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The Glitch

by LazyRainDancer
Undertale? Of course, you’ve heard of it. Who hasn’t heard of that popular video game? You’ve read more fanfics for that game than you can count. You never once considered that it was more than just a game, though. It’s not until you suddenly wake up in the world of Undertale that you realize that the characters are actually real.

Amazing as this is, you can’t help but be concerned about how you got there. One minute you’re walking to class, and the next you’re waking up in the snow. And, if appearing in Undertale wasn’t already a big enough shock, you keep AU jumping and ending up in different Undertale-based worlds!

While you have no problem with meeting the different versions of everybody’s favorite skeletons, you quickly realize something weird is going on in each world you visit. Something that’s causing a lot of trouble and damage. Looks like you won’t be able to go home until you figure this mess out.

Well, at least you get to befriend some cute skeletons along the way.

Wait a minute! What the hell is wrong with your soul?!!

Notes

Undertale is owned by the awesome Toby Fox. I own none of these characters including the ones from AUs. Wish I was that clever to come up with such cool characters. I don't even really own this plot line since people have already come up with the idea of ending up in your favorite video game. Oh well at least I can claim part of the plot as my own idea lol The lovely Tyrant_Tortoise beta-read this first chapter for me. Thanks again! Be sure to check out her awesome work!

See the end of the work for more notes.

- Inspired by Skeleton Squatters and the Landlady by Tyrant_Tortoise
Undertale Pt 1

Pain. Unimaginable pain. That’s all you can feel. You don’t know what’s going on. The only thing that registers in your mind is the fiery agony in your chest. Unfortunately, the more aware you become, the more you realize that the pain isn’t just in your chest. That’s just the focal point. You can feel the pain coursing mercilessly throughout your whole body. Everything hurts. You squirm, trying to find some form of relief, but your body feels so heavy you can hardly move. Are you dying? Is this what death feels like?

“Hang in there! Please!”

You struggle to open your eyes, but you’re only barely able to lift your eyelids. Everything’s so blurry, making it difficult to see your surroundings. All you can tell is that it’s dark. All around you is a pitch-black, oppressive darkness that feels as if it could consume you at any moment.

You notice something else strange besides the darkness. It’s cold. So, so cold. How can your body feel so chilled while at the same time your chest feels like it’s on fire? What’s going on? Why is this happening?

A yell of frustration grabs your attention. It’s the same voice that spoke up earlier.

“What am I supposed to do?! She’ll die if I can’t come up with something! But what can I do?! My magic isn’t strong enough to handle something like this!”

You hear what sounds like the rustling of clothing. When you peer toward the sound of the voice, you see someone holding their head and shaking it frantically. Your vision continues to blur, making it near impossible to make out their features. You try to open your mouth to speak. The stranger seems so frantic and worried on your behalf. The least you could do is offer some words of comfort. After all, you’re almost certain that you’ve never met this person before, yet they are obviously trying to help you. However, even the simple act of speaking seems to be too difficult for you.

The figure suddenly stops their movement and looks toward your face, as if noticing your gaze. No matter how hard you try, you can’t get a clear view of their face. The more you try to focus, the more tired you feel. Your eyelids begin to droop as a blanket of exhaustion wraps around you. You think you see a bright star before your eyes finally close.

“Please stay awake! Don’t-”

You try to listen to the rest of the stranger’s words, but soon the darkness completely envelops you, blocking out any sounds from reaching you. Much to your relief, the pain in your chest also begins to recede as you finally lose consciousness.

It’s the mind-numbing cold that draws you out of your deep slumber. Your body feels so cold, like you were dropped into a bathtub full of ice cubes with the air conditioner running on full-blast. Groaning, your eyelids flutter before slowly opening. They stay at half-mast as your mind tries to shake off the leftover lethargy.

Suddenly, you spring up into a sitting position, eyes wide as you take in your surroundings. You notice that this place is not your college dorm room, which is what you usually expect after waking up. Hell, you’re not even in a building. You quickly figure out that the chill you were feeling was
because of the snow you had apparently slept on.

Your mind is racing.

Snow?! What the hell?! It’s supposed to be spring! Where did this snow come from?!

You look at the surrounding area and realize, with dread, that you have no idea where you are. No matter which direction you face, all you see is snow and tall trees. Fortunately, there’s a little open area to your right with a pathway that seems to cut through the forest. That gives you a little hope. After all, if there’s a road, that means civilization can’t be too far away, right? There’s not a lot of snow on the path, so that must mean it’s been used or cleaned recently.

It’s the sound of your chattering teeth that reminds you of why you woke up in the first place. You groan as you notice your totally-not-winter-appropriate attire. You are starting to regret your love of wearing t-shirts and shorts. In your defense, however, it had still been spring when you left the dorm this morning; it had been warm outside and definitely hadn’t been snowing. You’re pretty sure you would’ve noticed otherwise.

When you search your pockets, you’re relieved to find your cell phone. You quickly take it out, hoping that you’ll be able to find some answers. *If my map app works, I can find out where the hell I am.*

You scowl in frustration when you see that you have no service. How typical. It’s always when you need your phone the most that it has no service. Looking at the clock, you can see it’s still morning time, so you couldn’t have been out for very long. After messing with your phone for a few more minutes and getting no results, you give up. You put the phone back in your pocket and slowly rise to your feet.

As you move toward the path, you rub your hands together in a vain attempt to warm them up. You start to march in place, hoping your body will warm up a little now that it’s in motion. At least you’re wearing comfortable tennis shoes; you’d hate to have to walk through the snow in sandals.

*This sucks! This is worse than the time I had to wear my summer clothes that day with the negative wind-chill because I forgot to bring some winter clothes for my dorm room. At least it wasn’t snowing then! Seriously, how the hell did I get here?!*

You pinch yourself just to make sure you’re not dreaming. Once you realize all you’re doing is causing yourself more discomfort, you stop and try to gather your thoughts.

*The last thing I remember is leaving the dorm heading to my first morning class. After that, my mind’s a complete blank. Next thing I know I’m here in Winter Wonderland. What the hell is going on?*

You shiver as the cool breeze hits your bare skin. You take in your surroundings again, hoping you’ll notice something that you didn’t earlier. Unfortunately, the scenery hasn’t changed. You notice the forest has kind of a creepy air to it. The spindly trees are all closely clumped together with bark so dark, the trees look black. It’s like you’re fenced in from both sides. Curious, you wonder how tall these trees are and decide to look up, only to freeze in shock.

*The sky! Where’s the sky?!*

No matter how hard you strain your eyes, you can’t see the familiar stretch of blue sky that you see almost every day, or that big ball of yellow called the sun that becomes your enemy every summer. If that was the only problem, you wouldn’t be freaking out so much. After all, you don’t normally
see the color of the sky or the sun during snowy weather because of the clouds. However, you can’t see the clouds. You can’t see anything when you look up past the tree tops. You think you might can see what looks like a ceiling, but it’s too far away to get a clear view.

You numbly realize you’re not just shaking because of the cold now. You take a few deep breaths, trying your best to calm down before panic overwhelms you. After a few minutes of deep breathing, the panic finally recedes enough so that you can start thinking.

*Ok so I’m obviously not in a normal forest. Maybe I’m not even outside? What if I got kidnapped by some nutjob, and he dropped me off in his whacked-out greenhouse?!*

You quickly shake your head trying to dispel your scary thoughts. Paranoia is not going to be useful in this situation. You sigh before starting your trek along the pathway you found.

*The only thing I can do now is move forward. Standing still and panicking is not gonna do me any good. I need to get out of here as soon as possible.*

You continue to rub your arms as you walk and observe the area. This is like something out of a horror film. A young woman stranded in a forest all alone, easy picking for the local axe murderer. You tremble but continue to move forward. If some lunatic does come after you, you’re not going down without a fight.

This scenery also reminds you of something else, but you can’t remember what. You know you’ve never been to this place before, but it seems so familiar to you like you’ve seen it somewhere else. The more you think about it, the more frustrated you feel because you just can’t remember.

After about ten minutes of walking, you finally come across something that’s not snow or tree branches. It appears to be a small wooden bridge. While the lack of rails is discomfiting, what really catches your attention is what looks like a wooden gate that goes across the bridge. You think it’s a gate, but you’re not sure, considering how spaced out the planks are. If its purpose is to block people from crossing, it's doing a poor job. This does seem familiar though. You wish your brain would remember already. You hate not being able to remember something especially when it seems to be on the tip of your tongue.

A snap of a tree branch immediately pulls you out of your thoughts. You look behind you but see nothing. You check the sides and in front with no luck. Your shivering increases once you realize you’re being watched. You have no way to prove it, but you know there’s someone else besides you here.

Quickly, you turn to face the bridge hoping you can run across it before you’re grabbed, but then you freeze. The air suddenly feels charged, sending a shiver down your spine. Even though you’re facing the opposite direction, you can tell there’s someone directly behind you. There was no one there a second ago, but they’re there now. There’s nowhere to run. You don’t know how, but somehow you can tell that you have no chance of survival if this person decides they want to hurt you.

“human. don’t you know how to greet a new pal?”

You immediately turn around to face the stranger, but in your haste, you trip over your own feet and unceremoniously fall backward onto the snow.

Before you can lament over your clumsiness and apparent doom, you notice the other person is chuckling. You look up with a glare that quickly falters once you realize who’s standing before you. Wide-eyed, you stare at what appears to be a walking, talking skeleton wearing a blue hoodie
with a white shirt underneath, black basketball shorts with white stripes down the sides, and fuzzy pink slippers. He’s a few inches shorter than you, although he could be taller if he didn’t slouch.

Your eyes are as wide as saucers when you finally realize why this area feels so familiar to you. You’ve seen this place before, but have never visited because it doesn’t exist -- at least not in the real world. Even though the rational part of your mind knows this can’t be possible, the irrational side of you (that watches too much anime and reads too much fanfiction) squeals in delight. Somehow, you’ve entered the world of Undertale, which is one of the most popular video games around. You could just be having some really lucid hallucinations, but deep down you can tell that this is real. You can feel the snow seeping into your clothes, chilling you in a way that makes this impossible to be a mere dream.

And you know that the skeleton before you is none other than Sans, one of Undertale’s most popular characters.

After the skeleton finishes laughing, he winks at you. “wow, kid. we’ve only just met, and you’re already falling for me.”

You blink and then snort. Yeah, this is definitely the Sans from the game. How many other skeletons dress like that and love puns? When he offers you a hand, you’re not surprised at the sound of the whoopee cushion as you pull yourself up.

Sans grins. “the ole whoopee cushion in the hand trick. it’s always funny.”

You roll your eyes good-naturedly. “Yeah, hilarious. Geez, did you have to pop out right behind me like that? I nearly jumped out of my skin!”

The white lights in his eye sockets grow, showing his surprise at your cheeky grin before he laughs. “good one, kid. always happy to meet a fellow pun lover. the name’s sans, sans the skeleton.”

You tell him your name and then sheepishly grin. “Unfortunately, while I do like puns, I’m not very good at coming up with them on the spot. So, I don’t know if I’ll be able to keep up with a pun master like yourself.”

Sans shrugs. “that’s snow problem, kid. i’m just glad you’re not giving me the cold shoulder like some people tend to do after experiencing my special brand of humor.”

You snort again. Snow puns. Nice -- or should you say ice? His puns remind you of your chilly situation, and you start to shiver. Standing in one place talking is not a good way to keep warm. When a chilly wind blows by, you crouch down into a ball and do your best to ignore the cold.

Sans stares at you in silence. You aren’t sure if you like the look he’s giving you. Well, you can’t blame him for being suspicious. You would be, too, if you were in his shoes -- err -- slippers. Here’s another problem you have to deal with in addition to the cold. How are you going to
approach this situation? Tell Sans everything you know? Or should you play dumb?

You bite your lip. You really don’t want to lie to Sans. There’s no telling how much the poor skeleton has already been through, especially if he’s already had to deal with a human running around the Underground with the power to go back in time as they please. You also really don’t want to have to watch every single thing you say to make sure you never contradict yourself. Sans is smart. You can’t fool him with simple lies.

Normal people would lie, considering how absolutely crazy the truth is in this situation. They’d hold all their cards to their chest and only play them when it’s to their advantage.

You’re not like normal people, however.

“Do you believe in the multiverse theory?”

You grin at his look of surprise. Somehow, deep down, you feel that this is the right direction for you to take. “What if I told you that I’m not from this universe? That I came from a completely different universe where monsters don’t exist outside of fiction? A universe where you and your friends are fictional characters from a popular video game? Would you believe me?”

He continues to stare in disbelief, his eye-lights the widest you’ve ever seen them. You contemplate standing up, but decide to remain crouching in order to look as unintimidating as possible. You don’t want Sans to be wary of you. You really want to be friends with him despite how difficult that goal may be.

You meet his gaze. “Sans, I know you watch the door to the Ruins and wait for humans to come out. You would’ve seen me if I had walked through that door, but I didn’t. There’s no other way to get to this area except through the Ruins, so how else could I get here?”

His eye sockets grow dark, and his face is carefully blank. It’s worrying how hard the skeleton is to read. Despite this, you carry on. “I also know about your promise to the lady behind the door. She asked you to protect the kids that left the Ruins. Even though you hate promises, you made one with her because she was nice and liked your jokes. You considered her a friend and couldn’t tell her no when she was so desperate. I know you’re a good guy, Sans. I swear I don’t mean you or any of the other monsters here in the Underground harm. I don’t know how I got here, but all I want is to find a way to get home. You don’t have to trust me. I don’t expect you to. But please believe me when I say I’m not your enemy. I’d much rather be your friend.”

With a wink, you add, “After all, you seem like a pretty cool guy to me.”

It seems that adding the pun at the end was the right choice. Sans chuckles despite himself and shakes his head. “ice one, kid. didn’t expect you to sneak one in at the end there.”

The skeleton sighs before giving you a long stare. You do your best to not look away and show him that you are sincere. However, you do have to remind yourself that it’s okay to blink since this isn’t supposed to be a staring contest. Or if it is, you’ve definitely already lost since skeletons don’t even need to blink. You still have no idea how they manage to wink but figure it’s not worth the trouble to ask.

Sans stops his staring when you suddenly sneeze and raises an eye ridge. “guess we better take this conversation elsewhere before you become the underground’s first human ice skull-ture.”

You nod as you slowly pull yourself into a standing position and do your best to stop your teeth from chattering. You’re surprised when Sans holds his hand out toward you.
He winks. “come on. i know a shortcut.”

With a grin, you reach out and firmly grasp his hand. Before you can even blink, you feel your body shift. You guess Sans is using his teleport ability. One minute you’re outside on the far outskirts of town, and the next, you’re inside someone’s home. It only takes you a few seconds to realize that it’s not just anybody’s home. You’re inside Sans and Papyrus’s house.

You see a comfy-looking green couch with a nice widescreen TV across from it. Of course, there’s also the famous lone sock on the floor not too far from the TV. Behind you is a large wooden table with Sans’ pet rock covered in sprinkles, and the door to the kitchen is to your right. On the other side of the room, you can see the staircase leading to the second floor where the skeletons’ bedrooms should be.

Noticing your surprised look, Sans shrugs. “i needed to take you somewhere warm before you turned into a human popsicle. this was the closest place we could talk without having to worry about interruptions. my brother shouldn’t be home for a while, so we’ve got plenty of time to get acquainted.”

You smile at the skeleton. You know for him to show you his home like this is a big deal. It could potentially endanger him and, more importantly to him, his brother, but he still brought you here anyway. He’s willing to give you a chance. You have to make sure you don’t waste it.

You follow him to the couch and take a seat, making sure to leave plenty of space between the two of you. When he nods toward the blanket hanging on the back of the couch, you immediately understand and quickly wrap yourself into a tight blanket cocoon where only your face can be seen.

Sans laughs at your bundled-up form. “wow, kid. guess you got that temperature problem all wrapped up huh? you’re not gonna sprout wings and turn into a butterfly if you stay in that cocoon long enough are you? you butter believe i’m gonna take pictures if you do.”

You giggle. “Nice. I guess you could say you’re on a roll, huh, Sans?”

The skeleton snickers at your comment for the next few minutes. Finally, he sighs and turns to look at you. “listen, kid. while i may not be the biggest fan of humans, i know they’re not all bad. i can tell you’re a good kid. i admit the whole coming from another universe excuse is pretty crazy, but i could tell you weren’t lying to me. so either i’ve gotten really bad at reading people, or you’re telling the truth.”

You bite your lip. You really need Sans to believe you. There’s no point in explaining anything about your world if he’s not willing to consider you’re telling the truth. There has to be some way to prove you’re not lying. You think back to what you know about Undertale. You are far from an expert on the game, but you at least know the basics, like how the monsters got here and that they need to collect human souls to break the barrier that keeps them trapped underground.

Your eyes suddenly widen in realization. That’s it! “Sans, what if there was another way to tell if I was lying?”

At his questioning glance, you continue, “What if I let you look at my soul? Souls can’t lie, right? So, if you looked at mine while I talked, you’d know without a doubt whether or not I was telling the truth!”

His eye-lights widen at your suggestion, and his expression grows contemplative. “i actually considered that. i was gonna suggest it, but it looks like you beat me to it. i’m kinda surprised you offered, though. souls are a sensitive topic. people don’t normally offer to let strangers look at their
soul so easily.”

You smile. “It’s fine. I trust you. I know that you won’t hurt me without a good reason.”

Sans grins. “not bad, kid. you definitely have more guts than me. don’t worry, the process of getting your soul pulled out doesn’t hurt. it’ll probably just feel a little weird.”

Once you’re facing him completely, the skeleton reaches toward your chest, his hand glowing blue with his magic. Instead of two eye-lights, only his left eye socket is lit up. You think the strobing blue magic around his eye looks really cool. However, you lower your gaze when you feel a slight tugging sensation in your chest. He’s right about it feeling weird, but at least it doesn’t hurt.

You have to admit, you’re actually pretty excited to see what kind of soul you have. You wonder how pretty they look up-close.

You only feel the pull for a few seconds, and then a familiar heart-shaped form suddenly hovers between the two of you.

The excitement you felt quickly shifts into horror once you take in the appearance of your soul. Sans also appears visibly stunned.

You open you mouth a few times, gaping at the sight. Finally, you find your voice. “Umm... Sans? Last time I checked, there were seven types of human souls, and they each had a different color. You guys haven’t discovered any new ones recently, have you?”

You’re hoping he’ll say yes -- that what you thought you knew was wrong. After all, how else can you explain this situation?!

Sans shakes his head, his gaze never once shifting from your soul. “sorry, kid. i know about the seven souls you’re talking about, but i’ve never seen a soul like this before.”

Between the two shocked individuals floats a pitch-black soul.
The more you stare at your dark soul, the more your panic grows. This is not normal. Human souls aren’t supposed to be that color. They come in red, orange, yellow, green, light and dark blue, and purple. The lovely colors of the rainbow.

Not black. Never black.

You tremble as you clutch the blanket wrapped around you with white knuckles. You try to control your breathing and calm down, but you can’t stop shaking.

Could my soul somehow be corrupt? I read about things like this happening in Undertale fanfiction. Maybe it’s actually possible? But how did this happen? What could I have done to make my soul turn out like that?

You squeeze your eyes shut as you think hard about your actions leading up to this point. However, no matter how hard you try, nothing comes to mind. You’re just a normal college student. You are far from perfect, sure, but none of the mistakes you’ve made in the past should warrant this!

You feel your eyes burn with unshed tears.

What if my soul has always been like this? What if I had this dark soul from the start? What does that say about me? Having a soul like this, does that make me a bad person?

The panic you have been fighting begins to creep up your throat making it difficult to breathe. What am I gonna do?! There’s no way Sans will want to befriend me after seeing what kind of soul I have. There’s no way he’ll trust me. I’ll be lucky if he doesn’t kill me. Even if he doesn’t, what would I do from there? I’m in another world with no way home! What do I do? What do I-

“kid, calm down! you need to breathe!”

You are abruptly pulled from your frantic thoughts by two bone hands clutching your trembling shoulders. Your eyes shoot open in surprise and meet the worried eye-lights of the skeleton across from you.

There is a deep frown on Sans’ face. “just take deep breaths, alright? just do what i do.”

You watch him take a deep breath and slowly release it. He does it again. You try to follow his example, your breath stuttering with each intake. Finally, after a few minutes of repetition, it becomes easier for you to breathe. The ache in your chest diminishes to the point where you hardly notice it.

Once he sees your breathing is back under control, Sans gently squeezes your shoulders before releasing them and moving back to his original sitting position. He grins. “there we go. that’s much better. i guess you could say your soul is real breathtaking, huh?”

You snort despite yourself as you rub your wet eyes. At least you didn’t break into tears during your little meltdown. That would’ve been pretty embarrassing. You sigh. “I’m sorry for freaking out on you like that, Sans. Thank you for helping me calm down.”

The skeleton shrugs. “don’t worry about it, kid. no harm done. i can’t really blame you for freaking
Silence envelops the two of you as you both get lost in your own musings. Sans appears to be deep in thought as he stares at the TV’s black screen. You wonder what he thinks of this situation. The fact that he cared enough to help calm you down gives you hope that maybe you still have a chance.

Clutching the blanket tightly, you gather up your courage to break the silence. “Sans? What do you think this means? Do you think something is wrong with my soul, or has it always been like this? Magic doesn’t exist in my world, so this is my first time seeing my soul. I honestly have no idea what’s going on.”

After a few minutes with no response, the skeleton finally turns his head toward you. He studies your face before moving his gaze to your soul. Sans sighs. “honestly? i have no clue, kid. i’ve never seen anything like this before. the only thing i can tell you is that your soul isn’t corrupt or anything like that. if it was corrupt, the soul wouldn’t be entirely black. it would have one of the seven colors associated with human souls with black mixed it. yours looks like a perfectly healthy, pure soul to me. it just, for whatever reason, doesn’t have a defining soul trait like all other human souls do.”

Your eyes widen, showing your surprise. “Pure? Seriously? But what about the color? Back in my world, when fictional characters have black hearts or souls, that’s usually not a good thing. It’s the complete opposite.”

Sans rolls his eye-lights. “you watch too much TV, kid. it’s just another color. black doesn’t always mean evil and darkness. it just means your soul’s different. different isn’t always a bad thing. i suggest you do some soul-searching, and you’ll see what i’m talking about.”

Your shoulders slump with relief at the skeleton’s words; it feels like a great weight has been lifted off them. Sans didn’t reject you, didn’t treat you like something to be feared. Maybe you had overreacted after all.

Deciding to take his advice, you bring your attention to the glowing heart floating in front of you. Slowly, you raise your arms and cup your hands under your soul. You are surprised by the warmth you feel when you touch it.

Normally, cold and dark go hand-in-hand, but it’s not cold at all. It feels so nice.

It’s a subtle heat similar to how your hands feel when holding a warm cup of hot chocolate. The warmth courses throughout your body, giving you a pleasant fuzzy feeling from your head all the way down to your toes.

Upon further study, you notice that your soul’s color isn’t like the black associated with the type of darkness that swallows everything in its path, never satisfied no matter how much it consumes. You close your eyes. No, this is a different kind of darkness. The kind you see when you fall asleep. The kind that erases all of your pain, whether it be physical or mental, so that your body can relax and get the rest it needs.

As your eyes slide open, you smile in relief. Sans is right. There’s no need to be scared. Different doesn’t mean bad. It just means you’re not the same as everyone else which is fine with you. You’ve never been the type to blend in with the crowd anyway.

Noticing your smile and relaxed posture, Sans grins. “see? told ya it was fine. now that that’s settled, how about you explain your side of the story? i’m tired of being left in the dark.”
Your smile widens. "Well I guess I should shed a little light on the situation, huh?"

Taking a deep breath, you start telling the skeleton your story. You make sure to leave nothing out, from you starting your day normally by heading to class, to suddenly waking up in the snow, and later on running into him. You then tell him about the popular game, Undertale, explaining how much you know about his world.

All the while, your soul continues to hover peacefully in front of your chest. Every so often, the skeleton would stare at it to confirm the sincerity of your words. Not once did it ever falter. Your soul remained unchanged throughout the conversation.

After you finish, you slump back in relief happy that you got to tell your story. As you lean against the couch’s armrest, you watch as Sans activates his magic again to send your soul back into your chest.

You rub your chest, marvelling at how surreal this situation is. Magic, souls, talking skeletons, waking up in another world modeled after a video game. It’s hard to believe that this is actually happening. Sans had asked you why you automatically assumed this was another world instead of thinking you had just been sucked into the video game. While you’ve seen that scenario take place in multiple forms of media, you didn’t think that is what happened to you. It would have made sense if you had been playing the game before you got here, but you hadn’t. Hell, you didn’t even own the game. All the information you have is a result of watching playthroughs and reading fanfiction. You had been meaning to buy the game to play, but you kept forgetting and putting it off. That’s why you’re almost positive you’ve traveled to another world instead.

Sans mirrors your posture, slumping against the couch’s other armrest. He looks exhausted even more than usual. He had remained silent throughout your explanation, only asking questions when needing clarification. You can’t blame him for feeling tired after hearing all of that. You could go for a nap yourself.

"so you don’t remember anything at all regarding how you ended up here? no magic portal or mysterious door popping out of nowhere?"

You roll your eyes at his sarcastic tone. “I think I would’ve remembered something like that. One minute I’m walking to class, the next I’m waking up here. I don’t even remember what caused me to fall asleep."

The skeleton sighs before slouching even further, which results in him lying more across the couch cushion than the armrest. Fortunately, because of his small size, there’s still plenty of room on the couch so you can sit comfortably. “i gotta be honest, kid. i have no idea what we’re dealing with here. i’ve researched the multiverse theory before and have studied machines that could theoretically make interdimensional travel possible, but i’ve never actually seen it done. the fact that you don’t remember how you got here is worrying, i gotta admit."

At the mention of his past research, you think of W.D. Gaster. While there was never a lot of information on that skeleton, many fans in your world believe that he is related to Sans and Papyrus, and that Sans had spent many years researching how to get the scientist back after he disappeared. You consider bringing the name up but quickly decide against it. It really isn’t any of your business. You didn’t want to risk upsetting Sans with your nosiness.

“Do you think we could try to build one of those machines to see if it could connect to my dimension? I know it won’t be easy, but it looks like that might be the only chance I have."

The skeleton continues to stare at the ceiling as he sighs. “you’re right. it won’t be easy. i spent
years trying to create a machine that would allow you to travel between dimensions but never had any luck.”

He sits up and meets your gaze. “you might need to get used to the idea of sticking around here, kid.”

At your crestfallen expression, he relents. “but i’ll give it another go. after all, there’s no harm in trying. just don’t get your hopes up.”

You grin brightly at him, grateful that he’s willing to give it a chance. Without thinking, you move forward and wrap your arms around the skeleton’s neck, giving him the best hug you can muster. You hope the hug will convey what you can’t express with just words. “Thank you, Sans. I appreciate your help. It really means a lot to me.”

Noticing his stiff posture, you quickly pull away and take in his wide eye-lights and the dark blue dusting his cheeks. He averts his eyes when he notices you're staring. His embarrassed expression is really cute. However, you feel you should probably apologize for invading his personal space like that.

Before you can, Sans disappears. You hear what sounds like a refrigerator door opening, so you figure he had teleported to the kitchen. Your hunch is proven correct when you see the skeleton walking out of the kitchen with a bottle of ketchup in his hand.

He takes a big gulp of the condiment and winks at you. “well i guess i better get started. i got a lot of research i need to ketchup on.”

His grin widens at the sound of your giggling. He slowly trudges toward the door. “my workshop is a bit of mess, so it’d be better if you just hang out here for now. i need to get what notes i still have sorted out before i can even think of building anything. you can just watch tv or whatever until i get back. doesn’t matter to me what you do as long as the house stays standing.”

You’re about to nod your agreement when it happens. One minute, you’re hunched over the side of the couch and watching Sans head for the door, and the next, you’re back to being crouched under the blanket and facing Sans, who’s back on the other side of the couch.

Your eyes widen. When did he get there? Did he teleport again? But why? Wasn’t he heading outside? And how did you get so wrapped up in the blanket again? You had unravelled your little blanket cocoon when you were explaining your situation to Sans earlier. It’s almost like it hadn’t happened.

At that thought, you freeze in shock. No way. It couldn’t be, could it?

Noticing your expression, Sans sighs. “looks like you just experienced your first reset, kid. you were even lucky enough to remember it. congrats.”

You ignore the sarcasm and instead choose to focus on the skeleton. If you thought he looked tired before, now he looks like he’s one step away from passing out. He looks so much older now. His eye sockets appear more hollow, and the edges of his skull seem more angular than before. The color of his skull even looks paler if that’s possible. It’s amazing how much his appearance could change despite the skeleton having no actual skin or facial muscles to make an expression. It’s obvious what kind of effect resets have on Sans. He looks like a soldier fighting a losing battle -- a soldier who already knows the outcome and can’t do anything to change it.

You consider asking if he’s alright but figure it’s best not to. Sans is the type to keep things to
himself, especially his feelings. If you ask, he’ll find some way to deflect or just say he’s fine, even if he’s far from it.

However, there is something else you want to ask him. “Sans, where is Frisk? Have they left the Ruins yet?”

He rubs his forehead. “Yeah they left the ruins a while back. The last time I checked up on the kid, they were walking through waterfall. I was planning on heading to my sentry stand in Hotland after they passed me in waterfall, but then I felt a weird spike in magic coming from the outskirts of Snowdin. Out of curiosity, I went to check it out. Next thing I know, I’m tailing a new human that’s out of this world.”

You chuckle, and then pause as his words register in your mind. “Wait a minute. Spike in magic? So that means you noticed my arrival? Why didn’t you say anything?!”

Sans shrugs. “Tibia honest, it slipped my mind. I was too busy focusing on the fact that there’s another human here who’s apparently from another dimension. I would’ve brought it up eventually.” After a pause, he adds, “probably.”

You sigh at his noncommittal response. However, you can’t really blame him considering the situation. It’s definitely a lot to take in. His answer brings another question to mind.

“How the hell did you notice the spike in magic all the way from Waterfall? Was it that powerful?”

The skeleton shakes his head. “Nah. I think the only reason I noticed it was because I was in between shortcuts. Just in case you don’t know, my teleporting involves travelling through different rips in space that are connected by the void. When I was walking through the void, I felt a large increase in void magic near the exit that takes me near the ruins.”

You gape. “Are you telling me I somehow teleported here?!”

He rolls his eye-lights. “I didn’t say that. You would need magic to be able to teleport, which you definitely don’t have. If that spike in magic was related to your appearance, which more than likely it was, I’d say whatever brought you here involves magic really similar to what I use to teleport.”

Although you know you shouldn’t, you can’t help but feel a little disappointed. Having the ability to teleport would’ve been amazing. You’ve always wanted that super power. If you could teleport, you wouldn’t have to worry about having to walk or drive anywhere. However, it’s probably for the best that you don’t have that skill. You’d probably be just as lazy as Sans.

“So if magic was used to get me here, does that mean someone from this universe brought me here? I mean, magic doesn’t exist in my world. There’s no way someone from that end could’ve done it.”

With a huff, the skeleton pulls himself into a sitting position. He gives you a look. “Are you absolutely sure about that, kid? It’s not like the humans in this world believe that monsters and magic exist. They’ve probably long forgotten about us. Even if you are right, why would anyone want to bring you here and then just leave you lying in the snow? It makes no sense.”

You have to admit that he makes a good point. If someone from this world really wanted you here, why would they leave you instead of just taking you with them while you were unconscious? It’s also true that you have no way to prove without a doubt that magic doesn’t exist in your world.

You are about to respond when it happens again. You’re once again wrapped up in your blanket cocoon facing a disgruntled Sans. It looks like another reset has occurred.
Sans pushes his face into the back of the couch and groans. “it’s gonna be one of those days isn’t it? just my luck.”

It’s obvious the skeleton is displeased with this situation. By the way he’s moving to make himself more comfortable, you can tell he doesn’t plan on leaving the couch anytime soon.

_He probably thinks there’s no point. Why bother if you’re gonna just end up back where you started? He’s probably just gonna wait for the back-to-back resets to stop before he does anything further. How long has Sans had to put up with this? He obviously has enough experience that he knows how to deal with it._

Another thought comes to mind. You wonder how much time elapsed between each reset. It didn’t seem like a lot of time had passed between the first and second reset. You pull out your phone to check the time and then leave it in your lap. It wouldn’t hurt to check the time every now and then in the case another reset did occur. You can’t help but be curious for some reason.

When you see Sans raise a brow ridge at you, you explain your actions. He doesn’t really see the point in it. “why does the time frames between each reset matter to you, kid? it’s not like knowing that will solve anything. it’ll give you something to do, but that’s about it.”

You couldn’t help but sigh at his indifference toward resets. He’s definitely given up doing something about them. It’s true there’s not a lot he can do since it’s all up to Frisk, but it is still disheartening to see the skeleton look so defeated.

“Hey, Sans?”

At your questioning tone, he meets your gaze so you continue. “Have you always been able to remember resets? It was never really proven outright in the game that you could. It was basically hinted that at the very least you had some recollection of the previous game run.”

He remains quiet. The silence continues for some time before he finally gives a response. “not always. if there’s a bunch of short resets, i can remember what happens before and in between them pretty clearly. the longer the reset the more difficult it is to remember. i’ll only remember a few things here and there. either way i’ll always get that feeling of deja vu.”

You ponder this. By the sound of things, he has an easier time remembering events if it involves Frisk loading a save file as compared to them doing a true reset. You wonder if Sans knows the difference between a load and a true reset. Knowing the complicated relationship between the skeleton and the human child, you are hesitant to bring up their abilities without a prompt from him.

Considering the current situation, you feel it might be best to bring it up. However, before you can, time once again resets. It’s fortunate that you both keep your memories each time, or this would have gotten annoying real fast.

Luckily, you had happened to check your phone right before Frisk loaded so you have an idea of how much time had passed. You bring out your phone again to see if another forty-five minutes will pass or if it’ll be different this time.

For some reason, you can’t help but feel worried. Three resets in such a short amount of time? The only logical explanation would be that the child is in a tough battle that they are having difficulty escaping. Sans had said Frisk was in Waterfall the last time he saw them, so that means Frisk must be dealing with Undyne. Of course, there are plenty of other monsters in that area, but with someone as experienced as Frisk, Undyne being their difficult opponent makes the most sense.
You hope the poor kid is alright.

Unfortunately, hoping is all that you can do at the moment. With a sigh, you adjust your position so that you’re slouched against the armrest behind you with the blanket spread out on top of you. You make sure to keep your knees bent so that your long legs don’t take up the majority of the couch.

You move your gaze to your fellow coach potato who appears to be asleep, although you aren’t fooled. In an attempt to get his attention, you stretch out your leg so you can tap the skeleton’s foot. “Sans, I know you’re awake.”

“nah i’m toe-tally asleep. i’d never tell you a fibula.”

With a snort, you continue to poke at the skeleton with your foot. “Does this mean you’re sleep punning right now?”

The grin on Sans’ face grows. “now wouldn’t that be awesome? except i couldn't really enjoy them -- being asleep and all.”

You roll your eyes. “Oh, what a tragedy.”

“a pun going unappreciated is a bone-afide tragedy, kid.”

You start snickering when you think of how Papyrus would react to his brother telling puns in his sleep. “Your brother would be so upset if you started sleep punning. He’d have to listen to your puns night and day.”

Sans’s laughter soon joins yours. “yeah my bro definitely wouldn’t be a fan. gotta admit, his reaction would be priceless.”

The pleasant atmosphere continues as you two banter and exchange puns. Unfortunately, this happy mood plummets when another reset occurs.

You bite your lip as you think about your phone. It looks like the same amount of time transpired between the last set of resets -- forty-five minutes. You wonder if it’s simply a coincidence or if Frisk keeps getting defeated in the exact same place each time. Surely not? If they’ve been around here as long as Sans has implied, then they should know the ins-and-outs of the Underground. Nothing should be able to surprise them anymore. What is going on here?

Twiddling your thumbs, you battle with yourself over whether or not to ask him about the human child. Finally, you gather up your courage and speak. “Sans? Is this normal? That was the fourth reset. Does the kid reset back-to-back like that often?”

Sans slumps against the armrest and rubs a tired hand across his face. “it’s not the first time i’ve experienced this. i know that for sure, but i don’t think they’ve done so many resets like this in a while. i can’t remember for sure, but that’s the kinda feeling i’m getting. i’m pretty sure the first time they ever fought Undyne they had to reset a bunch of times, but i don’t think they had any trouble after the first couple of times.”

Pulling the blanket into your lap, you begin to play with it to give you something to do with your hands as you think. It looks like your theory of Frisk fighting Undyne was correct if Sans is bringing up the leader of the Royal Guard. It makes sense that the kid would have trouble fighting
the fish monster during their first battle, but if they’ve fought her many times now, why is Frisk having so much difficulty this time around?

“Sans, the same amount of time elapsed between the two resets that I timed. It looks like Frisk keeps dying at the same place. It doesn’t make sense for the kid to be having this much trouble if they’ve done this a lot.”

Sans shoots up straight and stares at you with dark sockets. “what do you mean dying?”

You squirm in your seat uncomfortable with his eerie gaze. “Didn’t you know? If Frisk ever dies, they have the option to either do a true reset, or they can load a save file and do a mini-reset. Considering time has only rewinded for a little bit, it looks like they’ve been loading save files. If they did a true reset, they’d be back in the Ruins.”

Realizing he really doesn’t know what you’re talking about, you quickly explain Frisk’s abilities and the concept of save points, loads, and resets. You feel bad for not telling him sooner, but since he hadn’t asked, you had thought he already knew or had some idea.

The skeleton rubs a tired hand down his face. “so that’s how it is. guess it makes sense, no matter how crazy it is. can’t say i like the idea of a kid having so much power under their control.”

He tilts his head and gives you an inquisitive glance. “but what makes you assume the kid has been dying? they could just be playing with their powers for some reason. the kid is always doing stuff i don’t understand.”

You scratch your head as you ponder his reasoning. “You’re not wrong. That could be exactly what they’re doing, not that I see the point. But, I think it’s the fact that they’re probably dealing with Undyne right now that makes me feel worried for some reason. Besides, kids can only do something for so long before getting bored. I can’t imagine why Frisk would be constantly resetting like this.”

Sans drops his head into his hands with a groan. “that kid is gonna be the death of me. i can feel it in my bones.”

You can’t help but wince. On one hand, you’re glad he’s back to using puns, but on the other, you don’t appreciate the morbidity and irony of those words.

With a shake of your head, you decide not to think too much about it. Instead, you consider what you should do about this current situation. You don’t know if there’s even anything you can do, but you dislike the idea of being stuck in a world where time never moves on. You can only imagine how Sans feels on a daily basis.

Clenching your fists in determination, you turn toward the skeleton. “Sans? If another reset happens, can we go look for Frisk? I know they’re probably the last person you want to see right now, but we have to do something. We can’t just let them keep resetting like this. If they really are just messing around, maybe I can talk to them and get them to stop.”

He sighs. “what’s the point? it’s not like we have the power to stop them. as long as they can reset, they can do whatever they want.”

You frown at his expected rebuttal but persevere. “Even so, we can’t just sit back and do nothing. What if this keeps happening? Do you really wanna be stuck on this couch forever?”

Sans slouches against the armrest and shrugs. “it’s a comfy couch. we could be in worse places.”
You groan at his stubbornness. Of course, he doesn’t have a problem with this. He’s already used to it. He gave up a long time ago. He’s not going to start trying just because you ask him. The only person that can motivate Sans to do anything is his brother. His brother.. Your eyes widen in realization. Of course! That’s it!

“What about Papyrus? Are you just gonna leave him stuck forever doing his rounds until the kid gets tired of resetting?”

Bingo! The skeleton immediately sits up and stares at you with narrowed eye-lights. Emboldened by his undivided attention you continue. “Come on, Sans. Just give it a chance. You won’t know for sure what will happen until we try. There’s no guarantee that we’ll fail.”

After a few minutes of quiet glaring, he finally sighs, “alright. you win. if another reset happens, we’ll go looking for the kid. it probably won’t make much of a difference, but it’s true i can’t just leave pap hanging. can’t believe you pulled the little bro card.”

You beam at him, glad your idea had worked. “What can I say? It was the only way to put a little pap in your step.”

His grin grows, rivaling yours. “good one, kid. i guess you could say i needed a little pap-talk to get me going.”

The giggles start before you have the chance to contain them. You briefly consider how Papyrus would react to these puns based off his name. Imagining that makes you start laughing harder. You think Sans is having the same thoughts considering how much he’s snickering.

When the fifth reset occurs, you’re both ready. Sans offers you his hand, which you quickly take. Within seconds, you’re standing beside his sentry station in Hotland, which really lives up to its name.

You haven’t even been there for more than a few minutes, and you’re already breaking out into a sweat. You now feel grateful for the clothes you’re wearing. There’s no way you could’ve handled this smoldering heat if you were wearing a coat or long sleeves.

Wiping the sweat off your forehead, you take in your surroundings. There’s not a lot of ground to walk on around the station. If you take a few steps to your left or right, you’ll reach the cliffsides. Below, you see the boiling lava that resembles a bright, red lake. It’s your first time seeing lava in person. Hopefully, you won’t have to get an up-close view of it.

To your right, you see the stretch of land that leads back to Waterfall, while to your left hangs the wooden bridge that leads further into Hotland. On the other side of the bridge, you can see the area where the water cooler is. Overall, there’s not a lot to see in this particular part of Hotland.

Turning toward the sentry station, you watch Sans lean against the counter with his hands in his hoodie pocket. He tilts his head toward your direction. “so what’s this big plan of yours? how do you plan on finding the kid?”

You laugh sheepishly. “I actually haven’t gotten that far yet. I was just so happy I actually got you to agree that I didn’t plan on what to do after we got here.”

Sans snorts. “well, we’re off to a good start.”

He pushes off the station and walks forward a few feet. “not that i don’t lava your company, but i better get moving if we wanna find the kid before another reset happens. you stay here and hide out in the station. i’ll scope out waterfall to see where exactly the kid is and what their situation is.
then we can go from there.”

You open your mouth to protest being left behind, but pause to consider his reasoning. Finally, you nod to show your acceptance. It’ll be easier for Sans to move around on his own. You won’t be much help if all he’s doing is looking for Frisk. You would only slow him down.

Before he can teleport away, you grab the skeleton’s shoulder to gain his attention. You give him a warm smile and gently squeeze his shoulder. “Thank you, Sans.”

Sans averts his eyes and coughs. “no prob, kid. just sit tight, and i’ll be back before you know it.”

In a blink, he’s gone leaving you on your own. You don’t mind the solitude this time since you actually know what kind of situation you’re in unlike when you first arrived in Snowden.

Surveying your surroundings, you consider your options. You could cross the bridge to do a little exploring, or you could just stay in the sentry station until Sans gets back. Using your hand to fan yourself, you sigh. You really don’t want to do any walking in this heat. However, getting a drink from the cooler does sound tempting.

Looking around again, you decide to take your chances. You are feeling quite parched. You can’t even remember the last time you had something to drink. With a groan, you head for the cooler. After draining a cup, you refill it and grab another full cup to take with you back to the sentry station.

Once you’re situated, you patiently wait for your new skeleton friend to return. You bring out your phone to kill time. Unfortunately, there’s not a lot you can do without service. Finally, about thirty minutes later, just as you finish the rest of your water, Sans reappears right beside you in the station. You notice he appears nervous, sweat forming on his skull.

Before you can question him, the skeleton puts a hand on your shoulder pushing you down until you can’t see over the counter. “stay down, kid. they’re on their way here with undyne right on their tail. if undyne sees you, we’ll be in real hot water.”

Nodding your acquiescence, you reposition yourself so that you’re kneeling behind the counter. If you look over the counter this way, only the tip of your head should be seen. You doubt Undyne will be looking close enough to spot you since she’ll be too preoccupied with chasing Frisk.

Speak of the devil.

You watch as Frisk comes into view running as fast as their little legs will allow. The child looks just like their avatar in the game: short dark hair cut in a bob, wearing a striped sweater and shorts. They must’ve been running for quite some time considering how hard they’re breathing.

Right behind the kid is the leader of the Royal Guard. Undyne is as fierce-looking as expected with her eye patch, dark armor, and sharp spear. Her bright red ponytail whips back and forth as she runs after Frisk. You’re impressed that she can run so fast while also yelling at full blast.

“Get back here, you little punk!!!!”

You wonder how this situation will turn out. The usual forty-five minutes should be up any minute now, but the kid looks fine. Scared and out of breath but definitely alive. Were they playing with their powers after all like Sans had suggested? But why would they want to repeat something like this? You feel exhausted just watching the kid.

Out of the corner of your eye, you see Sans watching the proceedings. He’s probably wondering...
the same thing as you.

That’s when you saw it.

You turn your attention back to Frisk just in time to see the child tumble to the ground. What has your eyes widening in shock isn’t the fact that Frisk tripped, but what caused the kid to fall. It happened so fast that you wonder if your eyes are playing tricks on you.

Right before Frisk fell, you noticed the ground in front of them start to flicker. Instead of smooth rock, the small area became white and pixelated. It reminded you of glitches that appear in video games still in beta-testing. When Frisk’s foot touched the glitchy area, they lost their balance and ended up hitting the ground with a hard thump.

The child quickly jumps back to their feet and tries to run. However, it’s too late. That short moment of delay was enough for her pursuer to catch up. Horrified, you watch as the kid gets impaled by several magic spears.

You share a terrified look with the skeleton beside you before the world once again resets.

Chapter End Notes

And that's the chapter! It ended up being a good bit longer than the first one because it took me a while to get to the spot I wanted to stop haha In case any of you were wondering why Reader can remember resets, it's basically because they're a foreign entity in that world, so while the resets will cause them to be physically moved sometimes, their memories remain intact because it can't affect their mind. Also, I apologize if Sans' reaction to the Reader's soul was a little underwhelming. I promise the soul will become relevant later on. It will be explained once the Reader gets more answers about their circumstances.

Also, thanks again to Tyrant Tortoise for being so awesome and beta-reading this chapter! You rock! XD

I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! For all you fellow Americans, hope you have a Happy Thanksgiving! ^_^
Chapter Notes

Thank you Tyrant Tortoise for once again beta-reading my chapter. You are awesome!

:)
When he raises a brow ridge, you continue. “I don’t know how familiar you are with video games, but sometimes when they’re made, glitches occur due to problems with the game’s coding. That’s why companies put their games through so many tests to make sure they’re ready for the market. I’m no expert, but I’ve heard of glitches that’ll cause your character to freeze up for no reason once you reach a certain part of the game. They can also cause you to lose items or make the game crash unexpectedly, forcing you to start all over again. They’re a real pain.”

Sans tilts his head, giving you a blank stare. “So what? you’re telling me that’s what happened with the ground in Hotland? there was a glitch that causes whoever steps on it to fall over for some reason?”

With a groan, you drop your head into your hands. “I don’t know! I’m just saying that’s what it looked like to me. All we do know is Frisk was doing fine until they got to that glitchy area. It definitely did something to them.” You abruptly jump to your feet. “We need to go see if that was just a fluke or if something is going on with the ground over there. We might have just discovered the reason behind all these resets.”

Turning to face the skeleton, you hold out your hand. “Will you take us back? Please? If whatever happened really isn’t just a fluke, then I don’t think Frisk will be able to handle this situation on their own.”

With a sigh, Sans grabs your hand and pulls himself off the couch. “Alright, kid. let’s give it another go.”

In a blink, you’re back in Hotland, standing in front of the sentry station. Knowing there’s no time to waste, you dash forward once you’re sure the coast is clear. The skeleton ambles behind you, following at a more sedate pace.

Once you’re sure you’re at the right spot, you kneel down to examine the area where Frisk tripped last time. You place your hand on the ground and start patting the area to see if any spot feels different than the others. However, nothing seems amiss.

You even start tapping the ground with your foot just in case the glitch only occurs when a foot comes in contact with the ground. Much to your frustration, nothing happens even when you examine the area surrounding where the kid fell. No matter how you look at it, everything appears perfectly normal.

“So what do you think, detective? make any ground-breaking discoveries? or are you still having trouble getting the lay of the land?”

You glare at the skeleton. The whole time you were investigating, he had just been watching and making puns. When you had asked him to help, he had declined, saying you had the better eye for investigation. You don’t know why you’re surprised.

With a huff, you decide there is no point in examining the ground further, and rise to your feet. You head for the sentry station and take a seat. Groaning, you lean against the counter and bury your head in your arms. “I have no idea what’s going on! I examined every freakin’ inch of this area and found nothing out of the ordinary. Nothing resembles that glitch from before.”

Sans moves to join you, mirroring your position. “well, you tried. the only thing we can do now is wait and see if the same thing happens again. if we’re lucky, nothing will happen, and the kid will get chased by undyne like normal. then we won’t have to deal with this fishy situation.”

You snort, unable to hide your amusement despite how aggravated you feel. Before you can reply,
you hear the familiar shouting. Quickly, you duck behind the counter to hide yourself from view.

Not long after, Frisk darts into view, running like the hounds of hell are chasing them. Undyne is following close behind, screaming like last time.

“Get back here, you little punk!!!”

What catches your attention is the kid’s running pattern. Last time, they made a straight dash for the bridge. This time it looks like Frisk is running in a zigzag pattern. Perhaps they’re hoping to avoid the spot that made them trip previously?

You wonder if the child’s plan will work. You watch with bated breath as Frisk draws closer to the bridge. Sans stands silently beside you, tension coming off him in droves.

The two of you can only stare dumbstruck as the glitch from before appears once again in Frisk’s path. This time in a completely different spot than the previous run. Unfortunately, it happens so suddenly that the kid is unable to avoid it, causing them to faceplant.

Numbly, you watch the scene from the last reset reoccur with the child helpless against Undyne’s magic spears. You wish you could help the kid, but everything happens so fast. It’s over by the time you’re on your feet.

Then everything resets.

Pulling the blanket off your body, you turn to face Sans who appears to be deep in thought. No doubt, he must be as confused as you are. The glitch happened again, but in a completely different spot! What the hell is going on here?!

You decide to voice your frustration. “What the hell was that?! That stupid glitch-thing happened again, but in a different area! Frisk was obviously trying to avoid it, considering the way they were running, but it still happened! If I didn’t know any better, I’d say that glitch is out to get the poor kid!”

