ya next time, yeah?”

His question remained unanswered, the silence deafening and crippling for his old SOUL. Without any more words, the skeleton left the cemetery, his well-practiced grin now back in place.

When he came into the afternoon shift, the diner was full of patrons, so he had to get to work fast, take the lead and get dishes cleaned and clear some tables. There was no time to waste and he could even see Mary Ann being quite agitated with the many clients.

“dishes why i won’t go into waitressing.” he had said to her at some point, making the woman smile, trying not to laugh wholeheartedly at his pun. He had been carrying a handful of plates when he did say that, passing by her in the kitchen.

“Even our little miss got-it-together is losing her shit!” she commented with a snicker, taking two plates of pancakes for an order. Their cook, a nice old lady named Matty, joined in their little chit-
chat. “Should’ve seen her when she walked in the first time. Them bunnies givin’ her a bad time,” she shook her head, flipping some omelette in a pan and then moving quickly to some sauce she had on the second stove.

His eye lights brightened mirthfully at the news. “rabbit monsters tend to be like that. they just whine and dine. then again, she should tray harder.”

Ann left the kitchen with tears in her eyes, Sans following behind her with some plates in his hands, attempting to give a hand since he was done with his previous task. He could still hear their cook laughing and he was positively enjoying himself by now.

Like the women said, the huntress was having trouble keeping her passive-aggressiveness under control. She was at one of the booths, with the notebook in her hands and pen pressing so hard into it that he could swear she would end up breaking it. Her posture was rigid and her SOUL was flashing hostilely.

Welp.

Good naturedly, Ann passed by her with the pancakes order and gave her a nudge of her hip into her side, making the ravenette look up and smile. Ah, even her SOUL calmed down, for just one second.

Time to get in there.

He always did this when he noticed the air around her change. What she was made him extremely on edge at times, because it showed and bled through her every gesture. Such as a twitch of her fingers, patting around her side, like looking for a weapon, the sudden coldness in her eyes or the way she clenched her jaw.

If he wouldn’t have been able to see her SOUL, he would have at least been suspicious. For a normal girl her age, she walked too straight, too graceful, dodging patrons on a busy day as if she practiced it her entire life. The way she wielded or played with the knives in the kitchen when she thought he wasn’t looking, was definitely a dead giveaway.

But that was just him. He was incredibly perceptive and his advantage, compared to other monsters, was that he could see her for who she was. “hey kiddo, i’ll take it from here. ann needs you at the bar.” his grin was strained, especially when she glanced at him and her eyes measured him from head to toe. Yeah, she was considering it.

“Sure.” without eye contact, she offered her notebook and pen. As soon as he took the items, she was gone, through the bar area and into the kitchen, probably outside to give herself one of her hunter pep talks.

Heh. That was funny.

When he turned to look back at the rabbit monsters in the booth, his grin hitched higher. “Hey Sans!” the male one greeted him, the female and the five little children squeezed between them did the same. “Oh, thank the stars you came! Why do they hire these incompetant human waitresses?” the ‘mother’ scoffed and the ‘father’ nodded in agreement. Well, these were the special cases, as he liked to call them. Not all monsters were fine with the arrangement that the governments and the Anti-Monster organization had, not that he could blame them, but they tended to take it out on all humans.
Sans had his share of ‘special cases’, both monster and human. Some monster hater even held a gun on him once too, just because he was working at the corner mini-market as a cashier. These were few and rare, but they could be extreme and sometimes stay with you forever.

“We asked her for a carrot cake, she brought us a carrot cake that didn’t even look like one! I asked her to take it back and make it again. She did and came back with the same result! The audacity!” the female threw her paws up, as if frustrated.

“So now we tasted it and told her we didn’t like it, asked her to give us our money back.” the father continued, yet, when Sans looked at the large plate, it had been cleaned up good, the dessert eaten whole, only a few crumbles left to attest to its existence. From his experience, if you didn’t like something, you didn’t eat it.

Ah, trying to score a free meal from the human waitress and have him sympathize with them. “Obviously, we have been wronged! So we tried to be nice and told her we wouldn’t ask for the money back if she brought us free carrot juice.”

While the rabbit parents expressed their grievances, the kids were squealing, pulling each other’s ears and kicking the booth. One was even trying to chew the cushion of the seat. “sorry pals, afraid that’s not our policy. pea wouldn’t like that.” he shrugged casually “besides, looks to me like you tasted the whole cake. means you liked it and now you gotta pay for it.” the skeleton added, watching the two adult rabbits bristle. "this isn't charity, i gotta work for my salary too."

“Fine!” the female suddenly screeched, shoving her kids out of the booth and fumbling with her purse at the same time. “We are never eating here again!” she continued, nose twitching up a storm as she slammed some bills on the table, flustered and angry.

“Come on children, before they rob us blind!” it was funny that she was trying to say that as loud as she could, so she would get attention from other clients. Nonetheless, it didn’t work and Sans gave them a lazy wave. “Hmph!”

After the scene, they stomped out of the diner, but Sans already knew they would be back soon. Pea’s Diner made the best carrot cake. “welp. got that outta my hare.”

Break time found him at the back of the diner, eating the spaghetti Papyrus made him oh so meticulously, while urging him to share it with his friends at the diner. Thus, he was splitting it with Ann, who was more than happy to stuff her mouth and hum appreciatively.

“You brother makes one hell of a pasta.”

“yeah, he’s pretty cool, huh?” he asked, munching on the meal from the casserole. Remembering Undyne’s plea, Sans turned his gaze back to the female that was now wiping her hands on her black slacks. “hey can i ask you for a favor?”

“Depends, what you want from me?”

“friend of mine wants some opinions on rings. you look like you know a thing or two.” he hinted to the fact that she was married and was probably knowledgeable in choosing rings, which is what Undyne probably needed. She already selected a few she liked and had sent him the pictures, making sure to add ‘It ain’t for anything special, punk! Just tell me which looks the best. It’s just a gift!!’ --she underlined that with an angry face emoticon.

“Pfft, my husband chose our rings. I’m shit at that. Why don’t you ask M, she looks like that kinda
“You know, more girly fancy look. She’d know what looks best, besides, she’s younger, girls her age know what’s trendy or not.” the female made a good point. Should he? Undyne specifically didn’t ask Mettaton, because then he would have not only ratted her out, but also pointed to the most expensive, biggest rock he could lay his eyes on. He was eccentric like that.

And Undyne really didn’t like him.

“ok.” case closed for now. “Great, I’m gonna head back in.”

“ok.”

He finished his meal in five minutes, contemplating his choices and finally giving in. What was the worst that could happen if he did ask ‘Mauve’ --if that was even her name. Mind made up, he dragged his sneakered feet up and back inside. Good thing the two of them were responsible with closing the diner tonight.

As soon as everyone left and bid their goodbyes, he’s been watching her closely. Currently she was sweeping and he was cleaning the tables, putting up the chairs. The atmosphere was relatively fine, what with the faint tune of a song playing in the background from the bar’s radio.

“hey, kiddo?”

A long pause followed, in which he stopped and stared at her back. She straightened up, which meant she heard him, but was trying to figure if she should reply or ignore him. Maybe this was a bad idea. He could try and ask --”Yeah?”

His surprised gaze caught hers when she suddenly glanced back and he quickly looked away, rubbing the back of his skull and pulling himself together. “uh...can you do me a favor?” he asked, a bit unsure.

She turned to face him completely and leaned on the broom with a quirked brow. “What is it?”

“need you to just look at some pictures. a friend wants to propose and she doesn’t know which ring would look good, sent me a few pictures.”

“And?”

Stars, her eyes were intense when they fixed him like this. Reminded him of --“asked me if i could get the opinion of a female colleague...ann said you could help?”

“Why did she say that?” he shifted uncomfortably, looking at a spot he missed on the table he’d been scrubbing for the past five minutes. “...said you’re that kinda girl?”

She snorted. His eye lights dimmed and he flicked his gaze on her, curiously. That sounded...cute, dare he say? “What kinda girl?” she asked, using air quotes for his own words.
“girly...fancy, younger?” he repeated the same words the older waitress had used to describe her, noticing the tint of amusement in the huntress’ eyes and then the smile she didn’t bother to fake. “Is that how I’m seen?”

“that a bad thing?”

“Nah, not really.” for some reason, she seemed relaxed, she seemed herself, not some mask she was always hiding behind. “Let me see what you have.” her acceptance took him by surprise again, but he didn’t waste any more time and just fished for his phone, tapping on the screen until he got into the pictures while she placed the broom aside and marched towards him.

She smelled like vanilla and dish soap. It was impossible not to notice when she leaned in so close to him, and he angled the phone to make it easier on her as well. “chose five pictures.” he muttered casually, flipping through them.

“Go back.”

He did as she ordered, but she only wrinkled her nose. He was about to ask her if she wanted him to flip again, when she suddenly grasped his phone from his hand, her fingers brushing his phalanges in the process and making a shiver run down his spine.

“what--” “The third one. It’s not too much, but not too little either and the diamond cut looks nice. Not a sloppy kind of work. It’s not too big, so it can be worn during more domestic chores or outside, whenever the person wants. Plus, it looks like it can fit anyone’s taste and the price is decent.”

He was staring at her with his mouth open, without even realizing it, the sense of observation and analytical skill something he didn't expect her to show off. She smiled at the picture, a real smile, and finally looked up at him, taking notice of his expression and glancing away with a small frown. “So, there you go.” with a dismissive tone, she shoved the phone back in his face, which he took back without any idea of what else to say, other than “thanks.”

“Whatever.”

Huh, maybe she wasn’t so bad, for a hunter. If you got past the stabby attitude, there was actually a nice person hiding beneath.

The rest of the chores were done in silence, him giving her lingering glances and her completely ignoring him during the time spent together. As soon as they closed and she successfully locked the diner’s door, she mumbled a faint ‘bye’ and was gone before he could even respond.

Well, at least he got Undyne her answer.

Chapter End Notes

kudos and comment if you liked it, please! it's a new project so i wanna know your thoughts!
lots of love to you all <3
when i show you my demons

Chapter Notes

hey hey hey~ an update for my undertale version, yas
i know it's late, but better later than never, amirite?
without further ado, here's the third chapter!
song to go with this : Lucian - Fly By Night (TRND Remix)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Look at him smiling and laughing.

As if he was really enjoying himself, as if he was human and nothing was wrong in this world. How dare he laugh like that when his stupid kind were killing your kind without second thought? Another body surfaced today, washed up on the shore of Ebott Lake, in the east of the City. You’d been there, at the ass-crack of morning when some fisherman alerted the authorities and you had to be on scene along with the others, inspect the corpse and ready a report for the headquarters.

Nonetheless, it was clear that it was a monster. The stats on your visor couldn’t be wrong, there were traces of magic and no SOUL. Not to add the mangled state of who was once Benjamin Sawyer, a twenty-year old male.