The skeleton turns to face you so fast that you worry he gave himself whiplash. In the back of your mind, you wonder if skeletons can even get whiplash. He narrows his eye-lights. “what did you just say? repeat that last sentence.”

You blink in confusion. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say the glitch is out to get the poor kid?”

Sans rubs his chin in contemplation. “you might be onto something, kid.”

Before you can question him, the skeleton grabs your arm and teleports the two of you back to his sentry station in Hotland.

Eyes wide, you stare at Sans in surprise. You had planned on asking him to bring you back again, but you didn’t think he’d actually take the initiative.

He winks at you. “if we’re gonna prove that little theory of yours, we’ll need to do another trial run. the glitch occurring two times is crazy, but i’d shrug it off thinking my bone-tired mind is playing tricks on me. three times though? i can’t just ignore it, especially since the kid has been resetting constantly for what feels like hours. if another glitch trips the kid, we’ll know it’s after them, and we can plan from there. not that there’s really anything we could do besides directly intervene.”

Propping your elbow against the counter, you rest your head in your hand and give the skeleton a
curious look. “I honestly said that without thinking. Do you really believe that glitch could be going after Frisk and purposely making them fall so that they die? I mean, from a video game standpoint, it kinda makes sense considering they are the player character for Undertale. The players are usually the ones most affected by game glitches.”

Sans shrugs. “i don’t really know, kid. i’m more curious about what’s causing the glitch. i’ve never seen anything like this in all my years of being in the underground. i understand having problems with coding in video games, but this is real life. does this mean our world is actually constructed of some kind of code similar to games, and somehow, it’s been infected? honestly, nothing has made sense today from your arrival, to this mess. i need a nap.”

With a smile, you wrap an arm around the skeleton’s shoulders and give him a squeeze. “How about this? We figure out whatever the hell is going on here, and I promise to distract Papyrus the rest of the day so you can take an extra long nap. I’ll even volunteer to help him cook, so that your kitchen won’t end up in flames.”

He relaxes from his previously stiff posture and gives you a contemplative look. Seeing the sincerity in your expression, he grins. “that’s a hot idea, kid. i might just have to take you up on that offer.”

When you pull away, you notice his eye sockets grow dark. Realizing where this is going, you beat him to the punch. “i know. If I hurt your brother in any way, you’re gonna give me a bad time. Relax. I’d rather be suplexed by Undyne than hurt Papyrus. Hurting him would be like kicking a puppy. He’s such a sweetheart. I’d never purposely do something to upset him.”

The skeleton stares at you in surprise, before breaking out into a fit of laughter. Knowing him, he was probably imagining Undyne practicing her wrestling moves on you.

After a few minutes, he finally calms down enough to give you a reply. “way to make me bust a gut, kid. but fine, i’ll give you a chance. if you mess up, off to Undyne’s house you go. you’ll be under house a-wrest.”

That last one was a bit of a stretch, but you can’t help but snicker anyway. You briefly wonder if telling puns is infectious. Will you be unable to stop coming up with puns by the time you leave this place? Your friends at school will probably be just as displeased as Papyrus.

Finally, one stop at the water cooler and a few dozen puns later, you hear Undyne’s screaming from the distance.

Frisk enters the scene, running like a bat out of hell with the fish monster right on their tail. Everything is the same as before, except the kid is running closer to the edges of the land. It looks like Frisk is doing their best to avoid the last two areas where they tripped. Maybe they think it’ll be more difficult for the glitch to appear so close to the cliffside.

Despite their best efforts, however, Frisk still falls victim to the glitch from previous runs. This time is even worse because the glitch causes the kid to fall over the edge toward the lake of lava below them.

You can only hope that the reset that follows is manually activated and not forced.

Taking a deep breath, you slowly release it in an attempt to calm down your frantically-beating heart. To your side, you see Sans looking a bit paler than usual. Yeah, that last scene definitely wasn’t pretty.
Running a shaky hand through your hair, you sigh. “So, are we agreed? That the glitch is definitely after Frisk? They were right on the freakin’ edge, and it still happened. There’s no way what’s happening here is just a coincidence. If we don’t do something to help the kid, this is gonna keep going on forever.”

Sans pinches the area around his nasal cavity. “Yeah we’re in agreement. Something is definitely out to get the kid. And whatever it is can’t be stopped by the kid alone. They’ve been trying, but it’s obviously not been working. The question is what can we do?”

You unwrap yourself from the blanket and return it to its previous place on the back of the couch. “I guess asking Undyne to stop chasing Frisk is out huh? I mean, she’s the one that’s actually killing the kid each time. Well, besides last time.”

He raises a brow ridge. “If you seriously think asking her will work, be my guest. I may be a bonehead, but even I’m not that crazy. Once Undyne locks onto someone, she never lets them escape. Heh, you could call her a shark-pedo.”

With a groan, you grab one of the couch pillows and throw it at his face. “Okay, so asking her to stop chasing the kid is a no-go. What else can we do? We can’t stop the glitch from tripping Frisk. It pops up randomly! And it’s not like we can just pick up the kid and run. What if it goes after us instead?”

The skeleton pulls the pillow away from his face and puts it behind his back so he can lean against it. “I’d rather avoid doing anything that involves directly intervening and Undyne seeing us. If she catches me, I’m fishbait. We also can’t have her finding out about you, or she’ll go after you too.”

You raise a hand to your chest and grip the front of your shirt unconsciously. “With my soul the way it is, would it even be helpful in breaking the barrier?”

He shrugs. “Beats me, kid. It’s not like there’s some protocol of what kind of human souls we can and can’t use to break the barrier. But I gotta admit, your soul does feel different from the souls of other humans I’ve seen. Considering your stats, I’d say you have a weaker than average human soul.”

Your eyes narrow. “What do you mean ‘considering my stats’? What’s wrong with them?”

Sans scratches his skull. “Nothing’s wrong per-se. I mean your attack and defense stats are normal for a human. But your hp is only twenty. That’s normal for human children, but for someone your age, it should be higher. Normally, hp rises as you get older. Of course, the only humans I’ve ever met have been kids, so it’s not like I have an actual point of reference.”

With a groan, you slump back against the couch. “Great. Just great. So basically, I’m as easy to kill as a kid. That’s reassuring.”

He reaches out to pat your leg. “Sorry, kid. Wish I could say I was just kidding, but those are the cold hard facts. Don’t worry too much about it. Just avoid fighting, and everything will be cool.”

You roll your eyes, but know he’s right. There’s nothing you can do about your stats. No point in fretting over it.

“Okay, back to the original subject. How the hell are we supposed to help Frisk without being caught by Undyne? You gonna use your magic to levitate the kid over the bridge?”

Sans raises an eye ridge. “What part of ‘don’t want Undyne to catch me’ did you not understand? There’s no way she’ll believe the kid is levitating on their own power.”
With a shrug, you grin. “Hey, I don’t see you coming up with any bright ideas. Besides, Undyne thinks humans are powerful creatures ‘cause of the barrier and all the anime she watches with Alphys right? She might be more willing to believe it than you think.”

He rolls his eye-lights. “let’s just save that as a backup plan for now and keep thinking. there’s gotta be some way around that glitch.”

Silence envelops the room as the two of you get lost in your thoughts. You go over what you know in your head. First, Frisk is stuck getting chased by Undyne. Wherever that save point she loads at is, it’s not far enough away that they can go unnoticed by the leader of the Royal Guard. Second, whenever the kid runs toward the bridge in Hotland, the glitch appears and prevents them from progressing further. Lastly, every time Frisk falls, it always delays them long enough for Undyne to catch up and attack them, which leads to the child’s death. You drum your fingers across the armrest as your eyes narrow in concentration.

Someway around the glitch? I don’t think that’s possible. Frisk has done this almost ten times now. If there was a way around it, they would’ve found it by now. No, we need to make it so that even if the glitch occurs, the kid can still get away unharmed. That means we need to focus on doing something about Undyne. If she wasn’t chasing Frisk, then the glitch would be harmless since all it’s doing is tripping them. The problem is that it leaves the kid open to attack. We need to make it so that even if the kid falls, Undyne won’t be able to hurt them.

You nod to yourself. Yes, that’s the only way this is going to work. You turn to the skeleton and tell him your thoughts.

He rubs his chin thoughtfully. “looks like we’re on the same wavelength, kid. question is, how do we stop undyne without having to reveal ourselves? can’t use my magic on her. she’ll notice right away.”

You consider his words. So, you need to find an indirect method to stop Undyne. After a few minutes, an idea comes to mind. “What if you don’t use your magic on Undyne herself, but on her surroundings instead?”

Sans grins. “i think you’re onto something there. i can’t stop her straight-on, but i can arrange for a few, heh, mishaps to impede her path and slow down her pursuit. but i can’t guarantee it’ll stop her for very long. at the most, i might can buy the kid a few minutes.”

“You saw how fast Frisk got back up each time they fell. I think they can actually make it if we just give them a little headstart.”

The skeleton rises to his feet and heads toward the kitchen. “alright, kid. let’s do it. but first i’m getting some ketchup. i’m gonna need the pick-me-up. want anything?”

Curious, you follow him into the kitchen to see what they may have to drink. When Sans opens the refrigerator to pull out his favorite condiment, you are not surprised to see that the majority of the ingredients inside are what’s used to make spaghetti.

You perk up when you see a juicebox. After the skeleton gives the okay, you quickly pull it out and insert the straw so you can enjoy the beverage. You figure this must be one of Papyrus’ drinks since you can’t imagine his older brother drinking anything other than ketchup. The image of Papyrus drinking from a juicebox is so cute you can barely contain the squeal that wants to come out.

Not long after you both finish your drinks, the next (and hopefully final) reset happens. Sans
quickly reaches out and grabs you, teleporting the two of you back to his station in Hotland.

With a wink, he disappears, leaving to put the plan in motion. You wish you could be more help, but it’s going to take all his focus just keeping Undyne preoccupied. He can’t afford to keep an eye out for you too.

You slump against the counter as you sit inside the station. You hate feeling so useless. When this is all over, you swear you’ll keep your promise to Sans and make sure he gets the nap he deserves even if it means you’ll have to eat all of his brother’s bad cooking. A chill runs down your spine at the thought. It’ll be for the greater good, so you’ll just have to deal with it. Maybe if you’re lucky Papyrus will let you cook with him, and you can somehow save the food.

You smile as you think about hanging out with Papyrus. Because of all this craziness, you haven’t even gotten the chance to meet the younger skeleton. You hope the two of you can become good friends.

Pulling out your phone, you check the time. It looks like thirty minutes have already passed. Wow, you must’ve really been in la-la land for that much time to pass you by. You hope everything is going well on Sans’s end.

After returning your phone to your pocket, you let your eyes roam the area, not really looking for anything in particular, but just giving yourself something to do. It’s when your eyes wander over to the bridge that your whole body freezes in shock.

There, in the middle of the wooden overpass, you can see the water cooler that is supposed to be at the other end of the bridge. You immediately climb out of the station and run towards the wooden structure. When you get to the bridge, you pause and stare in disbelief. No matter how many times you blink and rub your eyes, the image in front of you doesn’t change. The water cooler really is right there on the bridge. But how?!

*What do I do?! I can’t just leave it there. If I do, it’ll stop Frisk dead in their tracks. It’s a narrow bridge, so they can’t just walk around it. And they obviously can’t move it on their own. Even if Sans does manage to buy the kid some time, it’ll mean nothing if this thing is here to block their way!*

There’s no way to know when Sans will get back, so you can’t risk waiting for him. You’ll have to do something yourself. Nodding to yourself, you clench your fists in determination and jog toward the cooler.

You sigh when you see how full the water cooler is. Normally, you wouldn’t complain about having lots of water available considering how hot the area is, but this means the cooler is going to be pretty heavy. You could pour the water out, but Frisk will need it if they decide to help Undyne after she passes out from heat exhaustion. You hope the kid won’t be so traumatized by all the resets that they won’t want to befriend Undyne anymore.

With a grunt, you pull the water cooler off the bridge and slowly move forward. The cooler may not be very large, but it’s definitely not light by any means. You can only hope you’ll have enough time to return the water cooler to its rightful place and get back to the station. Push comes to shove, if you don’t have enough time to get back to the sentry station, you can always run ahead, look for a hiding place, and just wait there until the coast is clear.

Sweat is beading across your forehead and pouring down your face and back. Twice during your journey, you have to put the cooler down so you can wipe your sweaty hands off and readjust your grip. You can feel your arms burning from the strain. The combination of the smoldering heat and
physical exertion is tortuous. You’re definitely going to start lifting weights once you get back home.

Slowly but surely, you manage to make it off the bridge. You’re tempted to just leave it at the end of the wooden structure but decide against it. It’s possible that if you leave the cooler too close to the bridge, Undyne will be able to reach it and rehydrate. Then, she’ll just continue her pursuit.

Sighing in relief, you finally let go of the water cooler and put it in its rightful place. Immediately, you pour yourself a cup and drain it. Throwing away the cup, you turn to head back toward the bridge. Just as you walk onto the wooden overpass, you hear familiar yelling coming from the distance.

Eyes wide with terror, you immediately sprint across the bridge, despite knowing the better option would be to run the opposite direction. It’s when you reach the other end of the bridge that you see Sans appear inside the sentry station.

His eye-lights widen once he notices the situation you’re in. You keep running toward the station. By the sound of heavy breathing, you know Frisk will be appearing any second now. When you’re within a few feet of the station, Sans, who’s leaning out as far as he can against the counter, reaches out and grabs your hand that’s extended towards him.

You wince as he pulls your body over the counter, and the two of you tumble to the ground. All you can hear at first is your frantic breathing and your erratic heartbeat drumming in your ears. Then, you notice it’s not just you who’s out of breath. You look down and realize you’re lying across the blue-faced skeleton.

You quickly understand why he’s so flustered when you notice how close your faces are. Embarrassed, you quickly move off of him, stammering an apology. Before he can respond, the sounds of Undyne’s distant yelling reminds you both of your current situation. Immediately, the two of you move toward the counter to see what’s going on. You look out just in time to see the glitch trip Frisk. However, you quickly realize that you can’t see Undyne.

Speak of the devil and she shall arrive.

The Royal Guard leader runs out just as you notice her absence. Judging by how red her face is and how fast she’s swinging her spear around, she must be really mad. Thankfully, when you turn back to check up on Frisk, you see they’re already back on their feet and sprinting across the bridge so fast that you wonder if they know Undyne is no longer right on their tail.

You slump to the floor in relief. Thank goodness. The plan worked. No more resets. Just to be safe, you and Sans continue to watch Frisk to see what they’ll do.

As expected, Undyne collapses due to heat exhaustion once she reaches the other side of the bridge. By the time she gets there, Frisk is already at the water cooler. You smile when the child fills up a cup and pours the water on the fish monster.

Feeling a hand tug your arm, you turn your attention to the skeleton beside you. He winks. “I think i’ve had enough excitement for the day. let’s get outta here. water you say?”

You grin. “Sounds water-ful to me.”

In a blink, you’re back at the skeletons’ house. You immediately collapse onto the couch with a groan. “T’m exhausted! If that never happens again, it’ll still be too soon!”

The skeleton chuckles as he takes his usual spot on the couch. “same. even if undyne herself comes
running in here, i’m not gonna leave this couch. i’m so tired.”

He yawns. “before i pass out, mind telling me what you were doing at the bridge? you nearly gave me a heart-attack when i saw you there when the kid was about to show up.”

You quickly explain what happened with the water cooler and how it was necessary for you to move it if Frisk was going to get away safely.

“I have no idea how it got there. I swear, that thing was not on the bridge when we first got there. All of a sudden I look up, and there it is, like it’s always been there. Seriously, what the hell?”

When you don’t get an immediate response, you move your gaze to the skeleton’s face. He appears deep in thought.

After a few minutes, Sans gives you a considering look. “you mentioned before about all the crazy stuff glitches can cause. can they also cause objects to move to places they shouldn’t be?”

Your eyes widen. “Yeah, it’s possible. Sans, are you thinking the glitch caused the water cooler to move places?”

He sighs. “that’s the only explanation i can come up with. i mean, surely you would’ve noticed if someone moved it, right? besides, why would anyone wanna move it? my bet is somehow whatever caused the glitch also moved the water cooler since just tripping the kid wasn’t gonna cut it anymore. the fact that it would go that far proves that whatever that glitch was really wanted to stop the kid.”

You run a tired hand through your hair, doing your best to avoid pulling it in frustration.

“Seriously, what the hell is going on here? What if that glitch keeps going after the kid? Trying to kill them during future boss fights? Does that mean we’ll have to do this all over again when they fight Mettaton? That’s on live TV! How the hell could we help them without getting noticed?”

Sans slouches until he’s lying on his back and stares blankly at the ceiling. “i don’t know. we can only hope that the glitch only appears in hotland. we’ll know for sure if the back-to-back resets start up again. nothing we can do but wait and see. i’ll start following the kid again after i get some sleep. distracting undyne was exhausting.”

When you hear snoring, you realize the skeleton wasn’t kidding about being tired. He must’ve used up a lot of magic to help Frisk if he’s already asleep. Smiling, you grab the blanket and cover up the skeleton. He has definitely earned this break.

With a yawn, you stretch your arms and curl up at your end of the couch, kicking your shoes off in the process. Resting your head on the pillow you procured for yourself, you feel your eyes start to drift close. While you didn’t work nearly as hard as Sans, you are feeling quite tired yourself. After all of the excitement from the last few hours, you figure a nap wouldn’t hurt. Just as you’re drifting off, you dimly notice that your body suddenly feels warmer. With a happy sigh, you let sleep claim you.

A few hours later, you are abruptly pulled from your slumber by the front door slamming open. You jerk at the sound, causing the blanket around your shoulders to fall into your lap. Where did that come from? Didn’t you lay this on Sans?

The rest of your pondering is interrupted by a boisterous voice.

“SANS! I AM HOME! I DID NOT SEE YOU AT ANY OF YOUR STATIONS TODAY! YOU BETTER NOT HAVE BEEN PLAYING HOOKY!”
You grin broadly. Looks like everyone’s favorite skeletal sweetheart is home.

Chapter End Notes

The Great Papyrus arrives! Don’t worry the next chapter will be full of the sweetheart. Sorry y’all had to wait so long to see him XD

So you and Sans successfully save Frisk from the glitch. Unfortunately, you won’t be receiving any answers about the glitch for some time. But hey, at least you got to save the day with everybody’s favorite lazy skeleton ;)

Thank you for all the kind reviews! They really mean a lot to me. They’re a great encouragement. I’m really happy y’all like the story so far. I hope you’ll continue to enjoy it! ^_^
As you hear the younger skeleton close the front door behind him, you wonder if you should make your presence known right away or wait until he notices you. You admit you’d love to see his surprised reaction once he realizes there’s a human on his couch.

Out of the corner of your eye, you see Sans reposition himself so that he’s slumped against the back of the couch. Looks like you weren’t the only one woken up by the loud brother.

“welcome home, bro. don’t worry, i went to work. i just came home early enough to take a little cat nap. it waspurr-fect.”

Slapping a hand to your mouth, you try to contain your snickering. Fortunately, Papyrus’ groaning was loud enough to drown out your laughter.

Due to your slouching, you don’t think you can be seen from the door. Otherwise, the younger brother would’ve said something by now. You decide to just sit back and watch things progress on their own.

Sans winks at you. It appears he’s also looking forward to seeing his brother’s reaction.

Papyrus marches toward the couch. He opens his mouth to speak only to freeze when he realizes there’s more than one person on the couch. He stares at you in shock.

The tall skeleton looks just like you imagined with his famous white and blue body armor and matching red gloves and boots. There’s also his billowing red scarf which is somehow moving despite him being inside. You wonder if he’s using magic to make it do that.

You wave at him and smile. “Hi!”

He jumps as if he’s surprised you’re able to speak and move. Amused, you wonder if he thought you were a just a life-like human doll instead of an actual human.

His jaw drops. “A HUMAN! THERE’S A HUMAN IN OUR HOUSE, AND IT’S NOT MY NEW FRIEND WHO’S HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE WITH ME AND MY DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI!”

Papyrus quickly turns to his brother. “BROTHER! DID YOU MANAGE TO CAPTURE A HUMAN ALL ON YOUR OWN?!” Grinning, he picks up Sans and swings him around. “YOU WEREN’T SHIRKING YOUR DUTIES AFTER ALL! I’M VERY PROUD OF YOU, SANS!”

You can’t help but coo at the very adorable scene before you. Papyrus really does look proud of his brother for his apparent arrest while there’s a slight blue hue on Sans’ cheekbones that proves he’s embarrassed by his brother’s praise. These two were seriously too cute.
After a few minutes of twirling, the younger skeleton puts his brother back on the couch and turns to face you. With a grin, he poses with one arm outstretched and the other hand on his hip.

“GREETINGS, HUMAN! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! SOON TO BE MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD. ALTHOUGH, I’M SURE YOU’VE ALREADY HEARD OF ME. I AM VERY WELL-KNOWN IN THE UNDERGROUND.”

With a broad smile, you jump to your feet. “Nice to meet you, Papyrus! My name is Y/N. You’re right about me knowing about you. I agreed to come with Sans ‘cause I wanted to meet the Great Papyrus in person. You’re just as amazing as I imagined!”

Orange dusts his cheekbones as he flushes. “WOWIE! I’M EVEN MORE POPULAR THAN I THOUGHT AND THAT’S PRETTY POPULAR! TO THINK A HUMAN WOULD SURRENDER JUST TO MEET ME. I CAN’T WAIT TO TELL UNDYNE!”

Sans chuckles nervously. “Yeah about that. do you think we could keep the kid here a secret from everyone else? her circumstances aren’t exactly normal.”

Noticing the taller brother’s confusion, you explain. “I’m actually from another universe, Papyrus. I suddenly woke up here and have no way to get back home.”

“So you’re stranded here? That’s awful! Do not worry! You can stay with us until we find a way to get you back to your universe!”

You smile warmly at the sweetheart. “Thank you, Papyrus. But are you sure? Wouldn’t you get a reward for bringing me in?”

Papyrus puts his hands on his hips. “While it is true that I will get to join the royal guard if I bring in a human, there is no way I, a true hero, would ignore a damsel in distress. You must be very scared being in a strange new world all alone. Never fear! The Great Papyrus is on your side!”

You feel like crying when you hear the sincerity in his words. He really is the sweetest monster in the Underground. It’s true that you were very scared when you first arrived, and the idea of never being able to return home terrifies you. However, hearing the skeleton vow to help you erases that fear and fills you with warmth.

Sans smiles as he watches his brother. “You’re the coolest, bro. knew we could count on you. with you watching over the kid, she won’t have anything to worry about.”

His brother laughs. “Nyehehe! Of course! There’s nothing the great Papyrus cannot do! Now, human, you wait right here, and I’ll prepare you a special batch of my award-winning spaghetti as a welcoming gift.”

The lazy skeleton chuckles. “My bro is quite the chef. his cooking is impossible to resist.”

“sans!”

You giggle at the brothers’ antics. After Papyrus enters the kitchen, you watch Sans move off the couch and head upstairs. “well, have fun with my bro. if you need me, i’ll be snoozing in my room.”

You wish him sweet dreams before turning your attention to the kitchen. You can hear a lot of loud noises coming from that direction which makes you nervous.
Taking a deep breath, you slip your shoes back on and head for the kitchen. You don’t know why you’re as surprised as you are when you see the chaos. The counter is covered in something red, making it look like the scene of a mini-massacre. Upon closer inspection, you realize the red paste is the remains of several tomatoes that were punched into oblivion. You see other colors mixed in, so you figure other vegetable were smashed as well.

What really worries you is the fact that the stove is on fire, and Papyrus is looking as calm as can be. He’s even humming a little tune as he gathers what’s leftover of the mutilated vegetables into a pan. The chef is also now wearing a red apron with the words “Bone-afide Chef” in bold white letters. Obviously, the apron must have been a gift from Sans, and the younger brother is sweet enough to wear it despite his great dislike of puns.

Quickly, you rush to the stove and turn down the temperature just barely avoiding burning your arm. By the looks of things, he is just trying to boil water for the noodles. How the flames could get so large from just boiling water, you’ll never know. You are more impressed that the pot is still in one piece and not a smoldering heap. You wonder what kind of super metal it's made of.

Papyrus looks at you in surprise, no doubt not expecting you to join him. You give him a smile. “Sorry if I’m bothering you. I wanted to ask if I could cook with you since I thought it would be fun to cook with a great chef like yourself.”

You look back at the stove. “I turned down the temperature on the stove ‘cause that fire looked pretty dangerous. If you’re just boiling water, you don’t really need for the temperature to be that high.”

The younger skeleton tilts his head curiously. “REALLY? UNDYNE ALWAYS SAYS USE THE HIGHEST TEMPERATURE WHEN COOKING. THE HEAT MUST RESEMBLE YOUR FIERY PASSION FOR COOKING, OR IT WON’T TURN OUT GOOD!”

You grin at him. “There are other ways to show your passion in your cooking without having to set anything on fire. How about I show you the way humans make spaghetti?”

His eye-lights sparkle. ”WOWIE! YOU’LL REALLY TEACH ME YOUR HUMAN COOKING SECRETS?”

You wink. “Of course! You were kind enough to let me stay here and offer your protection. This is the least I can do. Now let’s make some spaghetti.”

For the next few hours, you explain the steps to making spaghetti. You have to rack your brain to remember the recipe since it’s been awhile since you last cooked anything. After all, you’re a poor college student living off the food in your school’s cafeteria and the snacks in your room. You don’t get many chances to cook.

You guide him on how to make the sauce, showing that cutting up vegetables is actually more efficient than punching them. Once the sauce is taken care of and left to simmer in the pan, you focus on the noodles. After Papyrus adds the store-bought noodles to the pot of water, you tell him not to stir the noodles too hard. If you hadn’t stopped him, he would have stirred the spoon at full throttle.

You can’t help but feel a sense of accomplishment when you realize the two of you managed to successfully cook the spaghetti without setting anything on fire. There’s hope for Papyrus’ cooking future yet.

In all honesty, it’s not like the skeleton is bad at cooking. He’s really good at following
instructions. Papyrus just needs proper guidance instead of Undyne’s version of Hell’s Kitchen. Maybe you should suggest to Sans that he get his brother a cookbook. You wonder if Papyrus has ever tried to use one.

The tall skeleton grins at you. “WOWIE, HUMAN! THIS LOOKS GREAT! I NEVER REALIZED THERE WERE SO MANY WAYS TO MAKE DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI! I CAN’T WAIT TO SHOW UNDYNE MY NEW SKILLS!” He paused. “OF COURSE I WON’T TELL HER ABOUT YOU. I’LL JUST SAY I’VE BEEN PRACTICING A LOT. ALTHOUGH, IT’S UNFORTUNATE THAT I CAN’T GIVE YOU THE PROPER CREDIT YOU DESERVE. I’M SURE SHE’D LOVE TO MEET YOU AND BE FRIENDS WITH YOU!”

You smile sadly as you move to set the table. “I’d like to be friends with her, too, but if she sees me, she’ll want to capture me so you guys can break the barrier, right?”

After the skeleton prepares your plates, he sets them on the table. You’re surprised when he grins brightly at you. “THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE BARRIER, HUMAN! THE HUMAN, I MEAN MY OTHER HUMAN FRIEND, IS HEADING TO SEE THE KING. THEY WILL HELP KING ASGORE BREAK THE BARRIER, SO WE WILL HAVE NO MORE NEED TO CAPTURE HUMANS.”

It’s hard not to smile at his optimism. He has so much faith in Frisk. You really hope the kid won’t break his trust in this run.

Papyrus heads for the door as you take a seat at the table. “NOW IT’S TIME TO EAT! I SHALL GO FETCH MY LAZY BROTHER SO HE CAN JOIN US.”

“no need for that, bro. i’m already here.”

Startled, you jump in your seat. When you look across the table, you see Sans sitting as if he’s been there the whole time. He reaches out for the bottle of ketchup on the table and takes a swig.

His younger brother returns to the table and takes a seat. “I’M VERY IMPRESSED, SANS! USUALLY I HAVE TO GO FIND YOU FOR DINNER. WAS THE AMAZING SMELL OF OUR SPAGHETTI JUST THAT HARD TO RESIST?”

Sans grins at his brother’s proud expression. “that’s right, bro. i could smell something tasty all the way from my room. you two obviously worked yourselves to the bone to make it.”

With a wink towards you, he adds, “well, bone-appetit.”

“SANS!”

At the sound of the younger brother’s groans, the laughter erupts before you can stop yourself. If it was just the puns, it’d be one thing, but when you add in Papyrus’ over-the-top reactions, it’s impossible to not be amused.

Papyrus looks at you displeased. “YOU MUST NOT LAUGH, HUMAN! THAT WILL ONLY ENCOURAGE MY BROTHER!”

His older brother shrugs his shoulders. “what can i say, pap? she thinks my puns are very humerus.”

“NOOOO!”

And there goes the last bit of self-restraint you had. The floodgates have been lowered. Your
laughter won’t be stopping anytime soon.

The skeletons do not help your situation. Sans keeps telling puns while his brother screeches in outrage. You’re worried you’ll soon pass out from lack of air. Your sides are starting to cramp from laughing so hard.

Finally, the shorter skeleton decides to have mercy on you and turns his focus to the plate of spaghetti in front of him. All the while, the large grin on his face remains.

After some grumbling, Papyrus follows his brother’s example and begins to eat his spaghetti. He immediately starts complimenting it, saying how delicious it is and how awesome both of your skills are.

You finally calm down enough that you can breathe. Smothering down the last few giggles that want to escape, you dig into your meal. While it’s not the best spaghetti you’ve ever eaten, it’s not half-bad. There are some burnt parts in the sauce, and the noodles are a tad overcooked. However, considering what it could’ve been, you think the tall skeleton did a good job.

“You did great, Papyrus. You’ll be a master of human cooking in no time.”

Sans nods, teeth covered in spaghetti sauce. “it’s real good, bro. nice job.”

The chef beams preening from the compliments. “NYEHEHE! IT WAS EASY! NOTHING IS TOO HARD FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS TO LEARN!” He turns his large grin toward you. “AND I HAD A MOST EXCELLENT TEACHER! THANK YOU, HUMAN!”

A large grin forms on your face, rivalling his. If this cutie gets any sweeter, you’re going to get cavities. “I was happy to help, Papyrus. Thank you for letting me cook with you. Oh, and you can call me by my name if you want. Now that we’re friends and all.”

You didn’t think it was possible, but the tall skeleton’s grin actually grows even larger. From your point of view, it’s like he’s shining with pure joy. Was it magic? Can magic make monster sparkle like that?

“FRIENDS? WOWIE! MY SECOND HUMAN FRIEND! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I’LL HAVE WHAT THE HUMANS CALL A POSSE IN NO TIME!”

You snort. Where the hell did Papyrus learn that term? Sans shrugs at you when you give him a curious glance. Looks like he has no idea either. Oh well, you gotta admit the idea of Papyrus having his own posse does sound adorable. “Yeah. With how awesome you are, Pap, you’ll have a huge posse in no time.”

After you all finish your meal, you and Papyrus gather all the dirty dishes and bring them to the sink. He’s absolutely delighted when you volunteer to help clean, so you’re in charge of drying dishes after he washes them. With the two of you working together, you finish in no time. You then get some rags to clean up the counter while he tidies up the stove.

Once you’re both done, you teach the skeleton the concept of high-fiving to celebrate a job well-done. You end up doing it a couple of times because he wanted to perfect this new skill.

You’re surprised when a piece of cloth hits you in the face when you enter the living room. Stunned, you barely manage to catch it before it falls to the floor. Upon closer inspection, you realize it’s a pair of grey sweatpants.

Looking up, you see the pants-throwing culprit grinning cheekily on the couch. “thought you might
need that. considering the weather here, if you go back outside in your current clothes, you’ll end up chilled to the bone like last time.”

Papyrus groans. “WHILE I ADMIRE YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS, BROTHER. THERE WAS NO NEED TO THROW THE SWEATPANTS AT Y/N. FURTHERMORE, WHY DID YOU PICK THOSE PANTS OF ALL THINGS?”

Curious, you decide to examine the sweatpants further to see why Papyrus would have such an annoyed reaction. You quickly figure out the reason when you see the legs of the pants. On the sides of each leg, you can see in bold, cursive blue letters, Bad to the Bone. There was even a skull and crossbones on the front right pocket area.

You giggle. “I can’t believe it! These are awesome! Are you sure I can wear them?”

Sans’ grin broadens. “Knew you’d like them. I found them a while back in the dump. unfortunately, the legs were too long for me, so I gave them to Pap. turned out they were too small for him, so they’ve just been hanging around in his closet.”

You turn toward the moaning skeleton. “Is it alright if I wear these, Papyrus? I’d understand if you’d want to hold onto them since they’re a gift from your brother.”

Papyrus smiles. “WHILE I AM GRATEFUL FOR ALL OF MY BROTHER’S GIFTS, I THINK THOSE PANTS WOULD BE PUT TO BETTER USE IN YOUR HANDS, ESPECIALLY SINCE I CAN’T EVEN WEAR THEM. I’D MUCH RATHER YOU STAY WARM, SO YOU MAY HAVE THEM.”

With a grin, you wrap your arms around the tall skeleton’s waist and give him a hug. “Thank you, Papyrus. I’ll treasure them.”

You feel his bony arms return the embrace. “OOH! OUR FIRST HUG OF FRIENDSHIP! THIS IS TRULY A WONDERFUL DAY!”

After giving him another warm squeeze, you pull away and grin up at him. “The first of many to come I hope.”

“OF COURSE! BEING THE WONDERFUL FRIEND THAT I AM, I AM MORE THAN WILLING TO GIVE OUT AS MANY HUGS AS YOU NEED! NYEH EHE!”

Will Papyrus ever stop being adorable? You hope not.

You quickly pull the sweatpants on forgoing changing out of your shorts. You figure it won’t hurt to have an extra layer on even if the shorts won’t offer much warmth. Luckily, the pants end up being just your size, so they’re a perfect fit.

You do a little twirl and place your hands on your hips when you come to a stop. “So, how do I look?”

Sans gives you a thumbs-up. “not bad, kid. they suit you perfectly.”

His brother nods his head. “WHILE I AM NOT TOO ENTHUSED BY CLOTHES WITH PUNS, I DO ADMIT YOU LOOK VERY NICE, Y/N. I THINK MY BROTHER MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE PICKING THOSE OUT FOR YOU. NOW ALL WE NEED TO DO IS FIND YOU A NICE COAT AND A WARMER SHIRT. WHILE I MAY NOT HAVE ANY SKIN, I DO KNOW YOU’LL FREEZE GOING OUTSIDE WITH YOUR ARMS BARE LIKE THAT.”
Before you can nod your agreement, you get a weird feeling in your chest that makes you pause. It’s not painful, but it’s really strange sort of like when Sans pulled out your soul.

When you look up, you see both skeletons staring at you with wide eye-lights. Looking back at yourself, you realize why they’re so shocked.

Your eyes soon match theirs in size when you realize your body is becoming transparent. In a blink, Sans is in front of you, one eye strobing blue. When he pulls out your soul, you can only stare in disbelief. Your soul is glowing much brighter than it did last time.

If you weren’t so freaked out, you would admire how pretty your soul looks as it glitters. You notice there’s a grey outline around the heart that wasn’t there last time.

“Uhh..guys? W-what’s going on?”

Both skeletons are closely studying your soul. Papyrus has a worried frown, while Sans’ eye-lights are narrowed in concentration.

“You’re using magic, kid. well, at least your soul is, somehow. don’t ask me how ‘cause i have no idea. i’ve never seen anything like this before. all i can tell you is this magic is like what i felt when you first arrived. by the looks of it, you’re about to leave for another dimension. whether it’s back to yours or a completely different one, i have no clue.”

Papyrus shifts his gaze between the two of you worriedly. “IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO, SANS? WHAT IF SHE DOESN’T GET SENT HOME?”

Sans sighs as he returns your soul to your chest. “sorry, pap. it’s too late. she’s already started disappearing. trying to stop the process now would be too dangerous.”

Your heart warms at the sight of the two skeletons looking so worried on your behalf. Even though you haven’t known them for very long, they truly care about your safety. You have to reassure them before you completely vanish.

You give them a small smile. “It’s alright, guys. Thank you for worrying about me. Don’t worry, I’ll be alright. After all, I might just be going back home. But if I don’t, then maybe I’ll get to visit other alternate universes that have you guys in them. If I do, I hope they’re as sweet as you two. I’ve really enjoyed spending time with you. Thank you.”

When Papyrus starts sniffling, Sans shakes his head. “now look what you did, kid. you made my bro cry.”

“I’M NOT CRYING! I JUST HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYES!”

“What’s that?”

“TEARS!”

You can’t help but giggle at the familiar dialogue. You’re really going to miss them. When your eyes start to feel warm, you quickly blink away the wetness. The last thing Sans needs is for both you and his brother to be crying.

Sans winks at you. “it was nice meeting you, kid. thanks for your help earlier. i don’t know what i would’ve done if i was on my own. i hope you get home safely and have a skele-ton of fun telling everyone about your little adventure. although, they’ll probably just think you’re out of your skull.”
“SANS!”

You and Sans both chuckle at the tall skeleton’s exclamation. Shaking his head in displeasure, Papyrus turns to you. You wish you could wipe that sad look off of his face with a hug, but with how translucent your body is now, you don’t think you can touch him anymore.

“I WILL MISS YOU, Y/N. I’M SAD THAT WE DIDN’T GET TO HANG OUT FOR VERY LONG. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING OUR FIRST SLEEPOVER.”

There you go fighting back the tears again. Is this skeleton trying to make you a blubbery mess? If he is, he’s doing a good job.

Papyrus gives you a warm smile. “I HOPE YOU GET HOME SAFE AND SOUND, Y/N! FEEL FREE TO VISIT IF YOU’RE IN THE AREA! YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME HERE. WE’LL MAKE MORE FRIENDSHIP SPAGHETTI!”

You give him the best grin you can muster. “I’d love that, Papyrus. I’ll be sure to visit if I get the chance. I hope when I do the barrier will be gone so you guys will be back on the surface.”

“take care of yourself, kid”

“BYE, Y/N! I HOPE TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOON!”

Those are the last things you hear before everything goes black.

After what feels like only a few seconds, your vision returns, and your body is back to being solid. Unfortunately, you quickly realize that you’re somehow in mid-air.

With a yelp, you plummet to the ground, but thankfully fall into a large pile of snow. You’re reminded of that chill that woke you up when you first arrived in Undertale.

You drag yourself out of the snow and swipe off the snow clinging to your trembling body. You are so grateful the skeleton brothers let you have these sweatpants, or you’d really be miserable. Of course, your poor bare arms are shaking a great deal because of the chill.

Taking in your surroundings, you realize that you’re still in the Underground. In fact, you’re standing right in front of Sans’ sentry station that’s close to the Ruins. You briefly wonder if you simply teleported instead of travelling dimensions, but surely Sans, who’s an expert at teleporting, would’ve been able to tell? Besides, it’s clearly early in the morning here, and you’re sure it was nighttime when you left Undertale.

Walking over to examine the station, you see it’s the same wooden structure portrayed in the game. It’s when you move closer to the counter that you hear a voice from behind you that makes you jump in surprise.

“don’t think i’ve seen you around here before. new to town?”

You immediately turn around to face the voice. Thanks to your tight grip on the counter, you manage to keep yourself upright. You stare wide-eyed at the person before you. That’s not Sans. No, that’s a Papyrus. Not just any Papyrus either. It’s a Papyrus that wears an orange hoodie, brown cargo shorts, and orange sneakers.

He takes a drag from the cigarette in his mouth and slowly exhales, leaving a cloud of smoke. “sorry, kid. didn’t mean to make you jump out of your skin.”
A broad grin forms on your face. You’re definitely in another Undertale AU.

You’re in the world of Underswap!

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to Underswap, everybody! Hope you enjoy your stay XD I hope everyone enjoyed spending time with Papyrus in Undertale cause that was the sole purpose of this chapter. There was no way Reader was gonna leave Undertale until she spent some quality time with that sweetheart. He honestly deserves a million more chapters, but I needed to move the plot along lol

I actually made myself emotional when I wrote the goodbye scene with the Undertale bros. It's my fault the Reader has to leave, but I was like, "No, I don't want to leave them yet!" Is that weird? XD

Thanks again for all the kudos and comments! I look forward to hearing everyone's opinions about this chapter. I hope you liked it! :)

In your mind, you know that grinning as widely as you are probably isn’t a good idea. You don’t want Papyrus thinking you’re some kind of maniac. However, you can’t help but be excited. Underswap has always been one of your favorite AUs. You find the concept of everyone swapping places and personalities fascinating. The idea of a lazy Papyrus and an energetic Sans is also super cute.

His relaxed expression remains unchanged, so it seems that your crazy grin hasn’t made him suspicious yet, thankfully. You release your grip on the counter and brace your feet so that you can properly stand. You have to look up to meet his eyes. He’s not as tall as the Papyrus in Undertale, but he’s probably only a few inches shorter.

You take a deep breath and hope you won’t make a huge mess of your introduction. “Hi! My name is Y/N, and I come from another dimension. Nice to meet you!”

Nailed it! You are one smooth lady.

Papyrus just stares with slightly widened eye-lights. He continues to gawk for some time with his cigarette hanging from his mouth. Finally, he sighs and rubs his forehead. “you’re not kidding at all. you’re completely serious. so you’re either telling the truth or all this smoke has finally gone to my head. my bro always warns me, but i haven’t had any problems with my smoking until now.”

In fanfiction, you had read about Underswap Papyrus being able to tell if someone was lying just by reading their expression. By the looks of it, this Papyrus does have that skill. Although, he appears to be doubting his abilities considering how unbelievable the truth is. Well, it’s not like you can really blame him.

You smile. “While I’ll agree with your brother that smoking is bad for you, I assure you that I’m telling the truth. This isn’t even the first dimension I’ve travelled to. The last one I was in is much like yours, except you’re the younger energetic brother while Sans is the lazy big brother. In order to prove to Sans that I was telling the truth, I let him see my soul while I explained my situation. If it’ll help you believe me, I don’t mind letting you look at my soul.”

His gaze zeroes in on you like a missile locking onto its target when you mention his brother. His expression grows incredulous at the mention of the other world and the idea that there’s a Sans as lazy as him. At the mention of your soul, he gives you a contemplative look. “that’ll definitely be the fastest way to prove your story, but are you sure? opening your soul to people can be a dangerous thing, kid.”

You shrug your shoulders. “I did it last time. I trusted that Sans not to hurt me just like I trust you. I want you to believe me, so this is my only option.”

Papyrus studies you for a few minutes before sighing. You watch as his right eye grows bright
orange, matching the color of the magic surrounding the hand he extends toward you.

A familiar pulling sensation resounds in your chest before your soul makes its reappearance. Watching his expression fall slack in shock is pretty amusing. It’s hard to believe it was less than a day ago that you nearly had a panic attack over the sight of your dark soul. Hopefully, Papyrus will be like Undertale Sans and not reject you because of your strange soul.

“ok, kid. looks like you got a lot of explaining to do.”

With a grin, you nod your assent. Quickly, you check the sturdiness of the station’s counter before pulling yourself up to sit on it. You have a lot to tell him, so you might as well make yourself comfortable. You’d prefer to do this indoors before your arms get frostbite, but considering how suspicious this Papyrus is, you’d be better off explaining everything to him now rather than later.

Just like in the previous universe, you tell your story from you leaving for class to waking up in Undertale. You describe the world of Undertale and how it’s actually a video game in your dimension. It takes a while, but you finally manage to get the whole story out, ending with telling him how you somehow managed to teleport to a new dimension because your soul used magic. You make sure he knows that you have absolutely no idea what’s going on. If he’s going to take anything away from this, you want that particular piece of information to stick.

The whole time you had talked, Papyrus would either stare at your soul or hold your gaze. His expression never changed. You honestly have no idea what he’s thinking. He has a solid poker face.

Kicking your legs to and fro, you watch as the skeleton ruminates over what he’s learned using one hand to pinch the area around his nasal cavity. With a sigh, he puts out his used up cigarette and quickly pulls out a new one. You eyes widen in wonder as he uses his magic to light the cigarette. All it takes is just a quick snap of the fingers. A cloud of smoke soon surrounds him, acting like a barrier as if he’s trying to keep you from getting too close. That’s the impression you get considering how guarded his posture and expression are. It’s not out of fear that he does this -- at least, not the fear of being physically hurt. He probably couldn’t care less about what happens to him. If you had to make a guess, you think he just doesn’t want to get too close to someone and have them break his trust. Again. Because it has definitely happened already. You dimly wonder where Chara is right now in this world.

With a flick of his wrist, Papyrus returns your soul to your chest and brings his hands to rest in his hoodie pocket. “looks like you’re telling the truth, kid. i couldn’t sense any deceit from your soul or read it in your expression. which means this situation just got really weird and way too crazy for my tastes.”

You smirk mischievously. “Am I driving you out of your skull?”

He stares, obviously caught off guard before abruptly snorting. “not bad, kid. that was pretty humerus of you. i see that you’re trying to make me bust a gut with that high class humor of yours.”

You giggle. “Well, what can I say? There’s two types of people: humerus and sternum. I prefer the former.”

His grin slowly starts to grow. “oh now you’ve done it, kid. challenging me was a grave mistake. i’m a master at getting under people’s skin.”

You don’t know why you started this. There’s no way you can beat the skeleton who literally lives
and breathes puns. But, you can’t back out now. Curse your competitive spirit!

The two of you continue until you can’t think of any more bone puns, leaving the skeleton the victor -- not that you’re really surprised. It doesn’t help that you had a hard time thinking because of all the laughing you were doing. Now your sides hurt.

Papyrus chuckles as he fiddles with his cigarette. “haven’t had that much fun in a while, now i’m bone-tired.”

With a roll of your eyes, you groan. You should’ve known better than to think he was finished. Deciding to change the subject, an idea comes to mind that makes you grin.

“Allright. You’ve had your fun. Now it’s my turn. There’s a question I’ve been dying to ask you for a while now.”

He raises a brow ridge at you. “and what would that be?”

You steeple your fingers together like you see the big mob bosses do in the movies. With as much seriousness as you can muster, you ask. “Is your brother really as adorable as I’m imagining?”

The skeleton makes a choked noise and gives you a stunned look. You continue, serious expression never faltering. “In this world, I know your brother is supposed to have a personality that’s similar to the Papyrus in Undertale. And let me tell you, that Papyrus is a total sweetheart. Can’t meet anyone sweeter in the whole Underground. So, let’s do the math: traits of a sweetheart plus the normal small stature of a Sans equals one tiny ball of adorable. Am I wrong?”

His shocked expression quickly turns amused. He chuckles for a few minutes while shaking his head. Once he’s calmed down, Papyrus gives you a grin. “nah your math is positively correct.”

To your delight, he pulls out a mini photo album from his hoodie pocket and hands it over to you. Your eyes widen in wonder. If you had magic, you’re sure they’d be sparkling like Undertale Papyrus’ did when you told him you were friends.

It can’t be! Is it...?

It is!

Baby photos!

With great excitement, you examine every single picture, oohing and cooing every other second. There’s one with baby Sans sleeping while holding onto a stuffed animal. In another, he’s crawling and reaching out to the camera with a bright smile. He’s playing with what looks like a puzzle in the next one. You have to bite back a squeal when you see him wearing a blue bunny onesie in the following picture. He looks absolutely adorable with the hood pulled up, making him look like he has bunny ears.

After about thirty minutes, you finally close the album and hand it back to the smug-looking older brother. He looks mighty proud of himself. You hold down the urge to call him cute too. You’re such a sucker for doting big brothers. “Well done. That was probably one of the cutest things I’ve ever seen. I’m honestly surprised I’m still conscious and not in some cuteness-induced coma.”

Before he can respond, a loud voice from the distance catches both of your attention.

“PAPY!”
As he returns the photo album back to its original place, Papyrus looks from you to the small lamp a few feet to his left. “Well about this time i’d say hide behind the lamp, but heh, i don’t think that’ll work for you, kid. guess you’ll just meet my bro right off the bat.”

You stare at the lamp then chuckle. Yeah there’s no way you could hide behind it like Frisk or Chara could. You could always hide in the sentry station, but it’s not like you actually want to hide from Sans. It’s the opposite. You’re actually quite excited to meet him.

Just as you leap off the counter and get into a standing position, a familiar looking skeleton runs into view. Sans’ body armor includes a grey top with shoulder pads and black shorts. He’s also wearing gloves and boots that match the baby blue bandana tied snugly around his neck. Unlike the previous Sans, his eye-lights are a bright blue. He also appears to be a few inches shorter than his counterpart.

One thing’s for sure.

*He’s so cute!!!!!!*

All you want to do is hug the adorable skeleton and never let go. Geez, how can a skeleton be so precious? His cheekbones are so round like he’s got baby fat, which doesn’t make sense at all because he’s all bone. Is it magic? Is magic capable of making you look so cute? You wish he’d share some of that cuteness-inducing magic with you.

The way Papyrus is chuckling quietly beside you makes you believe he totally knows what you’re thinking about. He turns to his younger brother. “Sup, bro?”

Sans opens his mouth no doubt about to scold his brother for not doing something like recalibrating his puzzles but pauses when his eyes lock onto yours.

His eye-lights get impossibly wide. “PAPY! IS THAT A HUMAN?!!?”

The taller skeleton looks at you before returning his gaze to his brother. “what do ya know? i think it is.”

You snort before you can stop yourself. Papyrus just gives you a cheeky grin as he winks.

Sans places his hands on his hips and glares at his brother. “HONESTLY, PAPY! WHAT KIND OF REACTION IS THAT? OF COURSE IT’S A HUMAN! WHY DIDN’T YOU CALL ME? WE’RE SUPPOSED TO REPORT WHEN WE FIND ONE! HOW ELSE WILL I GET INTO THE ROYAL GUARD?”

The older brother takes a drag of his cigarette before grinning at the other skeleton. “sorry, bro. i must’ve forgot. you know i can be a real bonehead at times.”

“You giggle!”