If this continued, then the hunters being present in Ebott situation would have to be officially uncovered, so that it would help deter the culprit to take action again, or at least discourage the group enough to make them back off for a while. Time was of the essence. This was not looking very good and you could feel the bitter taste in your mouth.

The mayor sent in the first report along with the detective on the case, in secrecy, so that no one would be alerted of the presence of hunters inside their city. Keeping this confidential and silent was the best way to go about this as the criminal could be easier to find if they didn’t know they were watched or hunted. Now? The plan was starting to crumble, because the culprit didn’t care and they were harder to find and catch than you had previously believed. Nonetheless, it was a good call to ask the Anti-Monster organization for help, the only issue was that it was done later down the road and not when the very first corpse landed in the arms of the forensic scientists. Furthermore, you had to hack into the police database for the full reports and post mortem details.

You watched the skeleton mingling with the customers, with a sneer on your face.

Until he caught your eye and winked at you.

Your eyes widened and you felt your cheeks redden with embarrassment at having been caught. Abruptly and flustered, you returned your attention to the coffee machine, under which you were holding a mug, preparing a cappuccino.

If only you could take out your frustration on them all and just end all this hassle by dusting them off.

No more monsters, no more deaths. Simple.
“you okay there kiddo?”

You inhaled sharply and jerked forward, spilling some of the hot drink over the counter and your brown apron. “Peachy,” you hissed as you gave him a poisonous glare. Sans didn’t seem bothered by it, he just leaned his elbows on the other side of the counter, comfortably, and watched you with amusement.

“that’s a brewtal look you’re giving me, need help?”

Ugh. Can he fucking not? Your face went completely deadpan as soon as that coffee pun left his mouth, in a manner that spoke loud of how done you were with his shit. “No.”

“c’mon, don’t cry over spilt milk,” another wink. You straightened up and stared him in the eyes as his grin widened and he lowered his head over his forearms. “Are you done?”

“nope,”

He was about to say something else, when suddenly, the door to the diner opened with the rings of the bells above it. There stood a very tall skeleton dressed oddly --oh, his brother, you almost forgot the freak had family. “SANS? OH, HELLO HUMAN, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BROTHER? HE IS --OH, SANS!”

The shorter skeleton immediately hopped off the chair and went for his brother before he could come in further. “hey bro, what’s up?”

“YOU FORGOT YOUR LUNCHBOX AT HOME. I BROUGHT IT TO YOU BEFORE MY SHIFT STARTS SO YOU CAN ENJOY THE NEW LASAGNA RECIPE I CREATED LAST NIGHT!”

“oh? that so? thanks bro, you’re the best,”

“OF COURSE I AM. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL BECOME A CHEF SOON, GRILLBY AGREES. WITH THIS NEW RECIPE, I SHALL BE THE PRAISE OF THIS CITY WITHIN THE CULINARY WORLD, NYEH HEH HEH!”

“cool,”

The one going by Papyrus posed dramatically after he shoved the Shrek lunchbox into Sans’ hands. “YES YES, I KNOW. DO NOT FORGET TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ON THIS, I ADDED A SPECIAL INGREDIENT, THAT IS WHY IT IS A NEW RECIPE, BECAUSE IT HAS A NEW AND SECRET INGREDIENT IN IT. WINK~” did he just wink...audibly?

“sure thing, bro,”

“WELL, GOODBYE THEN, I MUST GO NOW. GREATNESS AWAITS ME BY THE OVEN!” and Sans didn’t get to say anything else as the tall skeleton flung the door open, bid the “humans” goodbye and jogged out.

Well, that was something. Unimpressed and trying to look as if you hadn’t watched the whole exchange, you restarted the drink you spilled. A green lunchbox was placed on the counter as you worked, earning a hostile sneer from you when the skeleton once again came to bother you.

“my bro’s really cool, huh?”
Choosing to not answer that, you pulled the mug from the machine and sprinkled chocolate over the foam, before you left to serve it. From the corner of your eye, as you passed the tables packed with patrons, you noticed a van with no registration plates in the diner’s driveway. It shouldn’t have been a concern, but it had been a whole five hours since it parked there and the dark windows made it impossible to see who was inside it.

“Here you are, sir,” you gently placed the cappuccino on the table and smiled forcibly, straightening up and looking around the locale, trying not to look directly at the vehicle.

Well, as long as there was no harm, you would have to shrug it off.

... 

The end of your shift, three hours later, found you still working and running around, a sudden burst of customers prompting even Sans to come out and help with orders. It was always this crazy on the weekends, but today was just over the top.

“Here’s your steak, sir, and salad for the madam,” you placed the plates and bowls on the table, before turning around to take an order from the booth behind.

“So a lemonade, a lemon cheesecake and a greek salad?” when the water elemental nodded, you scribbled down the details and rushed away from there to place the order at the kitchen. Almost bumping into Mary-Ann who just started her shift, you two gave each other looks that clearly showed distress, before placing the orders with apologetic smiles at the old lady chef.

“Well fuck me backwards and slather me in whipped cream, these kids sure are hungry,”

You would have stayed to laugh at the expletive, but you didn’t have enough time, already out the door and back to the front.

The dreaded bell ringed again, signaling new customers and your groaned.

But when you turned around, you came face to face with a bearded guy, sporting a nasty grin on his face. “What--” a gun was shoved into your stomach and a few bullets flew up into the diner’s ceiling.

“Shut up ya nasty fucking pieces o’ garbage!”

What the fuck was this? Was the diner robbed? Was this supposed to be a robbery? As if on cue, five more burly men walked inside. Observant as always, you noticed they came out of the van, armed to the teeth.

Silence fell over the diner. Two of the men aimed a shotgun at Sans who was not very far from you and the other at a monster kid and a human kid, glocks in both hands.

Shit. “This ain’t a robbery, but this’ gonna be a statement, a’ight,” their leader spoke, grabbing a handful of your hair and twisting you around so you could face the counter and most of the people inside, including the skeleton. The other three men were going around the locale and forced the chef out of the kitchen, along with Mary-Ann.
“Tie ‘em up. If those assholes with the Anti-Monster ain’t gonna do no shit ‘bout these critters, we’re gonna take the damn reigns and dust ‘em. Kill ya stupid ass monster sympathizers too, ya gonna go to hell with ‘em!”

At that, he yanked you by the hair and then slammed you down on a table, a grunt leaving you at the impact. “Line ‘em up!”

The three men who had previously went around the diner, started rounding up all monsters, kicking them, hitting them and punching them down to the front of the counter, execution style. One human female cried out when she tried to hold onto a male dog monster and she was slapped so hard, she fell back into the booth.

Fuck, you couldn’t...you couldn’t do anything. Closing your eyes, you tried to keep yourself under control, you couldn’t risk your guise. You couldn’t risk your cover.

When you opened your eyes, you saw Sans staring at you, expression solemn, hands up, on his knees.

Your heart beat into you ears as you frantically tried to think of something. You were a hunter, a protector, you couldn’t stand to see this happening, this...literate execution.

Then it hit you.

Your eyes widened and you took in the position of every man, analyzed their weapons and assessed your position. The leader had a gun at your head, your cheek on the table, hands behind your back. Legs were free.

Without any warning, you kicked your leg back, donkey style, slamming your heel into his crotch. This caught him off guard and he doubled over. Quickly, you turned around, grabbed his wrist and snapped it, making the gun fall from his hand into yours, before you twisted his whole arm behind his back and holding him in front of you, his own gun at his temple.

“Drop the guns or I’ll shoot him,” you hissed, bum hitting the rim of the table you had been held down on.

The two goons with the guns pointed at the kids looked at each other and then the ones that completely stopped in their tracks at the front of the bar.

“Listen to her ya fucks!” the coward wailed. One by one, they put their guns down on the tables they were nearest. “Throw them at the monsters you rounded up,” you ordered, pressing the barrel of the gun tighter to their leader’s head.

They did as you told them, moving slowly.

“Sans, get everyone out,” you added after all the weapons were in the possession of the monsters that had been so close to execution. “on it, kiddo,”

Monsters and humans started popping out of existence, the diner going completely empty in the matter of a minute. Sans, after he was done, appeared one last time, looking at you and the goons with a strained grin on his face. “c’mon, it’s over...i’ll call the--”

“Get out,” you calmly requested, watching the five idiots with a glint in your eyes.

After a short pause, he shrugged and poofed.
Now..

“So you thought you were slick, huh?” you began as soon as you were alone with them. Smiling, you twisted the leader’s arm so hard it popped out of the socket and had him wailing in pain. You let him go and he crumpled on the floor, arm limp. None of them answered, they just looked from the asshole on the ground to you and back.

“You stupid pieces of trash thought you could come in here and fuck everyone up huh? Thinking that the Anti-Monster organization isn’t doing its job, yeah?”

You easily emptied the gun and threw it over the bar, the bullets in your palm. “You know what I’ll do? I’ll make you swallow a bullet each and if you can’t, I’ll just stuff it up your butt hole. Don’t get too turned on,”

Cracking your knuckles, you went for the kill.

From the outside, where all the monster and human patrons were gathered at the back of the diner, the only things that could be heard were the screams of the men inside. The police arrived a few minutes after, finding the assailants tied up and bruised, while you were cleaning the bar.

When you had to give your statement, you made sure to underline the fact that you had taken years and years of martial arts. It was the only lie that could excuse your reaction and what followed after.

They bought it, of course, how could they not? Mary-Ann hugged you tightly and cried into your shoulder, Mr. Pea came down to see what happened as well, after he was called in and the chef lady patted you on the back, with gratitude. So did the people you saved.

You didn’t feel much like a savior.

Monsters held your hand and thanked you, but you wanted to tell them you didn’t do it for them, but for the woman that was hit and the human child being threatened with a gun.

In the end, you still had to close the diner for the day and everyone else was dismissed, apart from Sans, who volunteered to stay and help.

So much for a day of work and finishing your shift. Somehow you still ended up working later.

“you okay, kiddo?”

You raised a thumb up while you cleaned a table, back facing him. “what you did back there...it was pretty badass,” he added, and you could feel the mirth in his voice. Funny, you couldn’t help but think about how easily he could have pulverized the goons, but didn’t. Of course, you couldn’t tell him how you knew this, you would give yourself up as being the huntress that clashed with him.

“Whatever,” you murmured without looking up.

“lemme treat you with some pie,” he suddenly spoke, making you whip around fast enough to make your neck hurt. “What?”

“you like cinnamon or butterscotch? you look like a cinnamon girl,” he continued, leaning back on a table and watching you watching him incredulously.

When you didn’t say anything, he shrugged and slapped the rag over his shoulder “c’mon, you
“...Fine,” what? Why did you just agree? Well, because you were hungry, for one, and because why not, since you did deserve it after this kind of day.

His grin widened and he tried to casually go inside the kitchen, almost too eagerly, before he returned with two plates in his phalanges. Why didn’t he do something? He was powerful, one of the monsters that could become a threat one day. This thought bugged you, bothered you a lot. Maybe he didn’t want to show how much he could do...or he was waiting for you to do something.

He set the two plates at a booth and you walked over, sitting down across from him and gingerly plucking the tea spoon from the piece of pie. “had a friend once, she loved to bake pies, snail pies were her favorites,” he took a bite of his butterscotch piece and his eye lights dimmed a bit.

“she’s not around anymore, but she was close with the ambassador, frisk,”

At that, you visibly stiffened, mid-bite. Well, then. “she made me promise not to hurt humans, no matter what,” a lower tone chuckle, weak and mocking left his mouth “kinda hate havin’ made that promise now,”

He looked at you with a raised brow bone and pin pricks so faded that you could barely tell he had any eyes instead of just empty black sockets. “ah, i think i’m boring you with nonsense huh?”

You lowered your gaze to your plate and continued eating in silence.

Chapter End Notes

give me your feedback, kudos and bookmarks pls thank~
i ride the edge

Chapter Notes

an update for this as well~
hope you'll enjoy this one!

song to go with this : Idea of Her - Whitney Woerz

So, how did one dress for a wedding?

Sans could only guess. His brother had offered a few options, in the form of men magazines he had found outside some menswear shop, but honestly, he was not human and surely those clothes wouldn’t look as good on him as they did on the models in the pictorials. Nevertheless, he was happy, happy because his friends, Alphys and Undyne, who finally worked up the courage to pop out the question. After exactly one week since he asked Mauve about the rings, too. He was genuinely, truly, happy.

Like them, he shouldn’t let the past become a weight around his ankles.

In a way, he envied their ability to move on and think about themselves for once, as selfless as they were. Could he maybe do that as well?

One day, a voice whispered like an echo.

He turned off the light on the main floor of the diner. Lost in thought for most of the closing time, he had moved at a snail’s pace and didn’t even realize a whole hour passed. The skeleton then retreated to the kitchen, where he turned off the light as well and was getting ready to leave, back door open to allow the street light from outside to illuminate his path.

He would have to ponder on the clothing choices later.

CRASH. Crunch.

Just as he was about to walk out the door, the unmistakable sound of breaking glass caught his attention and he paused. What was that? Did someone break into the diner? It would appear closed from the outside. Flashbacks from the last week’s event ran through his mind. Grin turning downwards, he adjusted his blue hoodie over his shoulders, settled his green backpack on the ground by the door and quietly made his way to the double doors of the kitchen.

His eye blazed blue and he used his magic to crack one of the kitchen’s doors open without making sounds. It was dark, safe from the light coming inside from the parking lot’s street lights outside, creating large rectangular shapes on the floor.

Another crack. Movement. His eye sockets narrowed on the silhouette moving...with a limp?

That’s when he focused on the red SOUL behind the bar. It was her, Mauve, the shape, the brightness, the uniqueness of the SOUL and the pulsing rhythm. Why was she here? His eyes turned back to normal, about to go in there and see what was happening, when she lit up a candle,
then two, those that they used for the late evening arrangements.

What he saw, made his eye lights dim.

She was wounded, badly. Her mask was thrown on the ground, her hunter attire had been shredded in many places and blood was seeping through the material and on the floor, where she sat down, holding her stomach with a pained sob. The reason for the breaking glass was a bottle of their vodka, which she probably tried to use for her injuries. A nasty looking gash ran down her right leg, the other, on her abdomen, a few scratches on her left shoulder.

His brow bones knitted together.

Shit.

With a hiss, she reached up at her ear. “One, I need an extraction. I’m at the diner…” her voice was cracked, trembling and without doubt, hoarse. “Chased down one of them, it admitted to having thrown that boy’s body in the lake. I cornered it, but….it’s strong, stronger than I anticipated, I think it absorbed a human SOUL or something…fucked me up pretty badly,”

She exhaled sharply.

“Fuck your language. I think it’s still looking for me, so hurry the hell up before I bleed to death here!” her furious snarl made him flinch as he continued to watch, concern gripping at his old SOUL for her safety.

He didn’t know what it was, but...he decided to linger. Until she was receiving help from this...One she had contacted.

Without her knowledge, the skeleton remained there, kept her in his eyesight while she dressed her wounds by herself, as she poured alcohol on the gashes, as she almost fainted and until another hunter, dressed like her, came in and picked her up effortlessly into their arms.

He watched with a bit of bite as the yellow SOUL of justice cradled the red of determination to their chest.

One, as she referred to them, returned shortly after, cleaning up the mess, her blood, the candles, the broken glass, with incredible efficiency, so well that if he hadn’t seen it, he wouldn’t have known anything even went down. This part of the ordeal was witnessed by Sans from across the street, keeping to the shadows up to the wee hours of the morning, when the hunter finally left. His pin-pricks were dimmed and slit, tired.

Luckily, it was his free day.

That didn’t mean Papyrus was less worried about him. Stars, he didn’t even check his phone during this whole operation that happened right in his sights. Mentally, he was relieved that the device had been forgotten on silent mode, but as he went on his way home, his mind kept drifting to the huntress.

His suspicion had been confirmed. Not like he doubted it wasn’t her, the SOUL of determination was not something one came upon every day, it was rare and few in between. Like Frisk had been.

Surely, tomorrow --err, today, since it was already dawn, surely, Mauve wouldn’t come to work, not with how badly she had been injured. By a monster, nonetheless. How could one of his own kind do such damage? Such...violence? Especially now that they were on the surface. This kind of aggression, he’d never seen this before, what about the body from the lake, as the news spoke
of, was that what she meant by the boy in the water? All of this was so conflicting.

Yeah, sure, maybe she cornered it, gave it no chance to escape, but…. regarding the placement of the lacerations, the sizes and depth, those were meant to incapacitate, as if…. as if she were the one being hunted, not the other way around.

To the point where she found herself unable to fight back, found herself at a crossroads of choices - chose to hide at the diner. Now, he wasn’t an expert on tactical combat or regulations regarding the modus operandi of the organization she was part of, but he was pretty sure that hiding in a place where your undercover self worked, where civilians could stumble upon you, that was rash and reckless, a last resort kind of situation.

Why did it concern him?

Deep in his SOUL, a feeling resurfaced. No, he was just irritated with the monster that caused this ruckus, he didn’t care for her. Not for her brilliantly red SOUL, not for her rare smiles or her stubborn antics that he grew used to over the past months.

He was just pissed that one of his own would do this, give the hunters a reason to be here, injure a human, kill one, if what Mauve had said to One was true, and risk another war brewing in the horizon. Why?

Perhaps he should tell Undyne.

He cringed. No, it would put Mauve in danger and there was no way he was going to do that to her. Not after what she did for those monsters. Not after she protected those children at the risk of being found out. He could have saved them all, he could, but…. he wanted to see how far she would go. Would she act or watch it all happen? Now he felt kinda bad for that.

Oh. His house.

Sans stared at the stairs leading up to the familiar wooden door.

“Have you, like, heard? Mettaton is back in Ebott, from his tourney! He’s throwing this major party at his villa, no invitations needed, everyone is invited!”

The two gossiping monster girls in the booth exclaimed, giggling and flipping their bangs as they planned their outfits by starting to search the internet for online purchases. The alligator girl, then looked up at you, as if she just now saw you.

“Oh, sorry, but like, we’re like, so excited for this!”

The cat girl also looked up from her phone. “Totally excited!”

You’ve been standing there for the past ten minutes, waiting for them to decide what they wanted to order, before they just delved into this Mettaton topic. As a result, you gave them a deadpanned look. “Your order?”

As if your patched up wounds weren’t giving you a hard enough time, you just had to have these two annoying patrons. Muscles rippling under the uniform in an attempt to fend off the surges of
pain travelling through your body, you fought off a grimace and switched your weight on the other foot.

“Oh! We’re like, so sorry! I’ll have some tuna salad and a tap water, put some lemon in it too, please! I’m like, trying to lose weight here,” the feline monster mused, smiling at her friend.

“Totally! Same for me! Like, without the tuna, can you put pork instead?”

Well then. “Sure. Anything else?”

“Nope, we’re like, good here!”

Thank god. With a curt nod and a fake smile, you left to give the orders to the kitchen. Thankfully, Sans was not in today, therefore, you could relax more, you could shiver and sigh in pain because there was nobody to watch you closely like he was.

Going to the restroom, you carefully changed your bandages and whimpered quietly.

That monster got you good. But you’d catch it, repay the favor.

The only reason why you bit down the hot rage bubbling into your veins was the knowledge that you would impale that creature with your knives, that you would sink the blades so satisfyingly deep, that it would look at you while the light of their SOUL would turn to nothing, that you’d see the light die from their eyes and watch as they would become dust in the wind.

That thought alone made you grin maniacally in the mirror.

Perhaps those fiends out there had the right idea. Who would miss an opportunity like a monster’s party, where the culprit could hide freely and blend in? Surely not you.

“SANS, ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?”

hm?

Oh. White pin-pricks focused on the tall skeleton at the oven, gesturing at him with a spatula and making red sauce splatter on their kitchen table.

“what’s up, bro?”

“SANS! BY THE STARS, BROTHER!”

“sorry, paps, i’m a noodle head,” he quickly made light of the situation, causing his brother to groan. “ANYWAY! I WAS THINKING PERHAPS A BLUE SUIT WOULD GO WELL WITH THE ORANGE TIE I BOUGHT. I OVERHEARD UNDYNE SPEAKING ABOUT A FANCY PLACE FOR THEIR WEDDING! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL PROVE ONCE MORE MY ABILITIES AS A FASHION CONNOISSEUR!”

“all the pastabilities~”

“UGH, BROTHER! CONCENTRATE!”

Sans snickered as he went over the sudoku on the morning newspaper. Despite all the distractions, his mind kept reverting back to that gorey scene with Mauve, when he heard her pained whimpers,
when he felt his SOUL tremble in response to her distress.

Heh, he was being silly again.

“isn’t mettaton’s big return party soon, though?”

His brother gasped dramatically, one gloved hand over his mouth. “THANK GOODNESS, SANS! I ALMOST FORGOT METTATON CAME BACK!”

Amused, the shorter skeleton watched Papyrus shoot out of the kitchen and to his bedroom, where, by the muffled sounds he could hear, he was looking through his wardrobe and getting worked up over proper attires.

The pasta was completely forgotten. Wistfully, Sans was reminded of the days in Snowdin as the smell of burnt spaghetti filled the air.

Perhaps he could invite Mauve to this fancy party.