Sans places his hands on his hips and glares at his brother. “YOU’VE ALREADY INFECTED THE HUMAN! I’M TOO LATE!”

Sans’ response makes you laugh louder. It’s hard for you to feel bad for him when he has such funny reactions.
Before his brother can respond with another pun, Sans intervenes. “NO MORE, PAPY! THERE MIGHT STILL BE A CHANCE TO SAVE THE HUMAN!”

You keep laughing, unable to stop. The younger brother makes it sound like telling puns is some awful disease. To him, it probably is.

Finally, after a few minutes, you calm down enough that you can rein in your mirth. When he sees you’re done laughing, Sans turns to face you. “BECAUSE OF MY BROTHER’S BAD JOKES, I’VE BEEN DELAYED IN INTRODUCING MYSELF. I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS, FUTURE MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD!”

While the younger skeleton continues his monologue, you lean over to nudge the smoker beside you with your elbow. You keep your voice low so only he can hear it. “I see now. This was your plan all along wasn’t it?”

He gives you a curious glance. “and what would that be?”

You narrow your eyes at him. “Don’t play dumb. You only pretended to spare me, so that I’d let my guard down. You were planning on your brother finishing me off all along.”

Amused, Papyrus raises a brow ridge. “oh really?”

You nod, not once letting your serious expression fall. “That’s right. Just look at him. He’s so freakin’ adorable. Just watching him is giving me cavities and diabetes. I feel like my heart’s gonna explode from the cuteness any second now. This was your plan all along, you sneaky fiend!”

The fact that your voice and expression remain serious the whole time you’re talking makes the tall skeleton start to chuckle softly. “damn. looks like you found me out, kid. can’t pull the wool over your eyes.”

With a wink, you turn to face Sans, who had missed your little exchange. After he finishes telling you of his many accomplishments, you give him a warm smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Magnificent Sans. My name is Y/N. I hope we can become good friends.”

Just like magic, his blue eye-lights turn into big, bright stars. “WOWSERS! FRIENDS? TO THINK YOU ALREADY LIKE ME SO MUCH AND WE’VE ONLY JUST MET! I REALLY AM POPULAR! MWEH HEH HEH!”

You reach out to grab Papyrus’ arm pretending to stagger. You clutch your chest with your other hand as you whisper. “His eyes just turned into freakin’ stars. This is it. This is how I die. My heart can’t take anymore.”

The smoker starts to snicker, obviously amused by your theatrics. His brother gives him a curious look. “WHAT’S SO FUNNY, PAPY?”

With a mischievous grin, you wink at the shorter skeleton. “I guess you could say that I tickled his funny bone.”

Cue increased laughter and loud groaning. “NOOOO!!!”

You soon join the older brother in laughing. This is way too much fun. Now you know why the older brothers always tell puns despite their sibling’s apparent dislike for it. The reactions are priceless!

After a few minutes, you all finally calm down. A chilly breeze blows by, reminding you how ill-
prepared you are for this kind of weather. You sneeze. Shivering, you start to rub your arms, which feel like blocks of ice.

Sans gives you a concerned glance. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN? YOU LOOK VERY COLD!” He notices your bare arms. “OH MY STARS! WHY AREN’T YOU WEARING A JACKET? ISN’T A HUMAN’S SKIN REALLY SENSITIVE TO EXTREME TEMPERATURES?”

His brother chuckles. “She kinda dropped in unexpectedly, bro, so I don’t think she had time to get the proper clothes.”

Noticing the taller skeleton’s amusement, you wonder if he had witnessed your epic faceplant in the snow earlier. Well, that’s embarrassing. “Yeah I hadn’t planned on being somewhere so cold. Otherwise, I definitely would’ve brought a coat.”

*And long sleeves, my warmest pair of pants, mittens, a scarf, the list goes on. Man, it’s cold!*

Sans frowns worriedly. “WELL, LET’S NOT STAY HERE DAWDLING. WE NEED TO GET YOU INSIDE QUICKLY! I WAS EXCITED ABOUT GETTING YOU TO TRY OUT MY PUZZLES, BUT YOUR HEALTH IS MORE IMPORTANT!”

Aww, wasn’t he the sweetest thing? You’re really impressed with your self restraint. You thought for sure you’d have glomped the cutie by now. Well, you’re only really prolonging the inevitable. Eventually, you will cave.

Oblivious to your inner turmoil, the skeleton turns to his older brother. “PAPY! CAN YOU TELEPORT US TO OUR HOUSE? NORMALLY, I WOULDN’T CONDONE YOUR LAZINESS AND YOUR APPARENT DISLIKE FOR WALKING OR ANY OTHER PHYSICAL ACTIVITY. HOWEVER, I DON’T WANT THE HUMAN TO STAY OUTSIDE ANY LONGER THAN SHE HAS TO.”

Papyrus grins. “Sure, bro. It’s snow problem. I agree she’s looking a little chilled to the bone. The sooner we get inside, the better.”

His brother moans at the two-for-one pun deal. Before Sans can scold the older skeleton, Papyrus grabs a hold of you both and teleports you to their home.

Your eyes widen in wonder as you take in the house’s interior. It’s exactly the same as the Undertale skeletons’ home, except everything is facing the opposite direction. Even the front door is on a different wall which makes you believe the house is on the other side of the street now. The staircase leading upstairs is also on the other side of the house.

You’re drawn out of your thoughts by a hand grabbing yours. Looking down, you see Sans grinning at you. “FOLLOW ME, HUMAN! WE’LL GET YOU WARMED UP IN NO TIME!”

With a smile, you follow the short skeleton who pulls you to their couch and motions for you to take a seat. Once you do, he grabs the nearby blanket and wraps it around your still trembling form.

*Ahhh that feels so much better. I might get to keep my arms after all.*

Sans leans back to observe his handiwork and frowns. “HMM. ONE BLANKET WON’T DO! I’LL GET THE OTHER ONES IN THE HALL CLOSET. WAIT RIGHT THERE, HUMAN!”

Before you can assure him that just one blanket is fine, Papyrus appears in his brother’s path
holding a piece of blue cloth. “hey bro, maybe this’ll help?”

He holds out the piece of clothing so you can get a better look at it. You gasp in delight. It’s a blue hoodie that looks incredibly soft, but that’s not the best part. What catches your attention is the writing on the hoodie. In bold, white letters reads My Bro is Sansational with big exclamation points at the end. You don’t know what it is about these skeletons with their pun clothes, but you love it.

Sans groans into his hands. “PAPY! WHY WOULD YOU BRING THAT OF ALL THINGS FOR THE HUMAN TO WEAR? YOU HAVE PLENTY OF OTHER HOODIES.”

The taller skeleton winks. “but this one’s so punny. and it’s got your name on it, bro. so that makes it even more awesome. plus, it matches her amazing pants.”

Of course the pun lover would notice the pants you got from Undertale. You wonder if seeing them made him think to grab the specially-made hoodie.

You grin brightly. “Not gonna lie. I would totally love to wear that, but are you sure? I mean, that’s probably one of your favorite hoodies right? Is it okay for me to wear it?”

“It’s no problem, kid. this is actually my spare. muffet made me a backup just in case my other one got messed up in the washing machine.”

You tilt your head curiously. “Muffet makes clothes? I thought she sold sweets.”

He drops the hoodie into your lap and plops down onto the other side of the couch. “she does. the making clothes thing is just a hobby of hers. she likes to sew and knit. i asked her if she could make me that hoodie so i could wear it for sans’ birthday. i wanted to surprise him.”

Sans sighs as he moves to sit in the middle of the couch between the other two occupants. “WHILE I ALWAYS APPRECIATE YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS, PAPY, I WOULD MUCH RATHER HAVE A SURPRISE THAT IS NOT PUN-RELATED.”

His brother puts out his cigarette and flicks it toward the nearby garbage can. “got it. i’ll try something different next year. you know how i’ve been learning to play the trombone? maybe i’ll play that at the party.”

“PAPY, NO!”

“What? more of a fan of the sax-a-bone?”

Giggling, you pull the hoodie on and inspect your new clothes while the brothers continue to banter. The hoodie really is as soft as it looks. You don’t think you’ve ever worn something so soft in your entire life. You may never take this off. Hugging yourself, you sigh happily. Yes, this is perfect.

“How’s it feel, kid? you look like you’re about to fall asleep with those hooded eyes of yours.”

You snicker. “It’s perfect, Papyrus. Thank you. This is the most comfortable hoodie I’ve ever worn. I love it.”

Moving your gaze to Sans, you give him a warm smile. “And thank you for the blanket, Sans. I feel better already. You’re a real sweetheart.”

A blue blush appears on the shorter skeleton’s cheekbones. “YOU’RE WELCOME, HUMAN! I
AM HAPPY TO BE OF HELP TO YOU!” He suddenly jumps to his feet. “AH, I ALMOST FORGOT! I NEED TO REPORT TO ALPHYS THAT WE FOUND YOU! SHE’LL BE SO PLEASED!”

When you give the older brother a nervous look, the taller skeleton reaches out to grab Sans before he can run off. “actually, bro, there’s something we need to tell you about the kid here. she’s not what we’d call a normal human.”

Sans looks understandably confused. “NOT NORMAL? WHY IS THAT?”

You quickly explain your situation to the younger skeleton who’s pulled back onto the couch by his brother. By the time you’re finished, he’s looking at you with big starry eyes. “WOWSERS! ANOTHER WORLD?! AND WE’RE VIDEOGAME CHARACTERS?! THAT’S AMAZING!”

His brother chuckles at his enthusiasm while gently rubbing the younger skeleton’s head. “sure is, bro. you could say she’s out of this world.”

Sans moans. “PAPY!”

You grin at the shorter skeleton. “So you understand now why I’d rather be kept a secret, right? I’d love to help you guys with the barrier, but I don’t even know how long I’ll be here. I wasn’t in the last universe more than a day before I teleported. I’m worried that the whole teleporting thing is gonna be a reoccurring theme. It’ll just be discouraging if I turn myself in only to disappear before I can help with the barrier.”

The younger brother nods. “YES, THAT WOULD BE VERY DEPRESSING. I’D RATHER NOT GET ANYONE’S HOPES UP. BESIDES, I’D ALSO LIKE TO HELP YOU FIND A WAY HOME. IT MUST BE QUITE SCARY TRAVELLING TO DIFFERENT WORLDS ALL BY YOURSELF.”

Your heart warms at his thoughtfulness. These sweetheart skeletons are going to be the death of you. You just know it. Before you can stop yourself, you reach out and hug the smaller skeleton. “Thank you, Sans. You’re the best!”

When you pull back, you notice his cheekbones are a dark blue, and his eye-lights are star-shaped. The uncontrollable urge to hug him comes back tenfold.

Oh what the hell? Why not? It’s not like another hug will hurt. My self restraint has already left the stratosphere.

With a loud squeal, you embrace him again, squeezing him as tight as you can without actually hurting him. “Why are you so cute?! You’re killing me! You’re way too adorable! This kind of cuteness should be illegal! Why are you not in jail?!”

On the other side of the couch, you can hear Papyrus laughing uncontrollably. He seems to find the whole situation hilarious. He’s not even trying to come to his brother’s rescue when Sans starts complaining.

“I AM NOT CUTE, HUMAN! I AM A FIERCE WARRIOR. I-”

The rest of his protests are drowned out by your squealing as you continue to hug Sans like he’s a teddy bear. You finally release him after a few minutes when you feel that you have filled your hug quota for the hour.

Sans huffs to himself before glaring at his brother. “PAPY, QUIT LAUGHING! THERE WAS
NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HELPING ME DEFEND MY MANLINESS!”

That comment does not help Papyrus rein in his laughter at all. Rather, it does the complete opposite. Even you can’t help but giggle at the younger skeleton’s words.

It takes a while, but the taller brother finally calms down enough to speak. “sorry, bro. you know i’ll always have your backbone. please ex-squeeze me for laughing.”

The shorter skeleton grabs his brother’s hoodie and starts shaking him. “PAPY, NO!!!”

You think to yourself that these skeletons’ antics might actually be funnier than the Undertale brothers. It’s definitely a tight race.

Taking pity on the young skeleton, you decide to come up with a distraction for him. You think of his interests and come up with an idea. “Hey, Sans? You wouldn’t happen to have any board games, would you?”

Sans quickly turns to you with starry eyes. “OF COURSE! THE MAGNIFICENT SANS IS THE MASTER OF ALL GAMES! I HAVE EVERYTHING. DO YOU WISH TO PLAY?”

At his hopeful tone, you grin, happy that your idea worked. “I’d absolutely love to. What game would you like to play first?”

Beaming, Sans dashes toward the stairs. “I’LL BE RIGHT BACK, HUMAN! THE GAMES ARE IN MY ROOM! I’LL BRING THEM ALL SO YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO CHOOSE FROM!”

Within seconds, he’s out of sight. The only way you know for sure that he even went upstairs is the sound of a door banging open from the next floor. You shrug when you see the other skeleton’s curious look. “It’ll be kinda dangerous for me to do his puzzles that are outside since they’re out in the open, so I figured board games were the next best bet.”

You watch as Papyrus pops a sucker into his mouth. It makes you wonder if Sans has prohibited smoking indoors. He fiddles with the stick of the sucker. “smart move. my bro has a lot of games, so you definitely won’t be board.”

In a flash, the younger brother returns, arms full of board games which he carefully places on the floor. You slip off the couch so that you can join him on the floor. Papyrus quickly moves to take the whole couch for himself. The couch is just big enough that the tall skeleton can stretch out completely.

Sans grins. “WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY FIRST, HUMAN? SINCE YOU ARE OUR GUEST, I’LL LET YOU HAVE FIRST PICK!”

You smile at him before moving to gaze at the games. “Thank you. You’re such a gentleman.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

There’s quite a selection to choose from. Papyrus wasn’t kidding when he said his brother has a lot of games. What surprises you the most is that they’re all human board games. You were expecting some monster board games that you’d have to learn the rules for, but these are all games you played growing up. You can’t help but wonder where the skeleton found all these games.

_Hmm what should I choose? He’s got so many like Sorry, Chutes and Ladders, Operation, Candy_
Land, and even Monopoly. I’ve never finished a game of Monopoly before. I wonder if Sans has. Either way, I’d rather save that one for later if we have to play it.

“What about Candy Land? I haven’t played that in forever.”

Sans immediately grabs the box for the game and starts setting everything up. He’s so fast you don’t even have time to volunteer to help. “MWEH HEH HEH! GOOD CHOICE, HUMAN! I MUST WARN YOU THAT I HAVE NEVER LOST AT THIS GAME. PREPARE TO BE DEFEATED!”

You laugh. “Thanks for the warning. I’m gonna make you work hard for that victory.”

Before you begin, you turn to the skeleton on the couch. “Do you wanna play too, Papyrus?”

He rests his arms behind his head. “nah no thanks, kid. it’s sweet of you to offer though. i’ll just cheer from the sidelines.”

You’re surprised the younger brother didn’t respond to the pun, but when you turn your attention back to Sans, you see that he’s more focused on the game. He must not have heard his brother.

So starts your fun-filled day of board games. Unsurprisingly, Sans wins the first round, but you don’t give up. After five rounds, you manage to achieve two victories to the skeleton’s three. You consider the fact that you won some rounds an accomplishment.

The game lover picks Sorry next. Similar to the first game, he is ultimately victorious though you do win a few times. This pattern continues with all of the games. It’s a good thing you’re not a sore loser. At least you get to hug the skeleton every time you lose with a claim that you need some sort of consolation prize after all your hard effort. Each time you do this, his brother chuckles.

You blink in surprise when Sans pulls out Clue for the next game. How had you not noticed that one? You didn’t think Papyrus would let his brother play a game that technically involves murder. Maybe it’s okay since it’s a human that dies?

After so many rousing defeats, it’s finally your time to shine. Clue has always been one of your favorite games, so you don’t plan on losing. The small skeleton is shocked when you win the first round. You’re not. The best way to win at Clue is to keep as many of your cards a secret as possible, even if it means heading to a room that you already know isn’t the murder scene. It’s a good way to confuse your opponents. While Sans is very talented, deception does not seem to be his forte.

However, you have to give the skeleton credit. He’s a fast learner. After your first three victories, he manages to sneak in a win for himself. You two end up playing more rounds of Clue than any other board game because the two of you can’t bring yourselves to stop. Finally, you both cease after Papyrus reminds Sans that you two won’t have time to play all of the other games if you keep playing the same one. The younger brother concedes, so you pump your fist in triumph. With a score of 10 to 9, victory is yours!

At the sight of Sans’ pout, you lean down to give the skeleton a quick peck on his cheekbone. His face becomes as bright as a blue Christmas light. You wink. “You put up a good fight, Magnificent Sans. That was a lot of fun. There’s your reward for all your hard work.”

Papyrus snickers at his brother’s flustered expression. “isn’t that great, bro? now you can’t lose no matter how each game turns out. no need to feel so blue about defeat.”

“PAPY!”
You giggle at their antics. Sans quickly brings out the next game, doing his best to ignore his brother. The pattern continues with him winning at every game, although you manage to tie with him at Operation. You can’t help but feel grateful he hasn’t chosen Monopoly yet. You’ve heard horror stories of people spending days playing that game. You really don’t want to find out if it’s truly possible.

Before you can ask about the next game, the skeleton brings out a deck of Uno cards which makes you stare at him in shock. He even has Uno?! More importantly, from where did he pull out that deck? Is he a magician?

You get his attention before he starts dealing the cards. “Hold on. I know Papyrus is content being on the sidelines, but I think he should play with us this time. This game is more fun when you have a lot of people to play with.”

Sans grins. “YOU MAKE AN EXCELLENT POINT, HUMAN! BESIDES, MY BROTHER SHOULDN’T BE A TOTAL LAZYBONES. HE TOO IS A HOST, SO IT’S ALSO HIS JOB TO HELP ENTERTAIN GUESTS.”

Papyrus sighs, moving so that he’s now on his side. “well if my bro puts it like that, i can’t really refuse. i’ll play a couple of rounds.”

The grin on his younger brother’s face grows as he practically radiates excitement. The both of you reposition yourselves so that you can include the tall skeleton in your circle. Within seconds, the cards are distributed among your little trio.

And so the battle begins.

It starts out simply enough. No one does anything too outrageous until Sans puts down a draw four card which forces his brother to draw from the deck. That’s where it goes downhill. Papyrus is surprisingly competitive when it comes to this game. From then on, the two put down cards in an attempt to one-up each other which is pretty impressive since they still somehow manage to do this even though you go after Papyrus meaning the taller skeleton’s cards should mainly be affecting you.

This continues for some time until.. “Uno!”

The two brothers stare at you and your one card in disbelief. They had been so preoccupied with each other that they forgot about little ol’ you. Unfortunately for them, their attempts at stopping you fail, leaving you the victor of this round.

You grin cheekily as you lay down your final card. “Looks like I’m the winner. Would you guys like your consolation prizes now?”

Sans blushes while his brother chuckles. “as tempting as that offer is, i think we should wait until the end. this is only round one, right? you’re not ready to throw in the towel yet are you, bro?”

The younger skeleton shakes his head rapidly. “OF COURSE NOT! THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! PAPY DISTRACTED ME LAST TIME, BUT YOU WON’T CATCH ME OFF GUARD AGAIN SO EASILY! YOU WILL BE DEFeated, HUMAN!”

The looks the two are giving you make you feel nervous. You have a bad feeling about this. Unfortunately, there’s no way out.

You quickly realize only a few minutes into the second round that your bad feeling was definitely warranted. The brothers basically tag team against you with draw four cards. Either Papyrus would
play that card or a reversal so his little brother could. These guys are vicious. By the end of the round, Sans is victorious, and you have what feels like half the deck in your hands.

With a huff, you return the cards to the game-loving skeleton who begins to shuffle excitedly. “I gotta say you skeletons sure are heartless when it comes to this game.”

The pun causes the taller brother to snicker loudly while the other groans. “NOOO! THAT’S IT! NEW RULE FOR GAME DAY: NO PUNS!”

You raise an eyebrow before turning to Papyrus, who winks at you. Yeah, you don’t see that stopping him anytime soon. That’ll probably just encourage the older brother instead.

Putting your game face on, you do your best to not let the skeletons overwhelm you like last time. Thankfully, this round the brothers take turns going after you and each other, so you have more of a chance.

Time passes, and you actually lose count of how many times each of you has won. You think the three of you are pretty much tied. Before you can ask, you hear the sound of a clock chime. You look around but don’t see a clock. It must be either in the kitchen or upstairs.

Sans’ eye-lights widen. “WOWZERS! LUNCHTIME ALREADY? TIME SURE DOES FLY WHEN YOU’RE HAVING FUN!” He rises to his feet. “YOU MUST BE HUNGRY, HUMAN! WAIT THERE, AND I’LL PREPARE SOME OF MY DELICIOUS TACOS FOR YOU!”

You start gathering the Uno cards in order to put them back in their box. “Thank you, Sans. You’re such a good host. You can call me Y/N if you want since we’re practically besties now.”

Cue the starry eyes. “BESTIES?!”

You nod. “Yep. Only the best of friends can go through so many hours of board games and not get tired. Plus, no fights broke out which isn’t common for Uno, so I think we’re definitely BFF’s now.”

Papyrus chuckles as he moves into a more comfortable position on the couch while his brother practically sparkles. “WOWZERS! NOT ONLY HAVE I ACQUIRED A NEW FRIEND, I EVEN HAVE A BEST FRIEND NOW! THIS CALLS FOR CELEBRATION! I’LL MAKE SURE THESE ARE THE BEST TACOS I’VE EVER MADE!”

He dashes toward the kitchen while you finish cleaning up the floor. After you’re done, you turn toward the lazy skeleton. “Thanks for the help. I couldn’t have done it without you.”

The older brother grins at your sarcasm. “no prob, kid. thanks for playing with my bro. it looked like he had a really good time. he hasn’t had a lot to do lately until you got here. taco ’bout good timing.”

You roll your eyes as you move to stand. Sans has been left alone in the kitchen for a while now. Considering his cooking skills are supposed to be similar to Undertale Papyrus, you can’t help but feel nervous.

After a few minutes of inward debate, you finally decide to head for the kitchen to see if Sans would like any help. Before you can pass through the doorway, a familiar feeling washes over you.

Instead of standing at the kitchen doorway, you’re back on the floor in front of the couch. You look down to see the board games that you put in a neat stack are back to being spread out across the floor. Sans is also back in the living room looking very excited.
“WOWZERS! NOT ONLY HAVE I ACQUIRED A NEW FRIEND. I EVEN HAVE A BEST FRIEND NOW! THIS CALLS FOR CELEBRATION! I’LL MAKE SURE THESE ARE THE BEST TACOS I’VE EVER MADE!”

Deja vu hits you like a freight train as you numbly watch the shorter skeleton run into the kitchen. When you turn to face Papyrus, you see his harried expression, which confirms your suspicions. You can only hope this reset isn’t the beginning of a pattern like in Undertale. Otherwise, Underswap is in for some trouble.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the fun with the Underswap boys! ^^ I admit Underswap Sans is like my top favorite. You probably figured that out from my writing XD He's sooooo cute! I love him! ^-^ Y'all should totally check out my awesome profile pic on here. The amazing nighttimepixels on Tumblr did a commission for me where I'm hugging Blueberry. It's adorable! She even made me look cute which I didn't think was possible. Her skills are through the roof!

If any of you were disappointed by the lack of hugs for Underswap Papyrus, don't worry! He'll get some soon enough XD Reader won't leave a universe before she gets to hug all the cute skeletons ;)

In regards to nicknames, every skeleton will get one eventually. However, Reader will address them by their normal names when she visits their worlds. Nicknames are mainly for when she's referring to a skeleton from a different universe or if they're all together at the same place at the same time.

Hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! I made it extra long since I love the Underswap guys so much XD
You watch as Papyrus fiddles with a pack of cigarettes, probably inwardly debating whether or not he’s willing to upset his brother by breaking the no smoking indoors rule. Finally, the skeleton sighs and shoves the pack back into his pant’s pocket.

Quickly, you reorganize the board games before turning to face the lazy monster. It takes you a few minutes to gather up your courage, but you finally address the elephant in the room. “Papyrus? Where’s Chara? Have they already passed through Snowdin?”

This is unlikely considering the older skeleton was at his sentry station near the Ruins when you arrived. He would’ve been following the kid if they had already passed through. Still, you felt it best to ask just to confirm your suspicions.

Papyrus shakes his head. “no, they haven’t even left the ruins yet. they’ve been in there for some time now, which is strange. they’ve never stayed in there for that long before. well, at least not that i can remember.”

You bite your lip. “In the last world, I asked Sans if he remembered resets. He said he remembered events related to loads more easily than when the kid would do a true reset and go back to the beginning. Is it the same for you, or do you remember everything?”

Back at the sentry station, when you were explaining your situation, you made sure to include what you knew about the powers the human children possessed. It’s not like you believed the same problem would occur in Underswap; you wanted to tell him just in case. You never told Sans, however, because Papyrus asked you not to, saying his brother had no memory of resets so there was no point in telling him.

The older brother rubs a tired hand down his face. “it just depends. i can remember events related to the loads for the most part, and i can remember good chunks of what took place in the previous run. i know we’ve made it to the surface before, but i don’t know how many times it’s actually happened.”

You frown, giving the skeleton a sympathetic look. You can’t imagine how it must feel finally being able to reach the surface only to be dragged right back underground because of the whims of a child. You wonder if Chara is exploiting their powers or if there’s an actual reason behind their actions. You remember reading fanfiction and theories that talked about Frisk getting possessed by Chara, who would force them to continually reset and do genocide runs. Is something similar happening with the Chara of this universe?

“Was that the first time they reset since returning to the Ruins?”

He moves the sucker around his mouth as he thinks. “no. they did it a couple of times before you got here, but then the resets suddenly stopped. i figured they did that because they finished having

Underswap Pt 2

Chapter Notes

Thanks again to my amazing beta-reader Tyrant Tortoise ^-^
You run a hand through your hair as you ponder his response. Somehow, you’ve got a bad feeling about this. The only monster in the Ruins powerful enough to make Chara reset multiple times is Asgore. If that’s the case, why hasn’t Chara left the ruins? If the resets stopped, that means they won the battle right?

With a sigh, you return your gaze to the lazy skeleton. “Papyrus? You remember what I told you about the glitch in Undertale?”

At his nod, you continue. “If another reset occurs, can we go to the Ruins to check things out? I’m worried something similar might start happening in this world.”

For a while, Papyrus remains silent, just blankly staring at the ceiling. Finally, he agrees. “Alright. if another reset happens, we’ll go, but there’s really nothing we can do. the only way into the ruins is through that door, and it only opens from the inside. we’re better off just waiting it out.”

“If this does turn out to be the same as it was in Undertale, waiting it out isn’t an option. I don’t know why, but Frisk never tried to do a true reset despite dying almost ten times in a row from that glitch. My bet is the glitch somehow prevented them from doing anything other than loading at that one save point. That’s why they were stuck in that horrible loop. If Chara is in the same position, they won’t get the option to stop. Either they keep trying, or they never get to leave the Ruins.”

The skeleton shrugs. “It’s not like staying in the ruins is all bad. the guy who lives there is nice, so the kid will be well-taken care of.”

You raise an eyebrow. “There’s no way they’ll be satisfied with staying in that small area for the rest of their life. They might take breaks after so many resets, but I doubt they’ll give up.”

As if to reinforce your statement, another reset occurs, and you are once again facing an excited Sans.

“WOWZERS! NOT ONLY HAVE I ACQUIRED A NEW FRIEND. I EVEN HAVE A BEST FRIEND NOW! THIS CALLS FOR CELEBRATION! I’LL MAKE SURE THESE ARE THE BEST TACOS I’VE EVER MADE!”

After he runs off to the kitchen, you turn and give the older brother a look. With a sigh, he sits up and reaches out to grab your shoulder.

In a flash, you are both standing in front of the Ruins. This is actually your first time seeing the entrance to the Ruins up close. It’s a set of purple double doors with matching pillars on each side and an archway over the top resting across the top of the pillars. You give one of the doors an experimental push, only to find it won’t budge. You’re not really surprised, but you figure it was worth a shot.

Papyrus leans against the other door and pulls out a cigarette from his pack. With a snap of his fingers, it’s lit, and he’s breathing in the toxic fumes. You’ve never been fond of smoking. When you were a child, you’d always get sick after visiting relatives that smoked often. While you’re not deathly allergic to cigarette smoke, it does irritate your allergies. More than anything, you’ve always hated the smell. However, you refrain from saying anything since the skeleton clearly needs a break.

Since trying to open the door didn’t work, you decide to put your ear against it to see if you can hear anything from the other side. After a few minutes of silence, you sigh and move to lean
against the door like the smoker beside you.

The skeleton exhales a large cloud of smoke. “see? told ya. there’s no point. we can’t do anything from this side. you’re better off giving up now. save yourself the trouble.”

You give him an annoyed look. “I can’t just give up! If there really is a problem, then we’re gonna be stuck in a constant loop of resets! We still have some time. Chara probably just hasn’t made it to the door yet. When they do, Asgore will try to stop them. Hopefully, if we can hear them, they can hear us. If Asgore is behind Chara’s resets, maybe we can reason with him. He only attacks them because he wants to prevent them from leaving. He believes they’ll die just like the previous kids if they leave.”

He tilts his head curiously. “asgore? as in king asgore? that’s the guy in the ruins who laughs at my jokes?”

You nod. “In Undertale, it’s Toriel, but in your world, it was Asgore who left the castle to live in the Ruins.”

“huh. guess i should start coming up with some royalty puns for the next time i come visit him. or maybe i should ask him. he’s goat to know some.”

Even though you try, you can’t hold back the snicker. Encouraged by your response, Papyrus starts reeling out more puns, causing you to laugh harder.

After a while, he finally stops, wearing a satisfied grin. Grateful for the reprieve, you try to bring your breathing back under control.

As you crouch against the door, you hear a noise. Immediately, you perk up and move to place your ear on the door. You can feel your heartbeat speed up at the sound of voices. They’re here!

“I am sorry, my child. I cannot let you pass. It is too dangerous outside these Ruins for a human child. Please reconsider.”

Unfortunately, you can’t hear what Chara is saying. Only Asgore’s voice is loud enough to be heard through the door.

“Very well. If you are that determined, you must battle with me first. You must prove to me that you are strong enough to survive out there. If you cannot defeat me, you have no hope of making it through the Underground.”

Although you can’t hear what’s going on very clearly, it’s obvious the battle has started. You quickly turn to Papyrus, who’s frowning. “Papyrus! You need to try and talk some sense into Asgore! He’ll recognize who you are by your voice, so there’s a chance he’ll listen to you. Try to convince him that Chara will be safe even after they leave the Ruins. You made that promise with him, right?”

The skeleton rubs his forehead. “i did, but honestly, i wish i hadn’t. that kid has caused a lot of trouble since coming here. i might not remember everything, but i know. this is why i hate promises.”

He pushes off the door and moves to face it. “but i’ll give it a try. it’s not like i want these resets to go on forever.”

You frown worriedly at him. It looks like Papyrus has some bad memories when it comes to Chara. You can’t say you’re surprised. You can only hope his feelings won’t end up clouding his
judgement.

With trepidation, you watch as he reaches out to knock on the door. “knock knock!”

Leaning against the door, you notice the other side has gone silent. You can’t hear anything resembling a battle going on. Maybe talking will solve this problem.

“That voice!”

Papyrus grins. “come on, pal, you know that’s not how it goes. we’ve been sharing knock-knock jokes for a while now. don’t tell me you forgot your lines?”

“I am sorry, old friend, but I do not have time for jokes at the moment. A more urgent matter demands my attention.”

The skeleton sighs, releasing another cloud of smoke. “that’s too bad. i’ve been knocking my brain trying to come up with new jokes that you’ll a-door. oh well. maybe i can help you with that urgent matter? i noticed you were making a lot more noise than usual. something going on?”

You notice a hint of nervousness in the former king’s voice. “No thank you, friend. I am quite capable of handling this matter on my own. I would hate to cause you any unnecessary trouble.”

Papyrus shrugs, even though Asgore can’t see the motion. “well if you say so. it sounded like you were fighting someone, so i was worried you might be in trouble. but if you say you’re fine, i’ll take your word for it.”

“A fight? Oh no! Not at all! I was just--”

Before Asgore can finish his sentence, a young voice cuts him off.

“Papyrus! Help!”

Your eyes widen. This is your first time hearing Chara’s voice. By the sound of it, they had to shout as loud as they could just to get their voice heard through the thick doors.

When you turn to the skeleton, you see him frowning at the entrance with a pensive expression. After a few seconds, he finally responds, “looks like you’re not the only one there, pal. maybe you should explain what’s going on?”

“I am merely trying to protect this human child. It is too dangerous for them to go outside the Ruins! If they stay here with me, I can look after them and make sure they stay safe.”

Papyrus takes another drag from his cigarette and exhales. “that’s real nice of you, pal, but it sounds like that’s not what they want. are you really gonna force them to stay there?”

You can’t hear Chara anymore, so you’re wondering if they’re too scared to talk or if they’re waiting for another good moment to interrupt. Hopefully, the monsters can come to an agreement soon.

“The child is too young to understand the dangers of this world! Sometimes adults must make tough decisions that children will dislike because it is in their best interests. I have failed all of the children who have come before now, but I will save this child!”

With that final note, you can tell Asgore is done with this conversation. He’s determined not to let Papyrus talk him out of this. You hear Chara’s voice cry out, which signals that the battle has
recommenced.

Panicked, you start banging on the doors with your fists as hard as you can in an attempt to regain the former king’s attention. All the while, Papyrus stoically stares at the door. “Please, hold on! We can talk this out! You’re worried about the child’s safety, right? That’s the only reason you’re doing this? What if we can promise someone will be there to watch over them as they head for the barrier? You wouldn’t have to worry about them if they had a guardian, right?”

Thankfully, Asgore doesn’t seem to question the new voice because he’s too busy contemplating your words. “A guardian? You mean someone would stay by the child’s side and make sure they get through the Underground safely?”

You nod frantically despite knowing he can’t see you. “Yes! You made Papyrus promise to watch over the human children that come out of the Ruins, remember? He’s strong and dependable! He wouldn’t do anything to hurt the kid.”

Despite being mentioned, the skeleton remains silent, neither confirming nor denying your words. Something about his blank expression worries you. However, before you can question him, Asgore responds.

“Ah yes, that promise. I had almost forgotten. Are you still willing to keep it, old friend? Will you protect this child and make sure they find their way home without coming into harm’s way? If it is you, I know they will be safe. While we may not know each other very well, I can tell that you are trustworthy.”

You sigh in relief, grateful that your words had reached the former king. All that’s left is for Papyrus to say he’ll keep his promise. Then Chara will be safe, and you two won’t have to worry about the constant resets.

However, the expected reply does not come. After a few minutes of silence, you turn to Papyrus, wanting to ask the reason for him remaining quiet.

You turn just in time to see the skeleton clench his teeth so hard that they bite through the cigarette, causing the lit end to fall to the snow below and immediately fizzle out. He spits out the other part of the cigarette and clenches his fists tightly. Throughout this, he remains deadly silent.

It’s clear to you that he’s upset, but about what? Making a promise? But he’s already made this promise to Asgore. The former king is basically asking him to reconfirm it. Is it that big of a deal?

Once again, you hear Chara’s voice. “Papyrus?”

The child sounds scared as expected, but there’s more to their tone than just fear. While you might be mishearing due to the distance between the two of you, you swear you can hear what sounds like guilt and regret in their voice. Did something bad happen between these two in the last run? You can’t say you’re surprised, but talk about bad timing.

Papyrus stiffens at the sound of Chara’s voice. Abruptly, he turns around and starts to walk away from the Ruins’ entrance at a faster than normal pace.

You can only stare gobsmacked. “Papyrus?! Where are you going?! What about the kid?! You can’t just leave now!”

Faintly, you hear a sigh from the other side of the door. “It looks like I asked too much of my old friend. I understand why he would not want to take on such a great responsibility. It would put him in danger as well. I was foolish to ask him to carry such a burden. I should not try to hand off
responsibilities to others that I should handle myself.”

“No! Please stop! I don’t wanna fight you! Please just let me through! Papyrus! Papyrus, please come back! I’m sorry! I’m so sorry!”

At the sound of Chara’s desperate pleas, you begin pounding on the door again, hitting it with all your might. “Please stop! Don’t do this! Fighting them won’t solve anything! They’ll only get hurt! Just let them leave, please! I promise they’ll be all right! Just let them pass!”

No matter how hard you hit the door or how loud you yell, your request goes ignored. All you can hear is Chara occasionally cry out in pain from Asgore’s attacks.

Finally, after a particularly loud scream and a horrified shout, everything resets.

Once again, you’re sitting on the living room floor in the skeletons’ home with Sans beaming in front of you.

“WOWZERS! NOT ONLY HAVE I ACQUIRED A NEW FRIEND. I EVEN HAVE A BEST FRIEND NOW! THIS CALLS FOR CELEBRATION! I’LL MAKE SURE THESE ARE THE BEST TACOS I’VE EVER MADE!”

As soon as he’s out of the room, you quickly rise to your feet and face Papyrus who’s stretched out across the couch.

With considerable effort, you manage to keep your voice low enough to avoid Sans overhearing even though you want nothing more than to scream. “What the hell was that?! Papyrus! We were so close to getting Chara out of there! All you had to do was agree, and Asgore would’ve let the kid go! Instead, you walk off, and another reset happens! Why?!?”

Deciding he doesn’t care about the no smoking indoors rule, Papyrus lights up a cigarette and takes a drag. “just because you know the basics of this world doesn’t mean you know everything. you don’t know what all that kid’s done. i have my reasons for not wanting to put up with them.”

You freeze at the implications. For Papyrus to be this upset with the kid, that means only one thing. The last run was a genocide run. If that’s true, then his brother was…

Oh, man. No wonder he looked so tense at the Ruins. If Papyrus can only remember clearly what happened in the previous run, then all he remembers is Chara performing a genocide run--which actually means Frisk going genocide? Usually, in fanfiction, the ghost possessing the child takes control of their body, leading to the genocide route. Is that what happened in the last run? Did Chara take control at some point and reset to undo all the damage?

All this speculating is giving you a headache. With a sigh, you move to sit on the armrest that his feet are resting against. “But what about the resets? Surely, you don’t want this to keep happening?

He shrugs. “eventually, they’ll give up. they’ll realize there’s no point in fighting asgore, and they’ll stay in the ruins. it’s not like it’s that bad there. they’ll be fine.”

You want to argue with him, but you don’t know what to say. What can you say? You’re asking the guy to help save the kid who killed his brother in the past. Sure, Sans is fine now, but that doesn’t change the fact that his death still happened. And Papyrus remembers it. Obviously very clearly considering his current feelings toward the kid.

How can I ask him to help after what he’s been through? He has every reason to be mad at Chara. I honestly can’t blame him, but does that mean we should excuse what’s going on? Just let the kid
keep getting killed? Just leave them trapped in the Ruins for the rest of their life?

It’s after two more resets occur that you decide you’ve had enough. Once Sans is out of the room, you jump to your feet and reach out to grab the startled skeleton’s arm. “All right, you don’t wanna help the kid? Fine. But I’m not gonna just leave them there. Take me to the Ruins. You don’t have to stay; just drop me off. I’ll think of what to do on my own.”

Papyrus silently stares at you, obviously hesitant, but relents at your pleading gaze. “fine. i’ll give you a lift, but that’s it.”

You smile at him, hoping he knows how grateful you are. Within seconds, you’re standing in front of the entrance to the Ruins. You turn to thank the skeleton only to see he’s already gone. He left as soon as he came.

Frowning sadly, you feel a pang in your heart. You had hoped that Papyrus would change his mind and at least keep you company, but you were wrong.

It’s not that surprising. Of course he wouldn’t stay. He hardly knows me. It’s a miracle he let me into his home and let me befriend his brother. Of course he wouldn’t want to help me if it meant helping the kid that caused him so much pain. I should consider myself lucky that he did this much for me.

With a sigh, you slouch against one of the doors and consider your options. You told Papyrus you’d handle this on your own, but what can you really do? You can’t directly intervene in the fight because the entrance is locked. All you can do is talk to Asgore.

But what should I say? Should I tell him I’m a human like Chara? Maybe he’d trust me to look after them? Or would he refuse because I’d be just as powerless? What should I do?

You remain lost in your thoughts for some time until you finally hear noises from the other side of the door. Taking a deep breath to calm your nerves, you raise your hand and knock on the door. “Hello? My name is Y/N. Can we please talk?”

Asgore’s deep voice comes muffled from the other side. “I am sorry, my dear. I am a little preoccupied at the moment. Could you return at a later time?”

Faintly, you can hear Chara’s voice. “That voice! Are you the lady from before?”

Smiling at the child’s hopeful tone, you press on. “I’m sorry, but this is important. I noticed sounds of a fight coming from behind this door, and I heard a child’s voice just now. Can you please tell me what’s going on? I’d like to help.”

“Unfortunately, my dear, there is nothing you can help with. Do not worry. I do not plan on hurting this child. I am only trying to convince them not to leave because it is much too dangerous for them to leave on their own.”

Deciding to feign ignorance, you question the former king. “Dangerous? But all monsters are such kind souls. They wouldn’t purposely hurt one of their own, especially not a child. I’m sure there’s nothing to worry about.”

Asgore seems to hesitate before responding, “That is true, but this child is special. They require constant observation, or their health will be put at risk. I am unable to leave these Ruins, so it is in their best interest to remain here with me.”

Ah, well played, Asgore. As expected of a former king, he’s good with his words. He’s left out the
important fact that Chara’s a human, but it’s not like his words are a lie. He’s just making it sound like the kid has an illness that needs to be constantly monitored. If anyone else heard that, they’d accept his words at face value and not be the least bit suspicious.

The question now is--how should you respond?

It’s at this point that Chara chooses to intervene. “My health is perfectly fine! I just want to leave this place. He’s worried that I’ll get hurt, but I’ll be fine! I can take care of myself! I just want to see Papyrus. I want--I need to apologize to him!”

You wish the aforementioned skeleton was here to hear those words. They obviously regret what happened in the previous run. Sure, saying sorry doesn’t immediately make everything better, but it’s always a good start. Maybe you can convince Papyrus to come back and hear them out.

“Now, child, there is no need to get upset. It may be a hard adjustment at first, but I think you will grow to love the Ruins. It is a nice home that will keep you safe.”

You sigh at the monster’s stubbornness. No matter how nicely he tries to word things, it doesn’t change the fact that he’s trying to lock them up in the Ruins. No child would be happy trapped in such small quarters, even if it keeps them safe. You decide to tell the former king your thoughts.

His voice gains a melancholy tone. “Yes, it may be true that the Ruins are not very large, but surely the child’s safety is more important?”

As you cram your hands into your hoodie pocket in an attempt to keep them warm, you consider his words. “Yes, safety is always important but even more than their happiness? I don’t know. It’s hard to say. I think you should consider their feelings more. I mean, it’s not like you know for certain that something bad will happen to them when they leave the Ruins, right? If you’re that worried, I don’t mind walking them to Snowdin. It’s a peaceful town, and if the kid starts feeling unwell, they can visit the doctor there. Honestly, wouldn’t it be healthier for the kid to leave at least every now and then? Kids need fresh air to grow big and strong.”

Chara seems to like your line of thinking. “Yes! If you want, I’ll come back and visit you every so often. Even if you can’t open the doors, I’ll just talk to you from the outside. I promise I’ll be really careful. Please let me leave!”

You begin to feel hopeful since the silence means Asgore is at least considering your words. However, that hope soon plummets at his next words.

“I am sorry, I just cannot take that chance. If they had a proper escort throughout their journey, I would consider letting them leave, but if the child will just be left on their own, they are better off staying here. I appreciate your concern for the child, but I will take care of this matter on my own. Now, let us go home, my child.”

“No! Please let me leave! I don’t want to stay here for the rest of my life! Please!!”

The child’s refusal leads to the start of another battle despite your protests. Your begging and pleading falls on deaf ears as you continue to bang on the door.

Just like before, you hear the kid’s painful cry and Asgore’s yell of horror before everything resets.

“WOWZERS! NOT ONLY HAVE I ACQUIRED A NEW FRIEND. I EVEN HAVE A BEST FRIEND NOW! THIS CALLS FOR CELEBRATION! I’LL MAKE SURE THESE ARE THE BEST TACOS I’VE EVER MADE!”
You don’t know how, but you manage to contain your trembling until Sans disappears into the kitchen. You hug yourself as you fight back frustrated tears.

What do I do? Asgore won’t listen to me. He’ll only let Chara go if he knows someone will be there to watch over them, but Papyrus doesn’t want anything to do with them. The only way to stop these resets is for Asgore to willingly let them go. How can I convince him?

A hand ruffling your hair startles you out of your thoughts. You look up to see Papyrus studying you, cigarette already in his mouth. “You tried, kid. all we can do now is wait this out. they’ll give up eventually.”

You rub your eyes, before grabbing the hand on top of your head tightly. “Papyrus, Chara recognized my voice from the first time. They told me they wanted to find you and apologize for what happened. I know apologies don’t fix everything, but the kid really does regret what they did. Please help them. If you tell Asgore that you’ll watch over them, he’ll let them leave because he trusts you. He won’t let them go unless he knows someone will look out for them.”

The bony hand in your grip clenches. “If only apologies were enough. Ya know, they might just be saying that so someone will help them. sorry, but i have no intentions of making the same mistake again. the only promises i’m interested in making now are with my bro.”

It seems no matter what you say, Papyrus won’t listen to you. Not wanting to risk entering an argument with the skeleton, you decide to not push him any further. Instead, you simply request for him to return you to the Ruins.

He sighs. “You’re one stubborn human. even though you should know there’s no point, you keep going back.”

With that, he teleports you to the Ruins and then disappears.

This pattern continues for the next five resets. You plead for Asgore to let Chara leave, only for him ignore your words in the end. Each time the kid becomes more and more despondent until it sounds like they’re crying with every word that speak.

Right before the latest reset happened, Chara said something that continues to replay in your head.

“Please tell Papyrus that I’m sorry! I didn’t want to do it! I lost control and couldn’t do anything until it was too late! I know it’s still my fault, but please tell him I’m sorry!”

You’re so deeply in thought that you don’t even hear Sans’s usual words before he heads for the kitchen.

They lost control? Does that mean they really are possessed by Frisk? That the spirit really can take control of their body to kill people? If that’s the case, then Chara has been suffering not because of their own actions but because of Frisk’s.

Your eyes narrow. This can’t continue. You have to tell Papyrus what you found out and convince him to help. He has to help save Chara.

Slowly, you rise to your feet and move to face the smoking skeleton. He raises an eye ridge at your determined expression. “Don’t tell me you wanna go again? come on, kid. you’ve tried doing this on your own six times now. just give up. there’s nothing wrong with giving up if all your efforts are pointless.”

You scowl at him. “And you’re really fine with that? Letting things remain as they are? Papyrus,
ignoring your problems won’t make them go away! Chara doesn’t deserve to suffer like this!
Besides, what if they keep trying to leave and keep resetting? The resets only work as long as the
kid has determination. What if they start to lose their determination because this keeps happening?
If that happens, they’ll stay dead!”

Papyrus averts his eye-lights and mutters, “is that really a bad thing?”

He doesn’t say it as quietly as he intended because you clearly heard him. You can only stare wide-
eyed, too horrified to respond.

Fortunately, you don’t have to because someone else decides to give the lazy skeleton a piece of
their mind.

“OF COURSE IT’S A BAD THING! HOW COULD YOU SAY SOMETHING SO CRUEL,
PAPY?!”

Immediately, both of your heads whip around to see Sans standing in the kitchen doorway staring
at his brother with teary, upset eye-lights.

The shorter skeleton continues before his shocked sibling can respond. “CHARA IS OUR
FRIEND! IF THEY’RE IN TROUBLE, WE SHOULD HELP THEM! WHY DO YOU REFUSE
TO, PAPY?!”

You continue to stare in wide-eyed disbelief as Sans’s words register in your mind. He said Chara.
So he knows who the kid is even though he hasn’t met them yet?

Then that means...Sans remembers resets?!

Chapter End Notes

Bet that caught you off guard, huh, guys? You’ll have to wait til Christmas to find out
what all Sans knows XD

I know Papyrus might have seemed a little harsh this chapter, but I felt that if he had a
way to get out of his promise to watch over Chara that he would especially after just
dealing with a genocide route.

In case y'all were wondering what exactly the glitch was doing since it isn't exactly
explained, it's basically tripping them during the fight with Asgore similar to what it
did to Frisk in Undertale. You should hear more about that in the next chapter ^^

Also, I feel like I should apologize for using some puns more than once. I meant to say
this last chapter lol I’m really bad at coming up with puns. It always takes me a while
to come up with a good one XD At the very least, I’ll try to avoid having the same
guys reuse the same puns.

In case y'all didn’t know, I wrote a oneshot as a Christmas present for nighttimelights
to thank them for the awesome commission they did for me. It has a Underfell
Sans/Reader/swapfell Papyrus pairing. If you haven’t read it already, I’d love to hear
your input, and if you have, thank you for reading!! ^_^

Hope y'all are having a good Christmas! I’ll post the next chapter on Christmas Day
along with a special surprise. XD
Both you and Papyrus continue to gape at the younger skeleton. What’s going on? Does Sans suddenly remember past runs where he befriended Chara? But, why so suddenly? Because of the constant resets that have been occurring? Did they affect his memory somehow?

*What the hell?! In each AU, whenever there’s a skeleton that remembers resets, it’s always the older brother, the lazy one who acts as a judge. I’ve never heard of Underswap Sans remembering resets!*

“sans, you remember resets? but, you’ve never said anything about them before.”

Sans tilts his head curiously, upset frown still in place. “WHAT IS A RESET? I THOUGHT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT CHARA!”

His older brother’s expression grows contemplative. No doubt he was trying to figure out how his brother could remember someone he technically hasn’t met yet.

*I mean, it’s possible that Sans could remember resets and just not know what they are, but if he noticed them, wouldn’t he have an idea of what Papyrus is talking about? Also, if he could remember resets, why wouldn’t he tell his brother? Is it for the same reason that Papyrus never told Sans anything? Somehow, that doesn’t surprise me. No matter who’s the older brother, a Sans and Papyrus will always be equally protective of one another.*

“Sans? How do you know about Chara? You haven’t met them yet, right?”