It was a way to keep an eye socket on her, keep her busy. Maybe it was also because he felt sorry for her after he had witnessed that. No human should go through that --maybe some did, but she wasn’t one of them. Clearly, he misunderstood things, he must have. She was here because of the dead humans, trying to do the right thing.

Should he, though?

...

Later that day, when the sun finally set and the couch was most comfortable with a silly TV show playing on the screen, Sans was letting his bones drown into the fluff of pillows and throw-blankets he had collected on their green settee, while Papyrus was fussing over the weird storyline of the protagonist.

After a few hours of trying to wash the burnt pan and then trying to save what was left of lunch and failing, he called Alphys regarding Mettaton’s return.

Apparently, the party would be taking place at the end of next week.

‘Glam, Sparkles and shooting stars’ was the theme. Everyone was invited, monsters and humans. The robot was one of the very fortunate of their kind, going on tourneys and traveling all around the world as a super star, participating in talk-shows, culinary shows and hosting concerts. His dream came true; at least one of them made it big and left an impression. It had to be the flashing drama metal queen, didn't it?

Of course, he had to make his return just as glamorous.

“ARE YOU GOING TO ASK SOMEONE TO ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE PARTY, SANS? PERHAPS ONE OF YOUR HUMAN COLLEAGUES?” his younger brother pried, nudging the topic so suddenly that he had to blink a few times to make sure he was still awake.

“what?”

“WELL, ALPHYS SAID THAT YOU HAVE SOME PRETTY HUMAN COLLEAGUES AT WORK. SHE ASKED ME IF YOU WILL BRING ONE OF THEM WITH YOU,”

After a long pause in which Sans stared at Papyrus incredulously, the taller skeleton continued.
“BROTHER, IF YOU NEED MY DATE-BOOK FOR SOME TIPS IN THE ART OF DATING, THEN I CAN LEND IT TO YOU. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL HELP YOU IN YOUR QUEST FOR A DATE-MATE,”

“i dunno, bro. a penne for your thoughts?” his grin hitched up and his eyes brightened “should i?” - - Alphys had been at the diner a few times, she saw his 'pretty colleagues' and knowing the otaku in her, probably 'shipped' him with a few. Wouldn't put it past her, Undyne and her were relentless when it came down to pairing him with other people, human or monsters.

“WHY, OF COURSE ---SANS! WAS THAT A PUN YOU SNUCK IN THERE?”

“impastable, you caught me, paps,”

“UGH, SANS!”

“you’re smiling,”

“AND I HATE IT!”

The rest of the night was spent in comfortable silence, puns and nonsense talking with his young brother, and before they knew it, Papyrus was tucked into his bed with Sans having dozed off while reading him his bedtime story.

... 

So, there he was the next morning, watching Mauve from his spot in the kitchen, by the dish machine, just staring awkwardly at how she was going about with trays and cups and plates.

Cringing every time she bent or moved too quickly, as if he was physically hurting in her stead.

“Ya okay there, Sans?” Matty, their cook asked him from the ovens, flipping over an omelette. That snapped the monster out of his thoughts as if he had been burnt.

“yea, i’m good. how 'bout you, matty?”

“Sure you are. You’ve been starin’ at little miss sunshine over there since ya came in,” the old lady teased with a knowing smile on her face.

“s’not that, i promise,” he laughed uneasily, raising his hands up in defense.

“Uhuh, sure it ain’t,” the woman winked his way, but dropped the topic as soon as the source of his attention came inside with a few order notes in hand. She passed him by with just a curious short glance, taking notice of his cyan colored cheeks, before she paused by Matty with the orders.

“Today’s favorite seems to be your omelette with a twist,” she mused, moving fluidly as if there was no wound on her abdomen, as if she hadn’t bled half to death while he had watched.

Granted, if he was paying close attention, he could see the stiffness in her limbs, only slightly, barely there. “Course they love it, it’s the onion, all about that onion,” Matty responded with a snicker, placing the omelette on one plain white plate.

As if on cue, Mary Ann barreled through the back door, grinning sheepishly at having turned up late for her shift. “Sorry guys! Traffic is awful!” but before Sans could say anything, she ran for the lockers to get changed.

Welp.
“I’m going for my break,” Mauve announced after witnessing the whole debacle. Matty gave her a thumbs up, keeping her back to them both and Sans, well, he just stared after the ravenette as she made her way through the door that Mary Ann left open, behind, in her hurry.

Should he?

“hey, mattty, i’ll be taking my break now too,”

He didn’t stick around to watch the smug face of the old woman, but he could swear he felt it all the same as he followed after the huntress.

Outside, he found her tapping busily on her phone, back leaned against the wall and crouched down. When he came by her side, she paused and glanced up at him, those ice cold blues of hers fixing him and freezing him into place.

“heya kiddo,”

She furrowed her brows. “Hey?”

“So...i wanted to thank you, for helping me with the rings. my friend’s girl --err, fiancee, loved it, the wedding is a go,” he rambled anxiously, feeling himself starting to sweat a bit.

Her interest lasted for exactly two seconds. “You’re welcome,” and she was back on her phone.

A few more moments passed in awkward silence. “what i mean --” he cleared his nonexistent throat, making her look up at him again with a hint of annoyance that she was trying to suppress “...there’s this party a pal of mine is throwing, and i was wondering if you’d like to come with me...howzaboutit?”

Her eyes shifted to the side and then back to him, in surprise, then consideration.

“i mean...not as a date, just...as a thank you, for helping...even if...well, you didn’t have to…” he fumbled with his words, for the first time in his life. Sans was always smart and good with wordplay, however, for some reason, saying all of this to her, it made him...embarrassed, flustered.

Why?

This was to his advantage. A gift, a trojan horse of sorts. It didn’t matter if she rejected the offer--

“Sure,”

Stars, his SOUL shivered. Eye-lights dilating, he stared at her dumbly. “ok.”

“Okay.”

“ok.”

“Good,”

“i’ll --i’ll let you know the details, via text?”

“Sure,”

“ok.”

She gave him a quizzical look, before she just shook her head and stood up. “I’m heading back
inside,"

“ok.”

As soon as she disappeared inside, he let out a breath he didn’t know he had been holding, allowing his eye lights to shrink and a sliver of panic to settle into his guts. What did he just do?

What if this wasn’t such a good idea? What if she got the wrong idea?

It was just a meet-up, just a party. He’d feel comfortable amongst his kind, maybe she’d see that not all monsters were bad. It was an opportunity and who was he to not take advantage of that?

Oh, and he had to get her number...

He'd ask Mary Ann for that.

Chapter End Notes

kudos, comment and bookmark pls?
love you guys~
oh my, feels like i just don't try

Chapter Notes

and finally, an update for this one as well~
please enjoy!
song to go with this: L’aupaire - Dancing In The Moonlight (Cover)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Got you,”

The monster screeched and cradled his wounded arm, limping into the corner of the alleyway, a dead end you had chased him into. Little did the thing know it was all planned, controlled and expected.

It was no longer big and threatening like the night he almost killed you, but vulnerable and weak. The SOUL wasn’t probably nurturing enough to keep their magic strong or their body developed like that.

“I’m not going to tell you anything!” he hissed, mutt face contorted into a nasty scowl with baring fangs.

“Don’t expect you to,”

He didn’t expect that answer, either. You played with the jagged dagger in your hand, flipping it up in the air and catching it perfectly by the handle when it fell. “This is for entertainment purposes only,”

And you lunged, sliding under the feeble attempt of a swiping clawed paw that was meant to tear apart and slamming your blade under its mandible, the strength making it come out from the top of its muzzle. His eyes crossed and rolled back, body shuddering and twitching as it started to slowly turn into dust.

You yanked the knife out with a chuckle and watched the mass blossom into speckles of grey filth.

Beep. beep.

Ugh. Not again.

Breaking you away from this satisfying moment that you were savoring hungrily, was the ring of a text message. However, only one person had been shooting you with repeated text like these at ungodly hours --well, ungodly hours for those that weren’t hunters, that is --and that was Sans. After the day he had asked you to that party, somehow he ended up getting your phone number from someone and from then on, it was pun after pun after knock knock joke and memes all damn week. Hell, he could have been sitting across from you and you’d still get a text from him, after which you’d shoot him a look and resume whatever you were doing before he interrupted.

At two freaking am, you were glaring daggers at the phone screen.
And you scrolled down at all the other unanswered knock knocks he had sent you over the last couple of days.

Didn’t he get a hint? Just because you accepted his invitation, only cause it served to your advantage, didn’t mean you were pals or some shit. The overwhelming desire to smack the phone at the nearest wall was scrunched and shriveled with the stuffing of said device in your harness’ many pockets.

You knew the party’s date was coming soon, considering the weekend was almost upon you, but for some reason, that made even more...anxious than usual. He didn’t say when the event was going to take place or where, so you assumed he’d let you know the details before it was too late. He didn’t have to know you knew who this pal of his was --well, it wasn’t hard to just blame it on every monster talking about it at their tables and freaking out over dates.

Sighing and turning away from the pile of shit in the alley, you hesitantly pulled the phone back out.

‘Who’s there?’

Almost immediately, he replied. ‘boo’

‘Boo who?’ you furrowed your brows together at the idiocy of this meaningless --‘geez, don’t cry, it’s just a knock knock joke’

“Fuck off!” you screeched behind your mask, shoving the phone back where it had been. You felt stupid for falling for such cheap fucking jokes --what was wrong with you? Deciding it was enough, you called it a night, stomping and grumbling the whole journey home.

She was annoyed with him, he could tell.

It didn’t take a genius to figure that out. Her body language said it all. And while he took some sort of sick satisfaction for managing to crumple her perfectly neat facade, it also bothered him a bit that she was social with everyone but him.

“Ya asked lil’ miss sunshine there out?” Matty’s voice snapped him out of his intense staring session. It took him a few seconds to process the question, trying to figure out if he wanted to respond or not.

welp.

“uh...yea,” he tugged at the white tee’s collar, uncomfortable with the subject. The older woman snickered and looked through the open doors of the kitchen, at the hustle and bustle of the front of the diner, where Mauve and Mary-Ann barely could keep up. It was a busy Friday, that's for sure.

“And she said yes?”

“yea,” --where was this going anyway? “Listen, Sans, you’re a good softie kinda guy, but her?
She’s like a cactus,

A cactus? What an odd comparison. His brow bones pinched together, not understanding why -

“Full of pricks on the outside, but spongy and mushy on the inside, ya get me?”

Was their cook giving him relationship advice? His eye lights shrunk to pins “uh, ok?”

“Ya gotta get over the exterior first, is my point,”

oh.

That made sense then. He could agree with that --she was like a cactus, he knew that already,

though, but she was particularly prickly with him and not with others, was the only issue here.

Well, she did try to stab him on several occasions while she was in hunter mode.

Because he pushed some buttons at first, some provoking having spurred from his side of the line.

He couldn’t blame her grudge, but it was just harmless fun, right?

Not for her, his treacherous mind whispered.

... Later, when the streetlights shone bright in the darkness that settled with the late hour, when their

shift was almost over, Mauve volunteered to remain for closing. Seeing his opportunity, Sans

suggested he stay as well. It wasn’t nice for someone to close alone, was the excuse he gave oh so
casually to the ones present.

Despite Mary-Ann’s suspicious glance between the two of them, and Matty’s smug smile, the

huntrress just shrugged with a dismissive ‘whatever’, surprising everyone by not whining about the

situation. Usually she put up a fight, insisting someone else remain, for his sake --‘he worked so

hard today anyway' --but that was a lie that conveyed the fact that she didn't like him, they all

knew. The women left after a few more exchanges and a goodbye for the weekend.

“wanna eat some pie with me?”

The nice comfy tune of the song on the radio, coupled with the atmosphere that for once, wasn’t

tense between them, had him pause during his table scrubbing to ask that, spontaneously.

And Sans was anything but spontaneous when it came to social interactions.

The girl stopped sweeping to glance at him, unimpressed. “I’m not hungry,”

“you don’t have to be hungry, kiddo. pie’s for the soul,”

She looked around the diner, that calculative, intelligent gaze of hers sliding over all the tasks that

had been done and those that haven’t been done. Perhaps it was her wit, her red SOUL pulsing that

made him itch and wonder. “Fine, just one slice,”

He wanted to know more of her, he realized as he watched her mesmerized. Figure out her thought

process, the things that made her determined heart beat so calmly. Grin widening, he slapped the

rag on his shoulder and went to get the treat.

They sat down at a booth when he returned, the one by the middle window. She seemed to favor

that spot, as they sat there last time as well.
He couldn’t help letting his gaze wander over her face as she plucked the fork and started eating the cinnamon slice of pie.

Awkward silence fell over them both.

For once, he couldn’t bring himself to dig in. He took his time, played around with the fork and the crumbles.

“So...uh,” he cleared his nonexistent throat, feeling choked up suddenly “I’ll pick ya up at seven on Sunday,”

She didn’t even stop eating to look at him, just shrugged her shoulders. “Okay,”

“...c-could...” stars, he was stuttering. Sweat started forming on top of his skull and as if sensing his weakness, his soft spot, like she was feeding off the anxious energy he gave out, the huntress met his eyes, the white tundra of her gaze swallowing him whole with how intense it was. He never stopped to really look at how light blue her eyes were --like a hail storm, with a black void in the middle that was her pupil, shrunk like that of a cat’s.

“Could you give me your address?”

He didn’t know how he managed to brave that sentence out, but he swelled with pride on the inside. “You can just ask Mary-Ann, like you did with my phone number,” she sassed, eyebrow raising up in challenge.

Oh, was she pissed off that he asked her colleague for her phone number?

“...Do you want me to ask you for your phone number?”

“That would be a waste of time. You already have it,”

“That’s why I’m asking for your address now, makes it even,”

Her face fell into a deadpan look. “That’s not how it works --just...just leave it,” she grunted and crossed her arms over her chest, leaning back into the booth’s cushion.

Was she sulking? That...that’s cute, that little scrunch of her nose and small crease between her eyebrows.

His cheeks turned cyan and the pie became so interesting and tasty all of a sudden.

“I’ll text you the address,” she finally spoke after a few minutes in which he stuffed his face with the slice.

Her mumble made him stop, crumbles around his mouth. “Huh?”

Again, her eyes fixed him, brows twitched and she leaned over, her hand reaching up and wiping some of the cream and crumbles off. As if realizing what she was doing, her hand froze and her eyes widened slightly, before she retracted her arm like it burned.

“...You have some...on your left,”

He used the back of his hand to wipe at the spot by his mouth. “My left,” she quickly corrected, glancing away with a red flush over her cheeks. Was she blushing? His grin widened a bit, eye lights brighter.
“here?” he intentionally patted the wrong side. She eyed him briefly and shook her head. “here then?” this time, under his mouth. Finally, she had enough and leaned over again, using her thumb to brush away the crumbles that annoyed her so much.

“There. Now that that’s done, can we continue with the closing up?”

Yeah, she was flustered.

“ok,”

The rest of the closing hour was spent in silence, with her rushing through all the tasks and him watching her bemusedly. At the end, she fumbled with the keys as they locked and parted ways with a breezy ‘goodnight’.

It really felt like he was over complicating his existence, but he couldn’t just take his brother’s car for a ride without his knowledge, it didn’t seem fair.

“A DATE-MATE??” Papyrus squealed for the third time that day, getting his bright orange sequin suit coat on. “I AM SO PROUD OF YOU, BROTHER! I CANNOT WAIT TO MAKE HER ACQUAINTANCE AT THE PARTY!”

Of course, he let him have the car for the night, not like he would have ever said no.

Sans himself was nervous, sweating bullets and checking his appearance in the mirror for what felt like the tenth time. Ironically, he was never the one for the vanity of dressing fancy, but he felt like he had to put some effort in it tonight.

For that, he wore a simple black suit coat that looked more casual than anything, a white tee and black sweatpants, with the tell tale white stripes on the sides, sneakers on his feet --as for the glamorous factor, he had a shooting star badge pinned to the right of his chest.

Nobody could tell him he didn’t fit the theme.

“you look so cool, bro,” he changed the subject quickly, twirling the car keys on his index finger.

“WHY OF COURSE I DO. WHEN I SAW THIS MAGNIFICENT LOOKING SUIT, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAD TO HAVE IT! IT FITS SO WELL, DOESN’T IT?”

He grinned at his younger brother turning this way and that, excited for the event. Undyne and Alphys would have to pick him up and drive together to the party, while he would show up a bit later with Mauve.

If she sent her address, that is.

No text came from her, not the day after that and not all morning. There was only one hour left and he was already starting to deflate, wrecking his head, trying to figure out what to do. He didn’t want to seem creepy asking for her address again, so he was stuck checking his phone every few minutes.

Maybe she didn’t want to come with him anymore, changed her mind.

It shouldn’t affect him, but the thought made his SOUL throb just a tiny bit.
“OH, BROTHER, YOU SHOULD LEAVE, OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE LATE!” ever the worrisome one, Papyrus pushed his older brother towards the door and out, before Sans could start complaining or making excuses.

That’s how he found himself in the driver’s seat of the red convertible, phalanges on the wheel and white eye lights dimmed.

Ten more minutes were left. It was safe to say that she wasn’t up for it anymore --he would have appreciated a heads-up, but could he blame her? She was a huntress. Going out with him had to be...shameful for her. He had to look at the facts.

Who would want to even go with him, other than his friends of a lifetime?

Frisk would have...but they were always nice like that.

Shoulders slumped, he was considering going back inside the house and telling Papyrus that he wasn’t feeling too good, that he’d rather spend the night in, watching some lame TV shows and nap away until he was back.

…

But then the screen of his phone lit up. Her name showed up at the top, with a street name and number, building and where to wait.

His old SOUL swelled up with hope and warmth.

She still wanted to go with him. He didn’t even realize that he was grinning goofily, eye lights dilated and brighter than ever. In a flurry of motions, he started the engine and made quick work of the map in his mind to pinpoint the fastest route, after which he carefully pulled up from the driveway of their house and down the street with a stomp on the acceleration.

It took exactly nine minutes to arrive, and he realized that this was so her --she had everything calculated to a tee. Didn’t feel the need to send him her address until it was the right time.

However, as he pulled up to a fancy looking apartment building, very close to Ebott’s center, he started wondering what he should do.

Wait for her out of the car or inside the car? These irksome details made him twiddle his thumbs anxiously, until he decided he should be outside, she wouldn’t know what car he was in.

But he was the only car in front of the building.

He almost grabbed the handle and then retracted his hand, sweating grossly. Should he...get out and open the door for her? Should he have brought some flowers? Papyrus mentioned that at some point, but he didn’t pay too much attention.

This wasn’t a date, he chided himself mentally. No need for romantic attentions.

But should he wait for her outside the car? It felt like the right thing to--the sound of the car’s door opening and closing snapped him out of his conflicting thoughts and before he knew it, she was seated next to him, pulling the safety belt over herself and clicking it in place.

“Alright, I’m ready,” she spoke simply, glancing at him with indifference.

Stars, she was beautiful. She was wearing a black dress that sparkled subtly, with a leather jacket
over her shoulders and some red lipstick on her lips, bringing out the fullness of her mouth exotically. Her hair was straightened instead of her usual dark loose curls and her eyes were even more striking against the dark color she applied over her eyelids.

And her perfume, oh, by Asgore, it made him dizzy.

He must have been staring with his mouth open, because she smirked and reached out with one hand, fingers underneath his mandible, pressing with ease and closing it up. The gesture made him snap out of it, ashamed, humiliated, cyan tinting his face at how embarrassing that must have been.

“y-you look very nice,” he blurted out, dumbly, flicking his gaze to the wheel and trying to remember where the party was and what roads he had to take to get there.

“I know,”

A few moments of awkward silence followed, in which he tapped his phalanges on the leather of the steering wheel, having some technical difficulties with starting up the car again and turning on the radio to fill in the emptiness.

“You clean up nice,” she stated bluntly, watching him fumble clumsily with everything.

......

He glanced to the side and then towards her, like a deer in the headlights. Her eyes were as warm as an arctic blast, one gaze and he was chilled to the bone. He had always been attracted to blue, but after this, he could never see it in the same light.

“thanks,”

Finally, he managed to pull the car on the street after an U-turn towards the right direction.

The car ride was silent, mid-way to Mettaton’s villa, situated at the very very end of the city, he spared the girl a glance, only to find her asleep, curled in her seat, facing him. Her hair, black as night, shimmered in the passing streetlights like the mane of a black stallion, urging him to try and touch it for just one sample.

Her SOUL was calm, pulsing in tandem with the lazy song playing on the radio.

And he smiled stupidly to himself, forcing his senses to focus on the road. She was at peace, letting her guard down --that meant she trusted him. Her ice was thawing, the walls he had always imagined around her at all times, crumbling down at the sight of such a harmless visage.

The notion had his mind reeling. Thump. Thump. Thump.

“you really are a cactus, kiddo,”

Chapter End Notes

please leave kudos, comments and bookmark if you liked it! 
love you all <3 peace out
So, how did he proceed now?

As he parked the car in the large, luxurious driveway, the muffled sound of music blaring in the mansion blending with the many moving bodies towards it, he looked helplessly towards the napping human in the passenger seat. He pulled the key out of the ignition and stared dumbly at her curled up figure.

She looked peaceful.

Should he say something? His eye lights darted from the mansion to her and back. Finally - -"mauve? we’re here kiddo,” --but his voice sounded like a timid wheezing of a voiceless cat.