His frown turns from upset to nervous. He fiddles with his fingers as he averts his gaze. “IT’S HARD TO EXPLAIN. I KNOW THAT I’VE TECHNICALLY NEVER MET A HUMAN BEFORE YOU, BUT FOR A LONG TIME NOW, I’VE HAD DREAMS THAT HAVE HAD A HUMAN NAMED CHARA IN THEM. IN THOSE DREAMS, THEY TRY TO SOLVE MY PUZZLES AND EAT MY TACOS. WE ALWAYS HAVE SO MUCH FUN IN THOSE DREAMS.”

You stare dumbfounded. His memories of resets take form in his dreams? Well, it’s honestly not that hard to believe. Dreams are a product of the mind, so if any memories remain in Sans’ subconscious, it makes sense that they’d take form in his dreams.

Papyrus puts out his cigarette and focuses his attention on his brother. “bro, you’ve never told me about those dreams before. how come?”

Sans crosses his arms. “I THOUGHT IT WAS STRANGE TO DREAM ABOUT A HUMAN I NEVER MET, SO I FIGURED IT WOULD BE BETTER NOT TO BRING IT UP SINCE I THOUGHT IT MIGHT WORRY YOU. BESIDES, IT’S NOT LIKE YOU EVER TELL ME
ABOUT YOUR NIGHTMARES EVEN THOUGH I ALWAYS ASK YOU.”

The taller skeleton flinches like he’s been slapped. “i just don’t want to worry you, sans. they’re really not a big deal. nothing to worry about.”

“That’s a lie!”

You and Papyrus stare wide-eyed at the younger brother. That’s the first time you ever heard Sans yell at his brother. Sure, his voice always sounds loud, but this is different. His usual boisterous excitement has been replaced with a frustrated shout.

The shorter skeleton marches over toward the couch until he’s standing right in front of his brother. “I’VE WOKEN YOU UP ENOUGH TIMES FROM YOUR NIGHTMARES TO KNOW THEY DEFINITELY ARE A BIG DEAL! I’VE NEVER HEARD SUCH PAINFUL SCREAMS BEFORE OR SEEN YOU CRY LIKE YOU DO WHEN YOU WAKE UP FROM THOSE NIGHTMARES. AFTER YOU HAVE A NIGHTMARE, YOU GET SO DEPRESSED FOR DAYS. YOU TRY TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE YOU’RE JUST BEING YOUR USUAL LAZY SELF, BUT I KNOW THAT YOU’RE SAD! EVEN THOUGH I KNOW, I CAN NEVER DO ANYTHING TO HELP BECAUSE YOU NEVER TELL ME ANYTHING! YOU ALWAYS KEEP EVERYTHING TO YOURSELF! IT’S NOT FAIR, PAPY! EVEN THOUGH YOU’RE ALWAYS TAKING CARE OF ME WHENEVER I’M DOWN. WHEN YOU’RE FEELING UPSET, I CAN’T DO ANYTHING! AND I HATE IT! I HATE FEELING SO USELESS! WHY WON’T YOU EVER LET ME HELP YOU, PAPY?!”

When Sans starts to tear up, Papyrus immediately wraps his arms around him and pulls his brother as close as he can. The younger skeleton latches on, gripping his brother with all his might.

Papyrus closes his watering eyes and clutches his brother tightly. “i’m sorry, sans. i’m so sorry. i didn’t know you felt this way. you’re not useless, bro. you’re the exact opposite. you’re what always keeps me going. i’m always grateful when you’re there to wake me from my nightmares. just having you there is enough. i couldn’t ask for anything better than just having you here with me.”

The other skeleton wails in response. “PAPY!”

You feel your eyes begin to water as you witness this touching moment. You feel like you’re intruding, but since it’s not your house, you don’t know where you should go. Maybe to the kitchen? You’d like to give the skeletons at least some form of privacy.

Nodding to yourself, you silently creep into the kitchen. You’re surprised to see that it doesn’t look like Sans had started cooking yet. The ingredients are on the counter, but it appears that nothing has been used yet. Maybe he overheard your yelling from earlier and stopped what he was doing to check up on you and his brother? That would make sense. Plus, if he was eavesdropping, then he could have heard you mention Chara’s name which he knew from his dreams.

Since you’re in the kitchen, you figure it wouldn’t hurt to get something to drink. Not wanting to take anything out of the fridge without permission, you settle for finding a glass and filling it with tap water. You take a seat at the kitchen table and enjoy your refreshing drink. Time passes as you start to lose yourself in your thoughts.

“water you doing?”

A voice from behind startles you so badly it causes you to choke on your drink. You splutter and cough as you try to clear your airway. You feel two hands start to rub your back comfortingly.
“ARE YOU ALRIGHT, Y/N?! LOOK WHAT YOU DID, PAPY! YOUR AWFUL PUN WAS SO BAD IT CAUSED HER PHYSICAL PAIN!”

“i think it was more because of me surprising her than my pun, bro. besides, i thought it was a good one. after all, she definitely found it breathtaking.”

“PAPY, NO! DON’T ATTACK HER WHILE SHE’S STILL RECOVERING FROM THE LAST PUN!”

After you finally catch your breath, you move to sit up. On each side of you is a skeleton--Sans on your left and Papyrus on your right. It was their hands that had been rubbing your back. You feel touched even if one of the brothers was what caused your coughing fit in the first place.

You glare at the amused skeleton. “Please no more sneak attacks. You scared the hell out of me!”

Turning to Sans, you smile warmly. “I’m alright now, Sans. Thank you for helping me.”

He grins brightly, eyes shining. “YOU’RE MOST WELCOME, Y/N! I AM SORRY ABOUT MY BROTHER. HE HAS A BAD HABIT OF SURPRISING PEOPLE BECAUSE HE’S SO STEALTHY. OF COURSE, HE HAS NEVER MANAGED TO SNEAK UP ON ME BECAUSE I AM ALWAYS OBSERVANT OF MY SURROUNDINGS!”

Papyrus fiddles with the sucker he must’ve pulled out sometime after you entered the kitchen. “yep that’s true. no one can get the drop on you, bro. you’re way too cool for that to happen.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

Your smile grows at the exchange. It looks like the two managed to sort out their differences--not that you’re surprised. These two love each other way too much to stay upset for long. You raise an eyebrow at the older brother. “Did you properly explain the situation to Sans?”

He rubs his head sheepishly. “ah, not exactly. i thought it would be better to wait ‘til we found you before beginning the explanation.”

You roll your eyes. “In lazybone terms, that means you want me to do all the explaining while you just pitch in every now and then.”

Papyrus winks at you. “you got it.”

Sans huffs in exasperation. “HONESTLY, PAPY. THERE SHOULD BE LIMITS TO YOUR LAZINESS, YET I HAVE FAILED TO FIND THEM!”

The taller skeleton grins as he gently rubs his brother’s skull. “don’t worry, bro. if anyone can find them, it’s you, especially with the unlimited amount of skills you have.”

“PAPY!”

You snort at their exchange. “Alright, you boys better take a seat if we’re gonna give Sans an update on what’s going on.”

The shorter brother nods rapidly before taking a seat to your left while his brother moves to sit in the chair on the other side of Sans. “I AM READY WHENEVER YOU ARE, Y/N!”

Taking a deep breath, you begin explaining Chara’s powers and the differences between a true reset and a load. Then, you tell him about the constant resets that have been occurring since you
arrived and the reason for why the resets have been happening. The younger skeleton looked so
distraught after you explained that Chara had caused the resets by dying during their battles with
Asgore. Papyrus helped calm Sans down by rubbing his back comfortingly. Every now and then,
the older skeleton would add his own comments to your explanation.

After you finish speaking, Sans rubs his chin thoughtfully. “WHY EXACTLY DOES CHARA
KEEP DYING IN BATTLE? I THOUGHT YOU SAID KING ASGORE WANTED TO KEEP
THE HUMAN SAFE.”

You sigh before telling him about the glitch incident in Undertale. “While I have no proof, I think
something similar is happening with Chara. I mean, they’ve gotten by Asgore before right? They
shouldn’t be having so much trouble now unless something is interfering with the fight. The glitch
in Undertale caused Frisk to fall, leaving them open to attacks. It’s possible the same situation is
happening with Chara, preventing them from dodging Asgore’s attacks. The way the game works--
if you get through enough of his attacks, he finally loses his motivation to fight Chara and will
eventually accept their mercy. Whatever the glitch is doing is preventing the kid from surviving
long enough to get to that point in the battle.”

Papyrus slouches against the table laying his head on his arms. “your theory makes sense to me.
the kid has plenty of experience. it doesn’t make sense for them to be having so much trouble with
asgore of all monsters. he may be the former king of monsters, but he’s also one of the few
monsters here that doesn’t want to hurt the kid.”

You place your right elbow on the table and rest your chin in your hand. “Asgore’s not killing them
on purpose. He always sounds horrified right before the resets happen. Every time, it’s an
accident.”

The younger skeleton nods to show his understanding before donning a curious look. “THAT IS
WHY YOU NEED TO CONVINCE THE KING TO LET CHARA PASS WITHOUT A FIGHT.
THAT MAKES SENSE. WHAT I DON’T UNDERSTAND IS WHY PAPY REFUSES TO HELP
CONVINCE KING ASGORE.”

Both of you turn your gazes toward Papyrus who averts his eye-lights. “it’s not that simple, bro. i
got a lot of bad memories of the kid. i know they’re a sweet kid in your dreams, but they’re not
always like that.”

Sans frowns as he studies his brother. “IS THAT WHAT YOUR NIGHTMARES ARE ABOUT?
CHARA DID SOMETHING BAD TO YOU THAT YOU CAN’T FORGIVE NO MATTER
WHAT?”

No one can ever say that Sans is unobservant. He hit the nail right on the head. It briefly makes
you wonder if Undertale Papyrus knows more than he lets on. He’s equally clever and kind enough
not to say anything if he thinks it’ll upset his brother.

Papyrus just stares, looking completely stunned by his brother’s words. His sucker is going to fall
out if his jaw drops any further. After a few seconds, he collects himself and then rubs a tired hand
down his face. You wonder if he’ll tell Sans the truth or try to find a way out of it.

Honestly, you think there won’t be any progress until Papyrus explains himself. Sans considers
Chara a friend and wants to save them. The idea that his older brother could care less about what
happens to the human obviously upsets the younger skeleton.

With a weary sigh, Papyrus nods his head. “yeah, bro. i’ve got some real bad memories of the kid
that sometimes turn into nightmares when i’m asleep.”
The frown on the shorter skeleton’s face deepens. “I KNOW YOU DON’T WANT TO TELL ME, PAPY, BUT I REALLY WISH YOU WOULDN’T KEEP EVERYTHING BOTTLED UP! IS WHAT HAPPENED REALLY SO BAD THAT YOU CAN’T FORGIVE CHARA EVEN AFTER THEY APOLOGIZE? Y/N SAID CHARA WAS SORRY. CAN’T YOU GIVE THEM ANOTHER CHANCE?”

His brother’s voice gains a muffled tone as Papyrus moves to bury his face in his arms. “what they did was unforgivable. normally, i have no choice but to let things go because of the resets. but, since they’re stuck in the ruins, i actually have a say in the matter now. i’m not as kind as you are, bro. i don’t know what the kid will do after they leave the ruins, and that’s what worries me. sure, they’re nice now but for how long? this isn’t the first time they’ve acted like this. i can never predict what the kid will do each time. we’re better off leaving the kid in the ruins.”

Sans slams his hands on the table. “WHY?! WHAT DID CHARA DO THAT WAS SO BAD THAT YOU’D LEAVE THEM TO SUFFER FROM CONSTANT RESETS FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIFE?! THAT YOU’D LEAVE THEM TO DIE?!”

You hold your breath as you watch Papyrus turn his head to face his brother. With the most despondent tone you’ve ever heard from the skeleton, he answers, “they killed you.”

The younger brother freezes, going completely still, as silence envelops the whole room. For some time, no one speaks. Papyrus re-buries his face in his arms while his brother doesn’t move an inch.

After a while, you start to get worried since Sans hasn’t moved at all. Before you can reach out to him, he slumps over the table and sighs. “I GUESS I SHOULDN’T BE THAT SURPRISED. IF MY OTHER DREAMS WERE REAL, IT MAKES SENSE THAT THE OTHER LESS PLEASANT ONES WERE AS WELL.”

Immediately, Papyrus shoots up straight and gives his brother a horrified look. You quickly connect the dots as well and feel your heart drop to your stomach.

“sans, have you had dreams about dying? about being killed by chara?”

When he sees his brother nod, the taller skeleton pales. “why didn’t you say anything?!”

Sans slowly sits up and gives his brother a deadpan look. “WHY DIDN’T YOU SAY ANYTHING?”

Despite the seriousness of the situation, you can’t help but snort at Sans’ response. When the older skeleton glares at you, you shrug your shoulders. “Sorry, but he makes a good point. It seems that both of you like to keep secrets in order to protect each other.”

Your expression softens. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting to protect each other, but there are some things that can’t be handled alone. Rather than suffering on your own, wouldn’t you both be better off if you shared your pain instead?”

The two skeletons stare at you with wide eye-lights before turning to look at each other. Sans gives his brother a hopeful smile. “I THINK THAT SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL IDEA. DON’T YOU, PAPY?”

Papyrus wears a thoughtful frown that slowly melts into a smile. “yeah. definitely, bro. not a bad idea at all.”

You grin brightly at the skeletons. This is definitely a step in the right direction. Hopefully, they’ll start confiding in each other and will continue to do so despite any future resets. It would be nice if
Sans could somehow always keep this memory even after Chara resets.

At the thought of resets, your eyes widen. That’s right! You almost forgot! Chara should be close to starting their battle with Asgore now if they aren’t already fighting.

When you jump to your feet, both brothers give you startled looks. You grab the older brother’s shoulder. “Papyrus! We have to hurry! I don’t know how much longer Chara has before they lose the battle with Asgore.”

Judging by his disgruntled expression, you can tell he still isn’t supportive of helping the human child. You decide to tell him what you learned about Chara in the last run. “I haven’t mentioned this before because it was only a theory in my world. I didn’t want to make any assumptions without proof. However, Chara’s last words to me make me believe this theory is true. Are you two familiar with story of the first human child that fell into the Underground and was adopted by the king and queen?”

Sans tilts his head curiously. “OF COURSE! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT STORY! THEY ADOPTED THE HUMAN WHO LATER DIED OF AN ILLNESS. LATER ON, THEIR SON DIED AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY HUMANS.”

His brother narrows his eye-lights. “where are you going with this, kid?”

After taking a deep breath, you explain the story about Frisk and Asriel and how Asgore brought Frisk’s body with him to the Ruins and buried it there. “When Chara fell into the Ruins, they landed on Frisk’s grave. Many people believe that because the two kids’ souls were so similar Frisk’s spirit chose to possess Chara. And, whenever Frisk takes control of Chara’s body, they start a genocide run because they want to make monsters and humans suffer. Chara told me in the last route that they lost control that they didn’t want to do what they did. I’m positive they were talking about Frisk taking control of them.”

Papyrus raises a brow ridge. “so, just because the kid says so, we should believe them? that’s hardly good enough proof.”

The shorter skeleton frowns at his brother. “YOU’RE TOO DISTRUSTING, PAPY! I HAVE MANY GOOD MEMORIES OF CHARA WHERE THEY WERE NOTHING BUT NICE! I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED THE DREAM WHERE I DIED COULD BE TRUE JUST BECAUSE THEIR BEHAVIOR WAS SO DIFFERENT THEN. IT REALLY DID SEEM LIKE THEY WERE A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PERSON!”

A completely different person. If I remember correctly, there was a way to tell when which kid was in control. Ah, that’s it!

You release your grip on Papyrus and turn to the younger brother. “Sans! In the dream where you died, what were Chara’s eyes like? Were they open or squinted?”

“hey, where are you going with this? why are you trying to make my brother remember something like that?”

Ignoring the other skeleton’s ire, you focus on Sans who appears to be deeply concentrating. “HMM...LET’S SEE. AH, NOW I REMEMBER! THEIR EYES LOOKED CLOSED! I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS STRANGE SINCE I NEVER SAW CHARA SQUINT LIKE THAT IN ANY OF MY OTHER DREAMS.”

When you move your gaze to the other brother, you see a contemplative expression on his face.
“And, what about you, Papyrus?”

He rubs his forehead. “squinted. their eyes are like that in every one of my nightmares.”

You nod your head. Looks like your theory was correct after all. The squinted eyes are a character trademark for Frisk. Frisk has to have been the one in control during the last genocide run. “Well, that’s enough proof for me. I know you’ve never met Frisk, so I’ll explain. One of the main differences between the two kids is that you never see Frisk’s eyes. Their eyes always looked like they’re closed.”

Noticing Papyrus’ skeptical expression, you continue. “Papyrus, I know it’s hard to believe, and that it all seems coincidental. But, doesn’t it make sense when you think about it? How does a kid go from a pacifist to a genocider at the drop of a hat? It’s strange isn’t it? I know you probably have more bad memories than good of Chara but try to focus on those good memories. Isn’t it hard to believe that a kid like that would enjoy hurting others? I’ve spent several resets now listening to Chara beg for help and ask to see you. They regret what happened, Papyrus. All they want is to make amends. Please don’t give up on them. They don’t have anyone else but us to go to for help.”

Sans turns imploring eyes toward his brother. “PLEASE, PAPY! GIVE THEM ANOTHER CHANCE! CHARA IS A GOOD HUMAN! I KNOW IT! PLEASE BELIEVE IN THEM!”

At the tall skeleton’s hesitance, you decide to put the final nail in the coffin. “If you can’t trust Chara or me, how about you just trust your brother instead? He’s the smartest guy you know, right? If he says the kid is worth saving, shouldn’t you believe him?”

Just as you expected, the remaining doubt disappears from Papyrus’ face. He sighs in defeat. “Alright, i get it. if my bro asks me like that, there’s no way i can refuse.”

The older brother grabs ahold of the two of you and teleports to the Ruins. Immediately, you can hear the faint sounds of battle. Thankfully, that means the kid is still alive.

After you both give him encouraging looks, Papyrus reaches toward the doors and knocks as loud as he can. “Knock knock!”

Like last time, it becomes silent on the other side of the door. Instead of Asgore’s expected response, you hear Chara’s voice.

“Papyrus?! Is that really you?!”

The three of you can’t help but wince at the broken tone of the kid’s voice. The constant resets have taken their toll on the poor child. It’s a miracle they’ve managed to keep their determination this long considering how hopeless the situation has been.

“That’s me. I heard what sounded like a fight going on, so I thought I should check things out. Usually my buddy is here to listen to my jokes. I don’t normally hear fights happening in there.”

Finally, Asgore decides to speak. “So, that is you, old friend. I am sorry, but I do not have time for jokes at the moment. Do not worry. This is not a serious battle. I merely wish to prove to this child that it is far too dangerous to leave the Ruins.”

Papyrus sighs. “They’re human, right? That’s the only reason why you’d make such a fuss, but, are you sure that’s what’s best for the kid? Keeping them trapped in there for the rest of their life? Shouldn’t they have a say in what happens to them?”

“Yes, they are human. That is why I cannot let them leave! If they step outside these Ruins, it is
only a matter of time before they end up like all of the other children that came before them. I could not protect those children, but I will protect this one!"

The tall skeleton ditches his sucker for a cigarette. You’re honestly surprised he lasted as long as he did. “what about that promise you made me agree to? i thought you wanted me to watch over the kids that came out. did you change your mind?”

Asgore makes a surprised sound. “Promise? Oh yes, I almost forgot. I did request that of you. I apologize again for my selfishness. Putting such a burden on your shoulders was quite cruel of me. Protecting the human children should be my responsibility alone since it is my former wife who put the law into action that demanded we hunt these innocent souls. I should not be asking others to share this responsibility.”

Papyrus scratches his head. “is that really necessary? after all, i did already make the promise. no point in me backing out now. if you want me to, i’ll look out for the kid and make sure they get through the underground safely.”

Wearing matching grins, you and Sans share a happy look before glomping the older skeleton. You’re really proud of Papyrus. You know that saying those words couldn’t have been easy for him, but he still said them anyway.

The taller brother flushes a bright orange upon being on the receiving end of two very proud looks. Sans gives his brother a big squeeze before turning his head to address the doors. “I, THE MAGNIFICENT SANS, ALSO PROMISE TO LOOK AFTER THE HUMAN! REST ASSURED THE HUMAN WILL BE IN THE MOST CAPABLE OF HANDS! THERE IS NO ONE BETTER THAN MY BROTHER AND I!”

While one arm remains wrapped around Papyrus’ waist, your other one moves to embrace the smaller skeleton. You grin at his blushing face. “That’s right. No one is better than the skeleton brothers!”

“nyeheheh.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

Their embarrassed laughter only makes you want to hug them harder. These two are seriously too cute. How you survived this long with them is a complete mystery to you.

The three of you turn to face the entrance at the sound of Asgore’s voice. “You are very kind monsters being so willing to help this child even though it will put you in danger. Are you sure you are alright with having such a great responsibility? It will not be easy on either of you.”

After you all break away from the hug, the two brothers share a look before grinning.

“yep.”

“LEAVE IT TO US! WE’LL MAKE SURE THE HUMAN STAYS SAFE!”

There’s a hopeful tone to the former king’s voice. “Very well. I shall entrust this child to you. You may leave now, my child. From the bottom of my heart, I hope that you will be able to return home.”

Because the kid isn’t shouting, you have no idea what they’re saying to Asgore now. You figure it’s probably something like them wishing him well and promising to be careful.
After a few minutes, one of the doors slides open a few feet, and a child quickly walks outside. The door immediately slams shut behind them giving you no chance to see the former king.

Chara looks exactly how you’ve always seen them in pictures. They have brown hair in a bob cut, bright red eyes, and rosy cheeks. They’re wearing a lime green sweater with yellow stripes and brown shorts. You gotta admit that this version of Chara is pretty adorable.

Upon seeing the skeleton brothers, tears spring to the child’s eyes. With a sob, they run forward and latch onto Papyrus’ left leg. ‘Thank you! Thank you so much! I’m sorry! I’m really, really sorry! I didn’t wanna do it! I promise! I tried to stop, but I couldn’t! By the time I got back in control, I was already at the barrier! I’m so sorry!!”

Sniffling, Sans embraces the young human. “IT’S ALRIGHT, CHARA! WE FORGIVE YOU! WE HAVE HEARD OF YOUR SITUATION FROM Y/N. I KNOW YOU DIDN’T WANT TO HURT ME! WE BELIEVE YOU!”

Chara immediately returns the hug as they continue to cry their eyes out. With a sigh, Papyrus drops a hand on their head and ruffles their hair. “it’s alright, kid. you’re safe now. we can hear your side of the story later. so, stop the waterworks. you’re tear-ing my bro’s heart apart.”

“PAPY!”

Both you and the child giggle while the older skeleton just grins cheekily. Chara slowly pulls away from the embrace and starts to rub their eyes. When they look up, their ruby red eyes meet yours. They stare at you in surprise, no doubt shocked to see another human in the Underground.

Surprisingly, that’s not what they ask about first. “Are you the lady that’s been talking from this side of the door all this time?”

With a warm smile, you nod at the child. “That’s right. I’m Y/N. It’s nice to meet you face-to-face, Chara. Sorry it took so long for us to get to this point.”

The kid surprises you again when they quickly move to wrap their arms around your waist. Chara hugs you tightly with trembling arms. “Thank you so much! I was so scared and didn’t know what to do. When Papyrus left, I thought I would be all on my own. But, you came back! You kept coming back, and it made me so happy! The fact that you didn’t give up on me gave me the determination to keep trying. Thank you!”

Now you’re the one who feels like crying. Their heartfelt words give you a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. The whole time you had felt so useless. No matter what you tried, you were unable to convince Asgore. You couldn’t save Chara. But now, this kid is thanking you and saying that you helped them keep on going.

My efforts weren’t useless. My words may not have reached Asgore, but they reached Chara. I managed to help the kid after all.

You return the hug and give the child a warm squeeze. “I’m glad I was able to help. I honestly had no idea what I was doing. I didn’t think I was doing much good considering I kept failing, but if you say my words helped, then I guess my actions weren’t meaningless after all.”

When a hand ruffles your hair, you look up in surprise to see Papyrus grinning down at you. “of course they had meaning. if you weren’t here, we’d still be stuck in the resets. i say all your hard work paid off. good work, hun.”

A bright, red blush dusts your cheeks as you beam at the taller skeleton. You don’t know what
caused the upgrade from kid to hun, but you won’t complain. The endearment made you happy.

Sans grins brightly. “PAPY IS RIGHT! YOU DID WONDERFULLY, Y/N! TO CELEBRATE EVERYONE’S HARD WORK, I’LL MAKE A SPECIAL BATCH OF MY DELICIOUS TACOS!”

Deciding to forgo the long trek back to Snowdin, everyone huddles close to Papyrus who promptly teleports the group to the skeletons’ home. Sans immediately heads for the kitchen with Chara close on his heels.

You offer to help them make lunch but are refused. Apparently, both of them want to make a special lunch for you as thanks. Touched by their thoughtfulness, you can’t bring yourself to push the matter even though you know leaving those two alone in the kitchen will only lead to pain for your stomach in the near future.

Fortunately, the older skeleton isn’t claiming the whole couch for himself this time, so there’s a comfy spot for you to sit. With a sigh, you relax into the couch cushions. This had been an exhausting day for you, and it was only lunch time. If you have to keep dealing with situations like this, you don’t know how much longer you’ll last.

You lift a hand to rub your eyes when they start to water. That’s strange. You don’t feel sad, so why are your eyes tearing up all of a sudden? It’s after you start rubbing your eyes that you notice how itchy they feel.

Before you can ponder the reason for this new development, you feel a bony hand grab your chin and redirect your gaze. You are surprised to see Papyrus’ face so close. “P-Papyrus?”

He frowns worriedly. “your eyes are really red, hun. you alright?”

Red? That’s not good. Well, at least I have an idea about what’s wrong with them now. My allergies must be acting up. What perfect timing.

Not wanting to worry the skeleton, you explain human allergies and how red, itchy eyes are usually a side effect. “I’m alright, though. It’s not anything serious. Sorry for worrying you.”

It’s at that moment that you abruptly pull away to sneeze three times in a row.

When you look up, Papyrus is giving you a very unimpressed look. “right. not serious at all.”

You grin sheepishly as you rub your now itchy nose. “It’s really not a big deal. It’s pretty common for humans. I’ll be fine before you know it.”

The older brother doesn’t appear to believe you at all. He slowly rises to his feet and points at his vacated spot. “alright, lie down. i don’t know a lot about humans, but i do know that when you’re sick the best thing to do is rest. i’ll take the kid to the store to see if we can buy any medicine that’ll help. sans can stay and look after you.”

Honestly, you feel that he’s making too big of a deal over this. Does any form of sickness activate his big brother instincts? Deciding not to argue with the skeleton, you pull off your shoes and stretch out across the couch. You even grab the blanket for good measure since you figured he’d pull it out if you didn’t.

Nodding to show his approval, Papyrus ambles over to the kitchen. You do a mental countdown as you wait for the expected reaction.
“WHAT?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN Y/N IS SICK?!”

In a blink, Sans is dashing out of the kitchen heading straight for you with Chara following close behind. “I’m fine, Sans. Your brother is just being a worrywart. It’s just allergies. I don’t even feel that bad. They come and go pretty quickly.”

The shorter skeleton frowns. “YOUR EYES DO LOOK VERY RED THOUGH! I ALSO THINK YOU LOOK A LITTLE PALER. I THINK YOU SHOULD FOLLOW MY BROTHER’S ADVICE AND GET SOME REST. I’LL MAKE YOU SOME SPECIAL MEDICINAL TACOS TO CURE YOU OF YOUR ILLNESS.”

Chara giggles. “Shouldn’t you make her some soup? That’s what humans normally eat when they’re sick.”

“I SEE! THEN, I SHALL LEARN HOW TO MAKE SOME DELICIOUS TACO SOUP!”

Your face pales. You have a feeling you really will be sick if you eat that. Thankfully, Papyrus comes to the rescue. “how about i ask muffet to make some soup? i can go pick it up when me and the kid go get the medicine. rather than being in the kitchen, wouldn’t you prefer to stay at her side? that way you can be there for her if she needs anything.”

Sans appears to be in deep thought, obviously contemplating the pros and cons of this plan. Finally, he agrees. “ALRIGHT! I WILL STAY HERE AT Y/N’S SIDE! I WILL BE THE BEST NURSE SHE HAS EVER HAD!”

A smile forms on your face. “Aw I’m so lucky to get such a cute nurse. I’ll be counting on you, Nurse Sans.”

He blushes a dark blue which makes Papyrus and Chara laugh. Turning to face you, the child tilts their head curiously. “Do you know what caused your allergies to act up? Maybe knowing that will help us find the right medicine.”

Both skeletons give you curious looks while you inwardly groan. Of course, the kid had to ask that. You were hoping to avoid that question. The only thing that comes to mind, considering what you’ve been doing lately, is Papyrus’ smoking. Cigarette smoke has always disagreed with you, so it makes sense that it’s the cause of this little episode.

The question is: do you tell them the truth or just lie and say you have no idea? Considering how intently the older skeleton is studying you, you figure the former is the best option. Not like you can successfully lie around him anyway.

With a sigh, you concede. “If I had to make a guess, I’d say it was the smoke from Papyrus’ cigarettes. This isn’t the first time something like this has happened after hanging out with a smoker. And, before you ask why I never said anything, it’s because it’s not a serious enough allergy that I feel that it would be necessary to force him to stop. Considering past events, Papyrus really needed it.”

Sans immediately turns toward his gaping brother. “PAPY! NO MORE SMOKING AROUND Y/N! AND, CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AFTER YOU GET BACK! THEY ALWAYS REEK OF SMOKE!”

The taller skeleton nods as he rubs his forehead. “sure, bro. come on, kid. time to shop.”
Before he leaves, Papyrus gives you a look that’s hard for you to read. You can’t tell if he feels guilty for being the cause of your sickness or annoyed because you never said anything about your allergies. Knowing him, it was probably both.

Chara, the sweetheart, gives you a quick hug before following after the older monster. Soon, it’s just you and Sans in the house.

He puts his hands on his hips. “WHILE I APPRECIATE YOUR CONSIDERATION FOR MY BROTHER, I WISH YOU WOULD HAVE SAID SOMETHING SOONER, Y/N. YOUR HEALTH IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN PAPY’S UNHEALTHY HABIT. EVEN WITHOUT THE CIGARETTES, HE STILL HAS HIS CANDY TO KEEP HIM SATISFIED.”

That’s true. It’s not like you would’ve been the first person to ask Papyrus to stop. No doubt his brother asks him all the time. Still, it didn’t feel right to ask, especially since you hadn’t known the older skeleton for very long.

Sans sighs as if reading your thoughts. “WELL, I WON’T PUSH THE MATTER FURTHER. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED, Y/N? MAYBE SOMETHING TO DRINK?”

Your throat did feel a little sore. “A glass of juice or water would be great actually.”

With a big grin, Sans sprints to the kitchen to fulfill your request. Within seconds, he’s back without having spilled a single drop of the orange juice. You don’t know how he managed that considering how fast he was moving, but you are definitely impressed.

A sigh of relief passes your lips after you finish the drink. That really hit the spot. You hand the glass back to the skeleton who returns it to the kitchen.

Walking back to the couch, Sans grabs his chin as he thinks. “MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE A NAP? PAPY ALWAYS SAYS NAPS ARE THE BEST MEDICINE FOR AN ILLNESS. ALTHOUGH, HE ALSO SAYS NAPS ARE THE BEST SOLUTION FOR EVERYTHING.”

Giggling, you move so that you’re on your side facing the skeleton. “I think a nap sounds like a great idea. I gotta admit that all this excitement has worn me out.”

“ALRIGHT! GET SOME REST, Y/N! I’LL BE HERE WHEN YOU WAKE UP! AND SINCE I’M HERE, YOU’LL ONLY HAVE GOOD DREAMS! WITH THE MAGNIFICENT SANS HERE, NIGHTMARES WILL BE TOO SCARED TO APPROACH!”

You smile as your eyes slowly close. “Thank you, Sans. You’re the best.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

His laugh is the last thing you hear before sleep claims you.

A few hours later, you start to rouse at the sound of new voices entering the room.

“NOW BE SURE TO KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN! Y/N IS SLEEPING!”

There’s a giggle. “But, Sans, your voice is the loudest here.”

Then, you hear a snort. “my bro has never had much of an indoor voice. but, it’s always cool like a superhero, right bro?”

“THAT’S RIGHT, PAPY! ONLY THE COOLEST OF PEOPLE CAN PULL OFF SUCH A
You start to snicker which grabs the attention of the room’s other occupants. Sans deflates. “OH NO! WE WOKE HER UP!”

Slowly, you move to sit up and lean against the armrest. “It’s alright, Sans. I need to be awake to take my medicine anyway, right?”

His face brightens. “THAT’S RIGHT! OF COURSE, I ALREADY KNEW THAT! THAT’S WHY I PURPOSEFULLY RAISED MY VOICE SO THAT YOU’D WAKE UP TO TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!”

“You’re the best, bro.”

Papyrus grins as he walks over to the couch and hands you a bottle of some purple concoction that he pulls from the plastic bag hanging on his arm. “it took us a while to find the right thing, but apparently, there are some monsters that have problems with allergies. the store owner said this stuff works like a charm. he said you’ll feel better within a couple of hours.”

Chara’s eyes sparkle as they smile. “It’s magic medicine, so it should work better than the normal medicine you’d usually have to take.”

Magic medicine, huh? You wonder if it tastes better than regular medicine. People always say the worse it tastes the more effective it is. You wish they’d find a way to change that. Bad tasting medicine should not be a normal thing, especially for all the people who have to take it regularly.

Sans rifles through the bag his brother is holding and pulls out a tupperware of soup and a plastic spoon. “FIRST, YOU MUST EAT! THEN, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR MEDICINE!”

Amused, you accept the food and give him a smile. “Yes, Nurse Sans.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

Chara runs to the kitchen. “I’ll fix you a drink!”

They really are a sweetheart. You’ll have to give them a hug later.

Under the brothers’ watchful gazes, you begin eating the soup, which is extremely delicious. You’re not going to bother thinking about the ingredients. considering who made it. You’re just going to focus on the delightful taste and the warmth that begins to course throughout your whole body. It must be the magic in the food that’s making you feel all tingly. “Give my compliments to the chef, Papyrus. This is delicious!”

The older skeleton smiles as he fiddles with the sucker in his mouth. “I’ll be sure to tell her that you think it’s soup-er.”

Sans groans at the pun. “WHILE I AM GLAD YOU ARE ENJOYING MUFFET’S COOKING, I AM ALSO SAD THAT I COULDN’T MAKE YOU MY WORLD FAMOUS TACOS.”

After you swallow another spoonful of soup, you give the younger brother a smile. “Don’t worry, Sans. There’s always next time.”

And hopefully, that next time will include you helping him. While you adore Sans, you can’t say you’re too excited about his cooking.
While Sans beams, Chara re-enters the room and moves to your side to hand you a glass of juice. You ruffle their hair as you thank them.

As you're enjoying your drink, a thought comes to mind. You wonder how much time you have in this world before you teleport again. It’s possible you won’t, but somehow, you doubt you’re that lucky.

You start to think of what other universes you could end up in. If this keeps up, you’ll need to start coming up with nicknames for all these Sanses and Papyruses--or is it Papyri? Either way, it would probably be best to start now to avoid further confusion.

“Hey Sans? Papyrus? Would it be alright if I gave you two nicknames? I’ll still call you by your regular names here, but if I end up meeting even more versions of you two, I’m gonna need nicknames to differentiate between all of you.”

Chara tilts their head curiously. “Other versions?”

Before you can explain your situation, Papyrus intervenes. “we’ll tell you later, kid. in regards to nicknames, i don’t really mind. what about you, bro?”

Sans shakes his head quickly. “NEITHER DO I! A NICKNAME SOUNDS GREAT! THIS IS OBVIOUSLY ANOTHER MILESTONE IN OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH Y/N!”

You grin at his enthusiasm. “Great! How about Blueberry, or Blue for short, for Sans and Stretch for Papyrus? That’s what your fans in my world like to call you, so I’m pretty used to using those names for you two.”

The shorter skeleton’s eyes turn into big, sparkly stars. “FANS?!” He then coughs after realizing how surprised his voice sounded. “I MEAN--OF COURSE I HAVE FANS! AS EXPECTED OF THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! IF MY FANS ENJOY THE NICKNAME THAT MUCH, I WILL GLADLY ACCEPT IT!”

His brother chuckles. “you’re so cool, bro. guess i’ll follow your awesome example. that nickname is fine with me, hun. it’s simple so i won’t have to stretch my mind to remember it.”

“PAPY!”

You and Chara giggle while the younger brother moans as if he’s in physical pain.

Glad to have that taken care of, you quickly finish eating the rest of your soup and take the recommended dose of the purple medicine. Surprisingly, it doesn’t taste bad at all. The flavor is like a mixture of bubblegum and skittles. You don’t know how they managed such a flavor, but that’s definitely what it tastes like to you.

Within seconds, you feel your eyelids start to droop. Sans takes away the food and medicine while his brother helps you move into a reclining position. “i forgot to tell ya. monster medicine takes effect right away, so you’ll probably be knocked out for a while. sweet dreams, honey.”

You’re asleep before your head even hits the pillow.

Several hours later, you slowly rouse from your deep slumber. This time it’s not the sound of voices that wakes you up. A familiar tingling feeling in your chest brings you back to consciousness. It takes you a few minutes to recognize the sensation. Then, you immediately sit up.
Dimly, you notice your eyes and nose no longer feel itchy. The soreness of your throat is also gone. Unfortunately, you don’t have time to marvel at the wonders of monster medicine.

You stare wide-eyed at your body that once again starts to become transparent. When you look around, you don’t see the others. They must’ve moved to another room to avoid waking you up.

Not wanting to waste another minute, you jump to your feet and slide into your shoes. When you dash into the kitchen, you, thankfully, find the trio there. Papyrus appears to be snoozing at the table with his head resting on top of his arms while the other two are working on an elaborate puzzle.

“Guys! We have a problem!”

Immediately, the three turn to look at you even the previously sleeping skeleton. When they take in your appearance, their eyes widen.

Sans instantly runs to your side. “WHAT IS GOING ON, Y/N?! IS THIS ANOTHER SYMPTOM OF YOUR ILLNESS?! I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WASN’T SERIOUS!”

Chara frowns worriedly. “I’ve never seen this as a symptom before. Could it be because of the medicine we gave her?”

Before you can correct the two, Papyrus interrupts. “no, she told us about this before. this happened right before you ended up here in our world, right hun?”

You nod, grateful that he had remembered and saved you from having to make another long explanation. “Yes. This happened right before I came here when I was in Undertale. This probably means I’m heading for another universe.”

Sans’ expression looks so heartbroken that you feel your heart start to break along with his. “WHAT?! YOU’RE LEAVING ALREADY?! BUT, YOU HAVEN’T EVEN TRIED MY DELICIOUS TACOS OR MY AMAZING PUZZLES YET!”

Thankfully, you’re still partially solid so you quickly give him a hug. “I’m sorry, Sans. I wish I could stay longer. Unfortunately, I have no control over this. I wish I did.”

Chara joins the hug. “We’ll miss you! I wish I could’ve gotten the chance to do something for you to thank you for all that you did.”

You give them a squeeze. “Just stay determined and don’t give up. Don’t be afraid to ask for help when you need it. Do that, and I’ll call us even.”

They tearfully nod while Sans starts sniffling. His brother ruffles your hair. “be careful out there, hun. i hope you manage to find your way home. thanks for all your help.”

Not wanting to leave Papyrus out, you slowly pull away from the other two and move to embrace the taller skeleton. “I’ll miss you guys. Take care of yourselves.”

He gives you a reassuring squeeze before you let go. By the looks of things, you don’t have much longer until you disappear. You’re really starting to hate this part of your adventure. All these goodbyes make your heart hurt.

Right before you vanish, Sans rubs away his tears and gives you his best smile. “THIS IS NOT GOODBYE, Y/N! I WILL SEE YOU AGAIN SOON! I PROMISED TO HELP YOU FIND A WAY HOME, AND THE MAGNIFICENT SANS NEVER BREAKS HIS PROMISES! I’LL
DEFINITELY COME FIND YOU!”

You’re barely able to hold back your tears at his confident words. You know he means everything he says. If there’s a way to come after you, he’ll find it. The fact that someone would go so far for you just to make sure you’re not alone makes your heart throb with joy.

Papyrus winks at you. “guess it can’t be helped. since my bro is so determined, it looks like we’ll be seeing each other again real soon, honey.”

Before you can thank them, your time runs out. Just like last time, your vision fades, and everything goes dark.

Unfortunately, when your consciousness returns, it’s in a similar way as it was in Underswap. For whatever reason, you’re in the air one minute and the next, you’re plummeting to the ground. This time, however, it’s not snow that breaks your fall. The brittle substance isn’t as soft as snow, but luckily, there was enough of it to keep you from getting injured.

Your eyes shoot open at the sound of a deep chuckle. When you look up, you see bright, red eye-lights hovering above you.

“nice of you to drop in, doll. hope you plan on staying for a while.”

You feel your heartbeat quicken as your body stiffens. Only one word comes to mind as you stare at those familiar red pinpricks.

_Underfell!_

Chapter End Notes

Looks like it's time to have some fun in Underfell. Hope y'all are looking forward to it! ^^

This is the longest chapter I've posted so far. It's really good timing that it's for this week since that means y'all get an extra long chapter for Christmas. Hope y'all had a good Christmas! ^_^ Regarding the Christmas surprise I mentioned last time, I wrote a oneshot for Tyrant Tortoise's Christmas present. I wanted to thank her for all the awesome beta-reading she does for me. :) If y'all haven't gotten the chance to read it yet, I hope you'll check it out! It actually focuses on the Underswap boys, so if this chapter left you wanting more of them, the oneshot should help satisfy your need for more fluff XD

Thank you all so much for all the wonderful comments! All of them make me so happy! Getting them really encourages me. I'm happy that there are people who are enjoying my writing ^_^

Regarding the question about Doomfanger, while the Reader may not meet the cat right away, I'll try to make sure she meets the cat at one point during this fic ;)

Hope y'all have a good New Year's! See y'all in 2018! XD
This chapter has not been beta-read, so please forgive me if there are any mistakes ^^'

Looks like everybody was excited about Underfell. I love how everyone basically had the same idea on how to deal with the Underfell brothers. Y’all are awesome! XD I hope this chapter was worth the wait ^_^

Realizing how serious this situation is, you immediately start to crawl backwards in an attempt to put some distance between the two of you. Thankfully, the skeleton doesn’t try to stop you. Instead, he just watches you with a large smirk on his face. Once you’re a few feet away, you’re able to get a better look at the skeleton before you.

This is definitely the Sans of this universe considering that short stature and characteristic slouch. Instead of a hoodie, he’s wearing a black jacket with spiked brown fur around the hood, a red turtleneck sweater, a studded red collar, black shorts with yellow stripes down the sides, and red sneakers. All of his teeth are sharp and pointed like a shark’s with one colored a bright gold.

It’s as you’re studying him that you notice all the autumn-colored leaves on the ground. You quickly realize it was a pile of leaves that broke your fall earlier. It must’ve been a large pile considering the amount of leaves scattered around the area where you fell.

Leaves? I don’t remember any areas in the Underground with leaves like these. Unless…

You turn your gaze upwards and see a familiar stretch of blue. It feels like forever since you last saw the sky. It might not be the one of your home, but it’s still a comforting sight.

This means that this Frisk managed to break the barrier, and the monsters are free on the Surface. I might actually have a chance at surviving here.

“aw, way to make a guy feel blue, doll. you’re more interested in checking out the sky than me?”

When you return your gaze to the skeleton, you’re relieved to see that he doesn’t appear mad. Although, the grin he’s giving you does make you nervous.

“HONESTLY, SANS! MUST YOU ALWAYS DO THIS WHEN YOU SEE A FEMALE? WHILE I AGREE SCARE TACTICS ARE BEST FOR INTERROGATIONS, THE AMBASSADOR TOLD US WE CAN’T USE OUR NORMAL METHODS NOW THAT WE’RE ON THE SURFACE. WE HAVE TO GET THIS HUMAN TO TALK WITHOUT PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY TRAUMATIZING THEM. UNFORTUNATELY.”

That last sentence sends a chill down your spine. You are so glad that they can’t use their normal methods anymore. When you turn your head, you see another skeleton behind you--obviously this world’s Papyrus.

You have to stretch your neck to see his face because he’s so tall. You figure he’s about the same height as Undertale Papyrus. He’s wearing body armor that reveals his spine and hip bones. Unlike
his Undertale counterpart, the armor is black, and it’s really sharp and jagged around his shoulders. He’s wearing matching red gloves and boots along with a red belt that has a golden skull for a belt buckle. Like Undertale Papyrus, he’s wearing a red scarf, but his appears more tattered. His teeth are also sharp even more so than his brother’s. You notice there are a few scars across his left eye socket.

With a sigh, you rise to your feet. You do this slowly in order to make yourself appear as unthreatening as possible. You move a few feet so that you can keep them both in your line of sight. You’re really hoping these guys will be a lot tamer now that they’ve befriended Frisk and returned to the Surface. “Sorry about appearing so suddenly. I can honestly say I have no control of where I end up. Am I somewhere I’m not supposed to be? That’s why you wanna interrogate me?”

The two skeletons actually appear surprised for a brief moment. Maybe they assumed you’d run for the hills after getting a good look at them. Well, jokes on them. You’ve kinda become desensitized when it comes to seeing talking skeletons.

Sans grins broadly, showing off his sharp teeth. “guess you could say that. it’s not everyday we get humans showing up in our backyard.”

*Backyard? Did I actually end up getting dropped off at their house?*

You let your gaze roam around to take in your surroundings. It appears that you’re in a forest as all you can see is trees wherever you look; most of which are already bare. Considering the amount of leaves on the ground and the crisp air, it’s definitely autumn here on the surface. You’re once again feeling very grateful for your borrowed ensemble.

It’s as you’re thinking about your clothes that you hear Sans start to snicker. “what is up with those clothes? they’re awesome!”

His brother seems to disagree immensely. “WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THEY’RE AWFUL! WHAT KIND OF SELF-RESPECTING PERSON WEARS CLOTHES WITH SKELETON PUNS ON THEM? AND, IS THAT PUN ON THEIR HOODIE BASED OFF YOUR NAME, SANS? DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT?”

“no, but i wish i did.”

You grin at the two. “Actually, the hoodie was a gift from the Papyrus of the last universe I visited. You see, in that world, it’s the Papyrus who’s the pun-loving older brother.”

The taller skeleton scowls fiercely. “WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE ARE YOU SPEWING, HUMAN? LIKE ANY UNIVERSE COULD EXIST WHERE I’D ACTUALLY ENJOY PUNS! I’D RATHER THROW MYSELF INTO THE LAVA OF HOTLAND!”

His brother smirks. “aw, come on, boss. don’t knock it ‘til you try it. puns are hot and all the rage now.”

“You giggle as you watch their interactions. You are happy to see that Sans is able to tell puns around his brother without looking nervous, and Papyrus doesn’t look nearly as angry as you’d expect. They actually look pretty comfortable around each other.

Hearing your laughter, Sans returns his attention to you. “speaking of hot stuff, how about you explain how you got here, dollface? you were saying something about meeting another Papyrus. you were actually serious about that weren’t you?”
Papyrus crosses his arms as he gives you a stern look. “JUST KNOW, WE’LL BE ABLE TO TELL IF YOU’RE LYING.”

You tilt your head curiously. “So, you guys just want me to start talking? You’re not gonna bring my soul out? That’s what we did in the last two worlds I visited.”

The two of them just stare at you with wide eye-lights, obviously caught off guard by your suggestion. After a few seconds of gaping, the older brother quickly moves to stand in front of you. “you’re not messin’ around. you seriously don’t care if we pull your soul out to look at it.”

You shrug your shoulders. “Not really. I’m kinda used to it by now. I’d like for you guys to believe me, so this is probably the best method.”

Papyrus rubs his chin. “AND, YOU’RE NOT SCARED THAT WE WILL DESTROY YOUR SOUL IF WE DEEM YOU A THREAT?”

A chill runs down your spine at the thought. Thanks for that visual, Papyrus. You’d be lying if you said you weren’t scared at all. Underfell is a lot different than Undertale and Underswap. This Sans and Papyrus grew up in a world where it was kill or be killed. These are definitely some of the more violent versions of the skeleton brothers.

However, you don’t plan on judging them because of their backgrounds. The fact that you’re still alive and that they haven’t done anything remotely violent proves they’re not as bad as they could be. You are going to give them the chance that they deserve.

“I am aware that you could do that, and honestly, it does make me a little nervous. But, that doesn’t change the fact that I want to trust you guys. Even though this is a completely different world compared to the last two, you’re still Sans and Papyrus.”

When you give them a warm smile, the skeletons look away, obviously flustered. The two probably never received a lot of positive attention before meeting Frisk. You plan on changing that. These two deserve just as much love and affection as their other counterparts.

Once he regains his composure, Sans activates his magic and pulls out your soul. His magic is a flaming hot red--the complete opposite of Undertale Sans’ ice cold blue magic.

You watch amused as the shocked brothers stare at your soul. Papyrus even points at it. “WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?! I’VE NEVER SEEN A HUMAN SOUL THAT COLOR BEFORE!”

Sans scratches his skull. “that’s a good question, boss. this is my first time seeing a black human soul.”

You sigh as you shrug your shoulders. “I wish I had an explanation for you boys, but I have no idea. Magic doesn’t exist in my world as far as I know, so I had never seen my soul until I ended up in Undertale. I was as surprised as you when I first saw it.”

The older brother moves closer to examine it. “it looks and feels like a normal soul. there’s no sign of corruption either. seriously, what the hell?”

Papyrus tiredly rubs his forehead. “LET’S JUST GET THIS EXPLANATION OVER WITH. I HATE HAVING MORE QUESTIONS THAN ANSWERS!”

With a nod, you first introduce yourself, and then you start telling your tale. You briefly describe your world and the Undertale video game. Then, you recount what happened in Undertale and Underswap. You explain what you know about the human children and the glitches that affected
them in each world.

After you finish, Sans returns your soul to your body without any hesitation, causing you to breathe a sigh of relief. It looks like you get to keep your soul another day.

Both monsters look like they could use a stiff drink after hearing your story. It was definitely a lot to take in. You don’t blame them for feeling a little overwhelmed.

It’s Sans who gets over his shock first. He smirks as he moves closer to you. “so, you got those clothes from the older brothers in the last worlds, right? does that mean it’s my turn to play dress up with you?”

You’re about to roll your eyes but stop when an idea comes to mind. With a smirk, you decide to follow his example and invade his personal space. “What? You gonna tell me you have some ladies underwear with puns on them stashed away somewhere?”

The look of shock and the dark red blush on his face are totally worth it. He starts to sweat nervously; Sans obviously didn’t expect you to fire back at him.

Grinning like the Cheshire Cat, you reach out to touch his cheekbone. He goes completely still at the contact. You’ve seen statues less stiff than this guy. You gently pat his face before removing your hand. “You’re real cute, Sans. No bones about it.”

Satisfied, you move back and watch with amazement as his eye-lights turn into little red hearts. You thought only Blueberry could do something like that, but apparently, this is a thing all Sans are capable of. You consider hugging him since that expression is really cute but decide against it. You don’t want to overwhelm the poor guy.

“ARE YOU DONE CANOODLING WITH MY BROTHER?”

You turn to face the younger brother and grin cheekily. “Yep! Would you like a turn?”

Sputtering, the red-faced skeleton takes a step back. “O-OF COURSE NOT! DON’T EVEN THINK OF TRYING TO USE THOSE FEMININE WILES ON ME! MY BROTHER MAY BE SUSCEPTIBLE, BUT I WILL NOT BE SO EASILY DECEIVED!”

A pout forms on your face. “Aw, don’t be like that. I’m not trying to deceive anybody. I just like being affectionate. The Papyrus in Undertale loved hugs. You don’t?”

“NO! SO, DON’T EVEN THINK OF APPROACHING ME ANY FURTHER! I SAID QUIT MOVING!”

The whole time he has been talking, you’ve been slowly inching toward him. His flustered reaction is just too good to pass up. This Papyrus is such a cute tsundere. “But, Papyrus! That just makes me want to hug you more! Don’t worry, I’ll show you the awesomeness of hugs!”

At this point, Sans returns from his trip to la la land. He’s snickering quite loudly at your side. “she seems pretty determined, boss. maybe you should stop fighting and just embrace it?”

If anyone could find a way to kill someone by just glaring, your money is on Papyrus. “SANS!”

The familiar antics make you laugh loudly. You’re glad that this part about the brothers hasn’t changed in this world.

While your guard is down, you feel an arm wrap around your waist. “now, dollface, about that
underwear.”

This time you do roll your eyes. “Nice try there, handsome. But, I’m gonna give that a no. The only reason I got these clothes from the others was because I was wearing a t-shirt and shorts when I first arrived. I would’ve caught hypothermia if I stayed in Snowdin dressed like that.”

His expression turns dreamy. “it’s a shame i missed that. i guess you wouldn’t be interested in taking off those extra layers so i can see for myself, huh?”

You snort as you shake your head. “In this weather? Not a chance.”

Papyrus rubs a tired hand down his face. “HONESTLY, SANS, WHY MUST YOU BE LIKE THIS?”

The shorter skeleton releases your waist and shrugs his shoulders after returning his hands to his pockets. “dunno, boss. guess you could say i was just bone this way.”

This time the younger brother actually picks the other skeleton up by his collar and shakes him. All the while, Sans just grins cheekily. “WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS?! WHERE DID I GO WRONG?!”

You had already started laughing after the pun, but now you’re close to rolling on the ground because you’re laughing so hard. Papyrus sounds like an upset parent dealing with their teenager who’s in their rebellious phase. Just imagining that scenario makes it so you can hardly breathe.

After several minutes pass, you’re finally able to calm down enough that you can breathe. You remain hunched over with your hands on your knees as you regain control of your breathing.

When you finally move to stand straight, you see Sans back on the ground standing by his scowling brother. The shorter skeleton smirks at you. “you okay there, doll? it looked like you were having trouble with your breathing. need some mouth-to-mouth?”

Instead of giving him the flustered reaction he wants, you wink at him. “No thanks, sweetheart. I’m alright now.”

Cue the blushing and sweating. You didn’t realize Underfell Sans was this easily flustered. It was really adorable. Obviously, this guy was used to flirting but not being on the receiving end of it. You don’t exactly have a lot of flirting experience yourself, but you’re going to do your best to give him a run for his money.

Papyrus releases a long-suffering sigh. “MUST YOU IDIOTS DO THIS? IT’S BAD ENOUGH WHEN MY BROTHER SHOWS THIS BEHAVIOR. THE LAST THING I NEED IS A HUMAN HANGING AROUND WHO ACTS THE SAME WAY.”

You grin at him. “Aw, don’t be like that, Papyrus. I’ll give you some attention too. I’m all about being fair.”

Cue incoherent screeching and uncontrollable blushing. “DON’T BE ABSURD! I DON’T WANT YOUR ATTENTION, FOOLISH HUMAN! RATHER, YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY THAT THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS IS EVEN BOTHERING TO SPEAK TO YOU!”

You nod your head in agreement. “That’s true. I’m very lucky that I have this chance to get to know you. I’m really grateful.”

His blush darkens as he crosses his arms and averts his eyes. “GOOD! AS YOU SHOULD BE.
DON’T FORGET YOUR PLACE HERE, HUMAN.”

Realizing that Sans is about to start flirting with you again, you clap your hands loudly to get the brothers’ attention. “I know this will probably sound like a weird request, but can I give you guys nicknames? Not to use here. I just think it’ll be easier down the line after meeting so many of you guys to have nicknames for you all.”

The older skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “don’t matter to me, dollface.”

His brother narrows his eye-lights at you. “SO, YOU WANT TO GIVE THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS A NICKNAME? YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE, HUMAN. HOWEVER, I WILL ALLOW IT SINCE I DON’T WANT TO EVER BE CONFUSED WITH MY OBVIOUSLY WEAKER COUNTERPARTS.”

You grin, happy that they agreed so easily. “Ok! So, when it comes to Underfell, the most popular nickname in my world for Sans is Red and for Papyrus it’s either Edge or Black. Now, if you don’t like those names, we can try to think of something else. I won’t call you something you dislike.”

Sans waves his hand dismissively. “nah. red’s fine with me, doll. can’t say it’s very creative, but i appreciate the simplicity.”

The taller skeleton grabs his chin as he considers his choices. He remains in that position for quite some time. Obviously, choosing a nickname is a very big deal to him.

Finally, Papyrus makes his decision. “THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WILL ALLOW YOU TO CALL HIM BY THE NAME EDGE. IT SOUNDS MORE SINISTER. ALSO, I DON’T WANT TO BE NAMED AFTER A COLOR LIKE MY BROTHER.”

You snort at his reasoning while the older brother shrugs, looking completely unsurprised. “heh, color me surprised.”

“SANS!”

The taller skeleton grabs his brother and starts shaking him again. All the while, Sans’ cheeky grin remains firmly in place. “uh oh. looks like my bro’s seein red now.”

Papyrus releases an angry screech as he shakes his brother harder. You’re doing your best not to die from lack of air because of your non-stop laughter.

That’s when it happens.

Suddenly, you’re no longer crouched over laughing; you’re back to standing upright. Sans isn’t being held mid-air anymore. Instead, he’s on the ground looking pensive with his brother scowling a few feet away from him.

A familiar feeling of deja vu washes over you. A pit of dread forms in your stomach. This can only mean one thing.

Frisk just reset.

It looks like visiting one world without having to deal with resets is asking too much. Somehow, you highly doubt the resetting will be just a one time deal.

I guess Frisk can still reset even on the Surface. There must be save points here like in the Underground. I’m just glad they saved after reaching the Surface, so they won’t have to do that
“WHY AM I GETTING THE STRONGEST FEELING OF DEJA VU RIGHT NOW? I HAVEN’T FELT LIKE THIS SINCE THE UNDERGROUND.”

You and Sans stare at the younger brother in shock. It looks like this Papyrus notices when a reset occurs. He doesn’t retain his memories but still feels the deja vu. Judging by the older skeleton’s reaction, he had no idea. He obviously thought he was the only one who could tell when a reset happened.

Not wanting to waste any more time, you quickly address the situation. “Papyrus, you remember when I was telling you guys about Frisk’s powers? That was a reset that happened just now. That’s the reason for the deja vu. The question is: why did they reset? Considering my bad luck, the same thing that happened in the last two worlds is gonna start happening here. Do you guys know where Frisk is right now?”

Sans scratches his head. “I think they’re doing some work as the monster ambassador. Something about a business meeting.”

His brother sighs in exasperation. “HONESTLY, SANS, YOUR MEMORY IS AWFUL. I’M SURPRISED YOU ACTUALLY REMEMBERED THAT MUCH, YOU LAZYBONES.”

Turning to you, he continues. “THE HUMAN WHO’S ACTING AS OUR AMBASSADOR HAD TO TAKE PART IN AN IMPORTANT MEETING WITH SOME OF THE NEARBY HUMAN LEADERS. RIGHT NOW, MONSTERS ARE ONLY LIVING IN THE AREAS AROUND MT. EBOTT. THE AMBASSADOR IS WORKING TO MAKE IT SO THAT WE’LL BE WELCOME IN MORE PLACES. THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING, SO KING ASGORE AND QUEEN TORIEL ARE ALSO THERE WITH THE AMBASSADOR.”

For some reason, you’re getting a really bad feeling about this situation. What would cause Frisk to reset in a situation like that? A deal gone wrong? A violent disagreement?

“Do you think they’re in the meeting right now? Could you call them to see what caused the reset? If they really are in trouble, we’ll need all the facts.”

With a sigh, Sans pulls out his phone. “I’ll give them a call. While I don’t know if the situation is as serious as you think it is, I do wanna know their reasoning for suddenly resetting.”

He holds the phone to his skull and waits for the kid to answer. You hope they’re not already in the meeting. Otherwise, it’s highly unlikely he’ll get to talk to them.

Finally, they answer, and Sans immediately starts questioning them. It seems he got a hold of them before the meeting started. While this conversation is taking place, you notice Papyrus has moved to stand closer to you. His expression appears contemplative.

“YOU SAID THAT RESETS HAPPEN EITHER BY THE CHILD’S CHOICE OR AUTOMATICALLY AS A RESULT OF THEIR DEATH. DOES THAT MEAN THERE’S A CHANCE SOMEONE ATTACKED AND KILLED OUR AMBASSADOR WHILE THEY WERE AT THE MEETING?”

There’s an underlying fury in those words that makes you shiver. The idea of someone attacking Frisk does not please the taller skeleton—at all.

“Honestly? Considering how the resets went in the last two worlds, I think that is very likely, Papyrus.”
A few minutes later, the phone call ends, and Sans turns to face the two of you. Immediately, you notice that the older skeleton has activated his magic; his red eye is blazing brightly. He’s grinning, but there is no mirth in that grin. The grip on his phone is so tight it’s a miracle the phone is still intact.

Sans returns his phone to his pocket and takes a deep breath to calm down. After his magic deactivates, he speaks. “the kid said they were killed while at the meeting. they didn’t see who did it. all they remember is the sound of glass breaking from behind them before they reset. they think they were shot.”

Your blood runs cold after you receive the news. The more details you hear, the worse you feel. You’ve heard of situations like this happening to important leaders but to a child?

Even if Frisk is the Monster Ambassador, how could someone be so cruel as to assassinate a kid?

Chapter End Notes

For everyone who suggested flirting, you obviously chose correctly :) I know Red probably doesn't come across as cool and suave here as he does in other fics, but I always remember reading somewhere that he's weak to flirting in the game. So, I couldn't resist putting that in my fic XD Basically, he's still a total flirt, but he's just not used to someone else flirting with him. Once he gets used to the Reader, he'll get less blushy and more active ^^

Were you surprised that they're on the Surface instead of Underground? I figured it would be interesting for the Reader to go to at least one world that has gone through a successful pacifist route. If you're wondering about the relationship between the brothers, it's not as tense now that they're free of the Underground and have befriended Frisk. I wouldn't say everything is perfect between them, but it's definitely much better than how they were before.

I wanted to let y'all know I've made an Undertale side blog on tumblr where I'll be posting only things related to Undertale. If you ever have any questions about this fic, feel free to drop me an ask! I'd love to hear from you ^^-^ Also, I've created my own Undertale AU called Underchrome. I plan on debuting the AU in this fic later on somewhere between chapters 20 and 25. Chrome is the nickname for that Sans, and if you're curious about him, you can ask him questions on my tumblr. The amazing nighttimepixels made art for him which I totally recommend you check out XD You can get to my new tumblr by clicking here

Happy New Year!!!! Hope y'all have an awesome 2018!! :)

This chapter has not been beta-read, but I hope that you’ll still be able to enjoy it ^^ 

It’s Papyrus’ angry yell that draws you out of your thoughts. “I KNEW I SHOULD’VE GONE! OF COURSE THOSE PATHETIC HUMANS WOULDN’T PASS UP SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY TO ATTACK! CURSE THEM!”

His brother sighs wearily. “it’s not your fault, boss. the king forbid ya from comin’. they were all worried if too many monsters were brought that the humans would see it as a threat. the kid wanted everything to work out peacefully.”

The taller skeleton sneers at him. “AND, LOOK WHERE THAT GOT THEM! NOW, THE AMBASSADOR IS EASY PICKINGS FOR THE HUMANS THAT ARE AGAINST OUR KIND BEING HERE!”

You raise your hands in an attempt to placate him. “Rather than focus on that, let’s try to figure out how we can stop this. Frisk may have reset, but that doesn’t change the fact that someone is still gonna try to kill them down the line.”

Sans rubs his forehead. “the easiest answer would be for them to hightail it out of there, but this meeting is too important for them to skip. they can’t just say they have to leave because of an assassination attempt if it hasn’t even happened yet.”

With a huff, the younger brother crosses his arms. “ISN’T IT OBVIOUS? WE NEED TO FIND THE SHOOTER BEFORE THEY ACT AND ELIMINATE THEM!”

When you see the older skeleton nod along, you quickly intervene. “Hold up! We definitely can’t do that!”

Papyrus narrows his eye-lights at you. “YOU DARE TELL ME WHAT I CAN AND CAN’T DO? NO ONE COMMANDS THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS!”

His brother is giving you a look that practically screams “watch what you say”.

You swallow nervously as you shake your head. “That wasn’t my intention, Papyrus. I agree that we need to find the shooter, but we shouldn’t kill them. That will only hurt the monsters’ chances of finding peace here on the Surface. Sure, it would be out of self-defense, but a lot of humans won’t see it like that. When they’re scared, humans will only believe what they think is right. Instead of seeing this as you guys protecting your ambassador, they’ll just assume you guys killed the shooter because you went on a rampage. We need to solve this peacefully, or all the hard work Frisk and the others put into helping the monsters might go to waste.”

The tension in his shoulders disappears once Sans realizes you’re not trying to argue with his brother. Meanwhile, the taller skeleton rubs his chin thoughtfully as he considers your words.

It remains silent for some time before Papyrus finally speaks. “YOU MAKE A SURPRISINGLY
GOOD POINT, HUMAN. IT SEEMS YOU ARE AT LEAST A LITTLE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THE BRAINLESS HUMANS I NORMALLY COME ACROSS."

You don’t know what surprises you more: the backhanded compliment or the sudden smirk that forms on the younger brother’s face.

“WE SHALL SOLVE THIS MATTER WITHOUT HAVING TO STOOP AS LOW AS THOSE PATHETIC HUMANS. I SHALL PROVE THAT THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS IS SO AMAZING THAT HE CAN SOLVE EVERYTHING WITHOUT HAVING TO FIGHT THOSE BENEATH HIM. WITH JUST ONE LOOK, I COULD HAVE THEM QUIVERING IN THEIR BOOTS BEGGING FOR MERCY! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Right at the end of his speech, the wind picks up making his scarf flutter dramatically behind him as he poses. Sans grins proudly. “ain’t my bro the coolest?”

You pull out your phone to take a picture of the tall skeleton. This is definitely too good to pass up. Too bad you didn’t think of doing this with all the other skeletons. “Absolutely!”

When the shorter skeleton shifts closer to you with an intrigued expression, you show him the picture you took. He smiles appreciatively. “nice. you got the boss’ good side. can you send me that?”

If he had asked anyone else, they’d think he was asking because he wanted to get their phone number. However, you know Sans genuinely likes the photo of his brother and wants a copy. While you think the gesture is cute, you can’t help but raise an eyebrow at the question. “You do realize that this is a phone from another dimension, right? Do you really think I have service here?”

He shrugs his shoulders. “there’s always wi-fi. we can try to see if it works later on.”

“HUMAN!”

The loud voice makes you jump in surprise. When you turn toward Papyrus, you see him watching you with narrowed eye-lights. He stretches his arm out toward you with his palm up and flexes his fingers like he’s about to grab something.

At your confused look, the taller skeleton sighs in exasperation. “DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU? SHOW ME THE PHOTO! I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF WHETHER OR NOT IT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY HIGH STANDARDS!”

Doing your best to suppress a giggle, you hand him your phone. You watch as he silently studies the picture. He’s staring at it so intensely you’re worried your phone might combust from the power of his glare.

Finally, Papyrus returns the phone to you. “NOT BAD, HUMAN. WHILE I WAS IMPRESSED WITH YOUR BRAVERY FOR SO CASUALLY PHOTOGRAPHING ME, I DIDN’T HAVE ANY HIGH EXPECTATIONS IN REGARDS TO THE QUALITY SINCE A HUMAN WAS TAKING THE PICTURE. BUT, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU ACTUALLY HAVE SOME SKILLS. OF COURSE, WITH SUCH AN AWESOME SPECIMEN AS MYSELF AS THE FOCUS IT’S NOT HARD TO TAKE A GOOD PHOTO.”

Wow. Two compliments in one day? You’re on a roll.

His brother nods in agreement. “that’s right, boss. it’s hard to take a bad photo of someone who’s got the perfect framework.”
“SANS! IF YOU’RE GOING TO COMPLIMENT ME, DO IT PROPERLY! WITHOUT PUNS!”

Sans grins slyly. “aw, boss, i was just saying you were picture perfect.”

“SANS!”

Before the younger skeleton can throttle his brother, you intervene to get their attention. “Sorry to interrupt, but maybe we should wait until after Frisk is safe to continue this?”

Turning to Sans, you continue. “Did Frisk tell you where exactly the meeting is? Can you teleport us there?”

The shorter brother winks at you. “sure can, dollface. they’re in the meetin’ room of the local town hall. i can get us there instantly.”

Papyrus picks up his brother and holds him under his arm like he’s carrying a football. “THEN, HURRY UP AND TAKE US THERE, YOU IDIOT!”

“right, boss.”

Quickly, you latch onto the taller skeleton’s waist, so you don’t get left behind. Before he can complain, Sans teleports the three of you to the town hall.

As soon as you arrive, Papyrus drops his brother and tries to pull himself out of your tight grip. You decide not to let go just to mess with him. “WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING, HUMAN?! LET GO OF ME THIS INSTANT! OR, YOU’LL LOSE THOSE ARMS!”

You grin cheekily at him. “But, Papyrus! If I didn’t grab onto you, I would’ve gotten left behind!”

“YOU COULD’VE JUST GRABBED MY ARM! THERE WAS NO NEED TO EMBRACE ME!”

You nod in agreement. “That’s true. This was just a good excuse to hug you.”

There’s that screeching and blushing coming back in full force. Meanwhile, Sans is rolling on the ground laughing up a storm.

Deciding you’ve messed with the poor embarrassed skeleton enough, you finally let go and give him some space. While the brothers are collecting themselves, you study your surroundings. Your eyes widen when you realize where you are. “Why are we on a roof?!”

The shorter brother slowly rises to his feet after finally composing himself. “can’t just appear in front of the building, right? that’d be too suspicious. nobody would think to check the roof. besides, we’ll have a good view point from up here.”

Papyrus crosses his arms as he surveys the area. “NOT BAD, SANS. YOU’RE LEARNING TO USE YOUR HEAD MORE. NO DOUBT FROM MY AWESOME INFLUENCE.”

His brother nods in agreement. “yep. you’re a great role model, boss. your skills are through the roof.”

“SANS!”

Chuckling, you give Sans a pointed look. “While I personally don’t mind puns, you might want to save them for later. If this keeps up, someone will find out we’re up here.”
He nods to show his understanding. “alright, doll. i’ll wait ‘til we’re done here.”

Papyrus rubs his forehead tiredly. “OR, YOU COULD JUST NOT DO THEM AT ALL.”

“nah. that’s no fun, boss.”

You giggle at the younger brother’s groan before making your way to the side of the roof that faces the street. The town where the meeting is taking place isn’t very large. There’s no skyscrapers as far as you can see. You don’t think you can see any buildings with more than eight floors. The town hall building has a decent height so there’s at least three or four floors to it. You’ll need to measure it against the surrounding buildings to get a better estimate.

Unfortunately, all of the buildings in the nearby area are taller than the town hall. Meaning they all have perfect vantage points. Fortunately, none of the buildings are hotels. It would be more difficult to reach someone hiding out in a reserved room. If the meeting is in one of the rooms of the upper floors, it’s likely the shooter is located on a roof somewhere.

*Of course, we might not even be dealing with a long distance shooter. Frisk said they didn’t see them, so there’s a chance someone scaled the building and just shot the kid through the window. There’s a larger chance of being seen, but the human might just be that cocky.*

“the meetin’ room is on the third floor. since that’s the highest floor, it would make more sense for the shooter to start from the roof and scale down rather than risk bein’ seen climbin’ up three floors.”

Startled, you jump at the sound of Sans’ voice. You had been so lost in thought that you hadn’t even noticed him approach you. You raise an eyebrow at him. “What? Are you a mind reader now? How’d you know that was what I was thinking about?”

He grins smugly. “it was pretty obvious. you ain’t real hard to read, dollface.”

Papyrus joins the two of you and stands on the other side of his brother. “SO, WE KNOW THAT THE SHOOTER DIDN’T USE THIS ROOF TO GET TO THE AMBASSADOR. THAT MEANS THEY MUST BE USING ONE OF THE NEARBY ROOFTOPS TO SHOOT FROM A DISTANCE. THE QUESTION IS: WHICH ONE?”

You turn to address the younger skeleton but freeze when you see a red dot appear on his forehead. Immediately, you tackle him to the ground. “Papyrus, move!”

As soon as you knock him over, you hear the expected bullet hit the rooftop. Sans is searching for the source when you grab his jacket and pull him down. Fortunately, the edges of the roof are tall enough to hide you from sight. “Stay down! You only have one HP! One hit and you’re toast!”

A growl escapes his lips as his left eye strobes with red magic. “that bastard tried to kill my brother. no one does that and lives!”

You keep your tight grip on him. “I agree that they need to pay for what they tried to do but not right now! You need to get us off this roof! We’re sitting ducks here, Sans!”

Before Sans can argue, his brother intervenes. “SHE’S RIGHT, SANS. LOSING YOUR TEMPER WON’T DO US ANY GOOD. NOW GET US OUT OF HERE!”

Not able to refuse his brother, the older skeleton grabs the two of you and promptly teleports the three of you to safety. By the looks of it, he brought your group to the roof of one of the taller buildings down the street.
You dimly notice that you’re trembling. Looks like the adrenaline rush is wearing off. Man, that was way too close for comfort. You only noticed the gun’s laser light by chance. If you hadn’t, the bullet would’ve hit Papyrus. Sure, he probably has amazing reflexes, but you seriously doubt he has a lot of experience dealing with guns. For humans, sometimes all it takes is just one shot to die. Are monsters the same? You really don’t want to find out.

A jacket being dropped onto your shoulders pulls you from your dark thoughts. You quickly realize it belongs to Sans. Of course, he’s the only one here wearing a jacket, so you can’t imagine it coming from anyone else.

Sans moves to join you on the ground. With the way you had been shaking, you didn’t think you’d be able to stand even if you had wanted to, so you hadn’t bothered to try. “you alright, doll? you’re shakin’ like a leaf.”

You notice Papyrus is studying the surrounding buildings before returning your attention to his brother. You give him a shaky smile. “I’m alright. I don’t know if skeletons have their own equivalent of an adrenaline rush, but it happens to humans in dangerous situations like before. It basically causes a human’s fight-or-flight instincts to kick into overdrive. And when it ends, you end up a little on the shaky side. I’ll be alright in a few minutes. Sorry for worrying you.”

Sans shakes his head. “you got nothin’ to apologize for, doll. it’s thanks to you my bro is alright. you even stopped me from doing something stupid. as much as i want to hurt them, i know goin’ after them wouldn’t be the smartest idea.”

Wanting comfort, you wrap your arms around the surprised skeleton’s neck and hug him. “I’ve never been in a situation like that before. It was terrifying. I don’t know what scared me more: being in danger like that or what almost happened if I hadn’t been fast enough.”

His posture relaxes as he returns the embrace. “nothin’ wrong with bein’ scared, doll. that’s perfectly normal considerin’ the circumstances. it’s the fact that you were still able to move despite the fear that’s important.”

With a whisper, he adds, “thank you for savin’ my brother, y/n. he’s all i got. i’d be lost without him.”

You hug him tighter as you fight back tears. You know he means everything he says. You know how much every Sans loves their Papyrus—how lost they’d be without their brother. No universe should exist where one brother is without the other. It’s just too cruel.

After a few more minutes, you pull away and quickly rub your wet eyes. Before you can thank Sans for comforting you, you’re distracted by his brother’s shout.

“AHA! I FOUND THEM!”

Unfortunately, it’s just as he makes that discovery that another reset occurs.

Instead of sitting on a rooftop, you’re now back in the woods where you first met the skeleton brothers. Sans has his jacket back on and is wearing an annoyed expression while Papyrus has a confused scowl on his face. No doubt he was trying to understand the sudden feeling of deja vu.

You decide to address his lack of memories first. “Papyrus? I don’t know if you remember anything, but Frisk just reset for the second time. Last time that it happened, we found out from the kid that they had been shot. Unfortunately, we weren’t able to stop the second attack because the shooter went after us when we teleported to the town hall’s roof.”
Papyrus rubs his forehead like he’s fighting off a headache. “I HAVE NO MEMORIES OF THIS OCCURRING, BUT IT DOES SOUND VAGUELY FAMILIAR.”

His brother sighs wearily. “unfortunately, it was boss who noticed where the shooter was before we reset. we’ll have to go back to that rooftop and look for them again.”

Like before, the taller skeleton pulls his brother under his arm and requests for Sans to teleport your group. You’re about to grab on like last time when Papyrus suddenly holds out his hand to you.

Briefly, you wonder if he has a faint recollection of your hug from the previous run. With a bright grin, you take hold of his hand. “Aw, Papyrus! I didn’t know you were the type that preferred hand-holding over hugs. I’ll be sure to remember that.”

The older skeleton chooses that moment to teleport your group, cutting his brother off mid-screech.

Immediately, after the three of you reappear on the rooftop that you were last on, Papyrus pulls his hand away from yours like it’s been burned. While you can’t enjoy the hand-holding anymore, there’s still the blush on the taller skeleton’s cheekbones to entertain you. What a cute tsundere.

“I ONLY HELD OUT MY HAND BECAUSE I HAD A BAD FEELING ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE PLANNING! NO DOUBT YOU DID SOMETHING VILE BEFORE THE LAST RESET!”

You pout at his words. “It wasn’t vile! I gave you a nice, warm hug. I’m pretty sure you secretly liked it.”

His blush intensifies as he yells. “I DEFINITELY DID NOT!”

Sans chuckles at your side. “alright, dollface. you’ve had your fun. let’s get back to lookin’ for the shooter.”

Grumbling, his brother quickly moves away to the left side of the roof to look at the buildings in that area. “IF I FOUND THEM BEFORE, I WILL FIND THEM AGAIN! NOTHING CAN ESCAPE MY IMPECCABLE EYESIGHT! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Giggling, you move toward the ledge of the building’s front. Sans really made a good choice picking this building. It’s located at the end of the street and fully faces the road, so you can clearly see all of the buildings lined up on each side of the street. The town hall building is about three buildings away on the left side of the road.

Considering the differences in height between the neighboring buildings, you think this one is at least five floors high—maybe six. You don’t see any structures taller than the building you’re on, so you won’t have to worry about someone getting the drop on you again.

Eventually, the brothers migrate to the side where you’re standing since it has the best view. Unfortunately, you haven’t had any luck seeing anyone suspicious. Of course, you can only clearly see the roofs of the nearby buildings. You can’t make out what’s on the roofs of the buildings on the other end of the street. You wonder if the shooter has even made it to the roof yet.

After about ten minutes of searching, Papyrus yells triumphantly. “I HAVE FOUND THEM! THE FOOLISH HUMAN THOUGHT THEY COULD HIDE IN THE SHADOWS, BUT NOTHING ESCAPES THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS’ WATCH!”

His brother grins proudly. “you’re the best, boss. so, which building is the bastard on?”
With his scarf billowing gallantly in the breeze, the taller skeleton points at the building located to the right of the building almost directly across from town hall. By the looks of it, it’s a four-story furniture store.

Well, it probably wouldn’t be that hard to sneak to the roof of a building like that.

“NYEH HEH HEH! ALL THAT’S LEFT IS FOR ME TO FORMULATE THE MOST EFFECTIVE ATTACK STRATEGY. THEN, THIS NONSENSE WILL BE OVER! WE’LL SHOW THOSE MISCREANTS THAT MONSTERS ARE NOT SOMETHING TO BE TRIFLED WITH!”

Sans nods his agreement. “i’m with ya all the way, boss. we’ll show them that skeletons are not tibia messed with.”

You snort while his brother groans loudly to show his dissatisfaction. The shorter skeleton continues with a wink. “i can’t wait to get my hands on that shooter. i have a real bone to pick with them.”

“SANS!”

After glaring at his brother for a few minutes, Papyrus returns his attention to the situation at hand. “WE’LL NEED TO BE ABLE TO SUBDUE THE SHOOTER WITHOUT CAUSING THEM TOO MUCH BODILY HARM. UNFORTUNATELY, CAUSING PHYSICAL HARM IS MORE MY SPECIALTY THAN SPARING. THE SHOOTER IS LUCKY THAT I AM A SKELETON OF MANY TALENTS. THE QUESTION IS: WHICH OF MY MANY SKILLS SHOULD I USE?”

You cross your arms as you ponder the best course of action. “Maybe we should involve the police? I mean, I know that the shooting hasn’t actually happened yet, but there’s still a suspicious guy with a gun on a roof all by himself. Surely, the police would go check out something like that?”

The younger skeleton waves his hand dismissively while Sans sighs. “do ya really think they’ll come if we go ask them? we don’t know if those guys would take a request from a monster. even if they did, would they believe us and check it out right away? we don’t exactly have a lot of time to deal with this, dollface.”

Your shoulders slump in defeat. “Okay, you got a point. I just thought that if we involved them the risk of backlash on you guys would decrease. Plus, you reporting to the police would prove you’re nice, law-abiding citizens.”

That comment makes both brothers laugh. You wonder which part they found funny: being called nice or you insinuating that they’re law-abiding?

Papyrus shakes his head. “ALRIGHT. ENOUGH NONSENSE. WE NEED TO DECIDE WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO SUBDUE THE SHOOTER AND QUICKLY!”

You think over what you know of this Papyrus. Honestly, you don’t know if he has any attacks that could subdue without doing damage. He brags about his strength for a reason. Your gaze turns to Sans. Now, Sans does have an ability that could be useful. You just hope you can word this suggestion in a way that won’t offend the taller skeleton.

“Papyrus, maybe we shouldn’t use your attacks to stop the shooter. I mean, they’re super powerful, right? I think no matter which awesome attack you use it’s gonna cause a lot of damage. What if
Sans used his control over gravity on them? That way he could just hold them down until the meeting ends and Frisk leaves. We can then call the police and explain that you guys were patrolling the area because Frisk was there and caught the shooter acting suspicious so you decided to stop him. Or, I could let the store owner know about the shooter and get them to call the police.”

The younger skeleton stares at you with narrowed eye-lights. This continues for a while making you increasingly nervous. Finally, he nods his head. “IT IS ACCEPTABLE. NOT AS AMAZING AS MY USUAL PLANS, BUT IT WILL DO. BESIDES, IT MEANS WE CAN PUT MY LAZY BROTHER TO WORK.”

Sans scratches his head. “well, if the boss agrees, then i have no problem with it. i like the idea of ya telling the store owner, doll. the less the humans know of our involvement the better.”

His brother scowls no doubt displeased that they won’t get the credit they deserve, but he doesn’t argue. “FINE. CAN YOU TELEPORT US OVER THERE, SANS?”

The shorter skeleton stares at the building in concentration. “i can get us to the fourth floor. none of my shortcuts open up on that roof.”

“ALRIGHT. DO IT.”

With a grin, Sans grabs your hand and his brother’s arm. Then, there’s a shift. When you open your eyes, you see that you’re inside the store on the floor with all the mattresses. This greatly amuses you. Of course, the floor that the lazy skeleton can reach is related to sleeping. You notice Sans give you a sly wink obviously reading your thoughts.

Fortunately, no one appears to be in your immediate area, so your arrival goes unnoticed. Quickly, your group heads for the stairs. Luckily, rather than just ending at the top floor, the staircase does continue upwards toward the roof. Maybe it’s like that for upper floor employees who need to leave for a smoking break.

Your group makes it to the top of the staircase in record time. Sans motions for you to stay behind him and his brother and then slowly twists the doorknob to open the door. His magic activates once he sees the shooter who’s lying on the ground near the far right corner of the rooftop.

From what you can see, the shooter appears to be male and is wearing a special camouflage to help him blend in with the roof. He’s holding a long range gun that’s aimed toward the third floor of the town hall building. You’re not familiar enough with guns to be able to identify which one is being used, but it looks like the ones you’ve often seen used on TV for situations like this.

Sans quickly uses his magic on the shooter and slams him into the ground. Unfortunately, you quickly discover that solving this problem won’t be as easy as you had originally hoped. Before you can even begin to celebrate the victory, it happens.

Because of all the recent craziness, you had forgotten about what played a pivotal role in the resets of the previous worlds. If you hadn’t, maybe you wouldn’t be as surprised as you are now about this new turn of events.

Your eyes widen in shock as you witness the shooter’s appearance begin to flicker and glitch before he abruptly disappears from the roof without a trace.

You had forgotten about the glitch, or maybe you just unconsciously ignored it? You were so focused on finding the assassin that you didn’t bother to consider what role the glitch would play in all of this. Even though you suspected it played a part, you didn’t try to think of how it would
affect the resets. You just assumed that if you found the shooter that everything would be resolved.

Of course, things are never that simple.

Chapter End Notes

Bet y'all didn't expect that, huh? XD Despite blaming the glitch for what was happening, the Reader totally forgot about it because she was so focused on finding the shooter. Now y'all are seeing what the glitch is capable of. It can do a lot more than just trip kids. ;) Also, Underfell Pap does have gravity magic and could use it, but it slipped the Reader's mind since when it comes to gravity magic the older brothers are always the first to come to mind. Underfell Pap liked the idea 'cause that meant putting his brother to work lol

I can't believe this fic has reached 50 comments! I'm so happy! Thank y'all so much! I really appreciate all the words of encouragement, and I'm super happy that you're enjoying what I've written so far ^-^ I can't believe I have almost 200 kudos and over 40 bookmarks! This is so exciting! I honestly didn't expect this since I never really considering my writing very good, but I'm really grateful! Thank you!! :)

This has gotten me so excited that I've decided to make a goal for the new year. My goal for 2018 is to one day write a chapter that's able to inspire my readers. I know I've got a long ways to go, but I'd love to write a quality scene that really touches someone ^^^ I think fanart is amazing. All you people who can draw are awesome! I admire the hell out of all of you XD I absolutely suck at drawing and anything artistic. I wish I could draw something besides stick figures lol

Also, another goal of mine for this fic is to never let more than one skeleton use the same nickname. Considering how many skeletons I plan on writing, the Reader is gonna have a lot of nicknames XD Is there any nicknames y'all would like to suggest? I'd love to hear your thoughts. ^^ The ones I have planned so far are: hun/honey, doll/dollface, darlin, princess, babe, sugar, sweetheart, sweetie, and love. I'd really love to use angel too though I'm not sure yet who should use it. Let me know if you think of any other cute/fun nicknames! ^_^
Both skeletons stare completely stunned. No matter where they look, the shooter is nowhere to be found.

Panicked, you immediately run onto the roof leaving your place of safety behind the doorway. Ignoring Sans’ warning to stay back, you frantically look over the surrounding buildings. “Guys! He’s not on this roof anymore! We gotta find him again! The glitch won’t stop the assassination from happening! It’ll make sure it happens! That means he must be on a different rooftop now! We have to hurry and find him before he shoots again!”

Their eye-lights widen in realization before they quickly start surveying the nearby rooftops. Unfortunately, just as Papyrus spots the shooter, the world resets.

You grit your teeth in frustration once you realize you’re all back at the forest. Sans is wearing an angry scowl while his brother’s expression is more perplexed.

Quickly, you update Papyrus on the situation and tell him how your group once again failed because of the glitch.

A growl erupts from the older skeleton. “what the fuck was that?! i know ya told us about the glitch, but all ya said it did was trip kids! that guy was fuckin’ teleported! how does that work?!”

You bite your lip. “I don’t know. I mean, considering the glitch did move that water cooler in Undertale, it doesn’t sound that impossible to move a person. But, that’s still crazy! I’m used to the glitch going directly after the kids. Now, it affects the direct cause of the resets and protects him? Seriously? How are we supposed to stop him if he keeps moving?!”

Papyrus scoffs. “WE JUST HAVE TO BE FASTER THAN HIM! THAT GLITCH MAY HAVE GOTTEN THE BEST OF ME LAST TIME, BUT IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!”

His brother starts to sweat. “uh, boss? i don’t know if this is somethin’ we can outrun. that glitch can probably move the shooter to any of the nearby buildings. that meetin’ room where the kid is at has windows on nearly every wall. there are plenty of angles to shoot from. some of those buildings i can’t reach as easily with my shortcuts.”

The taller skeleton narrows his eye-lights as he glares at his brother. “ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR I, THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, TO STOP THAT WEAK HUMAN?”

“n-no. of course not, boss.”
You quickly intervene out of sympathy for the older brother. Also, because his words made you think of something. “Sans, can you call Frisk again? I want to know if they’ve tried anything different since the first reset happened. They’re a smart kid, so I doubt they’ve been doing nothing.”

Understanding where you’re going with this, Sans pulls out his phone and calls the kid. Fortunately, Frisk answers their phone faster than last time. The conversation only lasts for a few minutes before the shorter skeleton ends the call.

He puts the phone back in his pocket with a frown. “they said they’ve tried walkin’ by different windows, but no matter where they’re standin’, the shot still comes. i guess that means the glitch has moved the shooter before.”

You pinch the bridge of your nose as you try to fight off an oncoming headache. “I figured you’d say that. This is even more annoying than when the glitch moved the stupid water cooler.”

Papyrus crosses his arms. “SO, NOW WE MUST DEVISE A NEW STRATEGY THAT WILL ALLOW US TO STOP THE HUMAN FROM SHOOTING AND DISAPPEARING. I ADMIT KILLING THE SHOOTER IS SOUNDING MORE AND MORE APPEALING.”

A sigh leaves your lips when you see the older brother agree. “While it would make things a hell of a lot easier, let’s try to save that as a very last resort. There’s gotta be some way to stop that shooter even if he gets teleported.”

Deciding that remaining in the forest isn’t going to help the situation, Papyrus commands his brother to teleport the three of you back to the rooftop with the good view of the street.

You can’t help but feel amused when the taller skeleton doesn’t grab his brother in the usual football carry. Instead, he simply puts his hand on his brother’s shoulder. He narrows his eye-lights and gives you a suspicious look. “I DON’T KNOW WHY, BUT I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT LETTING YOU NEAR ME. SO, YOU’LL HAVE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH MY BROTHER IF YOU WISH TO COME ALONG.”

A giggle escapes before you can completely rein in your amusement. Sans doesn’t even bother to hide it as he laughs. He winks at you. “looks like you’ll just have to wrap your arms around me, doll. make sure it’s tight. don’t wanna lose ya halfway.”

Without any hesitation, you wrap your arms around his neck in a hug. “Ready when you are!”

He returns the embrace with slightly trembling arms and quickly teleports your group. When you pull back from the embrace, you notice that his face is redder and sweatier than before.

Amused by his flustered expression, you give him another quick hug before moving back to give him some space. His embarrassed face is really cute. You think Red is a suitable nickname considering how much he blushes.

Papyrus makes a noise of disgust. “IT SEEMS MY FINELY TUNED INSTINCTS WERE RIGHT. NOT THAT I HAD ANY DOUBT.”

You grin cheekily. “It’s too bad. I was hoping that I’d get to hug you or hold your hand again.”

Blushing, he releases an embarrassed screech before running away. “I’M GOING TO LOOK FOR THE SHOOTER! I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU!”

Chuckling, you turn to the grinning older brother. “He’s adorable.”
Sans raises a brow ridge in amusement. “you’re probably the first person to call my bro that. i’ve
heard him get called a lot of things, but adorable was never one of them.”

Shrugging your shoulders, you head for the spot that you used last time. “Just calling it like I see it.
Guys who get easily flustered are adorable.”

With a wink, you add, “Of course, that includes you too, handsome.”

His face turns bright red which makes you grin. And, there’s that flustered expression we all know
and love. These brothers really are too cute. It’s hard to believe that these are some of the most
dangerous skeletons considering how they react to flirting.

Your group ends up finding the shooter pretty quickly this time because he’s back on the roof of
the furniture store. That must mean that that’s the roof he always starts on before getting glitched
away. You briefly wonder if the shooter even notices the glitch when it moves him. Does he even
realize that he’s on a different rooftop, or does the glitch alter his memories of the event as well?

With a sigh, Sans stuffs his hands into his jacket pockets. “so, what’s the plan now, boss?”

His brother rubs his chin thoughtfully. “IF THE VERMIN IS GOING TO TELEPORT NO
MATTER WHAT WE DO, THEN I THINK WE SHOULD DIVIDE OUR FORCES TO GO
AFTER HIM. WHILE MOST OF MY ATTACKS ARE OF THE LETHAL VARIETY, I AM
ALSO CAPABLE OF MANIPULATING GRAVITY. I JUST DON’T USE IT AS MUCH AS
SANS SINCE I PREFER MORE PHYSICAL ATTACKS. WHILE I ENJOY PUTTING SANS
TO WORK, IT LOOKS LIKE I’LL NEED TO GET MORE INVOLVED IF WE ARE TO
FINALLY SUCCEED. I’LL GO AFTER THE HUMAN FIRST WHILE MY BROTHER CAN
SUBDUE HIM ONCE THE SHOOTER REAPPEARS.”

You blink in surprise. That’s right. The younger brothers are capable of manipulating gravity,
aren’t they? It’s not to the same extent as the older skeletons, but they can definitely do it. You
wonder how that slipped your mind.

Sans grins proudly. “you’re the best, boss. no way will we fail with you handlin’ things.”

The taller skeleton smirks as he poses with his scarf once again fluttering behind him thanks to a
convenient breeze. “NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! VICTORY IS ASSURED ONCE I TAKE
THINGS SERIOUSLY!”

You smile at the brothers, but you can’t help but feel worried. What if the glitch can move the
shooter more than just one time? You decide to share your worries with the skeletons.

A frown forms on the younger brother’s face as he considers the question. “HMM. IT’S TRUE
THAT WE DON’T KNOW THE FULL CAPABILITIES OF THIS GLITCH. THE BEST
SOLUTION WOULD BE FOR MY BROTHER OR MYSELF TO GO AFTER THE SHOOTER
DEPENDING ON WHOEVER IS CLOSEST TO THE ROOFTOP WHERE THE SHOOTER
REAPPEARS.”

Sans scratches his head. “but, boss, how will ya get off that rooftop in time if he’s closer to ya?
should i come back and get ya?”

His brother waves his hand dismissively. “I MAY NOT BE CAPABLE OF TELEPORTATION,
BUT I HAVE MY OWN WAYS TO GET AROUND. YOU SHOULD REMAIN AT YOUR
SPOT IN CASE THE SHOOTER MOVES AGAIN. EVENTUALLY, THE GLITCH WILL
HAVE TO REALIZE ITS EFFORTS ARE FUTILE AND WILL STOP MOVING HIM.”
He makes a good point. Surely, the glitch can’t keep this up indefinitely. Besides, all your group really needs to do is distract the shooter long enough that he misses his chance to shoot Frisk. This might be the best way to handle this situation.

You’re surprised when Papyrus hands you his phone. It looks like one of the original cell phones that came out eons ago with it’s blocky, black body and long antenna. Wow, this is a blast from the past.

When you give him a curious look, the taller skeleton sighs. “TAKE IT. YOU WILL REMAIN HERE ON LOOKOUT. IF YOU SEE WHERE THE SHOOTER APPEARS, CALL MY BROTHER’S PHONE AND ALERT HIM. IT’S POSSIBLE YOU MIGHT NOTICE THE SHOOTER BEFORE HIM.”

Happy to play a part in the plan, you take the phone and give him a salute. “Aye aye, Captain!”

A large, pleased smirk forms on the younger brother’s face. He obviously enjoys the title. Turning to his brother, he tells Sans to drop him off at the fourth floor again and to return here to look for the next place the shooter will reappear.

Sans copies you and gives his brother a salute. “roger, boss.”

In a matter of seconds, the skeletons are gone, and before you can blink, the older brother reappears.

He winks at you. “miss me?”

You grin playfully. “Of course.”

Turning back to the view of the street, you sigh. “I wish I had a pair of binoculars or something. My eyesight isn’t as good as your brother’s.”

“i don't think anybody’s is, but maybe i can help ya, doll.”

Before you can question him, he disappears and then promptly reappears holding a pair of binoculars. “lucky for you, i got a pair from home that you can use.”

You take the offered binoculars and give him a quick hug as thanks. A large grin forms on his face in response.

When you move to face the furniture store rooftop, you hold up the binoculars just in time to see the shooter glitch away. Quickly, you start surveying the surrounding rooftops. “Sans! He’s moved!”

The shorter skeleton curses as he starts to look at the nearby rooftops. Finally, you catch movement on the building to the right of town hall. “Found him! Rooftop of the building to the right of town hall!”

In a flash, Sans is gone. However, you don’t notice because you’re too busy watching the shooter. You see Sans appear behind him and use his magic to subdue the shooter. Unfortunately, the human glitches away within seconds.

Biting back a curse, you start your search again. When you hear Papyrus’ phone ring, you answer it while continuing to search the nearby rooftops. “Haven’t found him yet, Sans.”

“that’s fine. didn’t really expect ya to find him that fast. just stay on the line with me. that way ya
can tell me as soon as ya see him.”

You agree and continue your search. Finally, you find the shooter on the roof of the building adjacent to the furniture store. That’s not all you see, however. Grinning despite yourself, you update the older brother.

“Found him. He’s on the rooftop of the building to the right of the furniture store. Looks like your brother has already found him, though.”

“that’s my bro. he’s the coolest. i probably shouldn’t move just in case the glitch kicks in again.”

Unfortunately, his worries aren’t unfounded. You watch Papyrus shake his fist in the air after the shooter disappears. Annoyed, you return to your search. “Papyrus got to him, but he disappeared again. I’m looking for him.”

A lot of colorful words come from the other end of the line. You can’t blame him. You’re getting pretty fed up with this too.

Finally, you find the shooter, but before you can relay his location to Sans, the world resets.

It looks like you ran out of time once again.

Back in the forest, you watch Sans throw up his arms in aggravation. “seriously, what the fuck?! i didn’t even hear the damn gunshot, and i was right by town hall. the only thing i heard was the fuckin’ glass shatterin’!”

You rub your forehead tiredly. “He must have a silencer. Those are devices that can muffle the sounds the gun makes when it’s used.”

When you notice the curious look Papyrus gives his irritated brother, you quickly explain the situation to him again. Having to do this every time is frustrating, but it’s not his fault that he can’t remember resets.

The taller skeleton scowls fiercely. “TO THINK I WAS BESTED ONCE AGAIN. THIS CANNOT GO UNPUNISHED! I WILL CONQUER THIS GLITCH!”

Taking a deep breath, you slowly gather your thoughts. You’ve only dealt with the glitch twice before, but that’s more experience than these guys. You need to use what you know to find a way out of this situation. While I understand Papyrus’ desire to stop the glitch, I don’t know if we actually can. Thinking back on it, in the other two worlds, we never actually stopped the glitch. We just changed the situation to work around the glitch, so that even if it occurred it wouldn’t hurt anything. I think we need to do something like that here. Maybe instead of focusing on the shooter, we should focus on Frisk instead.

Feeling that might be the best solution, you decide to tell the brothers your thoughts. Both of their expressions turn contemplative as they consider your idea.

Sans scratches his head. “but, doll, how are we gonna do that? it’s not like we can just bust into the meetin’ to protect them, and we can’t take them out of there. i doubt they’d even agree considerin’ how important the meetin’ is.”

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “MAYBE WE SHOULDN’T JUST MOVE THE AMBASSADOR. IF WE COME UP WITH A GOOD REASON FOR ALL OF THEM TO LEAVE THE ROOM, THEY CAN’T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE AMBASSADOR LEAVING. THEY’LL JUST HAVE TO RECONVENE TO ANOTHER TIME.”
Your eyes widen in realization. Quickly, you glomp the taller skeleton and give him a warm squeeze which causes him to sputter. “You’re a genius, Papyrus! That’s a perfect idea! All we have to do is get everyone to leave the room before the shooter acts!”

His face glows bright red. “OF COURSE I AM! EVERY IDEA OF MINE IS PERFECT! NOW, RELEASE ME AT ONCE BEFORE I BREAK YOUR ARMS!”