Welp.

“kiddo?” he tried again, clearing his throat in between.

Nothing.

His hand rose up, then paused right above her shoulder, retracted and recoiled to the wheel. Sans knew for a fact that she hated being touched, he had witnessed this whenever Mary-Ann would let her hand slip over the brunette’s shoulder. The look she would shoot the limb was weary, conflicting, before she easily pulled away under some pretense.

At some point, he did it as well, in good fun, realizing his mistake a second later, when he felt her shudder beneath his touch. The reaction was sudden and with practiced ease, she extracted herself from the situation, SOUL screeching in his ears. Words had died in his throat by that point and apologizing would mean he was observant of her body language --and he didn’t want her to know how simple to read she was in his eyes. In crowds, she was so proficient, he couldn’t help watching her. She dodged patrons with so much grace and flexibility, as if this was her second nature, without making them suspect a thing, under the mask of a pretty smile.

Never did she shake off someone’s unwarranted contact, but she had her way of putting down lines that marked her personal space. She was so good at it, that even he would have been fooled, just like the rest of them --if it weren’t for the violent wail of her SOUL protesting and flashing in terrible terrible aggression, sharp and hostile.

It was flawless, she was flawless, he would give her credit where it was due.
But had she lived her whole life like this? He couldn’t help but wonder about her backstory, as all people on this earth had one. So what was hers? The facade was near perfect, it took years to get so good, he knew, his grin was a mask in its own, many a times, for dark thoughts and self-deprecation and nihilism that others would not even be able to start to comprehend.

Was this the appropriate time for such reflections?

No.

Clenching his jaw, the skeleton finally made a decision and reached across with more confidence than he should have, phalanges barely touching her shoulder when her eyes snapped open.

The movement was so fast, so abrupt, so...predatory, that he hardly exhaled when her forearm was pressed firmly to his neck, back slammed into the door and fist ready to strike him down. She was scowling and her eyes, blown wide, pupils dilated, stared at him with such emptiness that it made a chill run down his spine, quite literally.

“uh…”

This was the huntress. Not Mauve.

Fleeting through her ice cold irises was realization, then guilt, melting the deathly glare into her usual neutral gaze. Awkwardly, she jerked herself away from him, having leaned too close too fast and slumped back into her seat. “Sorry...I --” she fumbled with her jacket’s zipper “...I took judo classes, makes for...uhm….good reflexes,” the lie slipped through her teeth with concerning ease.

But her SOUL dimmed in shame.

“ok,” he tried to play it off, calm his sparking magic as it unfurled. “we’re here,” he added, flicking the pin pricks of his eyes to the large villa beyond the fountain in the middle of the round parking space filled with cars and commotion.

“We should go then,” she quickly stated, already pulling the safety belt off and climbing out, rushing to get away from the heavy and tense atmosphere between them.

So much for a good start of the night.

Breathing in and out just once, the skeleton followed her outside, locking the car and uncomfortably joining her side and fast strides. Just now, he noticed, she was much taller than before, her black high heeled boots proving to be no burden despite how...dangerous they looked. He wanted to offer her his arm, but that would probably make her laugh at him dismissively --she was independent like that, hated being aided in anything, even if it was just a courtesy gesture.

Once at the tall oak doors, decorated with portraits of Mettaton’s famous poses, like he were a muse from the ancient times, sculpted in wood, they glanced at each other, one timidly, the other hesitant.

The blaring music, old songs that were surely put in a playlist made by Mettaton himself, lured them inside. Monsters and humans greeted them, all cheering, talking, drinking and dancing all over the place, some on the entryway stairs, others watching in awe the spectacle of various hired bartenders that flicked and threw cocktails around, all dressed in sparkly attires reminding Sans of a scene in an old book.

The ceiling itself was looking like the sky, full of stars, pulsing with the beat of the music. He had to admit, the dramatic robot had a flair for all things beautiful, knew how to leave his guests in
It was definitely social, fun, loud and most definitely not a scene that Sans enjoyed being part of.

“so, uh...wanna--” but when he turned his head to his side, Mauve was nowhere to be seen.

Oh stars...

He turned this way and that, anxiously searching for her through the thick groups of people mingling together to the beat of a bubbly, old rhythm.

How could he just lose her like that?

“Hey punk, ya made it!” --Undyne? He started sweating profusely as the shapes of his friends came into view, happy and laughing, with Papyrus in tow.

“BROTHER! YOU ARE, AS THEY SAY, FASHIONABLY LATE, BUT WHERE IS YOUR DATEMATE?”

From the other side of the large entryway, by the corner of the enormous, elegant stairway, you watched the skeleton from afar, smirking to yourself. Losing him had been easier than you thought. For a moment you had been worried he would start looking for you, but when his brother and some other monsters crowded around him, the possibility fled your mind.

Snatching a glass of fizzy pink drink from some bunny lady’s tray as she passed, you decided to explore on your own.

Like a lioness, you prowled the fancy hallways, decorated in sparkly hot pink curtains and golden framed portrays of the robot monster host. You knew of Mettaton, he was the top of a list, one that wasn’t really made of potential threats, but one over which the organization kept a watchful eye on. Couldn’t let the monster’s superstar get carried away by fame, now could they? While his human appearance had got him far into show business, he was no exception if the order came to be put down.

Unfortunately for you, there were monsters and humans mixed together at every corner, an observation that you openly scoffed at. The parts that were off-limits had been closed off using red velvety barriers, like in a museum or gala, depended on the preference of the onlooker.

Each of these areas were guarded by bull monster guards, big and burly.

Not like that intimidated you. The restriction only encouraged you to try a taste as your eyes swept over the scenery like a predator would look at prey. For the sake of fun alone, you remained around the west wing, where the guard on the second floor was shamelessly flirting with one of the waitress bunnies in a corner, by a curtain.

Taking advantage of their little affair, you skirted around the barrier unnoticed, sipping your sparkly drink in victory.

The corridors were grandiose and void of life. You welcomed the change in atmosphere almost happily, Frank Sinatra’s ‘I love you baby’ echoing through the space, the speakers carrying the sound even to these areas.

Feeling a bit playful, you twirled with a smile, paused and swayed your hips in a silly manner.
As the song continued, you slid by the walls to a corner, shaking your shoulders to the beat and the lyrics. Each door was opened by you, curious gaze peering inside, until you decided it wasn’t interesting and shutting it back closed. Encore.

After a while, that got boring.

‘I like the way you move’ found you swinging into a rolling chair behind an expensive looking desk, a fluffy pink pen balanced between your fingers as if it were a knife. Your head leaned all the way back, hair slipping down like a curtain as you swayed.

There were pictures spread about on the wooden surface of the bureau, signed by the superstar robot, with a kissy shape on each --the weird thing was that it seemed like he actually spent the time kissing each and every one of the shiny autographed photos of himself. Talk about narcissism at its finest.

“What a weirdo,” you snickered, the chair finally stopping right at a door you hadn’t noticed before.

Huh.

Invading privacy was your best suit, so you decided you’d investigate. Swiftly, you shot up from the chair, eager and curious.

Finding that the handle turned without much effort, you pushed the door open and let your jaw fall slack as numerous lights flickered to life.

A fucking stage at the end of the room, obnoxiously sparkly, decorated and flashy, with a pole in the middle, had you stare wide eyed. “Oh my god,” there were also large posters of the robot all over the walls, each more glamorous than the other.

Turning your gaze to the side, you saw a large vanity, with a hot pink boa draped over the mirror, numerous make up products strewn about and some stripper high heels left carelessly by the baby pink cushioned chair. On the other side was a long long clothes rail, with numerous provocative and themed costumes, Next to it, a big shelf full of high heels and shoes.

Did you just stumble into a burlesque movie scene?

And the cherry on top was the oval shaped water bed on the side, the large MTT letters atop it, draped with pink voal, giving you a clear answer to whom this whole room belonged to.

“hey kiddo, looks like you got lost,”

Instantly, you froze. How did he find you? You whipped around, ready to spit out the first excuse that you could come up with, when...you saw him, in hot pink, knee length boots, posing by the door, one leg crossed over the other and his hands casually stuffed in his sweatpants’ pockets.

....

You stared at each other.

A few seconds passed and then --

A startled laugh erupted from your throat, snort and wholehearted together, hand shooting up to cover your mouth at the embarrassing sounds coming from you. “chill, kiddo, was just pullin’ your leg,” as he said that, he stretched out one of his sexy boots so you could catch the pun.
Oh god, leg puns.

Why were you still laughing?

“remember to breathe, wouldn’t want you to die. ain’t the legacy i wanna leave behind,”

Oh my god, why?

More puns came pouring down on you once he saw that you were laughing, taking it as encouragement, you assumed. By the time he was completely out of limb jokes, you were seated at the vanity, clutching your stomach. Never had you laughed at his weird sense of humor, but now, seeing him in such a posture, coupled with the wordplay, you had to admit, it was hilarious.

“so, kiddo, what’re you doing here?”

He shook the pink boots off, and you just realized how big they really were, as he still had his own shoes on when he got those off. Still smiling, you replied breathlessly “I was looking for the bathroom,” having had enough time to figure out an excuse “Got curious and started exploring,” you added quickly.

“heh, yeah, happens to me every time,” he stuffed his hands deep into his pockets, shoulders high “always miss the big yellow signs, but i’m gettin' better,”

Oh. Was he calling you out on your lie? Suddenly, the line was thin and you looked at him differently. “Why are you here?” you changed the roles, turning his question against him.

“technically,” he began, eye lights bright as he turned his gaze to you “i’m downstairs getting some monster punch,”

“Didn’t know you had it in you,” tone smooth, you mused at his revelation. “surprise?” this time, he was sheepish, aimlessly kicking a foot out, white pin-pricks shifting to the rest of the room.

A few moments of awkward silence followed.

And then --“since we’re both not here, wanna do more exploring?” he peered up at you with a bit of hesitation, if his body language was anything to go by. Even his grin seemed strained.

Fine, you’d bite, if only to get more intel by subtle interrogation.

“Sure, why not,” you arched a brow, watching as his eye lights somehow got brighter and fuller, shoulders straighter “So, where to?”

“out of the MTT love cave for starters?”

You huffed amusedly, standing up from the chair you had occupied. “Alright, show the way,” coquettishly, you gestured towards the door, a glint in your eyes. Even if you really wanted to stick around here and check all the themed outfits and other secrets this room held, you decided it would be better to go this route, with Sans, it felt more productive.

“after you, kiddo, wouldn’t wanna lose sight of you again,” he pricked at the fact that you just vanished as soon as you walked inside. Of course he didn’t take it too lightly, who would be entirely fine with getting ditched at a party? But he had a very subtle manner of applying pressure where he wanted it to sting a bit. You could appreciate that.