Too happy to argue, you release the younger skeleton while his brother chuckles. Your brows furrow in concentration. “Now, we just need to think of a good excuse to get everyone to leave the room.”

Sans tilts his head. “probably warnin’ them of an attack won’t be enough without any actual proof. maybe we should do somethin’ to the building so they’ll be forced to leave.”

His brother crosses his arms. “THAT COULD WORK. CAUSING A LITTLE PROPERTY DAMAGE SHOULDN’T BE TOO DIFFICULT. HOWEVER, WE’D RISK GETTING FINGERS POINTED IN OUR DIRECTION WHICH WOULDN’T BE GOOD FOR THE AMBASSADOR.”

You chuckle nervously. “Yeah, let’s try to avoid doing any actual damage to the building. However, doing something that affects the building as a whole instead of just the room might be a good idea.”

For the next few minutes, your group remains silent as you consider your options. There must be something you can do to the building to cause everyone to evacuate without having to destroy anything.

A mental light bulb flashes on as you have a eureka moment. That’s it!

You snap your fingers in realization which gains the skeletons’ attention. “Guys, I got it! The fire alarm! Every building has one. If we pull the building’s alarm switch, it’ll go off, and everyone will hear the noise. They’ll have to evacuate the building because they’ll have no way of knowing if the building really is on fire or not.”

Sans grins while his brother smirks; they’re both obviously pleased with the plan. Your grin grows to match theirs. “Sans, can you bring me as close to the town hall building as you can without drawing attention to yourself? I’ll sneak in and pull the fire alarm. Once the evacuation starts, I’ll mix in with the crowd and exit the building.”

The shorter skeleton winks at you. “i’ll do ya one better, dollface.”

He pulls out his phone and makes a call that only lasts for a few minutes. “okay, i told the kid our plan. i also told them what ya look like, so they know to look for ya when everyone leaves the building. stick close to them, and ya won’t have to deal with any problems if someone questions who ya are. they said they’ll vouch for ya, so ya won’t get into hot water.”

You’re touched by his thoughtfulness. Before you can thank him, you hear Papyrus groan at the pun. Surprisingly, he doesn’t comment on it instead choosing to focus his attention on the plan. “ALL THAT’S LEFT IS TO DEAL WITH THE SHOOTER. WHILE THE SAFETY OF THE AMBASSADOR IS PARAMOUNT, I WILL NOT LET THAT BASTARD ESCAPE JUST BECAUSE HE DOESN’T ACTUALLY SHOOT THEM THIS TIME AROUND.”

You rub your chin in contemplation. “I agree. We can’t take the chance that he’ll try again later on. I think he should be easier to catch once Frisk is brought to safety. Then, the shooter won’t have a target anymore. He could try to go after them once they’re on the street, but if we’re all in a big
group, it’ll be difficult to shoot them especially considering how small they are compared to regular adults. I don’t think the glitch will do anything since moving the shooter at that point would be pointless.”

Papyrus nods to show his agreement. “I ALSO AGREE IT WOULD BE FUTILE. ALRIGHT. SANS, I WANT YOU TO DROP ME OFF AT THE FURNITURE STORE LIKE BEFORE AFTER YOU DROP OFF THE HUMAN. THEN, I WANT YOU TO REMAIN ON STANDBY NEAR TOWN HALL IN CASE THE AMBASSADOR NEEDS TO BE TELEPORTED TO SAFETY.”

“gotcha, boss.”

With that, your plan is put into motion. First, you’re dropped off in a nearby alley across the street from town hall. The brothers send you off with a wink and a command to do your job properly. You salute them and then move to cross the street after you check for cars.

Once you reach the building’s entrance, you take a deep breath to gather your courage before you open the door and enter. There are quite a few people on the bottom floor. Judging by the lines at the booths on each side of the building, you think this is where citizens come to pay their electricity and water bills. It’s a small town, so it makes sense to only have one government building to house all the required services a town needs. Besides the booths and the small chandelier hanging from the ceiling, there’s really not much to look at.

On the far side of the building, you spot the elevators and the door leading to the staircase. You head in that direction doing your best not to draw any attention. You even bring out your phone to stare at like most would expect from people your age.

Slowly, you open the door to the staircase and begin your ascent. When you reach the door that leads to the second floor, you find a fire alarm mounted on the wall. Once you make sure there’s no one in the nearby area whether in the staircase or the second floor, you raise your trembling hand to the fire alarm.

You don’t know if the trembling is from nervousness or excitement. It’s probably both. With a gulp, you pull down hard on the switch. You immediately dash past the door as the fire alarm begins to blare throughout the building. Fortunately, the restrooms are near the stairway, so you quickly run in there and hide in a stall. You’re really glad that no one is there. Otherwise, you’d have to explain why you’re not trying to leave the building right away.

Once you hear footsteps in the hallway, you decide to join the group that’s heading for the stairwell. It appears that the second floor mainly consists of offices. Thankfully, no one questions your presence. They’re too busy either panicking about the potential fire or grumbling about having their work interrupted.

Shortly after you make it to the first floor, you feel a hand latch onto your leg which causes you to jump in surprise. When you look down, you’re relieved to see that it’s just Frisk. Instead of the usual striped sweater, they’re wearing business clothes which look really adorable on someone their size.

They shyly smile at you. “You’re Y/N?”

When you nod, their smile becomes relieved, and they move their hand from your leg to grasp your left hand. You’re surprised by the sudden friendliness, but you can’t say that you hate it. With a warm smile, you gently squeeze their trembling hand in hopes of soothing them. “Everything is alright now, Frisk. Let’s get you out of here.”
“Ah, there you are, my child!”

Looking up, you see Toriel and Asgore quickly approaching you. The goat monsters look just like they do in the game except for the clothes. The former queen is wearing a red version of the purple robe you’re familiar with while Asgore is wearing a black suit. He must’ve figured out that armor wasn’t proper business attire.

*I wonder how long it took to make a suit for a monster his size.*

Toriel looks relieved to have found Frisk but pauses when she spots you. “Oh, hello! I don’t believe that we have met. My name is Toriel. I am this child’s guardian.”

You give her a friendly smile. “Hello, my name’s Y/N. I’m a friend of Sans and Papyrus. Frisk knows me because they told the kid about me. It’s nice to meet you.”

Asgore smiles worriedly. “It is nice to meet you as well. I am King Asgore. I hope you don’t mind us continuing this conversation elsewhere. While I can handle fire, I think it would be best for all of us to vacate the building just in case.”

And, that’s how you ended up leaving the building escorted by the King and Queen of Monsters and the Monster Ambassador. You have to admit that this is pretty cool. It’s like you’re famous because the people who hang out with you are.

You shake your head. This is no time to be distracted. Frisk may still be in danger. You have to make sure that they stay out of the shooter’s sight.

While the goat monsters walk ahead of you and the kid, you whisper to get Frisk’s attention. “Hey, when we get outside, stay behind me, okay? I’m gonna try to stick close to the crowd. The shooter shouldn’t be able to see you among this many people.”

When they nod their head nervously, you squeeze their hand again before walking through the building’s entrance. Holding up a hand to block the sun’s glare, you move forward as fast you can without looking too suspicious.

Fortunately, there’s a large group of people hanging around the bottom of the stairs that lead to the entrance. The whole time you’re moving you make sure that your body blocks the kid from view. Since the shooter should be to your right, you make sure Frisk is on your left side behind you at an angle.

Within seconds, you reach the crowd and immediately move to join it. Asgore and Toriel have made it to the far edges of the right side of the crowd. You wave at them to show where you are and that you still have the kid.

You move as slowly as you can since the longer the child is in the crowd the better their chances are. Right before you reach the king and queen, Sans appears at their side wearing a large smirk.

Relieved, you move faster to join the group of monsters. When they see him, Frisk releases your hand and hugs Sans tightly. It’s obvious that they’re happy to see him. He ruffles their hair. “hey, kid, no need to be alarmed. everythin’ is alright now.”

Toriel giggles at the pun while the king smiles in amusement. When the child pulls away, Sans turns to face Asgore. “we’ve got a bit of a problem, your majesty. my bro and I were patrollin’ the area just to make sure everythin’ went smoothly for your meetin’, and we found a human with a gun on one of the nearby rooftops. it looked like he was aimin’ for the floor you were on, so my bro caught him. we didn’t hurt him, though.”
The king’s expression grows tense as a deep frown forms. “While I wish you two would have alerted me ahead of time in regards to your patrol, I am grateful for your hard work. We will notify the police immediately and tell them of our suspicions.”

Toriel reaches for Frisk who immediately grabs her hand. “Considering the situation, I believe that it would be best if the two of us returned home. I am sure that these leaders would prefer to reschedule this meeting anyway.”

When the kid tugs on her hand to get her attention, the former queen looks down at Frisk. With a shy smile, they ask, “Can Y/N come with us, Mom? She’s staying with Sans and Papyrus while she’s visiting town, and they’ll probably be busy for a while.”

She smiles at the child. “Of course, my child. It has been awhile since we last had company. Is that alright with you, Y/N?”

You grin as you nod. “That sounds great, Ms. Toriel. Thank you for your hospitality.”

Toriel waves her hand dismissively. “Please call me Tori. Now, let us get going. I expect you to take care of this properly, Asgore.”

Asgore nods nervously when she glares at him. “Of course, Tori.”

As you follow Toriel to her vehicle, you see Sans wink at you. “I’ll come pick you up after everything’s settled, doll. have fun with the kid.”

You smile at him before running to catch up with Frisk and their goat mom.

A few hours later, you find yourself in front of a television screen battling Frisk in an intense game of Mario Kart. While you like the kid, you don’t show mercy to anyone when it comes to this game. Frisk has managed to pull off a couple of wins, but you’ve still won the most by far. You don’t plan on that changing anytime soon. You’re about to claim first place again when it happens.

“boo.”

You jump with a yelp and nearly fall off the couch that you’re sitting on. The controller falls out of your hands in the process which causes your Princess Peach to come to an abrupt halt. Before you can reclaim your controller, Frisk’s Yoshi flies past and claims your rightful throne.

As soon as they win, Frisk drops their controller and starts rolling across the couch in a fit of laughter. Pouting, you grab your controller in time to claim second place just barely beating Mario.

Flowey, who has been wrapped around the kid’s shoulder cheering them on the whole time, is also laughing up a storm at your expense.

There’s also laughter coming from behind the couch. When you turn to look over the back of the couch, you see Sans on the ground laughing. You immediately vault over the couch and pull the stunned skeleton into a headlock. “You jerk! How dare you come in between me and my first place trophy?!”

Frisk starts laughing harder when they see you giving a very red-faced Sans a noogie. When Toriel walks in to find out about the commotion, she stares at the spectacle and starts giggling before returning to the kitchen.

“wait, tori! help!”
“Now, Sans, I believe that you are making plenty of headway on your own. I do not think that you require my assistance.”

After a few minutes, you release him once you feel he’s received his rightful punishment. Another reason you choose to stop is because you were worried that he was actually starting to enjoy it.

You pull both of you to a standing position and back up to give the guy some space. His face is bright red and covered in sweat. When he started looking like that, you thought it was best to stop.

Frisk and Flowey continue to giggle on the couch at a lower volume. You reach over the couch and ruffle the child’s hair. “So, are you all done with work now?”

Sans smirks. “Yep. now, i’m here to escort ya to my room.”

Flowey makes a disgusted face while you use your fist to give the skeleton a gentle knock on his skull since there’s a kid present. “I think you mean house.”

The skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “Right. same thing. ready to go?”

Realizing you’re leaving, Frisk quickly moves off the couch and runs to give you a hug. “You’re leaving already?”

You smile as you return the hug. “Afraid so, sweetheart. I had fun spending time with you. Thank you for having me over.”

The child slowly pulls away after a few seconds. “I did too. I hope that you come to visit again. Thank you for all your help.”

Flowey nods. “I hate that I was stuck here and missed helping out. Thank you for helping Frisk, Y/N.”

You ruffle the kid’s hair again and smile at the pair. “I was happy to help. I’m glad that everything worked out in the end. If I’m ever in the area again, I’ll come by to see you.”

After saying goodbye to Toriel and thanking her again for her hospitality, Sans wraps an arm around your waist and teleports you away.

You’re surprised to find yourself back in the forest instead of at a house. When you raise an eyebrow at the skeleton, he grins. “Gotta pick up my bro. we were in the middle of checking his traps when we first found you. now that everything’s taken care of, he wanted to check the traps before goin’ home.”

Of course. You wouldn’t expect anything less from the hardworking skeleton.

“THERE YOU ARE, SANS! WAIT. WHY IS THE HUMAN WITH YOU? YOU WEREN’T SERIOUS WHEN YOU SAID THEY WERE STAYING OVER, WERE YOU?”

You both wince. Looks like Papyrus isn’t in the mood for guests. With a sigh, you turn to face the taller skeleton. “Don’t worry, Papyrus. It won’t be for long. I never stay in a world for more than a day, so I’ll be gone before you know it.”

Papyrus scowls as he crosses his arms. “Very well. As a reward for your usefulness, I’ll allow you to visit our home but only for a short time!”

He puffs up his chest proudly. “NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE I AM! NO ONE IS BETTER THAN THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS!”

With that decided, the three of you begin your trek to their home. Since it’s not very far, Papyrus forbids Sans from teleporting because he believes that his brother needs the exercise.

After several minutes of walking, your body comes to an abrupt halt. No matter how hard you try, you can’t move another step despite the fact that there’s nothing to impede you. Meanwhile, the brothers continue to move forward not having noticed your predicament.

After a few seconds of futile struggling, you try to call out to the skeletons only to freeze when you finally see what’s wrapped around you.

Strings.

Several blue strings are wrapped around your body preventing you from moving. Just as Sans turns back to check on you, your body gets pulled backwards, and you find yourself floating midair.

A chill runs down your spine when a cold, unfamiliar voice starts to speak from behind you.

“finally found you, glitch. you’re not gettin’ away this time.”

Chapter End Notes

Now that I've become a writer, I understand the appeal of cliffhangers. I swear, the majority of my chapters have ended in a similar manner, and I have no regrets whatsoever. It’s so much fun XD Anyway, I wonder if y'all can guess who the mystery character at the end is. Do you know? ;)

I hope I did a good job writing Underfell Toriel and Asgore. I know they come across as maybe too friendly here, but this is after a pacifist run. In addition, right now they're working with negotiating with the humans, so I figured they'd be more cordial around humans especially considering they were just in a big peace meeting. So, hopefully they don't come across as too OOC.

Thank you to everyone who gave me nickname suggestions! I won't be able to incorporate them all since I don't plan on having that many skeletons in this fic, but I'll definitely try to see about using some of those ^^ And, thank you for all the nice comments! Y'all are so sweet! ^-^

On a completely unrelated but happy note, my birthday is this week! ☆*:•:*:o(≥_≤)o:*:☆ Although, I guess that's not really something to get fired up about since I'm gonna be a quarter of a century old. Ugh I'm getting old (一︿一) Ah, sorry I know this is irrelevant. Y'all don't care about listening to me blather about my age like an old lady ^^;

Anyway, hope y'all enjoyed the chapter, and I'll see ya again next week! ^_^
Hey, guys! Thanks for all the birthday wishes! I had a great weekend ^-^ 

Surprised by the title? It took me forever to decide on it since I couldn't use the same method as the others lol Now, it's time to find out the identity of the mysterious attacker from last chapter. Although, I'm sure it won't come as a surprise to any of you ;) Also, I'll be using nicknames for the skeletons in this chapter since multiple skeletons will be present. I wanted to tell you that ahead of time to avoid any confusion. ^^ 

This chapter has not been beta-read, but I hope that you'll still be able to enjoy it :) 

You can’t help but flinch at the sound of the voice speaking so closely to your ears. It reminds you of the static that comes on the radio when you’re driving through a tunnel. You can hear the words, but there’s a background noise that nearly blocks them out. The noise wouldn’t be so grating on your ears if he wasn’t so close. 

Considering what all you know about the Undertale AUs, this person can only be Error Sans. If the blue strings weren’t already a big enough tip off, add in the strange voice, and that’s definitely enough proof for you. Unfortunately, the strings are so tight that you’re unable to look behind you to prove your theory. 

“y/n!”

You look toward the voice and are happy to see that the skeleton brothers have noticed your predicament. Red has a glare on his face which appears to be directed at the monster behind you. You need to warn him about how dangerous Error is. “Red! This is another alternate version of you! He’s incredibly dangerous, so you need to be careful!” 

The strings constrict around you making you wince. “oh? so you know about me? i guess i should feel flattered, but that just makes me more suspicious of you. i knew you were trouble, glitch.”

A scowl forms on your face as you try to endure the pain. “I know about you ‘cause you’re a fictional character in my world. If you gave me some time, I could give you a proper explanation. There’s no reason to tie me up like this! And, why do you keep calling me a glitch?”

Before he can respond, Red summons his bone attacks and shoots them toward the monster behind you. Fortunately, he makes them move at an angle, so they go over your floating body.

With a snicker, Error avoids the attack with ease by teleporting. He then reappears a few feet in front of you finally giving you a clear view of him. Error’s appearance is just like in the pictures you’ve seen of him. His skull is pitch black with blue stripes down his cheekbones. The sclera of his eyes are bright red which is the only thing the eyes have in common. The right eye has just a single white dot for a pupil with a black iris. His left eye’s pupil is a tiny black dot with a blue iris and a big yellow iris around the blue one. Error’s teeth are yellow matching his fingertips while the
rest of his arms and his legs are red. He’s wearing a black hoodie with a dark blue trim around the hood, a dark red shirt, black shorts with blue stripes down the side of the legs, and dark red slippers. Parts of his body glitch every now and then, and you can see little error signs hovering around him.

Red attempts to shoot his counterpart with his Gaster Blasters, but Error simply summons his own to counterattack. Unlike Red's white ones, Error's Gaster Blasters are black and appear to be larger in size. Due to his stronger powers, the glitchy skeleton easily pushes the other back. He smirks. “if you think you can beat me, you’re in for a bad time. if i were you, i’d run while i still had the chance. i’m more interested in dealing with this glitch here than fighting you. i’ve been looking for it for a while.”

You frown with displeasure when you realize he just called you an it. The rest of his words, though, are making your mind race. Looking for me? So, this really wasn’t just by chance? He’s been actively looking for me? But why? And, he keeps calling me a glitch. Does he think that I’m responsible for the glitch that kept moving the shooter around?

A scowl forms on Red’s face, but before he can respond, his brother cuts him off with a shout.

“SANS! MOVE!”

Without hesitation, the older brother teleports and reappears a good distance from his original spot. There he sees familiar bone attacks embedded into the ground.

When he looks up, Red sees his brother summoning another round of bone attacks. His eye-lights widen in shock. “b-boss?”

Your eyes widen when you see Edge's soul outside of his chest with blue strings wrapped around it. Remembering Error’s abilities, you scream at Red to get his attention. "Red! Error can control people with his strings by wrapping them around their souls! He somehow got a hold of your brother! Edge won’t be able to control his body now!"

Cursing, Red dodges his brother’s attacks. He needs to go after the source of this problem, but Edge won’t let up on his attacks at all.

The taller skeleton has a furious expression on his face. No doubt he hates this situation more than anyone. “PAY ATTENTION, SANS! YOU CAN’T AFFORD TO LOOK AWAY FROM MY ATTACKS! YOU NEED TO FIND SOME WAY TO REMOVE THE STRINGS THAT HAVE ATTACHED TO ME!”

His brother grimaces as he does another teleport. “i don’t know how safe that’ll be, boss. what if i hurt your soul messin' with them?"

Edge scoffs as he prepares another attack. “I CAN HANDLE MORE PAIN THAN YOU. DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET THESE STRINGS OFF, SO I CAN OBLITERATE THAT HIDEOUS VERSION OF YOU.”

Error rolls his eyes. “he calls me hideous. has he looked in a mirror?”

He turns to you with a smirk. “now, let’s finish that conversation, shall we?”

With a flick of his wrist, Error opens a portal. He then moves his fingers to control the strings wrapped around you. Before you can react, the glitchy skeleton throws you into the portal with his strings.
“y/n!”

Red’s voice is the last thing you hear before your body is moved to a new location. You are surprised to see that you’re still in the forest. In fact, you can faintly hear the sounds of the brothers’ fight from the distance.

Noticing your surprise, Error shrugs his shoulders. “I wanted the fight to continue, but I also wanted some privacy. I don’t want to waste all my time dealing with those idiots when they’re not even what I came for.”

He narrows his eyes at you. “So, start talking, Glitch. Who the hell are you? How are you causing all these problems with the AUs? Where the hell did you even come from?”

You’re tempted to refuse since you don’t owe him anything, but the strings give you a threatening squeeze. Unfortunately, the glitchy skeleton still has his strings wrapped around you tightly preventing you from moving at all. You honestly don’t want to piss him off with no one around to come help you. He could easily kill you if he wanted to. You’re only alive right now because he wants answers. Answers you, regrettably, do not have.

With a sigh, you relent and tell Error your story. You explain your lack of memory in regards to leaving your world and include your adventures in the three worlds you’ve visited. The more you talk, the more annoyed he looks.

He scowls fiercely. “Like I’d be stupid enough to believe that you’re really that clueless. You’re obviously hiding something. If you don’t wanna tell me, fine. I only asked out of curiosity. It doesn’t really matter how you infected all of those AUs since I’ll be killing you here. Since you’re the source of the glitch, eliminating you should prevent the glitch from spreading.”

Your blood runs cold as your face pales. “What are you talking about?! You think that I’m the one causing the glitch?! That’s why you wanna kill me?! I’m just a normal human! How could I cause something like that to affect multiple universes?! I don’t have that kind of power!”

His strings tighten further making you whimper from the pain. “Every AU that you go to ends up infected. How do you explain that? Besides, no normal human could jump from AUs like you have. You obviously have some kind of power. Maybe a peek at your soul will clear things up.”

A chill runs down your spine at his suggestion. While you’ve had your soul examined by others before, you let them because you trusted the skeletons. This time is different. You know, without a doubt, that this monster wants to hurt you. He won’t try to hear you out. That’s why you didn’t offer to show your soul during your explanation.

Smirking, Error summons new strings that move toward your chest to pull out your soul. However, unlike the other times, this time the process is extremely painful. You scream as he rips out your soul with his strings. You’ve never felt a pain like this before; it’s pure agony. You wonder if this is what it would feel like if you got your actual physical heart pulled out of your chest. Weakly, you glare at the skeleton somehow knowing that he purposely extracted your soul in a way that he knew would be painful.

His smirk disappears when he sees your soul. The strings constrict around you as if responding to his emotions. He’s obviously not happy with what he sees.

“What the hell is that?! That’s not a normal human soul! This is just another thing that proves that you’re suspicious! That’s it. I’m destroying you now before you cause me any more trouble.”
Error raises his hands and moves his fingers in a way that causes the strings to wrap tightly around your soul. It feels like your chest is being squeezed making it harder for you to breathe.

He grins as he lifts his right hand with the palm open and slowly starts to make it into a fist. With each second of movement, the pain increases and the amount of air passing through your lungs decreases. You know that once his hand becomes a fist that you’ll be finished.

Before he can move his hand any further, his torture is interrupted by a large blast of energy hitting him straight on, forcing him to retract the strings around your soul.

The pressure on your chest disappears, and your soul slingshots back into your body because there are no longer any strings holding it in place. Fortunately, the process of regaining your soul doesn’t cause your body any further pain.

You wish that the strings wrapped around your body would disappear. While you have regained some movement, it’s only minor like moving your head and hands.

When the smoke clears, you see that Error is unharmed because of a barrier of bones he somehow managed to summon last second. He did it so fast you completely missed it.

Turning toward the source of the attack, your eyes widen in surprise when you see four familiar skeletons instead of the expected two. Red and Edge are there both looking royally pissed off, especially the older brother considering his ruffled up appearance.

While you’re happy to see that they’re alright, what brings tears of joy to your eyes is the sight of the Underswap skeletons. Blue is staring at you with a worried expression while Stretch is glaring at Error with his right eye strobing with magic. Apparently, it was his Gaster Blaster that had attacked the glitchy skeleton.

Quickly blinking back the tears, you grin at the skeletons. “Guys! Am I glad to see you!”

The corners of Stretch’s mouth move upward while he continues to stare down Error. “told you we’d be meeting real soon, hun. just wish it was under better circumstances.”

Blue frowns at you. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, Y/N? IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO CRUSH YOUR SOUL!”

A snort draws your attention back to your attacker. “that’s ‘cause i was, idiot. before your brother rudely interrupted.”

Error glares at the new arrivals. “how the hell did you two get here? you shouldn’t be able to cross to different AUs. you don’t have that kind of power.”

Red scowls as he narrows his eye-lights at his glitchy counterpart. “who the fuck cares? who’d wanna tell you anythin’ anyway? all that matters now is dustin’ you for goin’ after me and my brother.”

A large assortment of bones appear around Edge. “FOR ONCE SANS AND I ARE ACTUALLY IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT. YOUR TREACHERY WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED, YOU VERMIN.”

It seems both sets of brothers are ready for a fight considering all the different types of attacks being summoned. Blue summons his own bone attacks which are highlighted blue, unlike Edge’s red bones, while his taller brother maintains his Gaster Blaster. Red’s left eye strobes with magic as he summons two Gaster Blasters of his own.
Blue grips one of his bone attacks tightly. “DON’T WORRY, Y/N! WE’LL SAVE YOU!”

At once, they all fire their attacks at Error who quickly dodges by teleportation. He reappears right behind you and wraps more strings around you to lock down any semblance of movement.

You watch wide-eyed as your captor summons three of his own Gaster Blasters which easily overpower the ones used by Stretch and Red. Bone attacks are also thrown at the four skeletons forcing them to go on the defense.

A growl from behind you alerts you of the glitchy skeleton’s displeasure with the situation. “I really don’t have time to deal with these bastards. This glitch needs to be taken care of now before it causes more damage. I have no idea why they’re wanting to protect the glitch that’s trying to destroy their worlds. Are they complete idiots?”

Before you can defend your friends’ actions, a tell-tale popping sound of a portal opening causes you to freeze. Oh no! He’s going to teleport me somewhere else so he can kill me without the guys interfering! If he gets me alone with him, I’m dead!

Unfortunately, despite your desperate struggles, you can’t get free at all. You open your mouth to warn your friends, but several strings mold together around your lips to form a gag preventing you from making a sound.

With a deranged cackle full of white noise, Error pulls you back into the portal with his strings after firing one last attack at your friends with his Gaster Blasters. He uses the smoke from the explosion to cover his escape.

One minute you’re in Underfell feeling the crisp autumn breeze, and the next, you’re in a place that is completely pitch black and has an eerie chill that gives you goosebumps despite your warm clothes. For some reason, you can’t help but think that this place feels slightly familiar.

A scratchy chuckle interrupts your thoughts. “Welcome to the void, glitch. I figured this would be the best place to destroy you. Anything that’s leftover after I destroy you can be swallowed up by the void. Won’t have to worry about any clean up.”

Your body starts to tremble with fear. There’s no way of escaping this. You can’t run away because of the strings, and even if you could, where would you go? This is the Void! There’s nothing here that can help you.

Error grins broadly showing off his golden teeth. “Alright. Time to end this, glitch. Only I’m allowed to destroy AUs. I won’t let you continue to do as you please and steal my role.”

Your breath hitches as the strings tighten around your body. What’s worse are the strings that he’s moving toward your chest. No doubt he wants to pull your soul out again since he had so much fun doing it last time.

Try as you might, you can’t do anything to stop him. You close your eyes and brace yourself for the oncoming pain. However, before the strings can bring out your soul, a loud voice interrupts.

“That’s enough, Error! Release her at once!”

At the sound of a new voice, your eyes immediately fly open just in time to see a giant paintbrush come down in between you and Error. It knocks away the strings aiming for your soul and the ones keeping you prisoner. It even gets rid of the strings covering your mouth.

With a gasp, you fall to your knees relieved to finally be able to move. Quickly, you scramble to
your feet and try to put some distance between you and your attacker.

“Are you alright, Y/N?”

You turn toward your rescuer and freeze when you recognize him. It’s another skeleton that has a color tone similar to all the other Sanses you’ve met. He has a blue pupil in his right eye socket and a yellow star in his left one. There’s also a smear of what looks like black paint on his right cheek. He’s wearing a black long sleeve shirt with blue geometric lines across the sleeves, a tan short-sleeved shirt over the long sleeves, black pants designed like his undershirt, brown shorts over the pants, and tiger print sneakers. There’s a blue hoodie similar to Undertale Sans’ tied around his waist and a work belt filled with rainbow-colored paint vials with heart shaped tops strapped across his chest. In his gloved hands, the skeleton is holding the large paintbrush that set you free.

You don’t know why you’re surprised. If Error is here, of course Ink Sans is nearby. Whenever the glitchy skeleton is causing trouble, the artist is usually not far behind.

Noticing his curious expression, you realize that you still haven’t answered Ink. With a shaky nod, you smile. “I’m okay. Thank you for saving me. I thought that I was a goner.”

Ink grins brightly. “It’s no problem! Dealing with this sourpuss is basically my job. Plus, there’s no way I could let him hurt you, Y/N, when you haven’t done anything wrong.”

Your eyes widen. That’s right he had called you by your name earlier too. How does he know who you are? Does he know about your dimension hopping like Error does?

Speaking of the glitchy skeleton, Error glares at his rival. “What the fuck are you doing here? How the hell did you even know that I was here? Have you been following me?”

Ink opens his mouth to answer but pauses as his expression goes blank as if he forgot what he was about to say. He rubs his chin thoughtfully before suddenly snapping his fingers. “Ah, now I remember. I was watching over Underfell from the Doodle Sphere when I saw you take off with Y/N. I figured that you’d come here to finish her off. It wasn’t real hard to track you once I got to the Void.”

His rival narrows his eyes. “So, do you know who the glitch is? Then, why the hell are you stopping me? I thought that saving the AUs was your gimmick. Protecting the glitch just means that it can go around infecting and destroying more AUs. You’re not making any sense!”

Ink tilts his head in confusion. “My desire to protect AUs hasn’t changed, Error. I’m protecting Y/N because her safety is paramount to the protection of the infected AUs.”

The glitchy skeleton makes a noise that’s a mixture of the AOL dial up sound and the sound of an incoming fax. You figure that sound means he’s angry considering the frustrated look that he’s giving the other skeleton. “You’re a fucking moron! Protecting this glitch is not gonna help anyone! If you get in my way, I’ll kill you too!”

You’ve been silently watching this exchange wondering if you should intervene. On one hand, they’re talking about you right in front of your face, so of course you want to say something. On the other hand, you really don’t want to draw Error’s attention back to you.

What to do? Decisions. Decisions. I also really want to know how Ink knows my name and why he’s so adamant that I’m protecting AUs while Error is so dead set against the idea. I admit, I’d be really happy if Ink was right. While I don’t want to die, Error’s words did make some sense. It can’t be just a coincidence that the glitch started affecting those worlds right after I appeared.
What really is going on here?

Before you can voice your thoughts, Ink strolls over to you and grabs your hand with a grin. “I’m fine with fighting you, Error. But first, I need to return Y/N. I’m sure the Underfell and Underswap guys are really worried about her.”

Your eyes widen in realization. “You’re the one who brought the Underswap skeletons to Underfell, aren’t you, Ink?”

He winks his starry eye. “Bingo! I knew that Error was close to finding you, so I dropped them off there to lend you a hand since I was a little preoccupied. Too bad they weren’t much help since Error decided to run away to the Void. How lame.”

A loud, crackling screech comes from Error. “I should’ve known that it was you, you bastard! Always getting in the way of things!”

With a cheerful laugh, Ink uses his paintbrush to create a portal and pulls you along with him. “Be back in a jiffy, Error!”

Error screams loudly in protest. “Wait, you bastard!”

You can’t help but laugh at the sheer amount of fury in the other skeleton's voice. Looks like he didn’t expect Ink to just walk off with you. Your eyes widen in surprise when you look over your shoulder and see Error’s eyes suddenly fill with tiny error messages. His body goes completely still aside from a random twitch every few seconds. Is he having one of his glitch moments? The artist chooses that moment to walk through the portal with you, and it closes behind you right after you enter.

Ink continues to laugh as he cheerily swings your hand that he’s holding between the two of you. He obviously enjoys getting the better of his rival.

As you take in your surroundings, your eyes widen in wonder. Instead of the cold, lifeless Void, you’re in a lush, green forest filled with all kinds of plant life. What catches your attention the most is the many colorful doors you see scattered around the area on small, floating islands. There are so many that you can’t even begin to count them all. When you look up, you see a lovely night sky filled with stars.

Noticing your awe-filled expression, the artist beams proudly. “Pretty amazing, right? Welcome to the Doodle Sphere, Y/N! Those doors lead to all of the AUs that exist. I keep watch over them to make sure that they stay safe from Error among other things.”

You grin brightly as you admire the scenery. “It’s gorgeous, Ink. I love it here.”

While you’d love to just continue looking around as you walk, you know that there are some answers that you need from the skeleton. “Ink? How do you know my name? Did you find out because of my AU jumping?”

He tilts his head as he ponders the question. “Hmm. I can’t remember at the moment. That might be the reason.”

You sigh at his forgetfulness. You might not be able to get any information out of this guy with the kind of memory he has, but you still have to try. “Then, what about what you said to Error? About my safety being necessary to protect the AUs? How am I doing that? I mean, like Error said, the glitches start happening after I appear. That can’t be a coincidence.”
Using his magic, Ink brings the two of you to the floating island with a black door frame containing a red door. After you both land, he frowns at you. “Don’t listen to Error, Y/N. He doesn’t have all the facts, so he’s just making assumptions. He can be incredibly stubborn sometimes, so if he thinks he’s right, no one can convince him otherwise. He doesn’t know as much about you as I do. I know that you’re a good person and that you’re not trying to hurt anyone let alone destroy AUs. How much you helped the AUs that you’ve been to proves that. Why would a glitch try to stop itself?”

His words cause you to pause as you contemplate them. He makes a good point. That would be counterproductive, but what if you’re causing it by accident?

As if reading your mind, he releases your hand and uses both of his hands to ruffle your hair roughly. “No more negative thoughts! Now, come on. Let’s get you back to your friends. Oh! One more thing!”

Ink activates his magic, causing his starry eye to shine brightly. He raises his right hand and uses it to gently pull out your soul. Wanting to trust your rescuer, you watch curiously as he examines your soul.

You wince at what you see. There are a lot of lacerations and indentations from Error’s strings. The glow is also a lot fainter than it usually is. You really don’t want to know how low your HP is now because of Error’s attacks.

Grinning, he pulls out his paintbrush with a flourish and holds it up high. Quickly, before you can even think to stop him, Ink swings his paintbrush downwards and hits your soul with the glowing bristles.

You’re about to yell at the artist but stop when you see the state of your soul. There’s no trace of the previous injuries. It’s shining brightly like it just got a brand new paint job, which it kinda did. Did he seriously just paint your soul?

He returns Broomy to his back and beams proudly with his hands on his hips. “Impressive, right? Now, you’re all healed up and ready to go.”

As the skeleton returns your soul to your chest, you do a little self evaluation. He’s right about you feeling much better now. That confrontation with Error left you feeling sore and worn out. Your chest would throb painfully with every step as you walked through the Doodle Sphere. However, now you feel perfectly fine. “Did you use healing magic?”

Ink casually shrugs his shoulders. “Basically. Now, enough of that. Go through this door, and you’ll end up back in Underfell. It should, hopefully, drop you off where your friends are.”

Noticing your hesitance, he smiles encouragingly. “Don’t worry. Everything will turn out alright. Just keep doing things as you usually do. Now, hurry up. Your friends are waiting for you.”

Nodding your head, you move to open the door but freeze with your hand hovering over the doorknob. Abruptly, you turn and wrap your arms around the skeleton’s neck in a quick hug.

When you pull back, you see him wearing a very surprised expression. You smile warmly. “Thank you for saving me, Ink. I hope we get to meet again soon under better circumstances.”

With that, you turn toward the door again and pull it open to walk inside. Because your back is to him, you don’t see Ink’s look of wonder or him suddenly clutch his chest.

The doorways of the Doodle Sphere are really amazing. Unlike all the other times where you
temporarily lose consciousness when changing dimensions, you simply walk through the door and end up back in the forest in Underfell.

“Y/N!”

You turn toward the familiar voice only to get knocked to the ground by a blue blur that latches onto your waist. Looking down, you see Blue in tears clutching you as tightly as he can without actually hurting you.

Realizing how worried you had made him, you wrap your arms around the small skeleton and give him a gentle squeeze. “Hey, Blue, sorry for worrying you. I’m alright. I promise.”

Despite your best efforts, he continues to cry. “I WAS SO WORRIED! WHEN THAT OTHER ME TOOK YOU AWAY, I THOUGHT FOR SURE HE WAS GOING TO KILL YOU! AND, IT WOULD’VE BEEN MY FAULT BECAUSE I COULDN’T PROTECT YOU!”

The cute skeleton is really breaking your heart. You tighten your grip on him. “It wouldn’t have been your fault, Blue. It was a really bad situation. Error is one of the most powerfulSanses. He’s not easy to beat. Plus, as long as Error’s strings stayed wrapped around me, I was pretty much his hostage. I’m sorry for getting caught so easily.”

Blue just shakes his head as he buries his face into your chest. That’s when another voice decides to join the conversation. “If it’s anybody’s fault, it’s mine. I should’ve noticed him sooner before he grabbed ya.”

When you look up, you see Red who had just spoken. There’s a large scowl on his face. Although, you think that his expression looks more guilty than angry. Behind him are Edge and Stretch whose expressions while different share that same frustration and anger.

Stretch frowns sadly at his brother. “It’s not your fault, bro. there wasn’t anything we could do to stop him from leaving when we were so far away. I honestly wasn’t expecting him to run.”

Scowling, Edge crosses his arms. “THAT COWARD! HE DARED TO TAKE CONTROL OF THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, AND THEN WHEN I COME FOR VENGEANCE, HE FLEES! THE NEXT TIME I SEE HIM I WILL HAVE HIS HEAD!”

You consider telling him that fighting Error alone is unwise but decide your input would only anger him further. Besides, you know that Red will keep an eye on his brother to make sure nothing happens to him.

Slowly, Blue pulls away from you and starts to rub his eye sockets. Rather than move, he chooses to remain in your lap which you have absolutely no problem with.

Grinning happily, you hug the small skeleton tightly. “I’m so happy to see you, Blue! I missed your cute face!”

He blushes a dark blue. “I KEEP TELLING YOU THAT I AM NOT CUTE! WHY CAN’T YOU SEE MY MANLINESS?”

His counterpart snorts in amusement. “right. keep tellin’ yourself that, baby blue.”

Then, Red grins at you. “so, when do i get my hug, dollface? i know that you missed my handsome face the most.”

You roll your eyes playfully. “Your turn can come after Blue’s.”
With a mischievous smirk, you direct your attention to his brother. “You wanna go after him, Edge? I know how much you love my hugs!”

Edge’s face turns scarlet as his scowl deepens. “I DO NOT! I HAVE NEVER ONCE HUGGED YOU! AND, I NEVER SHALL! KEEP YOUR DISTANCE IF YOU KNOW WHAT’S GOOD FOR YOU!”

You pout. “Aw, that’s no fun, Edge. You’re really missing out by not joining the hugging experience.”

Blue nods his head. “Y/N DOES GIVE VERY NICE HUGS. I THINK THAT YOU’D LIKE THEM IF YOU TRIED!”

Edge glares at him. “OF COURSE, I WOULDN’T! I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU ARE ANOTHER VERSION OF MY BROTHER. YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE HIM!”

“aw, boss. does that mean you don’t think i’m cute?”

“OF COURSE, I DON’T!”

Chuckling, Stretch turns away from the edgy brothers and gives you a grin. “so, since edgy me is out, that means i’m after red?”

You snicker. “Sure thing. I’m always happy to give out hugs.”

His grin grows. “tibia honest, i’m quite partial to hugs myself. that’s why i like to embrace every opportunity i get to receive one.”

Blue slumps against your chest with a groan. “PAPY, NO!”

You look up just in time to see Edge’s horrified look and his brother’s ecstatic expression.

The taller of the edgy skeletons points at his counterpart. “WHY ARE YOU TELLING PUNS?! WHAT KIND OF PAPYRUS ARE YOU?! YOU ABOMINATION!”

You start laughing as you hug the small skeleton to your chest. Stretch just gives his counterpart a cheeky wink which makes you laugh harder.

Grinning broadly, Red decides to join the conversation. “wow. you’ve really got the boss on edge now. it ain’t a stretch to say that he’s seeing red.”

“NOOOO!”

Twin groans chorus from the younger brothers as the older skeletons chuckle in amusement. Edge picks his brother up and starts shaking him while Blue scolds his from his position in your lap.

Your laughter comes to an abrupt halt when a familiar feeling washes over you. You look down, in dread, to see your body starting to turn translucent. It looks like it’s time to leave Underfell. You really wish that you knew what caused the sudden teleports. Why do you only get to stay in each world for a brief period of time?

All of the noise immediately stops once the skeletons notice your predicament. Edge drops his brother in surprise, and Red quickly rushes over to you. “are ya alright, doll? is this the strange teleport that happens right before ya end up in a new world?”

You nod your head sadly. “Yeah, looks like my time here is up. I’m sorry that I didn’t get to hang
out with you and your brother more, Red. I would’ve liked to. I did enjoy my time with you guys.”

He gives you a small grin. “can’t say that i’ve ever enjoyed resets, but havin’ you there definitely made things better. i owe ya one. i wouldn’t have known what to do about that glitch. ya really helped us out, doll.”

Edge crosses his arms and averts his eye-lights. “WELL, I GUESS I AGREE THAT YOU WERE SOMEWHAT USEFUL. ALTHOUGH, I STILL DID MOST OF THE WORK.”

You smile at him as you gracefully accept the backhanded compliment. “You’re the best, Edge. We couldn’t have done it without you.”

“NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! YOU WOULD’VE NEVER SUCCEEDED WITHOUT ME!”

Stretch opens his mouth to speak only to freeze when he looks at his brother. Confused, you look down and gape at the sight.

Blue still hasn’t left your lap since he tackled you to the ground. When you started disappearing, instead of getting up, he simply tightened his grip on you. While you had no problem accepting the hug at that moment, you are now starting to regret that decision.

Because you’re not the only one that’s disappearing.

Blue’s body is starting to turn transparent at the same rate as yours. Yet, somehow, you can still feel his presence in your arms.

Your eyes widen in horror, and you immediately try to pull the skeleton away from you. “Blue! You need to let go, or you’ll end up disappearing along with me!”

He shakes his head and stubbornly holds on. “NO! WE ALMOST LOST YOU THIS TIME! I WON’T LEAVE YOU ALONE AGAIN!”

While his consideration warms your heart, you know that you can’t in good conscience take him with you and leave Stretch behind. You have no idea what AU you’re going to next. You can’t put him in such danger. Stretch would never forgive you.

You turn your desperate gaze back to Stretch, hoping that he’ll be able to convince Blue. You see him attempt to grab his brother only for his hands to pass through. The two of you are no longer solid enough to touch now. You open your mouth in a futile attempt to ask Blue to let go again, but it’s too late.

Your vision goes dark, and you and Blue disappear without a trace.

Chapter End Notes

How about that cliffhanger? (・ω・)✧ I bet that y’all didn’t expect the Underswap bros to make a reappearance so soon, huh? Well, I couldn’t leave them out of the fun XD Besides, Red obviously needed a hand with his brother. That’s why they took so long to reach the Reader. Did y’all expect for Ink to appear like you did Error? When you bring in one, you gotta have the other. Someone’s gotta be able to handle Error after all haha I had been wondering if there were multiple ways to pull out a soul and if some ways were more painful than others. I figured if anyone could find a painful way to do
it that it would be someone clever like Error.

This is my first time writing Error and Ink, so I'm pretty nervous about how this chapter will be received. I hope that I didn't do too bad of a job with Error. I've seen several different interpretations of Ink, so it took me a while to figure out how I wanted to try writing him. If his behavior comes across as OOC to you, I promise that there's an explanation for it. You'll just have to wait a few more chapters before you can find out. Also, there's more to Ink than meets the eye in this fic. I recommend keeping a close eye on him ^^

If you were curious about the title for this chapter, I was referencing Error's and Ink's clashing opinions in regards to the Reader. One thinks that she's behind the glitch while the other believes that she's the way to stop it. The question is: who are you gonna believe? Who do you think is right? ;)

So, what AU do you think the Reader and Blue will go to next chapter? I'll go ahead and say that I won't be covering all the AUs in this fic 'cause there are way too many. I don't think I know even half of them lol Plus, there's only a few I feel like I could handle writing.

I'd love to hear your theories along with your thoughts on the chapter. I hope that you were able to enjoy it! ^-^
Chapter Notes

This chapter has not been beta-read. Hopefully, however, I managed to catch all of the mistakes :)

I really enjoyed the feedback in regards to your theories about the glitch along with what AU the Reader and Blue will appear in this chapter. Your ideas were very creative. (⁎^▽^⁎) I feel bad for making such a predictable choice for the next AU ^^'

Also, typically I refer to each Sans and Papyrus by their given names while the Reader is in their world. However, since Blue will be here, the skeletons of this AU will be called by their nicknames once they receive them. That's how I plan on doing this in future chapters. Skeletons will be referred to their given names until given a nickname and only if there are other skeletons present as well. I hope that this won't cause any confusion ^^

I hope y'all enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When you regain consciousness this time, you are fortunate enough to already be sitting on the ground. Otherwise, you would have definitely been injured if you had crashed into the rocky ground beneath you since there was nothing to cushion your fall like the last three times.

The first thing you see when your vision clears is Blue sitting in your lap. He appears a little disoriented judging by his expression. No doubt he was having trouble adjusting to the sudden teleport since it was his first time being teleported this way.

With a frown, you wrap your arms around him and give him the tightest hug you can muster. You don’t care if it’s too restricting. This is his punishment for doing something so reckless. “What were you thinking?! That was way too reckless, Blue! Now, you’re stuck with me, and your brother is stuck in Underfell. He’s gonna be so worried! If something happens to you because of me, Stretch will never forgive me! Even if he did, I’d never be able to forgive myself!”

At first, Blue had been squirming because of the tight hug, but now, his body relaxes as he returns the embrace. “I KNOW THAT IT WAS RECKLESS OF ME. I DIDN’T WANT TO LEAVE PAPY BEHIND, BUT I COULDN’T LET YOU GO BY YOURSELF! YOU ALMOST DIED IN THAT OTHER WORLD! WHAT IF SOMETHING EVEN MORE DANGEROUS HAPPENS IN THIS NEW WORLD? SOMEONE NEEDS TO BE THERE TO PROTECT YOU! YOU ARE MY FRIEND, Y/N. EVEN IF WE HAVEN’T KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR VERY LONG, I’LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO PROTECT YOU!”

Fighting back tears, you rest your forehead against his shoulder. “Thank you, Blue. I’m really lucky to have such an awesome friend. I’m grateful that you’d go so far for me, but please don’t be too reckless. Your health is just as important to me as mine is to you.”

After blinking away the tears, you raise your head and then gently knock his forehead with yours. “And, don’t forget how worried your brother will be. If the positions were swapped and he
suddenly disappeared, how would you feel?”

He frowns deeply. “I WOULD’VE BEEN VERY UPSET IF HE WENT SOMEWHERE POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS WITHOUT ME TO LOOK AFTER HIM. I WOULD’VE BEEN VERY WORRIED.”

When you pull away, the skeleton sighs. “I’LL BE SURE TO APOLOGIZE TO PAPY. I DO FEEL BAD FOR CAUSING HIM SUCH WORRY. IF I HAD KNOWN THAT IT WAS POSSIBLE TO TRAVEL WITH YOU, I WOULD HAVE MADE SURE THAT HE GOT BROUGHT ALONG. IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST THAT I DIDN’T THINK TO GRAB HIM.”

You grin at him. “Even if you hadn’t, I’m sure he would’ve found a way to make sure he went wherever you did. He always has a close eye on you. This only happened by pure chance. I had no idea that someone could be brought along with me as long as they held onto me when the teleporting started.”

Your friend opens his mouth to reply but is cut off by an unfamiliar, lazy drawl.

“so, the human can teleport? don’t see that everyday.”

You both freeze in surprise, having not noticed a third presence until now. You want to hit yourself for not paying attention to your surroundings. You were so focused on Blue that you didn’t think to check to see where you ended up.

When you look up, you can immediately tell that you’re in what appears to be a cavern. The sound of water falling and the sight of an echo flower not far away makes you believe that you’re now in Waterfall. You also see a sentry station that looks just like the one in Waterfall that Undertale Sans uses in the game, but the skeleton behind the counter staring you down isn’t a Sans.

You see a Papyrus wearing a black jacket with a hood lined with brown fur, an orange turtleneck sweater underneath, and a studded red collar. You can’t see the rest of his clothes because of the counter. One of his sharp teeth is colored gold, and there’s a scar going across his left eye socket. As you’re studying him, he takes a drag from the cigarette in his hands.

After seeing this Papyrus, there’s no doubt in your mind where you are now. This is Swapfell.

Just as you finish your examination, Blue scrambles out of your lap and runs over to the sentry station. He stares at the other Papyrus with wide eye-lights. “WOWZERS! ANOTHER VERSION OF MY BROTHER! I THINK HE LOOKS MORE LIKE MY PAPY THAN EDGE DID. HE EVEN HAS THAT LAZY AURA LIKE MY BROTHER. AND, HE’S SMOKING! I GUESS OTHER ME DIDN’T HAVE MUCH LUCK CONVINCING HIM TO STOP.”

You watch Papyrus study his brother’s counterpart. Considering his lackluster reaction, you wonder if anything can really surprise this guy. He’s not freaking out at all about another version of his brother showing up. The taller skeleton doesn’t even take a break from his smoking and just continues on as if this is completely normal. His expression does appear to soften slightly after listening to Blue talk. Maybe it’s because Blue looks so similar to his Sans?

Seeing that makes the tension ease from your shoulders. Even though you don’t have any idea what he’ll do to you, the fact that there’s a strong chance that he’ll look after Blue if something happens to you gives you relief. You feel that you can trust him not to hurt your friend.

Papyrus releases another puff of smoke as he exhales. “as long as i don’t smoke around m’lord or
in the house, he doesn’t care if i do it.”

Before Blue can question the strange way Papyrus refers to his brother, you rise to your feet and walk over to the counter. You raise an eyebrow in amusement. “I gotta say, you’re taking this situation extremely well. Another version of your brother from a different universe pops up, and you don’t even bat an eye. You either have one hell of a poker face, or you just don’t care.”

The smoker smirks as he leans against the counter. “you see a lot of strange things down here, darlin. it will take more than interdimensional travel to rattle these bones. i always figured the multiverse theory was true. just wasn’t ever able to prove it.”

When Papyrus takes another drag of his cigarette, Blue opens his mouth no doubt wanting the other to stop for your benefit. You shake your head at him which causes him to pout. The two of you stare at each other for a while before he finally relents. He must have been able to tell that you had a good reason for not wanting to mention your allergies.

If Papyrus is only able to smoke when he’s by himself, he probably doesn’t get a lot of smoke breaks. You really don’t want him to have to stop if he really needs a cigarette. You know how hard this world can be on the poor guy. Besides, there’s a strong chance that he won’t even agree, and you don’t want Blue to get upset with the other skeleton.

After all, your allergies really aren’t that serious. Just a little bit of smoking shouldn’t hurt you. Your eyes haven’t started watering, so you take that as a sign to leave things as they are.

Thankfully, the older skeleton doesn’t comment on the little stare-down that you had with your friend. Instead, he props his elbow on the counter and rests his head against his hand. “so, you wanna explain what you two are doing here, darlin?”

Blue grins as he places his hands on his hips. “ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN! Y/N IS FROM ANOTHER WORLD WHERE WE’RE ALL VIDEO GAME CHARACTERS! SHE DOESN’T KNOW HOW SHE LEFT HER WORLD, BUT SHE’S BEEN STUCK TRAVELING FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT. APPARENTLY, HER SOUL IS CAPABLE OF USING MAGIC TO TELEPORT HER ALTHOUGH WE ARE UNSURE HOW THIS OCCURS. THE REASON I AM HERE IS BECAUSE I HAD GRABBED ONTO HER WHILE SHE WAS DISAPPEARING SINCE I DID NOT WANT HER TO BE ALONE. SHE HAD A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER IN THE LAST WORLD, SO I WAS WORRIED ABOUT HER SAFETY.”

Grateful to have some assistance with story time, you fill in the rest of the blanks such as details about the other worlds, the glitches, the human kids, how Blue and Stretch ended up in the last world, Error’s attack, and Ink’s rescue. This was Blue’s first time hearing about the rescue since you didn’t get a chance to explain things to the others in Underfell before you disappeared.

Starry eyes stare at you with wonder. “WOWZERS! SO, THE OTHER ME THAT BROUGHT ME AND PAPY TO YOU ALSO CAME TO YOUR RESCUE? THAT’S AMAZING! NEXT TIME I SEE HIM, I’LL BE SURE TO THANK HIM FOR SAVING MY FRIEND!”

You smile at the sweetheart. You don’t know what you did to deserve such a good friend, but you’re definitely grateful. While you still feel bad about separating him from his brother, you do feel better having him around.

Returning your attention to the other skeleton, you see Papyrus studying you intently. He had remained silent throughout both explanations. Fortunately, it doesn’t appear that he’s doubting you. Maybe because you have Blue as a reliable witness. Rather, it looks like the taller skeleton is just trying to wrap his mind around what he’s been told. It is a lot to swallow all at once.
“so, this glitch..it happened in all three worlds that you visited? does that mean that it’s likely to happen here too?”

You flinch at the question because it reminds you of Error’s accusing words. Error blames you for the glitch because it happened in every world after you arrived. Ink said not to worry about it, but what if Error was right? Will the glitch come to Swapfell because you’re here now?

A hand grabbing yours draws you out of your thoughts. Looking down, you see Blue staring at you worriedly. You hadn’t told them about why Error attacked you. While you feel guilty for hiding it from Blue, you’re scared to tell this Papyrus. If you did, would he kill you to protect his world? You don’t want to take that chance especially after coming so close to death in the last world.

You know that Blue wouldn’t blame you. He’d defend you like Ink even if all the evidence points to you. You don’t think any of your new friends would hold it against you either since you had helped solve the problems caused by the glitch in each world. Still, if they knew, would they try to stop you like Error? Maybe not as cruelly as him, but would they take action to prevent you from potentially infecting other AUs? The thought leaves your stomach in knots.

After you shake your head to dispel those depressing thoughts, you squeeze Blue’s hand and give him a smile to show that you’re alright before turning back to the other skeleton who’s been silently observing you. “To be honest, there is a good chance that it’ll happen. I haven’t been lucky enough to avoid the glitch yet, but I’m hoping this world will be different. Chara hasn’t done any resets lately, have they?”

Papyrus shakes his head as he fiddles with his cigarette. “not lately. last time i checked on them, m’lord was fightin’ them. it looked like he was gonna spare them, so they should be headin’ this way soon.”

You pinch the bridge of your nose. Just thinking of all the possible ways in which things can go wrong in this world is giving you a headache. “Great. So, if it does happen, more than likely the glitch will do something to Chara while they’re running from Alphys. I really hope that nothing happens.”

Blue releases your hand and moves to pat you on the back. “DO NOT WORRY, Y/N! EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY! AS LONG AS THE MAGNIFICENT SA--I MEAN--BLUEBERRY IS HERE, IT WILL ALL WORK OUT!”

Grateful for his optimism, you sweep the short skeleton off his feet and cuddle him to your chest in a hug. “Thanks, Blue. I feel a lot better having you around.”

His cheekbones flush dark blue as he grins. “MWEH HEH HEH! AS LONG AS I AM HERE, WE SHALL NOT FAIL!”

A deep chuckle draws your attention to the taller skeleton. “it’s funny that he’s called blue when he’s the one who cheers you up.”

The shorter skeleton groans as you return him to the ground. You had wondered if this Papyrus would tell jokes. Now that you think about, he did make a pun earlier, didn’t he? Maybe he only does it when his brother isn’t around?

Thinking of this world’s Sans makes you pause. In Swapfell, Sans has a personality similar to Underfell Papyrus. You were lucky that you had met that Papyrus on the surface, so you never had to face his full wrath or deal with being hunted for your soul. Will the Sans of this world try to capture you? It’s unlikely that this Papyrus will help you if it means opposing his brother, so you
and Blue are on your own if the other Sans decides to attack. You wonder if he’ll at least hear you out.

You give the smoker a considering look. While Papyrus would never give away inside information on his brother, maybe he’d be willing to give some advice on how to get on his brother’s good side. “Papyrus, what are the chances that your brother won’t try to capture me for my soul?”

He shrugs his shoulders. “considerin’ the kid is here, it’s not like we need another human soul now. besides, you said somethin’ about your soul being weird, right? what’s the point in takin’ it if it’s not even gonna be useful? i definitely wouldn’t bother. regardin’ m’lord, it’ll depend on his mood. he’s usually in good spirits after his fight with the kid, so he might be willin’ to hear you out. of course, he might also decide to just kill you on the spot since you’re a human.”

You pale at the thought while Blue gapes at his brother’s counterpart. “WHAT?! WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?! IF YOU DON’T NEED HER SOUL, THEN THERE’S NO NEED TO ATTACK HER!”

“humans ain’t exactly too popular down here. after all, they’re the reason we’re down here in the first place.”

When it looks like Blue wants to argue more on your behalf, you put a hand on his shoulder to get his attention. “It’s alright, Blue. I understand their reasoning. This world isn’t as well off as yours is. Here the rule is kill or be killed. It’s much more dangerous in this Underground. I can’t blame the monsters here for hating humans since they’re the ones who locked everyone down here.”

The shorter skeleton frowns in displeasure while the other skeleton gives you a considering look. “BUT, THAT STILL DOESN’T MEAN IT’S OKAY FOR THE OTHER ME TO HURT YOU! YOU DIDN’T DO ANYTHING TO HIM OR ANYONE ELSE HERE. YOU SHOULDN’T HAVE TO DIE BECAUSE OTHER HUMANS MADE A MISTAKE.”

Grinning, you give him another quick hug. “I agree. That’s why I want to talk to the other Sans and get him to hear me out. I’d like to become friends with him like I did with you and everyone else.”

Papyrus exhales another cloud of smoke as he slouches against the counter. “well, i wish you the best of luck, darlin. i’d be happy to see m’lord make friends. it won’t be easy, though. he doesn’t like a lot of people.”

Well, the same could probably be said about Edge, but you got along well enough with him. Of course, that was on the Surface where everything was more peaceful. Still, you’re not going to give up without at least trying. You know that deep down this Sans is a good guy just like the rest of his counterparts that you befriended. You just need to give him a chance and be patient.

Your thoughts are interrupted by a new voice yelling from the distance. “MUTT! YOU BETTER BE AT YOUR POST! AND, DON’T LET ME CATCH YOU SMOKING ON THE JOB!”

Within seconds, Papyrus is out of his slouched position and standing straight behind the counter with no cigarette in sight. That’s the fastest you’ve seen him move since you arrived. You didn’t even notice him put out the cigarette or see what he did with it.

His reaction can only mean one thing. His Sans is heading your way and will probably be here any second now.

Mentally, you curse. You were hoping that you’d have more time to think of a way to befriend this
Sans. Looks like you’ll just have to make things up as you go--as per usual.

Quickly, you lean down and whisper to your friend. “I know the way these two address each other seems strange but don’t call them out on it. Things are different in this world. All I can tell you is deep down they’re like you and Stretch. It just might take a while to see it.”

Before Blue can respond, his other counterpart comes into view. He looks a lot like your friend except his armor is black instead of grey, and his top is shorter revealing his spinal column and pelvis. Also, his tattered bandana, gloves, and boots are purple which match his eye-lights. Across his left eye socket are two scars. In regards to height, you’d say that he’s about the same size as your friend beside you, maybe a little taller because of the long heels of his boots.

As soon as he arrives, Sans zeroes in on you then on Blue who’s beside you. His eye-lights widen as he takes in the sight of the two of you. The way he keeps switching his gaze between you and Blue makes you think he’s having a problem trying to decide which one of you he needs to focus on first.

Logically, you know willingly drawing attention to yourself is a bad idea. Blue can take care of himself unlike you. You could be killed within seconds if the other Sans wished to do so. Despite knowing this, you call out to him anyway. If he’s going to lash out at someone, you’d rather it be you than your friend.

“Umm..hi? I know that this probably looks bad, but I promise we have a proper explanation for why there’s another you here from a different universe. Of course, I’ll also explain why I’m here. Well, I can tell you what I know at least. Would you be willing to hear us out?”

Sans narrows his eye-lights at you. “AND, WHY SHOULD I BOTHER LISTENING TO A PATHETIC HUMAN LIKE YOU? WHY SHOULDN’T I JUST CAPTURE YOU NOW AND ELIMINATE THAT CLONE OVER THERE? OBVIOUSLY, HE’S THE HANDIWORK OF THAT CRAZY SCIENTIST UNDYNE. I SHOULD’VE KNOWN THAT SHE’D TRY TO CLONE SOMEONE AS STRONG AS MYSELF TO USE FOR HER OWN PURPOSES.”

He mutters that last part to himself, but because of the volume of his voice, you could easily hear him. You can’t help but feel amused by the fact that he believes Blue is a clone of his created by Undyne. It’s true that she’s supposed to be a mad scientist in this world, so you really wouldn’t put cloning past her.

Unwilling to remain silent, Blue speaks on his own behalf. “I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT I AM NOT A CLONE! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS OF ANOTHER UNIVERSE! I TRAVELED HERE WITH MY FRIEND Y/N, WHO IS BY NO MEANS PATHETIC! SHE HAS HELPED SAVE THREE UNIVERSES NOW! SHE’S REALLY AMAZING! YOU SHOULD GIVE HER A CHANCE! JUST LISTENING TO HER WON’T CAUSE ANY HARM, RIGHT?”

Throwing in your own two cents on the cloning matter, you add, “Besides, if she wanted to clone you, why wouldn’t she make him look exactly like you? Your color schemes are totally different, and his eye-lights are a different color. Do you think that anyone here in this world would mistake him for you?”

Sans scoffs derisively. “OF COURSE NOT! HE’S SO WEAK LOOKING! THERE’S NO WAY THAT ANYONE WOULD EVER THINK THAT HE’S ME!”

His counterpart scowls, obviously displeased with being called weak. You decide to intervene before a fight breaks out. “You’re both strong in your own ways. Because Blue comes from another universe, his views of strength are different from yours. That’s why his appearance is different. It
would be better not to underestimate Blue. He is another version of you after all, and no one knows better than you what you are capable of. In all my travels, I haven’t met a weak Sans yet.”

With a broad grin, you continue. “Besides, I personally believe that it’s the ones with the least assuming appearances that you need to watch out for the most. After all, what if what you’re seeing is only what they want you to see?”

Sans gains a considering look as he studies his counterpart again. Blue meets his gaze straight on, upset frown still firmly in place. Their glaring continues for some time, making you wonder if they’re actually having a staring contest.

Out of the corner of your eye, you swear that you see Papyrus pull out a phone to secretly take a picture of the two smaller skeletons. He hasn’t said a word since his brother arrived, and considering what you know about him, he’ll probably remain silent unless his brother addresses him.

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

The sudden cackling brings your attention back to the staring contest. You’re surprised to see that it’s coming from Sans, who’s watching Blue with a smirk. “I GUESS I HAVE TO GIVE YOU SOME CREDIT SINCE NOT MANY ARE BRAVE ENOUGH TO MEET MY GAZE. IF YOU REALLY ARE ANOTHER VERSION OF ME, THEN IT WOULD BE BEST TO KEEP MY EYE ON YOU. YOU MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL A WOLF IN SHEEP’S CLOTHING. OF COURSE, IF WE WERE TO BATTLE, I’D EASILY WIN. NO ONE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO DEFEAT ME!”

Blue grins brightly. He seems to be really cheerful all of a sudden. “MWEH HEH HEH! I DOUBT THAT YOU’VE EVER FOUGHT SOMEONE OF MY CALIBER, SO YOU BEST PREPARE YOURSELF IF YOU CHOOSE TO FIGHT ME! I WILL NOT BE DEFEATED SO EASILY!”

Maybe it’s just your imagination, but are they actually getting along? Did they suddenly become friends during those few minutes you were distracted by Papyrus? What the hell did you miss?

After that discussion is finished, Sans returns his attention to you. He studies you for a few minutes, wearing a scowl. “ALRIGHT, HUMAN. I’LL ALLOW YOU TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF. I MUST ADMIT THAT I AM RATHER INTRIGUED ABOUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT BROUGHT YOU TWO HERE. BE GRATEFUL THAT THE MALEVOLENT SANS IS WILLING TO LET YOU SPEAK!”

With narrowed eye-lights, he adds, “AND, YOU CAN ALSO EXPLAIN THOSE HORRIBLE CLOTHES OF YOURS.”

You smile in amusement. “Thank you, Malevolent Sans. I promise that it won’t be a waste of your time.”

With that, you and Blue take turns explaining everything thing similar to how you did earlier with Papyrus. It takes a while, but finally, the two of you manage to finish after covering everything important.

Unlike his brother, Sans would ask questions every so often and took a while to actually appear convinced. It helped when at one point you asked Blue to bring out your soul to show his counterpart, who stared with wide eye-lights at the sight. Even Papyrus, who remained in the background, perked up at the sight of your soul. It does seem to have that effect on people.
Sans rubs his chin thoughtfully. “SO, THAT STRANGE SOUL OF YOURS HAS THE POWER TO TELEPORT YOU AND WHOEVER IS IN CONTACT WITH YOU AT THE TIME. YOU HAVE NO CONTROL OVER IT, SO IT HAPPENS AT RANDOM. WHILE IT IS INTERESTING, IT PROBABLY WOULDN’T BE MUCH USE TO US. COMPARED TO MY NEW SLAVE, YOUR HUMAN SOUL LOOKS PATHETIC. I’D ONLY EMBARRASS MYSELF IF I BROUGHT IN YOUR WEAK SOUL. BECAUSE OF THIS, I’LL SPARE YOU. BE GRATEFUL, WORM!”

Despite the insults, you can’t help but smile. You don’t know if he’s being completely honest or if he just took pity on you after hearing your story. Either way, you’re grateful that he won’t try to capture you. “I’m extremely grateful. Thank you.”

Blue grins happily. “YES, THANK YOU, OTHER ME! I KNEW THAT YOU’D UNDERSTAND ONCE YOU HEARD THE WHOLE STORY!”

Hearing your friend address his counterpart brings up another important topic that needs to be discussed. “Hey, would it be alright if I gave you and your brother a nickname? I’ve already met so many versions of you now, so that’s the only way to differentiate between you all. Plus, since Blue is here now, it might get confusing if I keep calling you Sans.”

Sans crosses his arms with a huff. “YOU MAY ADDRESS ME AS MASTER AND NOTHING ELSE. MUTT IS FINE FOR THE MUTT.”

Oh boy. Looks like coming up with appropriate nicknames is going to be a little tougher in this world. You really don’t want to refer to this Sans as Master the whole time you’re here, and you don’t want to treat this Papyrus like a dog either.

An idea comes to mind that makes you smile. “Are you sure? You don’t wanna hear the nicknames that your devoted fans from my world came up for you?”

As expected, mentioning his fans piques his interest. “SO, MY FOLLOWERS IN YOUR WORLD HAVE GIVEN ME A NICKNAME? VERY WELL. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO TELL ME.”

Your smile grows at his request. “I’ve seen you with the nicknames Blackberry and Raspberry. For short, you’ve been called Black, Razz, or Berry. I honestly have no idea where the nicknames came from, but all the fans seem to really like them.”


Blue puts his hands on his hips as he grins proudly. “AND, I WAS GIFTED WITH THE MAGNIFICENT NAME BLUEBERRY! WHILE BEING NAMED AFTER A FRUIT IS SLIGHTLY STRANGE, I DON’T REALLY MIND IT. BESIDES, MY LOYAL FANS WORKED HARD TO COME UP WITH MY NAME. BECAUSE I’M THE KIND OF AMAZING PERSON WHO TREASURES HIS FANS, I WILL USE THE NICKNAME WITH PRIDE! ONLY SOMEONE AS AWESOME AS ME COULD MAKE SUCH A NAME LOOK COOL!”

Somehow, you can’t help but think that your friend is purposefully saying those words just to egg on his counterpart. It seems to have worked considering how fast the other Sans jumps to the challenge.

“I’LL SHOW YOU AMAZING! I’LL MAKE PEOPLE TREMBLE IN FEAR AT THE NAME OF BLACKBERRY! EVERYONE WILL STAND IN AWE AT MY BRILLIANCE!”
It takes a great deal of effort, but you manage to successfully hold back your laughter. Blue’s plan worked. Looks like his counterpart will be going by Blackberry from now on.

Turning your attention to Papyrus, you see him watching the proceedings with amusement. You’re probably only seeing that expression because his brother isn’t looking directly at him.

Now, how are you going to handle his nickname? When it comes to this Papyrus, you haven’t seen a lot of nicknames for him, so you wouldn’t know what to suggest. Maybe you could come up with a nickname that would satisfy Blackberry without sounding offensive to his brother—-not that Papyrus would really care as long as his brother is happy.

After a few minutes of pondering, a name comes to mind. Time to see if Black will accept it. “Hey Black? Would it be alright if I called your brother something besides Mutt? Like, what if I called him something dog-related but cuter? I was thinking Pup. Puppies are super cute! Besides, it’s only one letter different from Pap, so it’d be real easy to remember!”

For a while, Blackberry just stares at you in disbelief. His right eye begins to twitch. “YOU WANT TO CALL HIM PUP BECAUSE IT’S CUTER? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?! WHO CARES ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT?!”

Several minutes pass with him staring at your pleading expression. Then, his shoulders slump as he sighs. “YOU KNOW WHAT? IF YOU WANT TO CALL HIM THAT, FINE. I DON’T CARE. AT THIS POINT, I WANT TO STOP THIS CONVERSATION BEFORE I RISK CATCHING YOUR STUPIDITY.”

Ignoring the insult, you clap your hands together in delight as you beam at him. “Yay! Thank you, Black!”

The tall skeleton raises a brow ridge at you in amusement when you move over to the counter. “Is Pup fine with you? You don’t mind cute nicknames, do you?”

He snorts as he shakes his head. “it’s fine, darlin. if m’lord accepts it, then so do i.”

It’s after this matter is peacefully resolved that it happens.

Instead of standing in front of the sentry station, you are back to standing beside Blue and are now facing Blackberry who is farther away from the station than he was the last time you saw him.

Your face pales as the familiar feeling of deja vu washes over you. This means that Chara just reset.

This doesn’t necessarily mean that the glitch is behind this. Chara could have just run into some trouble on the way here. However, that doesn’t stop the uneasy churning in your stomach.

Error’s accusations resound painfully in your head. “Every AU you visit ends up infected.”

Could you really be behind all of this?

Chapter End Notes

The Reader is very conflicted. She doesn't want to believe that she's behind the glitch, but it's true that things start going bad every time she arrives in a new world. I wonder
between Error and Ink who's right? ;)

I'm sorry for making such a predictable choice, but I do have a good reason for picking Swapfell. Of course, that won't be explained until much later haha All of y'all were guessing such scary AU's to send poor Blue too. I was feeling bad for the poor dude lol While Swapfell may not be as dangerous as say Horrortale, it's still dangerous enough for the Reader that having Blue with her was kind of a necessity. Black and Pup were more willing to hear her out because Blue was there vouching for her. Also, hope y'all don't mind the nickname for Swapfell Papyrus. I don't see a lot of nicknames for him, so it took me a while to choose one since I knew Reader wasn't gonna enjoy calling him Mutt. That's why I came up with a compromise. Something dog related but cute ^-^

Also, did anyone notice something weird about this situation in regards to Chara? When you take into consideration a certain someone's comment, something does seem off, right? XD

For those of you that don't follow me on Tumblr, I wrote a little drabble that takes place during the last chapter. Punny_Fan left a comment which brought up Ink's strange reaction to being hugged by the Reader in Chapter 11, and they requested a small drabble about the hug in Ink's POV. If you'd like to check it out, you can get to the post by clicking here

CathInTheBox brought up something interesting in their last comment which I've been wanting to ask y'all about. They mentioned wanting to nickname the Reader "Glitch" which I have no problem with although I don't know how fond the Reader would be of such a nickname lol I've honestly been pondering what nickname to give her since I thought it'd be cool to have one. Unfortunately, unlike SSLL which has a cute/creative title, my title leaves nothing to really work with besides Glitch lol I've said it before and I shall say it again: I am awful with naming things whether it be for titles or nicknames XD I'm curious if any nicknames come to your minds or do y'all think you need a little more time to get to know the Reader? After all, we're only at chapter 12 with several more chapters to go ^^

Sorry this chapter wasn't as long as the last one. I just felt that was a good place to stop. However, you are in luck. The next chapter is super long. It'll be the longest chapter that I've posted yet. I hope that you'll look forward to it! ^_^
This chapter has not been beta-read, but I hope you'll still enjoy it :) Y'all probably already noticed, but I changed the fic's summary a little bit. I thought it could use a little work. Although, I don't know if I really improved it. I hope it's okay ^^'

Thank y'all for all the kind comments! I appreciate all of your support ^-^ Also, for those of you who don't follow me on Tumblr, I decided to write a Valentine's Day oneshot for my lovely readers, and I made a poll to see which skeleton y'all would like to be your Valentine for the fic. I've given y'all ten handsome skellies to choose from XD If you'd like to check it out, you can get to the poll by clicking here. I plan on keeping the poll open till the weekend, so be sure to vote if you want your fav to win!

I hope you like the chapter! It's over 11,000 words so I recommend finding a comfy place to read before you start since you might be here for awhile ;)

It’s Blackberry who draws you out of your dark thoughts. His words make your eyes widen in surprise. “WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED?! WAS THAT A RESET? THAT’S WHAT YOU CALL THE ABILITY THAT CAUSES THE DEJA VU, RIGHT?”

You nod your head as you stare at him in shock. “Do you remember everything we talked about, Black? Do you remember resets?”

Pup is studying his brother very closely from behind the counter. If you had to guess, you bet he was unaware that his brother noticed the resets. That seems to be the case with all of the older brothers.

Black crosses his arms. “OF COURSE, I REMEMBER, WORM! MY MEMORY IS IMPECCABLE! NO RESET COULD MAKE ME FORGET SOMETHING AGAINST MY WILL. I REMEMBER THAT YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED IN THE OTHER WORLDS. DOES THAT MEAN THESE RESETS WILL CONTINUE TO HAPPEN HERE?”

His counterpart frowns worriedly. “MORE THAN LIKELY, YES. AND, THE ONLY WAY TO FIX THINGS WILL BE TO GO HELP YOUR CHARA WHEREEVER THEY ARE.”

Blue then pauses. “WAIT! I JUST REALIZED I REMEMBER EVERYTHING AS WELL! BUT, THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED WHEN CHARA RESET IN MY WORLD! HOW CAN I REMEMBER?”

You were wondering about that too. It is strange that the resets don’t affect him now. Is it because he’s in a different world? “Maybe the resets of this world don’t affect your memories because you’re not a part of this world. That’s probably why I can remember too.”

His blue eye-lights widen. “OH, I SEE! THAT MAKES SENSE!”
With that matter settled for the time being, you return your attention to situation at hand. You remember what Pup said about the kid earlier and turn to question Black. “Wasn’t Chara fighting you not too long ago, Black? Since you came over here to check on your brother, shouldn’t Chara be with you? This is the only way to leave Snowdin, right?”

A scowl forms on Black’s face. “WHY WOULD SOMEONE AS AMAZING AS ME TRAVEL WITH THAT LOWLY HUMAN? I SENT MY NEW HUMAN SLAVE AHEAD OF ME TO DELIVER THEMSELVES TO THE QUEEN. I TOLD THEM TO AVOID THE OTHER MONSTERS SINCE THEY’LL TRY TO TAKE CREDIT FOR CAPTURING THE HUMAN. ONLY I DESERVE SUCH RECOGNITION SINCE I DEFEATED THE HUMAN ALL ON MY OWN.”

You take that as meaning Chara managed to befriend him, so he allowed them to go on uncaptured. That only raises more questions, however. If Chara left before him, then how did Black get here before the kid? They haven’t walked by since you’ve been here, and Pup said he hadn’t seen them pass by yet. Where did Chara go?

Blue seems to be wondering the same thing. “IF CHARA LEFT BEFORE YOU, THEN WHERE ARE THEY NOW? WE HAVEN’T SEEN THEM, AND PUP SAID THEY HADN’T COME BY YET. DID CHARA NOT HEAD THIS WAY?”

Glaring, his counterpart marches over to the station and slams his hands on the counter. “MUTT! WERE YOU SLEEPING ON THE JOB AGAIN?! I DEFINITELY SENT MY SLAVE THIS WAY, SO YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM BY NOW! THE ONLY EXPLANATION IS THAT YOU WEREN’T DOING YOUR JOB PROPERLY!”

Pup bows his head slightly. “Sorry, m’lord. I didn’t see them.”

Rather than try to defend himself against his brother’s accusations, the taller skeleton just apologizes like he’s done something wrong. Seeing this Papyrus so submissive toward his brother makes your chest clench uncomfortably. You know that the brothers have their reasons for being like this, but it still hurts to watch. You can tell that Blueberry feels similarly judging by his frown.

You know that Blackberry is wrong. There’s no way Chara could walk by here without Pup seeing them. He may be lazy, but he’s incredibly perceptive. Something must have happened after their fight with Black.

Maybe the glitch is behind this? It moved the shooter in Underfell. What if it’s capable of moving the kid in this world?

Before Black can begin scolding his brother further, you intervene and share your theory. “Wait! What if Chara managed to get through Waterfall without passing this station? In the last world that I visited, the glitch could move a human from one rooftop to the next. What if the glitch moved Chara somewhere else in order to put them somewhere even more dangerous?”

Blue’s expression brightens. “THAT MAKES SENSE! IF IT COULD MOVE SOMEONE IN THE LAST WORLD, I DON’T SEE WHY IT COULDN’T DO THAT HERE. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY WE HAVEN’T RUN INTO THEM AND WHY PUP DIDN’T SEE THEM!”

His counterpart scoffs. “THAT’S JUST A CONVENIENT EXCUSE. I’M SURE THE MUTT JUST WASN’T PAYING ATTENTION. I’LL HAVE TO COME UP WITH A SUITABLE PUNISHMENT LATER SINCE LOCATING MY SLAVE IS NOW A HIGHER PRIORITY. THEY’VE PROBABLY RUN INTO ALPHYS AT THIS POINT. IF I DON’T INTERVENE, SHE’LL KEEP THE CREDIT FOR CAPTURING THE HUMAN ALL FOR HERSELF. I
With a growl, Black marches past the sentry station. “COME, MUTT! WE HAVE TO FIND THE SLAVE BEFORE ALPHYS DOES!”

In a flash, his brother is following behind him. “yes, m’lord.”

Now that he’s not behind the counter, you can see the rest of the taller skeleton’s clothes. As you expected, his clothes are similar to Stretch’s. Instead of brown, his cargo shorts are black, and his sneakers are a darker orange.

Blue chases after them, pulling you along by the hand. “WAIT! WE’RE COMING TOO! WE WANT TO HELP CHARA GET TO SAFETY!”

You nod in agreement. “It wouldn’t hurt to have more eyes looking out for them, right?”

Blackberry stares you down for a few seconds before shrugging his shoulders. “FINE. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME. YOU BETTER MAKE YOURSELVES USEFUL AND NOT SLOW ME DOWN!”

Eventually, it turns into a competition between Blue and Black as they run around trying to find Chara before the other does. They’re covering a lot of ground, so you figure it won’t be long until they find the kid if Chara actually is in Waterfall.

Pup chooses to follow after his brother at a more sedate pace, so you decide to walk alongside him since you don’t think you could keep up with the other two. Keeping your voice low, you ask him for his thoughts on the situation. “They didn’t walk by your station, did they?”

He shakes his head as he shoves his hands into his jacket pockets. “nope. didn’t see them. i don’t know what happened to them, but your theory sounds the most likely since you can’t get further into waterfall without passin’ my station.”

That’s what you figured. With a sigh, you run a hand through your hair. “The question is: where the hell are they now? Are they even in Waterfall? The fact that Chara reset means that it’s likely they fought someone strong, so could they be dealing with Alphys now? Or, is it a monster from one of the other big battles that come after they leave Waterfall?”

The taller skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “beats me. all i know is m’lord won’t rest ’til we find them, so we’ll find out soon enough.”

After some more time passes with no results, another reset occurs.

Once again, your group is back at the sentry station near the entrance of Waterfall.

Black curses loudly while his counterpart frowns deeply. Both are wearing similar looks of frustration. The only one looking unaffected is Pup, but that’s probably because he has long become used to resets.

The taller skeleton teleports to the area in front of the sentry station as his brother stomps toward him. “MUTT! TELEPORT US TO THE LAST AREA THAT WE WERE AT! I WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY THIS TIME!”

Pup nods at the command. “yes, m’lord.”

He places a hand on his younger brother’s shoulder and then wraps an arm around your waist
which makes you squeak in surprise. Blue quickly latches onto you before Pup teleports the group.

Once you all arrive, Blackberry rushes off determined to be the one to find the human child with Blue following right behind him.

The arm around your waist remains, so you raise an eyebrow at the older skeleton. He smirks, obviously pleased with the current arrangement. “I needed a strong grip, so I wouldn’t lose ya. This seemed like the best choice.”

You roll your eyes as you smile in amusement. It looks like he’s just as interested in flirting as Red but a lot smoother like Stretch. Talk about a deadly combination. “Well, I’m grateful that you chose to bring me along and didn’t lose me. But, that doesn’t explain why your arm hasn’t moved now that the teleporting is over.”

His smirk grows as he moves his face closer to yours. “What? Is it in the way?”

Deciding to play along, you casually shrug your shoulders and try to not let your embarrassment show. “Not really, but it’ll make it more difficult for me to walk.”

Before he can reply, his brother’s loud voice cuts him off. “Mutt, hurry up! Quit dawdling, or I’ll leave you behind!”

At Black’s words, Pup immediately pulls away from you and starts to amble after his brother. You follow after him and soon catch up with the other skeletons.

Unfortunately, despite how long you’ve all been searching and how much ground you’ve covered, you still haven’t found any signs of Chara. You’re positive now that your theory about the glitch being involved is correct because there’s no way that the kid could’ve gotten this far simply by walking in such a short amount of time. Something is definitely going on here.

The sound of clanging metal pulls you out of your thoughts. It sounds somewhat familiar to you, but judging by the three skeletons’ stiff postures, you think that they know exactly what’s causing that sound.

Blue grabs your hand tightly. “We need to get Y/N out of here now! If your Alphys sees her, Y/N will be in big trouble!”

His counterpart scowls. “Of course, she’d show up now of all times. At least we know that she hasn’t found my slave. Otherwise, all we would be hearing is Alphys’ yelling. Mutt, take us somewhere past this point. Obviously, the slave isn’t around here.”

Pup moves to do as requested, but it’s unnecessary. Before he can grab you, the world resets again.

Once he realizes that he’s back at the sentry station, Black yells furiously. “Again?! I’ve had enough of these blasted resets! Where the hell is that slave?!”

Blue rubs his chin thoughtfully. “Maybe Chara isn’t even in Waterfall.”

His counterpart snarls. “Where the hell else could they be?! I saw them walk toward Waterfall! You have to walk through it to get to the rest of the underground!”

Before an argument can start, you intervene. “I think Blue is right, Black. If they really did walk past Pup into Waterfall, we would’ve run into them by now. No way the kid could walk that far in
such a short amount of time. I really do think the glitch moved them further into the Underground. Besides, you said it yourself. Alphys didn’t have them, so who else would be strong enough to cause Chara to reset?”

Black considers your words as he begins to calm down. “IT IS UNLIKELY THAT THE SLAVE COULD MAKE IT PAST ALPHYS UNDETECTED. BUT, IF THEY’RE NOT IN WATERFALL, WHERE THE HELL COULD THEY BE?”

You ponder his question. Where could Chara be? If this situation is like the others that took place Underground, the kid has to be involved in another boss fight. The next big encounter after Alphys should be Napstaton. Maybe Chara skipped Waterfall entirely and made it into Hotland thanks to the glitch?

Thinking of Hotland reminds you of Undyne’s lab. Doesn’t the mad scientist have cameras all over the Underground? Maybe your group could sneak in there and find out where Chara is from the monitors.

You decide to share your idea with the skeletons. “Maybe we should try visiting Undyne’s lab? That’s one of the next spots Chara is supposed to visit after Waterfall, and even if they’re not there, we could always check out Undyne’s cameras to see where the kid is.”

Black stares at you in open disbelief. Apparently, he didn’t think that you were capable of good ideas. At least, your dear friend, Blue, looks impressed. He stares at you with starry eyes.

“THAT’S A GREAT IDEA, Y/N! IF WE CHECK OUT UNDYNE’S CAMERAS, WE’LL DEFINITELY FIND WHERE CHARA WENT!”

Pleased to receive some praise, you sweep Blue into your arms and give him a warm hug. You are so glad to have him here with you. His support really means a lot to you. You hope that Stretch will forgive you for keeping his brother all to yourself.

A scowl forms on Black’s face as he watches the two of you. He turns toward his brother who teleports to his side. “MUTT, TAKE US TO UNDYNE’S LAB! MAKE SURE WE END UP SOMEWHERE WHERE WE WILL BE UNDETECTED. WE’LL NEED THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE TO GET THE BETTER OF THAT CRACKPOT.”

“yes, m’lord.”

Like last time, Pup places a hand on his brother’s shoulder, and with a smirk, he wraps his other arm around your waist. Since you were expecting it, it doesn’t surprise you this time. Instead, you just grin as you hold onto Blue.

In a blink, you arrive at what must be Undyne’s lab. It’s not the open area with the monitors that you find shortly after entering the building in the game. Rather, it looks like you’re in a room further into the lab. There’s a surgical table with metal cuffs in the middle of the room and a metal stand nearby with several medical utensils laid out on it.

You get a queasy feeling in your stomach when you notice the smears of blood around that area. Averting your eyes elsewhere, you see other implements of torture hanging on the walls. Most of which have some blood still on them.

Squeezing your eyes shut, you hug Blue, who has remained suspiciously quiet, tightly and turn your face so that it’s buried into Pup’s jacket. You are surprised but grateful when the arm still around your waist gives you a gentle squeeze.
Black scoffs at both of your reactions but refrains from mocking the two of you. Instead, he heads for the door. “NO CAMERAS IN THIS ROOM THEN? WHAT ABOUT THE HALLS?”

Pup slowly pulls away from you and follows after his brother with you right behind him. “i’ve disabled them, m’lord. the alarms weren’t activated, so we have some time ‘til she notices anythin’.”

Smirking, Black pulls open the door and walks into the hall. “GOOD. NOW, LET’S HEAD FOR THE MONITOR ROOM. THAT’S PROBABLY WHERE SHE IS. WE’LL HAVE TO FIND SOME WAY TO DISTRACT HER, SO I CAN GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE MONITORS.”

Like the room, the hallway is dimly lit. The floor tiles are checkered black and red, and every so often you see blood stains on the walls and tiles. There’s nothing else in the hallway aside from the four of you. There are doors leading to other rooms, but you really don’t want to know what’s inside them.

Surprisingly, Blue hasn’t asked to be put down yet, which you’re honestly grateful for. This lab is seriously creeping you out, so you like having him so close. It’s very reassuring. Knowing him, that’s probably why he hasn’t complained about being carried.

Your group remains silent for the remainder of your journey to the monitor room. Since none of the skeletons would talk, you chose to follow their example and remained quiet in hopes that your group would remain undetected.

Finally, after some time passes, your group arrives at a doorless archway. Slowly, your group approaches it with you and Blue on one side and the Swapfell brothers on the other. When you move your head to peer inside, your eyes widen in surprise.

In the room, you see several monitor screens covering one of walls on the other side of the room with a desk and chair situated right in front of the screens. In the chair, facing away from the desk and monitors, sits Undyne, whose appearance is a lot different than the fish monster you saw in Undertale. Her bright red hair is tied up in a prim bun, and instead of an eyepatch, she’s wearing a pair of silver-rimmed glasses. Her clothes consist of a long lab coat with two black belts wrapped around her waist, long black gloves, and black high heel boots.

What’s shocking isn’t the appearance of Undyne but the sight of Chara standing in the middle of the room. They look just like Underswap Chara except they’re wearing a black sweater with a single red stripe and red shorts. On top of their head, you see a trembling Temmie.

It looks like your theory of Chara ending up in Hotland was dead on. However, you weren’t expecting a clash between the kid and Undyne. Where was Napstaton? Wasn’t the robot supposed to show up at this point and attack them?

You look around the room, but there’s no sign of the robot. All you see is Chara nervously fidgeting in front of a grinning Undyne.

The scientist leans back into her chair and steeples her fingers as she observes the human child before her. “I didn’t expect for you to arrive so quickly. It looks like making those last minute adjustments to my killer robot wasn’t the best idea since he’s still offline. Oh well, I guess I’ll just have to make do. I’m sure that we can do something fun together to kill time, don’t you agree?”

Well, that explains the lack of robot. Undyne must’ve been adding new killing features to Napstaton when the kid arrived, so that means no crazy game show. If she wants to buy time, does that mean Undyne is gonna fight Chara?
You watch Undyne pull out what looks like a remote control from her pocket. After she pushes a button, several metal arms extend from the walls and head for Chara. In addition to the arms, laser guns also come out of the walls and start shooting at the child. They do their best to avoid the arms and attacks, but despite their best efforts, the kid eventually gets corralled into a corner.

Cackling, Undyne pushes another button and the floor below Chara disappears, causing the kid to fall into the darkness below. You hear Temmie screaming as they fall. Once the child is gone, everything in the room returns to normal, and the scientist swivels around in her chair to face the monitors. “Well, that wasn’t too hard. Now, I’ll just have the human play with the Amalgamates. I haven’t done any experiments with them in a while, so this should be fun.”

Paling, you immediately turn toward the skeleton brothers. If Chara is trapped in the True Lab with the Amalgamates, then your group will have to follow after them if they’re going to survive. It looks like you figured out the cause of the resets. Of course, this discovery does not make you feel any better about the situation.

You whisper as quietly as you can. “Guys, we have to follow after Chara. The Amalgamates are bad news. They have to be what’s killing the kid.”

Black scowls as he looks over at the mad scientist. “FIRST, WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER SO SHE DOESN’T INTERFERE. MUTT, TAKE CARE OF THE MONITORS SO SHE CAN’T SPY ON THE SLAVE.”

Nodding, Pup activates his magic, causing his right eye-light to strobe with magic. Before you can even blink, all of the monitors go offline, and all you see is static on the screens which causes Undyne to yell in frustration.

Quickly, the taller skeleton grabs you and his brother before teleporting you to a different area. When you find yourself in front of an elevator, you look up at Pup in surprise. He shrugs his shoulders. “don’t have any shortcuts for that far down.”

Black presses the down arrow, and the elevator doors open shortly after. Once your group is in the elevator and it starts heading down, Blue asks you the question all three of them have been wondering. “Y/N, WHAT ARE THE AMALGAMATES? I’VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING IN MY WORLD.”

With a grimace, you explain what you know about the Amalgamates including their origins and how they’re impossible to kill. Once you’re done, you see that all three of the skeletons are wearing pensive expressions. Even Pup appears bothered by the existence of these experiments gone wrong.

Black pinches the area above his nasal cavity. “I HONESTLY CAN’T SAY THAT I’M SURPRISED. THAT CRACKPOT PULLS OFF ALL KINDS OF INSANE EXPERIMENTS. OF COURSE, SHE’D DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS.”

His counterpart frowns worriedly. “NO WONDER CHARA KEEPS RESETTING. IF THEY KEEP GETTING ATTACKED BY THESE AMALGAMATES, THERE’S NO WAY THEY COULD WIN IF THOSE MONSTERS ARE UNDEFEATABLE.”

Scoffing, Black places his hands on hips. “THERE’S NO SUCH THING AS AN UNDEFEATABLE OPPONENT FOR ME! I WILL ALWAYS BE VICTORIOUS!”

The elevator dings signaling your arrival to the bottom floor. When the doors open, Black marches forward with his brother following close behind. Blue had asked to be put down once you entered
the elevator, so he’s now in front of you checking out your surroundings with caution.

It’s even darker on this floor. There’s only one working light every few yards, so you can just barely make out the path in front of you. There are screens on the walls, but they appear turned off so they don’t provide any light either.

Considering what little you can see, you’re somewhat grateful for the darkness. The floor and walls are covered in cracks, scratch marks, and dark smears of some unidentifiable substance. It might be blood, but you’re not moving closer to find out.

It’s also eerily quiet. The only thing you can hear is your own breathing and your heart pounding in your chest. Even your footsteps sound too loud to you. None of the skeletons are talking, but you figure that they want to keep the element of surprise since there’s no telling what your group will have to face.

After what feels like forever, the hallway ends, and your group reaches the entrance to the next room. Like with the monitor room, everyone splits up to peer inside the room from each side of the doorway.

Your eyes widen as you involuntarily gasp. From what you remembered of the True Lab in the game, the room after the hallway is supposed to be a small area with a vending machine, the door to the power room, and two other hallways that are supposed to lead out of the room.

However, what you see is completely different from that. This room is a large open area that’s completely bare aside from the one lone light hanging in the middle of the ceiling. You notice that there’s only one exit aside from the door where you are, and it’s directly across from you a good many yards away.

What really worries you is who’s occupying the room. Fortunately, it didn’t take your group long to find the human child. However, Chara and Temmie aren’t the only ones in the room. Surrounding the kid are three Amalgamates. Considering the canine resemblance of the monsters, you think those are the ones called Endogeny. They each have extremely long bodies with three pairs of legs each. Their heads have normal dog ears, but instead of a face, you only see a large hole that appears to function as a mouth judging by its movements.

Unlike their Undertale counterparts, these Endogeny don’t appear even remotely friendly as they all growl and snarl at Chara and Temmie. It looks like these creatures have no intention of letting the kid get away without a fight.

Blue stares in wide-eyed disbelief. “THOSE ARE THE AMALGAMATES?! I’VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT! WHY DO THEY LOOK SO ANGRY AT CHARA?”

Black scoffs at the question. “ISN’T IT OBVIOUS? UNDYNE KEPT THESE CREATURES TO USE AS WEAPONS. THERE IS ONLY ONE REASON UNDYNE WOULD BRING THE HUMAN HERE, AND THAT IS TO MAKE THEM SUFFER. SHE’S NOT EXPECTING THEM TO COME OUT OF HERE ALIVE.”

You watch as the Endogeny close in around Chara and their companion. Unfortunately, it doesn’t seem like there’s any way for the kid to escape. “We need to do something quick before Chara gets hurt. How are we supposed to stop those guys? They don’t take damage, and I don’t think the normal pacifist techniques are gonna work in this situation.”

Blue rubs his chin thoughtfully. “MAYBE WE CAN STOP THEM WITHOUT BATTLING THEM. WE COULD TRY TO USE BLUE MAGIC TO HOLD THEM IN PLACE LONG
ENOUGH SO THAT CHARA CAN MOVE ON TO THE NEXT ROOM."

His counterpart gives him a considering look. “WHILE NOT AS AMAZING AS MY USUAL PLANS, I ADMIT THAT THERE IS SOME MERIT TO YOUR IDEA. I PREFER MORE VIOLENCE, BUT IF WE USE OUR MAGIC, THEN WE CAN DO IT HERE WITHOUT BEING DETECTED BY MY SLAVE. IF THEY SEE ME, THEY’LL MISTAKENLY BELIEVE THAT I’M HERE TO SAVE THEM WHEN I COULD CARE LESS. I JUST WANT THESE RESETS TO END AND TO GET THE FAME AND RECOGNITION I DESERVE FOR CAPTURING A HUMAN.”

You bite back a grin. Of course, that’s why he wouldn’t want Chara to know that he’s here. He’s a tsundere just like Edge.

With a nod, Blue and Black activate their magic causing their left eyes to strobe a bright blue. Inside the room, you see the Amalgamates glow before being suddenly slammed toward the ground. No matter how much the creatures snarl and struggle, they are unable to move.

Your group immediately moves to hide when Chara looks around in confusion. When Temmie yells for them to move, the kid hurries toward to door on the opposite side of the room.

As soon as Chara is out of the room, Black and Blue leave their hiding places and rush inside to get a closer look at the Amalgamates. You and Pup follow the two at a more sedate pace.

When you reach the strange creatures, one notices your arrival and starts growling loudly. Nervous, you take a step closer to the taller skeleton beside you. Fortunately, Pup doesn’t appear to mind the invasion of his personal space. Instead, he lets you stay close while you observe the Amalgamate.

It’s as you’re studying the Endogeny that its body begins to flicker. At first, you thought it was just a trick of the eye caused by the poor lighting, but the more you stare, the more you realize that something is wrong here. You can only watch in horror as its appearance starts to glitch like the shooter in Underfell. However, the glitch doesn’t cause the creature to teleport. No, what it does is much worse.

The Amalgamate duplicates.

Instead of one, you are now staring at two Endogeny. What’s worse is the new Endogeny isn’t being held down by magic.

Your body freezes in terror as the unbound creature moves to attack you. In a flash, you feel yourself moved after a long arm wraps around your waist. You’re now near the doorway that Chara used to escape instead of in the middle of the room.

Quickly, you realize that Pup was the one to move you to safety. Fortunately, Blue and Black noticed the new Amalgamate in time, so they’re now standing in front of you instead of studying the other creatures.

You thank the taller skeleton before returning your attention to the new Endogeny. “Guys, the glitch can cause them to multiply! There’s no way we can win a fight if more just keep coming!”

Blue nods his head as he stares at the other Amalgamates who begin to glitch and multiply. “WE SHOULD GO AFTER CHARA. THEY MIGHT RUN INTO MORE TROUBLE ON THEIR OWN.”

His counterpart scowls, obviously not liking the idea of running away from a fight. You put a hand
on his shoulder to get his attention. “It’s not running away, Black. Just think of this as you wisely avoiding a pointless fight. Besides, you want to make sure that Chara gets out of here alive and to the capital, right?”

You’re grateful when he doesn’t shove your hand aside. Instead, he appears to be considering your words. You pull your hand away with a smile when you see Black smirk. “THIS IS NOT ONLY A POINTLESS FIGHT. THESE VERMIN ARE ALSO WELL BELOW ME, SO THEY’RE NOT EVEN WORTH FIGHTING. I HAVE MUCH MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO ATTEND TO THAN TO DEAL WITH THEM! MWEH HEH HEH!”

With that, Black uses his magic to slam the free Amalgamates to the ground before turning to march through the doorway behind you. Blue grabs your hand with a smile and pulls you along with him into the dark hallway beyond the doorway.

When you look behind you to check on Pup, you see him activate his magic. His right eye strobes brightly as he aims for the ceiling and causes it to collapse onto the trapped Amalgamates. As soon as that’s done, he moves to follow after the rest of your group.

The taller skeleton shrugs when he notices your look. “the magic was about to wear off since m’lord left. this way it’s less likely that they’ll follow after us. you said it yourself that they can’t die, so it’s not like that really hurt them.”

While a part of you does feel bad for the Amalgamates, you do understand the reasoning for his actions. It would be bad if the Endogeny chased after you, so he did what was necessary to keep the group safe. Of course, you also understand that his main priority is protecting his brother. It just so happens that keeping Black safe results in you and Blue staying unharmed as well.

You nod to show your understanding. Then, with a smile, you wrap your free arm around his and give it a quick squeeze before releasing it. “Thank you, Pup. For saving me earlier and for looking out for everyone now. It’s amazing how good you big brothers are at taking care of things. Having you around is really reassuring.”

He appears surprised by the praise. Instead of the witty comeback you expect, he fiddles with the cigarette pack that he pulls from his jacket pocket. You wonder if your eyes are playing tricks on you when you see a faint orange glow across Pup’s cheekbones.