With a hum, you sashayed past him and out of MTT’s naughty red room.
You didn’t know if it was the highly potent alcoholic beverage you had or the good mood you were in, but you tolerating him like this was something that felt oddly alright and in complete antithesis with what you would normally be like.

Whatever.

There were no other hunters around to witness this. You’d allow this for the night.

He made his way to you with surprising eagerness, letting you fall a bit back with a grin. As he lead you through the hallways, seemingly knowing his way around, the only noise that broke the weird atmosphere between you two was the echo of another old song, playing in the distance and becoming less audible as you drifted further away from the source.

“Why did you come for me?”

In front of you, he shrugged his shoulders. “why not?”

That was helpful. “Were you worried?” you teased, prodding the subject relentlessly. He paused and glanced back at you, measuring you from head to toe with an expression you couldn’t read. “yea...let’s go with that, kiddo,”

You furrowed your brows. What did he mean by that?

Before you could ask anything else, he stopped in front of some white double doors. “here we are. now, if my memory serves me right...heh, this should be...” without even moving an inch, the doors were burst open, making you step back in knowledge of what his magic could do. However, as you pushed down the spike of instinct and allowed your eyes to peer through the entrance, over his shoulder, you were pleasantly surprised to find --“the pool,”

Ah. Now this looked nice. An inside pool in the shape of an M --you didn’t know how that worked well, but you wouldn’t question it. Instead, you smiled, it had been a long long time since you had been around large amounts of water, pool or otherwise. In fact, back in the days, when you were very young and remembered your mother with fondness, you could recall how much time you spent with her inside the pool within your home.

She acclimated you with water since you were very small and naturally, you loved it, identified it with her --even after she died, you...you still went to swim. It was such an important part of her and her athlete background, that you couldn’t exactly help it either. Until your father decided to move the two of you into a new home and refused to be anywhere near a pool again. Isolating you with training made it near impossible to even hope of seeing the ocean, a river or another pool again --not like you had the time after you completed the training anyway, what with the barrier and monsters.

This sight brought a warmth into your chest. Without waiting for Sans, you squeezed past him and towards the body of water, transfixed almost. “This is nice, how do you know the layout of the mansion?” you asked as you went, choosing one of the lounge chairs to sit down.

He trotted in after you, a lazy gait in his step, the sneakers making awkward squeaking noises against the tile. “been here before,” he shrugged again, halting at the chair next to yours and plopping down with his hands still stuffed in his pants’ pockets. “besides, it’s quiet here, thought you might like that,” he added, shifting and laying on his back with a happy sigh.

“You’re not wrong,” you quickly made work of your boots, pulling them off, garnering the attention of the monster. “what’re you doing?” his skull was facing you, eye lights on your shoes.
“Taking advantage of the surroundings,” with bare feet, you tip-toed to the edge of the pool and sat down gingerly, dipping your tired legs into the cool water, up to your calves. At the contact, you hummed delighted. Those high heels didn’t agree with you, they were new and pressed into your flesh, causing it to burn and sting.

Sans watched her quietly from his position. She liked the indoors pool, her SOUL thrummed happily, pulsed warmly at the sight when he opened the doors for her. At least she was content and not hostile. When she disappeared without trace, he felt panic flood his old bones, but luckily, it hadn’t been hard to find her, what with his teleportation magic.

He had to shake off his friends first, under the pretense that he was gonna get some punch --he didn’t lie about that. Papyrus vanished mid-conversation roo, running off to speak to Grillby when he saw the elemental in the crowd. Alphys and Undyne bought his excuse without problem, so here he was.

Once he did find her, he felt relief at knowing she wasn’t off killing anyone --stars, that sounded bad. Guiltily, he chided himself. Perhaps bringing a huntress to a monster party wasn’t the best idea he had, but...he couldn’t help it.

He wanted to, no matter how he told himself it was just a ploy, just a means of keeping an eye on her.

It had to be her scarlet SOUL, it had to be. Otherwise, why would he find her intriguing in the least? Sure, by human standards she was...breath taking, she was incredibly smart and had some really witty comebacks, her smile was cute, because of those dimples he liked so much and her eyes were....

By Asgore, he needed to slam the brakes.

“Sorry...about leaving without saying anything,”

That took him by surprise. Silence fell between them, until he sat up. “it’s fine, i’m surprised you even came, if i’m honest,” he laughed it off, self-deprecation rearing its ugly head into his SOUL.

“Why wouldn’t I have?” she looked back at him this time, locking their gazes together. But...why would she? Look at her. Was she using him right now to get some information out of him? Get to know other monsters for her hit list? He couldn’t be bothered to care. “well...you barely stand me at work, for one,” his grin was strained, because the words were true and she knew it, he knew it, yet speaking them out loud had a very...bitter effect.

She turned back around, a splash, her legs dangling into the water. “How would you know--” “you don’t need to sugarcoat it, kiddo,”

Her head moved, just barely. “You’re right,” her response was calm, uninhibited by any sort of emotion “So, make me wrong,”

.......

\*Thump. Thump.\*

White pupils dilated when she stood up, wet feet padding on the tiles as she walked towards him, her face dead serious. “I don’t like crowds, I dislike how loud the noise is downstairs...and I’m not
the kind of girl that goes to parties,” she stated, blunt and simple.

“do you wanna leave then?” he blurted out before he could think it through. But it did make the corners of her lips twitch upwards. With a longing in her eyes he’d never seen before, she glanced back at the pool for a few seconds, thinking over his offer.

Finally --”Yeah, I’d like that,”

He didn’t know when she managed to get her boots on, her feet were still wet and it had to be uncomfortable. He couldn’t even recall how they made their way through the hallways and down stairs, but he did recall how she grabbed his hand in hers as they dodged through the crowd of monsters and humans dancing around, just as Mettaton appeared at the other end of the large room, announcing his presence through glitter that fell from the ceiling and over them all.

Cheering disguised her laugh, but not from him. With her warm hand over his, with that smile on her face and the specks of gold in her hair, shining like stars on a dark sky, he felt his SOUL constrict and expand at the same time, thundering.

She rushed to the car, leaving him breathless as she waited for him to unlock it. Sans had to gather himself, pull it together while he fumbled like an idiot with the keys. “C’mon Sans,” her impatience made him more flustered and he ended up dropping the keys.

With a snicker, she grabbed them from the ground before he could, unlocking the car and getting inside. He stared after her dumbfounded, and she dangled the offending item in the window, before sliding them in the ignition for him.

It took him a few moments, but thankfully not too much until he got inside as well and started the engine. “You okay? I’m not an expert in monsters, but you look sick,” she commented on his delayed reactions and weird behavior.

“nah, i’m fine,”

Everything felt like a blur, the car ride, the streets, where they went, the songs playing on the radio while she hummed along.

The place they ended up at was the diner, however, familiar to the both of them. “Can I sit on the car’s hood?”

“What?” his eyes were blown wide, having trouble understanding anything anymore, drunk on the emotions that rushed past him too fast for him to grasp. She smiled amused, arched an eyebrow and repeated the question, to which he nodded dumbly.

Again, she took off her boots and shimmied up on the car’s hood, dangling bare feet over the edge without touching the pavement of the parking lot. He stood awkwardly outside Papyrus’ car, staring starstruck at her, at everything about her.

“What are you doing?” she asked, glancing back at him with furrowed brows. “You have the spare keys, get us some pie…” she trailed off, orbs of ice shifting to the side sheepishly “That’s why we’re here, right?”

No, not really. “yea...yea...ok,”

“ok,” he repeated, beginning to sweat as he patted his pants and jacket’s pockets. “right,”

“Take your time,”
What an infuriating woman. He found them in the pocket inside his coat and once he got them loose, he almost dropped them too. Stars, this was embarrassing. As soon as he got the door open, flushed and slightly irritated with his lack of grace, the skeleton hurried to the dark kitchen, picking his way through the pitch black with ease, just by memory.

It didn’t take long to grab two plates and two pieces of pie from the fridge, but it was enough to help him collect his thoughts and get a grip of himself.

Or not, the more he pondered, the more he realized this was a disaster.

Why did he even drive here? This was stupid, he was stupid.

Feeling the sweat slide down his skull, Sans pathetically gringed and tried to wipe it off with a hand and then a napkin he found on the counter. If anyone saw him like this, they would laugh...if anyone would see him with her, they would...

With a stiff grin and grossly sweaty, he marched back into the cool air.

The empyrean sight before him, made him stop in the doorway and gawk mesmerized. The huntress was looking up at the sky, with a wondrous expression on her face, legs folded and arms back, supporting her. Breaking from his trance and looking up, he realized that there were no clouds on the sky and the stars were visible, so visible that it made for an enchanting scenery.

This calmed him.

Relaxing a bit, he allowed his usual lazy self to loosen the bones and put an easy grin on his features as he approached the car. “here you go,” that made her flick her gaze on him and outstretch her arms to get the plate he was offering.

“Thanks,”

Effortlessly, he hopped up on the hood as well, by her side, eye lights losing themselves over the many constellations revealing themselves on the clear sky. Sans loved stargazing, he loved everything that had to do with astronomy --he loved the idea of space, the idea of the unknown and the many possibilities that awaited, in contrast with the cold logical side of his adoration for science. Quietly, slowly, as if even the slightest movement or sound could make all of this disappear, he prodded the pie with a fork.

For once, the silence was comfortable and none of them wanted to break it, choosing to eat the pieces of pie while staring at the beautiful canvas upwards.

“This is nice, I appreciate it,” she spoke after a good ten minutes. “To be honest,” her face lowered to her plate and he took his time with admiring her again “I thought you pretty much hated me too and did some things just to rile me up,” the confession made him tense, ribcage feeling too tight.

Uhhh.

“nah, you’re good, kiddo,”

Her head turned, the curtain of dark hair slipping off to show a positively bewildered expression. “You think that?”

“yeah, you have a good soul, under…” he twirled his finger at her with a playful glimmer in his eyes and a funny twitch of his grin “..all of that,”
She gave him a look, which prompted him to snicker, his shoulders shaking with the motion. “That’s just rude,”

Welp.

She smiled good naturedly, though. “But thanks, I guess,”

All anxiety and panic seemed to melt away. He calmly returned to the glorious tableau that made the earth’s atmosphere, a question on his mind. “Do you think that even the worst person can change?” His eyelids lowered, memories of the past coming and going “that everyone can be a good person if they just try?”

....

“Yes,” her SOUL pulsed with raw determination and he felt the air being sucked out of him as he closed his eyes completely. So much like Frisk, but on such a different path.

“there you have it,”

*Simple.* Just like that, she managed to make his old SOUL throb.

"I like your badge, by the way, goes with the whole theme here,”

...*welp. She noticed.*

*Thump. Thump. Thump.*

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Chapter End Notes

see you in the next one! love you guys <3
comment, kudos and bookmark if you liked!
in the aftermath

Chapter Notes

hooo boi. so this story is going to be put on a slight hiatus that means, i don't know when the next update will come. i've managed to pull this one out of a bad writer's block phase, however so there you are, my dear readers, if you are still there orz i'm sorry for such a long wait that said, i might end up updating the underfell version as well!
song to go with this: No Fear No More - Madeon

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So, how did one proceed further?

Something changed in the way you looked at him and something shifted in the way he regarded you. Unspoken yet obvious in every way, the development had made itself known as soon as you found yourself smiling when Sans showed up at work the next week, after your days off.

It was your own reflection in the window that caught you off guard, made you immediately cease the action.

“mornin’ kiddo,”

You cleared your throat and gave him a curt nod.

Even though your heart raced and your face felt too hot. Why in the seven circles of hell, were you smiling like an idiot?

Thankfully, he didn’t linger longer, though you could feel the confused vibe he was projecting, even in the way he reluctantly went to change and get ready for the day.

Oh boy, today was gonna be a weird one.

And it wasn’t even because it was an incredibly busy Tuesday, it was simply because you couldn’t understand yourself anymore. Suddenly, all the barriers and walls you had put up, all the things that you knew for certain to be right, correct, proper, obvious, became muddled, questionable, crumbled easily and blew up in your face.

After just one night spent with a monster.

Every time he even tried to open a conversation with you, your guilty mind forced you to remove yourself from the situation, under the pretense that you were busy. Even though, the drive back to your temporary home had stayed with you, the way he looked at you when he stopped the car, the way your heart suddenly skipped, the way you let your rawest self shine through so easily and smile at him, thank him for the good time -- laugh! You shamefully covered your face, lunch completely forgotten in your lap.
You couldn’t even bring yourself to answer any of One’s texts or calls, that’s how conflicted you felt.

All over some stupid --”What the hell is wrong with me…”

By the end of your shift, you were completely spaced out and drained. Mary-Ann seemed to have caught on and pulled you aside when you fucked up a client’s order for the third time that evening.

“Are you feeling okay? You look pale and nauseous,”

You controlled your facial expression as best as you could. “I’m okay, just...uh, just--j-just...”

No excuse came to mind, your brain was completely blank, because you met gazes with the skeleton across the diner and all words became nothing more than a stuttered babble. Immediately, you looked elsewhere, just as the other waitress quirked a brow and glanced back over her shoulder, spotting the way Sans deflated at the way you refused to even look at him.

“Oh...oh my god…” she slowly turned back to your flustered self, staring mortified at the floor.

Enough of this! You were a hunter, not some damned cretin with no brain!

“I’m fine!” you became defensive, almost irritated, forgetting yourself as you pushed away a bit harshly, past the grinning woman and into the kitchen to correct the order with Mattie again.

... 

The clock struck the end of the day, the last patrons finally leaving the diner. Mary-Ann had left and because the kitchen had officially closed an hour earlier, the cook took her leave as well, even though, the older woman usually stuck by until later. Which begged the question, did Mary-Ann plan this? She left because she had ‘something important to do at home’.

Right.

Only you and him left to close up.

He’d been gracious enough to leave you alone, but now, as you got the water ready and added the floor cleaner in, preparing to mop, you could feel the atmosphere thickening.

You felt torn, guilty for giving him no explanation and guilty for feeling like you had to.

It wasn’t like you could just tell him all about why you just couldn’t be around him or why the bubbly alcoholic drink you had completely stripped you of inhibitions and the result was your embarrassing spewed nonsense. Was it all the alcohol talking? No. But it felt good to blame it on something.

“finished with the tables, stacked all the chairs up for ya,”

His voice snapped you back to attention, gaze flicking up to his dimmed eye-lights.

The usual jolly grin from his face looked terribly strained and small, posture sloppy, saggy.

Right. You nodded, averting your eyes.

But you remained glued to the spot, mop handle in hand and shoulders tense.
He did the same, lingered for what felt like an eternity, the silence deafening. You realized that even the radio that he usually left on while you did the evening chores had been turned off.

“it’s fine, y’know?”

Huh?

With furrowed brows, you glanced at him, trying to process the meaning of his words.

“i get it. ya feel ashamed, ’s fine...y’know...i’l just pretend like we didn’t go to that party together,” he chuckled sadly, rubbing the back of his neck bones “if anyone asks, you didn’t come, i got ditched,” why did it hurt to hear this? Your lips pressed together.

“so just stop bein’ like this. i can take the bad, but not the silence, heh, howzaboutit?”

Why did it hurt to hear this from his mouth? You had been thinking it all day. Your shame, your guilt, your disgust at yourself.

What could you even say? Deny your true nature? Say that you didn’t feel like that at all?

White, luminous pin-pricks shifted on you and you just couldn’t take it anymore.

Why was he fine with this? He was supposed to ---to what? Be angry with you, yell, say that he didn’t wanna talk to you either, leave, abandon, ditch you, give up on proving you wrong, show his true colors --but why, why was he ---

“Stop....” his eye lights dilated “Just stop, stop being…” you mumbled, teeth clenched and mop gripped tightly.

There was nobody here to judge you now. Let loose. Tell him everything --no, you couldn't.

“Don’t you hate me for being like this? I’ve treated you like shit all day!”

That seemed to take him aback. “wha’?”

“Just be angry with me! Don’t be nice and forgiving when all I’ve done is ---” is try to hurt you, use you, play you, hate you, judge you, kill you. It went unspoken, but the message translated clearly, if his fading eye lights were anything to go by.

It wasn’t even just about him, it was about this whole situation! All the conflicting thoughts, all the anxiety and confusion that had brewed up a storm in your soul. You didn’t even know what was right and what was wrong, what was correct and what was false, what was truth and what was indoctrination.

Indoctrination! Your mind came up with that word on its own.

Had you grown a conscience all of a sudden? You, with no mercy to spare? You with no compassion towards the ones that you dusted, the ones that you crossed, the ones that you saw as a means to an end? The ones that you were supposed to…

Why was he quiet?

Your head bowed, eyes glaring at the floor, at the stupid mop next to your sneakers, wondering if it was too late to just fling yourself out the door.

“y’know, kiddo, everybody deserves a second chance,”
Your gaze snapped up to him, eyes wide. “didn’t you agree that even the worst person can change, if they just try?” his smile was almost nonexistent, eye-lights set on you, a different air about himself, a vibe that made your breath hitch in your throat “wouldn’t you agree that for someone to change, a second chance is required, by proxy?”

A second chance? Why did it feel like he could see right through you? Why did it feel like this applied to you in a way that felt so personal?

Wouldn’t that mean that you had been wrong? That you’ve done something wrong, to accept this as a restart?

Were you the ‘worst person’ he was referring to?

You hadn’t given it much thought when he asked you that, recounting that night in your mind’s eye. You answered simply, because you felt like that was the right answer to give. You didn’t stop to dissect that question at all.

“Sans…” you were about to ask him if he knew who you were --what you were, when he interrupted you, that same grin spreading on his face “so if they can get a second chance, why shouldn’t you? i told ya, kiddo, you’re good. why should i be mad at ya for feelin’ embarrassed?” he shrugged casually, playing it off as if it wasn’t anything serious.

The tension from before simply vanished.

But you’d seen enough. “i’d appreciate a head’s-up, tho,” he added, eye-lights watching you closely, as if, trying to determine what really hid behind your reaction.

He didn't have to.

“I’m scared, not embarrassed,” you suddenly blurted, taking the both of you by surprise. Scared? You were never scared. What scared you?

The fact that you were not who you were supposed to be. The fact that they were not what they were supposed to be.

“why’s that kiddo?” he approached, not enough to make it uncomfortable, but enough so that he could be closer to you.

Was it so bad to admit to this in front of him? Nobody was here to judge you. Who could he tell? Nobody. You knew for a fact that he knew how to hide things, one of them being the raw strength of his magic.

Wasn’t it good to face your fears head on?

“Because I might end up liking you,” and you weren’t supposed to.

Silence.

.....

............

Your heart rabbited in your chest, face serious, while he simply stood there, staring as if he were in a daze.
Did you say something wrong? Well, at least you got that off your chest. Your gaze lowered again and you decided that now would be a good time to begin mopping. “I should start cleaning the floor, can you please sit up on a chair while I do that?”

“uh…”

You turned around, dunking the poor mop in the bucket with a bit too much force, but you didn’t care how you came across at this point. As you smacked the mop on the floor, ready to begin swiping it around, a bony hand covered yours over the handle.

You paused, taken aback, then looked at the monster, his face, too close to your own. He seemed unsure and you felt unsure as to why you allowed his touch, why you didn’t pull your hand away or why you still stood there, watching him watch you.

“i...i want you to like me;”

....

What?

You felt hot all of a sudden. He wanted you to like him? Like him how? As colleagues, right? Like you meant it. Like a companion? Like a friend? Did you mean it like that at all?

*Thump Thump Thump*

What the hell was this? You had to derail this train.

“W-well good. Because we should get along considering we work together,” you stammered slightly, trying to calm your heart beat down.

Why was it racing like this?

“heh, yeah...because we work together...as colleagues…” he quickly let go and you almost dropped the mop when his hold disappeared.

“A-as colleagues,” you repeated, pulling the mop with you to the furthest corner, which wasn’t as far as you’d have liked..

“ok,”

Where the hell was this even going? “does that mean ya don’t mind bein’ seen together?”

What?! When you looked at him, brows furrowed, he was grinning again, eye lights bright with mirth. Was this him teasing you? “Obviously, we work together, that’s a bit impossible to avoid,” you smartly pointed out, turning your back to him and beginning to mop.

“That a yes?”

Your grip on the handle tightened, but you didn’t reply, afraid that if you’d look at him now, he’d see through you with ease. Time to deflect and turn the tables around. Before he drove you up the wall with these questions.

“You make it sound like we’ve been having some kind of secret love affair,”

After that comment, you schooled your features and glanced back at him. Needless to say, he looked stiff, sweaty and blue, literally.
Catching you looking, the skeleton averted his gaze and shoved his hands in his sweatpants, sheepish.

“touche,”

You lifted your chin up, raising an eyebrow at his sudden mood change, but decided to change the subject altogether. “Can we finish this tonight?”

That seemed to put him into motion, because he scampered away without any complaints. You shook your head, returning to your task --only to catch your reflection in the window. Because it was dark outside, you could see yourself clearly --smiling.

And was it so bad?

The radio was turned on and a jazzy, soothing tune began playing. Sans returned swiftly with another mop and marched up to aid you, his eye lights bright and vivid again, with a grin that made you feel at peace with yourself for the moment.

Though, how long would that last?

How long until One would catch on? How long until…

You didn’t even want to know, so you resumed mopping the floor with Sans by your side.

_Tonight, the huntress did not patrol._

Chapter End Notes

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