Surely, you must have imagined it. No way would someone like Pup get flustered by a simple compliment.

Pup looks at the pack of cigarettes then at his brother before returning the pack to his pocket with a sigh. He then gives you a side glance before focusing his gaze back on Black. “no need to thank me, darlin. i didn’t do anythin’ special.”

Blue shakes his head as he continues to walk beside you. “THAT’S NOT TRUE! IT’S BECAUSE OF YOU THAT Y/N DIDN’T END UP HURT BY THAT AMALGAMATE. WHILE I WANTED TO PROTECT HER, I WAS UNABLE TO MOVE FAST ENOUGH. YOUR SPEED WAS AMAZING! AS SOON AS YOU NOTICED THE DANGER, YOU MOVED Y/N TO SAFETY WITHIN SECONDS! I’M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR PROTECTING MY FRIEND!”

If you didn’t know any better, you’d say that the taller skeleton was embarrassed, considering he’s so actively avoiding eye contact with you and Blue now. You didn’t give the rescue that much thought since he was right beside you when the Endogeny attacked. However, the fact that he immediately came to your aid is surprising when you think about it.
While it’s true that you are working together with the Swapfell brothers, it’s not like they’re under any obligation to look after you. It shouldn’t matter to them if you come to any harm, yet for some reason, Pup chose to save you.

The taller skeleton chooses this moment while you’re lost in your thoughts to increase his stride in order to catch up with his brother. Looks like he’s not interested in answering any further questions on the matter.

“MWEH HEH HEH.”

Hearing your friend’s laugh, you turn toward Blue, who’s attempting to muffle his laughter by covering his mouth with his hand. He grins at your curious look. “HE’S JUST LIKE PAPY. WHEN HE GETS EMBARRASSED, PAPY TRIES TO PLAY IT COOL, BUT HE ALWAYS FINDS SOME WAY TO RUN AWAY FROM WHAT EMBARRASSES HIM. HE ALWAYS FINDS AN EXCUSE TO EITHER CHANGE THE TOPIC OF THE CONVERSATION, OR HE’LL COME UP WITH A CONVENIENT EXCUSE TO LEAVE THE ROOM.”

That’s seriously adorable. Now, you wanna see Stretch embarrassed, so you can witness his reaction firsthand.

Still, you can’t help but be surprised by Pup’s reaction. If Blue says Pup is embarrassed, then you believe him. His brother is the most similar to the taller skeleton after all, so Blue has enough experience to be able to recognize the behavior. However, why would Pup be embarrassed about helping you? Is it really that big of a deal?

Before you can ponder further on the matter, your group arrives at the other end of the hallway. When you peek into the room along with the others, you quickly find Chara and Temmie.

Unfortunately, the two aren’t alone. There are also six Amalgamates in the room trying to attack the child. The creatures resemble a brain covered in faces which makes you believe that they’re the Amalgamate called Memoryhead.

Black scowls as he activates his magic. “THESE PATHETIC CREATURES THINK THAT THEY CAN WIN WITH THEIR NUMBERS. I’LL PROVE THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY MULTIPLY THAT THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR ME!”

His counterpart follows his example with a bright grin. “I’LL LEND YOU MY ASSISTANCE! IF WE WORK TOGETHER, THE AMALGAMATES WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF INSTANTLY!”

Like with the Endogeny, the two short skeletons use their gravity control to force the Memoryheads to the ground. Unfortunately, the glitch kicks in even faster than before resulting in six new Amalgamates appearing.

Magic flaring, both Blue and Black immediately focus their attention on the new creatures and add them to the group of Amalgamates sprawled on the ground. Rather than look around this time, Chara quickly sprints toward the door with Temmie still clinging to their head.

Unfortunately, before the child can reach the door on the opposite side of the room, one of the Memoryheads reaches out and wraps their tail around the kid’s leg, causing them to tumble to the ground.

Noticing the sweat covering the two small skeletons’ foreheads, you realize that they’re at their limit in regards to using magic. Holding down the twelve Amalgamates is all that they can do at the moment. The creatures keep struggling, so Black and Blue have to keep their complete focus on
them in order to keep the Memoryheads down.

At that moment, the glitch activates again summoning another six Amalgamates. Mutt immediately responds by using his magic to hold the new creatures down. While it’s good that the immediate threat is now taken care of, there’s still the problem of Chara being tied down. The kid has been struggling to no avail.

When you hear Chara cry out in pain, you dash into the room without any hesitation. You hear the skeletons calling out to you, but you ignore them in order to focus on the kid.

You run into the circle of struggling Amalgamates and head for the child. Once you reach them, you hunch down to grab the tail and attempt to help Chara pull it off their leg. They freeze and stare at you in shock. “A human? How?”

Temmie gapes while you continue trying to pry off the creature’s tail. “Where did she come from?! How did another human get here?!”

After a few more seconds, you’re finally able to make the tail loosen its grip enough that Chara can pull their leg away. Instead of running away like you’d wish they’d do, they continue to stare at you in disbelief.

With a huff, you rise to your feet and help the kid up. You turn them toward the door and give them a little push. “I think you guys have more important things to deal with than me. Hurry and get out of here before these creatures try to attack you again.”

Temmie pales and starts to pat the kid continuously on the head to get their attention. “She’s right! We need to hurry, Chara! The longer we stay here, the worse our chances are!”

Chara nods and rushes toward the doorway. However, instead of walking through it, they pause and turn toward you. “What about you, Miss? Shouldn’t you come with us?”

You smile as you shake your head. “Don’t worry about me. Just focus on taking care of yourself. I’ll catch up later.”

The child is obviously reluctant to leave you, but after Temmie starts to urgently tug on their hair, they move to leave the room. “Thank you for helping us!”

Right after they leave, you hear Blue’s fearful yell. “Y/N! YOU NEED TO MOVE TOWARD THE OTHER DOOR! RIGHT NOW!”

Before you can question your friend, you feel something wrap around both of your legs and pull you harshly off your feet. You land on your back with a painful smack. Wincing, you use your hands to push yourself up.

When you look at your legs, you see the tails of two Memoryheads tied tightly around them. Apparently, while you were focusing on Chara, the two creatures had managed to crawl close enough to reach you with their tails.

You immediately try to pry off the appendages when you feel them begin to constrict around your legs. You grit your teeth as the pressure from the squeezing increases. Unfortunately, you’re not having any luck removing the tails.

“Y/N!”

In a blink, Blue is at your side, his left eye strobing with blue magic. He raises his hand and
summons bone attacks to pierce the tails. The creatures screech angrily as they retract their appendages. Fortunately, they’re still being affected by the magic holding them down.

With help from your friend, you rise to your feet, doing your best to ignore the aching in your legs. As he helps you move toward the doorway, you turn to check on the Swapfell brothers. You see that instead of holding the other Amalgamates down the brothers are using bone attacks to push back the creatures and block them off from the exit.

As soon as you and Blue are in the next hallway, Pup reaches for his brother and teleports them to the doorway. Together, they use their magic to bring down the room’s ceiling on the approaching Amalgamates and then move to join you in the hallway.

Your shoulders slump with relief once you realize that everyone made it out safely. Grinning, you give Blue a big hug. “Thanks for the save, Blue. Your timing was perfect.”

His cheekbones glow a dark blue. “MWEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! I’LL ALWAYS COME TO YOUR RESCUE, Y/N!”

Black chooses this moment to interrupt. He glares heatedly at you. “WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING RUNNING IN LIKE THAT?! YOU HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING WHETHER OR NOT MORE OF THOSE VERMIN WOULD SHOW UP! AND, YOU ENDED UP GETTING ATTACKED BECAUSE YOU GOT DISTRACTED! YOU’RE LUCKY THAT MY COUNTERPART CAME TO YOUR AID BECAUSE I WOULDN’T HAVE WASTED MY TIME DOING SO!”

Blue pulls away from your hug and frowns at his counterpart. “SHE WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP CHARA! SHE REALIZED THAT WE HAD OUR HANDS FULL, SO SHE TOOK ACTION TO HELP THEM! WHILE IT WAS DANGEROUS, SHE ONLY WANTED TO HELP! WOULD YOU REALLY HAVE ABANDONED HER AFTER SHE SAVED YOUR FRIEND?”

Sneering, Black turns his attention to Blue. “THAT HUMAN IS NOT MY FRIEND! THEY’RE MY SLAVE! AND, EVEN IF SHE HELPED THE SLAVE, SHE STILL MADE HERSELF A LIABILITY. WHEN SOMEONE’S A LIABILITY, YOU GET RID OF THEM BEFORE THEY CAN BECOME EVEN MORE OF A BURDEN!”

Pup remains a silent guardian behind his brother. No doubt he’s ready to intervene if this argument takes a turn for the worse.

Not wanting it to come to that, you choose to intervene. You place a hand on Blue’s shoulder before he can angrily retort in order to calm him down. Giving the shoulder a gentle squeeze, you direct your attention to the small, glaring skeleton. “I’m sorry for worrying you, Black. I know what I did was reckless, but I couldn’t think of anything else to do. Since you were all preoccupied with holding the Amalgamates down, I knew that I had to be the one to do something to get the kid out of there. I’m sorry that I got distracted and that they caught me. I just really wanted to help you guys since you had been working so hard, and I haven’t been able to contribute so far.”

The Swapfell brothers appear surprised by your apology while Blue is frowning, no doubt thinking that there was no need for you to apologize. Soon, your expression matches the shocked brothers when you see a faint, purple blush appear on Black’s cheekbones. His scowl seems more embarrassed than angry now. “I WAS NOT WORRIED! I SAID THAT I DIDN’T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! DON’T MAKE SUCH OUTRAGEOUS ASSUMPTIONS, WORM!”

You smile at him in amusement. “Even so, you took the time to scold me because you wanted to make sure that I didn’t make a similar mistake in the future. Also, even though you could’ve left
me and Blue behind to follow after Chara, you didn’t. You stayed behind to help instead. Thank you, Black.”

Black’s blush darkens while Pup gives you a satisfied look that goes unnoticed by his brother. You wink at the taller skeleton and mouth a quick thank you. The little, pleased grin that forms on his face makes you grin in return.

With a huff, Black pushes past you to head down the hallway with his brother following close behind. “JUST DON’T GET INTO TROUBLE AGAIN! I WON’T ALLOW YOU TO SLOW ME DOWN ANYMORE!”

Amused, you grin at Blue before grabbing his hand and heading down the dark hallway. A contemplative frown forms on his face. “SO, BLACK WAS COMPLAINING BECAUSE HE WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU?”

You keep your voice low so that only Blue can hear you. “It’s true that in this world if someone is a liability they won’t be kept around for long. Having friends isn’t exactly normal here. But, I do think that Black was scolding me because he had been worried that I was gonna get hurt from being reckless. He’s just too shy to admit it outright. He’s what you’d call a tsundere.”

Blue’s eye-lights widen in realization. “I SEE! I UNDERSTAND NOW! I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST BEING MEAN TO YOU, BUT HE WAS ACTUALLY CONCERNED FOR YOU. I AM RELIEVED. IT MADE ME SAD TO THINK THAT ANOTHER VERSION OF ME WOULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO YOU.”

You give his hand a warm squeeze. “Black is a good guy deep down. I like to think that all Sanses are. The only reason some become dangerous like Error is because of their circumstances.”

He tilts his head curiously. “DOES THAT MEAN THAT YOU DON’T THINK BADLY OF ERROR DESPITE HIM TRYING TO KILL YOU?”

You can’t help but shiver as you remember Error’s attack. He had tried to kill you and came very close to doing so. It was only by pure luck that you made it out alive. The pain he had caused was excruciating. Still, you understand why he did it. He thinks that you’re behind the glitch and wants to kill you before it can infect more worlds. More than anything, you want to say that he’s wrong that there’s no way you could be causing the glitch, but can you honestly say that? Do you really believe that it’s all merely a coincidence?

“I don’t hate him if that’s what you mean. I can’t say that I’m very fond of him considering the circumstances under which we met, but I know that he has his own reasons for doing what he does. He comes from a difficult background, so that plays a part in why he’s like he is.”

Blue grins as he squeezes your hand. “YOU’RE VERY KIND, Y/N. IF ERROR TOOK THE TIME TO GET TO KNOW YOU, I KNOW THAT HE’D SEE THAT AS WELL AND WOULD STOP TRYING TO HURT YOU. I CAN’T SAY THAT I CAN THINK OF ANY GOOD REASON FOR KILLING YOU. I HOPE THAT HE COMES TO HIS SENSES SOON AND CHOOSES TO BEFRIEND YOU LIKE I HAVE. HE’S MISSING OUT ON A WONDERFUL FRIENDSHIP!”

Your heart swells as you get a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. Without hesitation, you pick up your friend and hug him tight. “Thank you, Blue. I’m really glad we’re friends too. You’re the best.”

His cheekbones glow a bright blue. “MWEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! NO ONE IS BETTER
THAN THE MAGNIFICENT BLUE AT BEING A FRIEND!”

Giggling, you nod to show your agreement as you continue your trek down the dimly lit hallway after you release the adorable skeleton. Shortly after that, you two catch up with the Swapfell brothers who are checking the interior of the next room.

When you peek inside, you notice that the room looks exactly the same as the previous two rooms. The only thing different is the type of Amalgamate that’s present. This time, instead of multiple versions of the same creature, you see the remaining three Amalgamates which you recognize from the Undertale game.

One appears to be a bird with a spindly neck and legs. Its wings are small and spread out as it screeches angrily. If you remember correctly, it’s called Reaper Bird. The creature to the bird’s left has a giant mouth for a head with sharp, jagged teeth, and the rest of its body resembles a slug. For whatever reason, this one is called Lemon Bread. The final monster that’s on the other side of Reaper Bird looks like a large snowflake with two faces. Half of its body appears to be melting. That could only be Snowdrake’s Mother.

All three Amalgamates are attacking Chara who’s running around the room dodging with Temmie screaming on top of their head. When you realize that there’s only one of each creature, you become hopeful that the glitch has given up interfering with the child. Unfortunately, your hope quickly plummets when you see the glitch suddenly take effect, creating a clone of each Amalgamate.

Both of the shorter skeletons activate their magic and use it to hold the six creatures to the ground. Chara immediately dashes toward the door, but the glitch kicks in again. However, this time three new clones of each Amalgamate are created resulting in nine unbound creatures.

For whatever reason, these new clones are immune to the gravity magic since none of the skeletons are able to hold them down not even Pup. You think that the glitch has something to do with it considering the way the new creatures’ appearances seem to differ from how the originals look.

Black summons his bone attacks as he runs into the room. “I’VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! I’LL SIMPLY DEMOLISH THE VERMIN SO THAT THEY’RE NO LONGER IN THE WAY! COME, MUTT!”

Pup follows after his brother, summoning his own bone attacks and a Gaster Blaster to fire at the large group of Amalgamates. Blue charges into the room without hesitation. “I’LL LEND MY ASSISTANCE AS WELL! PLEASE STAY BACK, Y/N! WE CAN HANDLE THIS!”

The room quickly turns into a battlefield as all the monsters trade attacks. While the skeletons use their specialized attacks, you see attacks resembling butterflies, flashing orbs, and blades coming from the Amalgamates.

Rather than focus on the fighting, you shift your attention toward Chara. Considering how many monsters are present, it takes you a few minutes to find the small child who is trembling in one of the far corners of the room staring wide-eyed at the battle before them.

Realizing that you can’t just sit back and watch, you slowly make your way to the kid while making sure to stay close to the walls in hopes that it will help you avoid detection. Anytime an Amalgamate gets too close, a bone attack conveniently hits it, distracting it long enough for you to escape. You’re sure that the skeletons have noticed what you’re doing. Thankfully, they aren’t trying to stop you. They must have come to the same conclusion as you regarding the importance of getting Chara out of the room.
Once you reach the child, you pick them up and hug them to your chest. Noticing their shaking, you rub your hand gently up and down their back. “It’s okay, sweetie. You’re gonna be just fine now. Sans and Papyrus are here helping you along with my friend Blue. They’ll take care of those other monsters while I help you get out of here. Hopefully, there’s an elevator close by that can get you back to the upper floors.”

Temmie trembles as you slowly make your way to the exit. “What’s going on? How did you guys get here?”

You reach your hand towards him to give him a soft pat on the head. “Worry about that later after you two are somewhere safe. If you really wanna know, just go look for the skeletons later on, and they’ll give you an explanation if you really want one.”

He quickly shakes his head. “Ask those scary guys? No thanks!”

Chara clings to your chest. “They’re not that scary. Sans was nice enough to let us leave instead of capturing us. I don’t think they’re bad guys.”

“You say that about everyone, Chara!”

Grinning, you give the child a warm squeeze as you continue your trek toward the doorway. “I agree with Chara. They’re really not bad guys once you get to know them. You just need to spend some time with them. Some people take longer to understand than others.”

Before either of them can respond, two Reaper Birds appear to block your path and release loud screeches that make your ears ring. Chara and Temmie cover their ears while you’re forced to endure since your arms are currently full.

The two Amalgamates rear their heads back to attack but are stopped by a wall of bones that appear before you. When you look for the source of the shield, you spot Black scowling at your group. “I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STOP BEING A LIABILITY! HERE YOU ARE AGAIN BEING STUPID! HURRY UP AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT! YOU’RE IN THE WAY!”

Grinning, you move around the Reaper Birds which are now completely encircled by bones. “Thank you, Black! You’re the best!”

“OF COURSE I AM! MWEH HEH HEH!”

Temmie just gapes at the exchange as you hurry toward the exit. “What was that?! Did he seriously just save us?! And, you thanked him after everything he just said?!”

The child in your arms tilts their head curiously. “Why’d you call him Black?”

Their friend, who’s still perched on their head, gives them an incredulous look. “That’s what bothers you?!?”

You chuckle at the pair as you swerve around some stray attacks. “That’s my nickname for Sans. Regarding Temmie’s question, I thanked Black because he did just save us. He didn’t really mean what he said. He’s just too tsundere to say what he’s really feeling.”

Chara nods, showing their understanding. “He is a bit of a tsundere. I’m grateful that he came to save us. I’ll thank him properly the next time I see him.”

Temmie huffs in exasperation. “Hopefully, that won’t be anytime soon once we’re out of here.”
You’ve almost made it to the doorway when another obstacle arrives to block your path. This time it’s Snowdrake’s Mother along with two of her clones. The air around you drops by several degrees making you shiver despite your warm clothes. You breath comes out in little white puffs, proving just how cold it has become.

The Amalgamates release several curved blades that fly straight toward you. Unfortunately, they move a lot faster than they do in the video game. Temmie screams in terror as you quickly jump out of the way of the attacks.

You run as fast as you can dodging left and right to avoid the onslaught of attacks which doesn’t seem to be letting up. Regrettably, some of the blades are just too fast, resulting in you being clipped in a few places. Thankfully, the child and their monster friend haven’t been injured because of their shielded position in your arms.

Surveying the area, you quickly find the three skeletons, who are all in different parts of the room fighting the creatures with no success. Because the Amalgamates cannot be killed, the only thing the guys can really do is basically push them back or hold them down.

Mind racing a mile a minute, you try to come up with a plan. You can’t just wait for the skeletons to deal with these creatures chasing you. They already have their hands full with the other lab experiments. You need to come up with something fast in order to get the kid to safety. Once they’re safe, your group can just teleport out of here thanks to Pup.

If the group had decided to directly intervene from the beginning, then Pup could’ve just teleported Chara back to the top floor or even outside of the lab. Then, your group could have avoided all of this trouble. However, that would’ve made Undyne suspicious, and there’s no telling how many cameras she actually has. If she caught the skeletons on camera helping the human child, who knows what kind of trouble they’d get into. Hopefully, Pup took care of all the cameras down here, so they won’t get questioned for their actions later.

The whole time you’ve been running the pair in your arms has remained tensely silent aside from a random whimper from Temmie every now and then. You hug the kid tightly. “It’ll be alright, you two. Just stay close and keep your heads down. I’ll make sure that you get out of here.”

Chara buries their face in your chest as they nod. Temmie quickly moves to sit in the child’s arms and clings to them tightly.

Looking over your shoulder, you see the three Amalgamates chasing you. However, due to their slow speed, there’s still some distance between you and them. When you return your gaze to the front, you notice that you’re approaching one of the skeletons’ battles. A spark of hope ignites in your chest as an idea comes to mind.

*It’s crazy, but it just might work.*

Up ahead, Blue is using his bone attacks to push back several Lemon Breads. Drool is dripping from their large mouths as the creatures snarl at your friend. As he’s fighting, Blue notices your approach and gives you a horrified look. “Y/N! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?! YOU’RE BLEEDING!”

Due to your current situation, you haven’t had the time to check out your appearance. You do feel a stinging pain in a lot of places on your body, so you can’t say that you’re surprised to hear that you’re bleeding. “It’s alright, Blue. I can deal with that later. I’m kinda in a bind right now. There are some Amalgamates on my tail, and I need to get Chara out of this room as soon as possible. Can you use your magic to move me over to the exit? I know that you’ve got your hands full, so all I need is for you to just throw me over there. You don’t have to worry about the landing.”
Magic flaring, Blue summons a bone cage to capture his current opponents. Once they’re taken care of, he gives you his full attention. He doesn’t seem to be pleased with your plan, but he doesn’t have much time to argue since more Amalgamates are coming this way.

With a worried frown, your friend uses his magic to make you levitate. “IF THIS SITUATION WASN’T SO SERIOUS, I WOULD’VE COME UP WITH A LESS DANGEROUS PLAN. UNFORTUNATELY, I DON’T HAVE TIME TO DO SO BECAUSE OF ALL THESE AMALGAMATES. PLEASE BE CAREFUL, Y/N! I PROMISE THAT I’LL COME AFTER YOU ONCE I’M DONE HERE!”

You smile warmly at him while the pair in your arms stares at him curiously. “I will, Blue. I know that you’ll come as soon as you can. Please be careful, okay?”

“OF COURSE! I’M WAY TOO STRONG TO BE DEFEATED HERE! MWEH HEH HEH!”

Beaming, Blue activates his magic and uses it to fling you across the room toward the doorway that hopefully leads to safety. Temmie shrieks in terror while the kid quietly giggles apparently enjoying the little joyride.

Thankfully, you’re high enough that none of the creatures below can physically reach you. You’re also moving fast enough that you successfully avoid the attacks aimed at you.

When you’re almost at your destination, you curl up into a ball using your body to shield the two in your arms. Luckily, Blue has perfect aim, so you end up sailing straight through the doorway and crash into the floor of the connecting hallway.

Groaning, you slowly unfurl your arms, allowing your passengers to move to their feet. Your back took the brunt of the fall, so it’s now throbbing in agony. In addition, you’re starting to come off the adrenaline rush from the earlier chase, so you’re also feeling all of the other injuries on your body. Overall, you can definitely say that you’ve had better days.

Note to self: Don’t do that again.

When you open your eyes, you see Chara leaning over you, giving you a worried look. This time Temmie has decided to perch on the child’s shoulder. Doing your best to muffle the moan that wants to escape, you move into a sitting position. “I’m alright. How are you two?”

Chara watches as you slowly move to stand. “I’m okay. Thank you for saving us again, Miss.”

Their monster friend nods. “Yeah, thanks. But, please don’t do that again. That was terrifying!”

You chuckle as you pet the little monster's head. “Sorry about that. It was the only thing that I could think of considering the circumstances. At least, it got us out of there. Now, I need you two to hurry and get out of here. I think I see an elevator at the end of the hall. Use that to get back to where you were before Undyne interfered. Hopefully, you’ll be able to escape this lab safely.”

Chara frowns before reaching for your hand and latching onto it. “You should come with us, Miss. It’s dangerous down here. You want to leave too, right? You should just stay with us if we’re going in the same direction.”

Temiie looks around nervously. “Chara’s right. Why would you want to stay around here anyway?”

After squeezing their hand, you quickly pull the kid into a hug. “I wish I could stay with you longer, but you don’t need me for the rest of your journey. I know that you’re strong enough to pull
through. You only needed help here because of some unusual circumstances. Besides, my friends are still back there. I need to make sure that they’re all okay.”

When you pull away, the child gives you a determined nod. “Please look after Sans and Papyrus. I’ll be alright. I’ll make sure that I get to the barrier.”

Grinning proudly, you ruffle their hair. “I know you will. I believe in you, Chara.”

The child smiles happily as they give you a quick hug before sprinting toward the end of the hallway. Temmie gives you a little wave as they leave.

You return the wave before turning to face the doorway behind you. When you go back inside, you see that things are just as chaotic as before. There are bone attacks being flung everywhere along with the signature attacks of the Amalgamates in the room. All three of the skeletons are completely surrounded by creatures. Fortunately, none of them appear hurt just tired and annoyed.

Cupping your hands around your mouth, you yell as loudly as you can. “Guys! Chara’s safe now! We can leave this room!”

Luckily, they seem to have heard you since the three skeletons turn toward you. For some reason though, their previously tired expressions now appear panicked. Blue knocks away the five Amalgamates in front of him and runs toward you. “Y/N! MOVE!”

Trusting your friend, you immediately dive forward without hesitation. Shortly after you move, you hear something hit the area where you were once standing.

When you turn around, you notice the lone Lemon Bread clinging to the wall above the doorway. Considering the scorch marks on the ground, it must have used its eye attack that shoots out flashing orbs. The creature roars as it lunges at you with its sharp teeth.

Before it can reach you, a wall of bones appears before you blocking the attack. Then, Blue is there standing in front of you with his eye glowing brightly. Using his blue magic, the short skeleton causes the Lemon Bread to float in the air before he flings the Amalgamate toward the other side of the room.

There’s a lot of sweat on Blue’s skull. His chest heaves as he tries to catch his breath. You notice that the light of his magic isn’t as bright as it was at the beginning of this venture. No doubt your friend is exhausted from all the battling and the constant use of magic.

That’s when Pup appears with Black at his side. You quickly pull Blue into your arms and run through the doorway with the Swapfell brothers right behind you. As soon as they’re through, they use their magic to bring down the room’s ceiling like with the last room.

You notice that the brothers also appear tired. While not as much as Blue since they have more battling experience, it’s obvious that the constant magic use has worn them out as well, judging by their sweating and heavy breathing.

Once the room is taken care of, Black turns toward you with crossed arms. “WELL? WHAT ABOUT MY SLAVE? DID THEY MAKE IT OUT ALIVE?”

You nod absently as you check over your friend who’s leaning against your chest. “Yes, they’re okay, Black. I think the elevator is at the end of this hall, so they should be safe by now. I only know of five types of Amalgamates, so there shouldn’t be anymore to fight.”

Black huffs as he peers toward the end of the hallway. “THEY BETTER BE! I DIDN’T WASTE
MY TIME FOR THEM TO GO AND GET THEMSELVES KILLED AFTER THEY LEAVE MY SIGHT. I’M NOT DOING THIS AGAIN.”

His brother shoves his hands inside his jacket pockets. “I don’t sense them on this floor anymore, m’lord. They must’ve found the elevator.”

“GOOD! NOW, TAKE US BACK TO THE FLOOR WITH THE MONITORS. I WANT TO SEE WHAT UNDYNE DOES NEXT.”

Like before, Pup places a hand on his brother’s shoulder and uses his free arm to wrap around your waist. He’s surprised when you bury your face in his jacket. You probably shouldn’t invade his personal space like this since he only does stuff like this to tease you, but you can’t help it. You’re so tired after all that craziness. Besides, hugs always make you feel better.

The taller skeleton surprises you when he chuckles and gives your waist a squeeze. Before you can come up with a response, he teleports your group back to the doorway of the monitor room.

While the Swapfell brothers check out the situation, you move away from the doorway and turn your attention to the quiet skeleton in your arms. You keep your voice as low as you can to avoid being heard by Undyne. “Are you alright, Blue? You look exhausted.”

He gives you a grin that’s only about half as bright as his usual ones. “I’M ALRIGHT, Y/N. IT HAS JUST BEEN AWHILE SINCE I LAST USED SO MUCH MAGIC AT ONCE. WHILE I AM PREPARED TO BATTLE FOR THE SAKE OF THE ROYAL GUARD, THERE’S NOT REALLY A LOT OF OPPORTUNITIES TO DO SO. THE ONLY TIME I USE A LOT OF MAGIC IS WHEN I TRAIN WITH ALPHYS. IT LOOKS LIKE I’LL NEED MORE TRAINING WHEN I GET HOME.”

Noticing his disappointed look, you give your friend a warm squeeze. “You did great, Blue. You protected me a bunch of times, and you helped hold back all of those Amalgamates. Your brother and Alphys would be super proud of you.”

His cheekbones turn dark blue as his grin turns bashful. “MWEH HEH HEH. YOU THINK SO? I’VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE THEM PROUD OF ME. THAT’S WHY I ALWAYS WORK SO HARD. PAPY ALWAYS DOES SO MUCH FOR ME, SO I WANT TO HELP HIM IN TURN BY JOINING THE ROYAL GUARD. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO PROTECT HIM LIKE HE ALWAYS PROTECTS ME.”

Your heart swells after hearing those sweet words. You hug him tightly. “He’s always proud of you, Blue. To Stretch, you’re the coolest guy on the planet. He loves you so freakin’ much. There’s nothing that you could do to change that.”

“she’s right.”

Both of you jolt in surprise at the unexpected voice. Instead of scoping out the situation with his brother, Pup is now standing beside you. You wonder if he has been listening in this whole time. Maybe he was worried about Blue too?

Noticing the twin curious gazes aimed his way, the taller skeleton continues. “If your bro is anythin’ like me, then you don’t have to worry about makin’ him proud. I’m always proud of my bro no matter what he does.”

Now, your heart’s melting. Damn. These skeletons are way too cute. You’re such a sucker for sweet sibling moments.
Blue’s expression brightens at the admission. He then studies Pup with a thoughtful expression before grinning. “THEN, IN THAT CASE, SINCE BLACK IS SIMILAR TO ME, HE MUST LOVE YOU A WHOLE LOT! HE’S JUST NOT AS GOOD AS ME AT SHOWING IT! MWEH HEH HEH!”

The skeleton in your arms proves once again how amazingly observant he is. Of course, since Pup is a version of his brother that’s incredibly similar to Stretch, it probably isn’t very hard for Blue to get a read on him. While there’s no doubt that the taller skeleton loves his brother, it’s a little harder to tell with Black sometimes. Fortunately, Blue is here to assure Pup otherwise.

Your friend’s declaration obviously catches the taller skeleton off guard considering his shocked expression. Then, his face quickly becomes contemplative. He looks, dare you say it, hopeful? Man, you really hope Chara succeeds in saving the Underground and works to repair the relationship between these brothers. These guys are breaking your heart.

Black chooses this moment to interrupt. He marches toward the three of you with a large smirk. “MY SLAVE IS BACK WHERE THEY STARTED WITH UNDYNE. THIS TIME THE AMAZING NAPSTATON IS HERE TO FIGHT THE HUMAN. WE NEED TO HURRY HOME, OR I’LL MISS THE LIVE SHOWING OF THE BATTLE!”

Of course, he’s more interested in watching his robot idol on TV than looking after Chara. Oh well, at least this is something the kid is familiar with. They should be alright from now on.

Blue appears to be excited about watching his favorite TV show. You just hope that he won’t be too disappointed when he sees that this Napstaton is not like the one from his world.

Following his brother’s orders, Pup grabs ahold of everyone before teleporting. However, instead of the brothers’ home, you reappear in a large clearing. Considering all of the snow and trees around you, you must be somewhere on the outskirts of Snowdin.

Black scowls fiercely as he glares at his brother. “MUTT! I SAID TAKE ME HOME! WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU TAKE US HERE?!”

The taller skeleton frowns as he takes in his surroundings. “i’m sorry, m’lord. the usual shortcut that leads home was blocked. the one leadin’ here was the closest one to home that i could use.”

For some reason, his words give you a bad feeling. “What do you mean blocked? It’s possible to stop you from teleporting somewhere?”

Pup continues to study the area as if he’s looking for something. “it’s never happened before, but i got a bad feelin’ about the other nearby shortcuts that i could take. like, we’d be attacked if i used them.”

His brother crosses his arms. “WHAT DO YOU MEAN ATTACKED?! HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW WHERE YOU’D END UP? NO ONE CAN PREDICT YOUR TELEPORTATION ROUTES!”

When he asks to be let down, you put the skeleton in your arms back on the ground. Blue then rubs his chin thoughtfully. “MAYBE THERE’S SOMEONE ELSE WHO CAN TELEPORT LIKE PUP? THERE’S NO ONE THAT I KNOW OF THAT CAN TELEPORT LIKE MY PAPY, BUT IT’S POSSIBLE THAT I’VE JUST NEVER MET THEM.”

Before you can comment, you watch wide-eyed as Pup’s soul suddenly appears outside of his chest surrounded by blue threads. With a strained expression, he then summons a Gaster Blaster and
aims it directly at you. You’re surprised when Blue picks you up and moves you both out of the way just as the Gaster Blaster fires.

Right as he lands on the ground a few yards away, several bones attacks glowing dark red fly straight toward you, forcing your friend to dodge again.

This time the attack came from Blackberry whose expression is a mixture of anger and disbelief. His soul is also now in view covered in threads. “WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?! WHY IS MY BODY MOVING ON ITS OWN?!”

His brothers grunts from the strain. “i don’t know, m’lord. i can’t control my body either.”

Your face pales as their words register in your mind. Those threads and their loss of control can only mean one thing.

A familiar chuckle full of white noise causes a chill to run down your spine. Your body begins to tremble as you cling tightly to Blue.

“miss me, glitch?”

Chapter End Notes

He's baaaack~ XD

Of course, Error wouldn't wait long to go after the Reader again. Now, she’s in worse trouble than last time. How is she gonna get out of this mess?

Sorry for making the chapter so long. That wasn't my intention, but I just couldn't find the right place to stop. So, everything just happened in one chapter instead of like two ^^' Also, this is my first time writing Swapfell Temmie, and I honestly had no idea what I was doing lol I hope that I did an alright job with him. If you were wondering about the relationship between the Swapfell brothers, they do love each other, and they know how the other feels. It's just Pup has his low self esteem moments where he'll doubt, and Black doesn't really help matters with his usual behavior toward his brother when they're in public.

Were y'all surprised about the Amalgamates? You were thinking I was gonna use Alphys this time, weren't you? ;) Well, I decided to go a different route and have the glitch drop Chara off somewhere even more dangerous lol I have no idea what the plural is for Endogeny so I just left the name as is since it looks like it could work for singular and plural. Hopefully, y'all didn't mind reading it like that ^^' Also, I know everything would've been smoother if they had just teleported Chara out of there, but Black wanted to help as little as possible. The only reason he even agreed to help was in order to stop the resets. Plus, while he won't admit it, he was quite curious about the Amalgamates and what they were capable of.

Since there's no way to properly explain it in the story, I'll tell y'all Black's situation regarding resets. While he says he always remembers them, that's not completely true. He'll remember if Chara does saves and loads, but if they were to do a true reset, he wouldn't remember, so he loses all of his memories from the timeline once a true reset is done. Overall, I'd say that Black is probably in the best position since he remembers
the most out of the little brothers. I remember seeing some of y'all being curious about Undertale Papyrus, so I'll go ahead and tell you his position too. He gets the deja vu like Edge just not every time and not as strongly. Rather, he's more like Blue in that he does get the occasional dream of past timelines although he doesn't quite know what to make of them. Of course, he doesn't tell his brother since he doesn't want to worry him. ^^

One of my headcanons is that the skeletons are easy to carry because they're all bone. They weigh enough that a breeze won't knock them over, but it's super easy to physically carry them. That's why the Reader never has any issue when it comes to picking Blue up when she hugs him. However, if you don't agree with that headcanon, I also like to think that the Reader is just strong. Nothing can stop her from getting the hugs she desires XD

Y'all better buckle your seat belts 'cause the next chapter is a roller coaster of feels. You're in for a wild ride XD
A Desperate Gamble

Chapter Notes

This chapter has not been beta-read, but I hope you'll still be able to enjoy it ^_^

Just in case y'all forgot my advice from last chapter, I'll say it again up here. This chapter is a roller coaster of feels, so you better buckle up and brace yourselves for the wild ride XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the Swapfell brothers fire more attacks your way, Blue jumps back as far as he can. He doesn’t stop moving until there’s a good bit of distance between the two of you and the brothers.

It’s at this point that you finally see Error hovering in the air watching everything transpire with a large grin. You knew that he had to be the one to blame for all of this. You don’t know of anyone else capable of controlling others, and no one has a voice like his. You wonder if he’s the one responsible for interfering with Pup’s shortcuts. Somehow, you can’t help but feel that this was all planned.

Black scowls at the unfamiliar skeleton. “IS THIS YOUR DOING?! RELEASE ME AT ONCE, YOU BASTARD! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!”

His brother remains silent, but it’s clear how he feels about the situation considering the dark glare that he’s aiming at the glitchy skeleton.

Error smirks as he observes the four of you. “no can do. you’re more useful to me like this. you see, i’m here to eliminate that glitch over there. i don’t want to risk you guys interfering like the last group did. don’t worry, i’ll release you if you make yourselves useful.”

Blue gently places you back on your feet before moving into a protective stance in front of you. “WE’VE ALREADY STOPPED THE GLITCH IN THIS WORLD, ERROR! WHY ARE YOU ATTACKING Y/N? SHE’S THE ONE WHO’S BEEN HELPING STOP THE GLITCH!”

The glitchy skeleton rolls his eyes. “who cares if the human helped? it doesn’t change the fact that the human is the source of the glitch. the only way to stop the glitch from spreading is to kill that human.”

Black screeches in outrage. “WHAT?! SHE’S THE CAUSE OF IT?! YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, HUMAN!”

You can’t bring yourself to meet anyone’s eyes. You don’t want to see the betrayal and disappointment that’s sure to be there. “I-I’m sorry, Black. I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want it to be true. Error told me all of this before, but Ink said that Error was wrong. I didn’t know who to believe. It’s true that every AU I visit gets infected, so it’s possible that Error is right. I was scared to tell anyone because I didn’t know how they’d react.”

Biting your lip, you wrap your arms around yourself protectively and feel your nails dig into your skin. “I don’t want anyone to be hurt by the glitch. If I’m really behind it, then something needs to
be done. But, I don’t want to die! Even though my death may be the only way to save the other worlds, I’m scared to die!”

“I WON’T LET YOU DIE! AFTER ALL, YOU ARE NOT THE ONE CAUSING THE GLITCH!”

Your head jolts upwards as you stare at your friend with surprised, teary eyes. Blue continues to face Error but gives you a quick grin over his shoulder. “NO WAY COULD YOU BE BEHIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS, Y/N! YOU’RE THE ONE WHO’S BEEN FIGHTING THE HARDEST TO STOP THE GLITCH! ERROR IS OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN!”

Before you can respond, Error snorts, gaining both of your attention. “so, what? you’re gonna deny the obvious just because you think the human’s nice? news flash, idiot. that’s not a good enough excuse to prove that the human’s innocent.”

Blue scowls at his floating counterpart. “IT’S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! BUT, IF YOU WANT MORE PROOF, FINE! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THE GLITCH WAS ALREADY IN MY WORLD BEFORE SHE EVEN ARRIVED?”

The silence is deafening as his words begin to register in everyone’s minds. Even for you, it takes a while to comprehend what your friend is talking about. Finally, you remember one of the conversations you had with Stretch back in Underswap. You eyes widen in realization.

“That’s right! Stretch said Chara had started continuously resetting even before I got there! They had just taken a break and stopped shortly before I arrived!”

Pup considers this new information. “if that’s the case, how could she be responsible for the glitch if it was already happenin’ before she even got there? that doesn’t make any sense.”

His brother narrows his eye-lights suspiciously at Error. “YES, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT? DO YOU EVEN HAVE ANY ACTUAL PROOF THAT SHE’S CAUSING THE GLITCH, OR IS THIS ALL BASED OFF YOUR ASSUMPTIONS?”

The glitchy skeleton growls in irritation as he glares at everyone with contempt. “do you morons actually believe that it’s all a coincidence that the glitch occurs wherever that human goes? so what if the kid reset before the human arrived? that doesn’t prove that they reset because of the glitch.”

Blue wags a finger as he shakes his head. “NO, THE GLITCH DID INDEED CAUSE ALL OF THE RESETS THAT OCCURRED THAT DAY. I TALKED TO CHARA ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED NOT LONG AFTER WE RESCUED THEM. THEY SAID AFTER SO MANY Resets THEY CHOSE TO TAKE A BREAK AND THINK OF NEW STRATEGIES WHILE REMAINING IN KING ASGORE’S HOME. AND, THAT’S NOT THE ONLY STRANGE THING THAT THEY TOLD ME! CHARA SAID THAT THE LAYOUT OF THE RUINS HAD CHANGED, SO IT TOOK THEM LONGER TO REACH THE KING’S HOUSE. THAT’S WHY THEY WERE IN THE RUINS SO LONG EVEN BEFORE THE Resets STARTED HAPPENING. WHAT ELSE COULD CAUSE SUCH CHANGES BESIDES THIS MYSTERIOUS GLITCH?”

The whole layout of the Ruins was changed? You can’t think of anything that could cause something like that besides the glitch. If that’s the case, the glitch had definitely come to Underswap before you. Does that mean you really are not to blame for everything that’s happened so far?

Error makes the noise that’s like a mixture of the AOL dial up sound and the sound of an incoming
When you see him move his fingers, you immediately turn your attention to the Swapfell brothers. No matter how hard they try, the brothers are unable to do anything besides watch as they launch more attacks at you and Blueberry.

A wall of bones appears before you blocking the attacks. Blue is standing strong in front of you despite the fatigue he must still be feeling from his previous battles.

Your mind races as you try to think of a plan.

_What are we gonna do? We're totally outnumbered! Not to mention, Blue has had barely any time to recover after fighting off all of those Amalgamates. Who knows how much more magic he can use before he can’t fight anymore. We have to get out of here! Where the hell is Ink when you need him? I thought dealing with Error was his responsibility!_

You’re abruptly pulled from your panicked thoughts by your friend’s voice. “Y/N! I NEED YOU TO RUN FOR SHELTER WHILE I HOLD THESE GUYS BACK! IT’S DANGEROUS FOR YOU TO REMAIN HERE! AS MUCH AS I’D LIKE TO SAY THAT I’LL PROTECT YOU, I KNOW THAT I’M AT A DISADVANTAGE HERE. I NEED YOU TO BE SOMEWHERE SAFE SO I WON’T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU WHILE I’M FIGHTING.”

Wide-eyed, you stare at him in disbelief. “There’s no way I can just leave you, Blue! That’s way too dangerous! I know I won’t be much help, but I can’t just abandon you! Instead of just me, we should both run! Maybe my teleporting will kick in soon!”

Blue shakes his head. “WE CAN’T TAKE THAT CHANCE, Y/N. BOTH OF US RUNNING IS ALSO NOT AN OPTION. I NEED TO DISTRACT THEM SO YOU CAN SAFELY GET AWAY. DON’T WORRY, I WILL BE ALRIGHT. I WON’T DIE AND LEAVE YOU ALL ALONE. I PROMISE TO KEEP YOU SAFE, SO PLEASE RUN!”

Tears come to your eyes at the desperation in his voice. You don’t want to leave him, but what else can you do? You’re just a liability here! If you stay here, there’s a larger chance of him getting hurt protecting you. The only chance that Blue has to survive this is for you to get somewhere so he won’t have to worry about you.

You hear Black’s voice yelling at you after Blue blocks another of his attacks. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU IDIOT! RUN! DO YOU WANT TO DIE?!”

“m’lord is right, darlin. you need to get as far away from here as you can. that’s the only chance you have.”

Seeing Pup’s defeated expression makes your chest clench painfully. With a heavy heart, you turn and make a break for it, running as fast as you can. “You better keep your promise, Blue! Don’t you dare die!”

“OF COURSE! YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, Y/N!”

You only make it a few yards before Pup appears directly in front of you. With a yelp, you dive to the right barely avoiding his Gaster Blaster attack. He scowls in irritation. “dammit. i was hopin’ he could only control my attacks. you better run fast, darlin. things ain’t lookin’ too good for ya right now.”

Immediately after you hit the ground, you spring back to your feet and sprint in another direction...
away from the taller skeleton. “Ya think?!”

From above, you can hear Error’s noisy cackling. If you weren’t so busy running for your life, you’d cover your ears to block out the grating sound. Fortunately, the glitchy skeleton isn’t attacking anyone. He seems content to just sit back and watch the show.

Since only Pup appears to be attacking you, that means Blue must be dealing with Blackberry. Hopefully, he’ll be alright since he only has to deal with one opponent.

It seems Error really enjoys playing cat and mouse since for a while he just has Pup chase you around the clearing. However, you don’t think that you can last much longer. You feel your lungs burning as your chest heaves. You haven’t run this much in a very long time. Your body can’t handle much more strain. If you don’t think of something quickly, you’re toast.

Regrettably, you run out of time. One of Pup’s attacks aims for the area around your feet. The explosion it causes knocks you into the air for a brief moment before you crash hard into the ground below.

Groaning, you push yourself up but freeze halfway when you see the charging Gaster Blaster in front of you aimed straight at you. There’s nowhere to run. There’s no way you can move fast enough to dodge a blast from so close.

Pup frowns sadly. “i’m sorry, darlin. i didn’t want things to end this way.”

You think you hear Blue screaming something from the distance, but you can’t make out what he’s saying over the sound of your heartbeat pounding loudly in your ears. Your body starts to tremble in fear before you can stop it. You want to say something--anything--to Pup, but your mouth has gone completely dry. All that passes your lips is a weak whimper.

When the Gaster Blaster fires, you clench your eyes shut and cover your head with your arms in a fruitless attempt to protect yourself. You hold your breath and brace yourself for impact.

However, the pain never comes.

“NYEH HEH HEH! IT LOOKS LIKE WE CAME JUST IN TIME, SANS! OF COURSE, THAT IS TO BE EXPECTED OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

“That’s right, bro. nobody has better timing than you.”

Your eyes shoot open in shock at the sound of familiar voices. You stare in wide-eyed disbelief at the skeletons before you. In front of you are Sans and Papyrus from Undertale. Seeing the wall of bones ahead of you, you figure that they must’ve summoned it to block Pup’s attack.

Sans looks over his shoulder and winks at you. “looks like we made it just in time. i know you must be having a real blast over here, but how about you let us take over?”

Papyrus frowns worriedly as he takes in your current condition. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, Y/N? YOU’RE SO BEAT UP!”

When you look over yourself, you understand his apparent concern. There are several places all over your body covered in cuts with some still bleeding. Your new clothes are a total mess with all the tears in the fabric and the dirt covering them because of all your tumbles. Because everyone had been so worn out, you didn’t bother to ask for healing after the Amalgamates had been dealt with. You figured your injuries could be taken care of with some bandages later on. Unfortunately, Error interfered before you could get any proper first aid.
Slowly, you rise to your feet and give the taller skeleton a shaky smile. “I’m alright, Papyrus. We just ran into some trouble earlier today, and I didn’t get a chance to take care of my injuries.”

Noticing Sans’ suspicious glare aimed at Pup, you quickly intervene to defend him. “Pup didn’t do this, Sans. Please don’t be mad at him. He and his brother are being controlled by Error, who’s a counterpart of yours that is out to get me. Error blames me for the glitch and wants to kill me before more worlds can be infected.”

Papyrus gasps in shock. “WHAT?! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL YOU?! AND, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY GLITCH? WHAT IS THAT?”

His brother sighs as he turns to fully face Pup, who’s been silently studying the new arrivals. “I’ll explain later, pap. right now, we gotta do something about these other versions of us that are trying to hurt y/n.”

You don’t hear Papyrus’ response due to Blue’s excited yell drowning him out.

“PAPY!”

Immediately, you turn toward your friend’s voice. What you see makes you gape in shock. While the sight of Stretch standing protectively in front of his brother doesn’t shock you considering Blue’s reaction, seeing the Underfell brothers standing not too far away glaring at Blackberry does make your eyes widen in surprise.

It looks like all of the skeletons that you’ve met from the previous worlds are here now. Ink must’ve brought them. You can’t think of any other way to explain their sudden appearance. You wonder why the artist isn’t here. Is he too busy, or does he not want to directly intervene with this battle despite it involving his rival?

Error is still in the air, scowling at this new development. He has probably come to the same conclusion as you about how they all got here. You really hope that he doesn’t manage to gain control of the rest of your friends, or you’ll really be in trouble.

Noticing that the Underfell brothers and Stretch look ready to attack Black, you sprint toward them. “Wait! Don’t attack him! Error’s the one controlling him! Black didn’t want to attack Blue!”

The three skeletons pause at your words and then, thankfully, hold back on their attacks. With a dark scowl, Edge glares at the glitchy skeleton. “OF COURSE, HE’S THE ONE BEHIND ALL OF THIS! I’M NOT LETTING YOU RUN AWAY THIS TIME, YOU CRETEN! I WILL MAKE SURE THAT YOU GET THE PUNISHMENT YOU DESERVE FOR LAST TIME!”

Red’s eye socket flashes brightly with red magic. “by the time we’re done with ya, all that’s left will be a pile of dust.”

Stretch turns so that he can keep an eye on both Black and Error as he addresses his brother. “bro, are you alright? you look pretty worn out.”

Blue gives him a shaky grin as he pulls himself from his position on the ground. He must’ve fallen at some point during his battle with Black. “I’M ALRIGHT, PAPY! I JUST USED UP TOO MUCH MAGIC BECAUSE OF MY PREVIOUS BATTLES. MORE IMPORTANTLY, WE MUST GET Y/N TO SAFETY! ERROR IS DETERMINED TO KILL HER BECAUSE HE THINKS SHE’S THE ONE WHO CAUSED THE GLITCH! BUT, SHE DIDN’T! THERE’S NO WAY THAT IT’S HER FAULT!”

His brother nods to show his agreement. “i agree, bro. the resets started before she even showed up
in our world, so there’s no way she’s to blame. how about you take her somewhere safe while the rest of us stop these guys?"

Judging by the frown on his face, it’s obvious that Blue doesn’t want to just leave and make everyone else do the fighting. However, after a few seconds, he agrees and begins to jog toward you. “ALRIGHT, PAPY! I’LL MAKE SURE THAT Y/N STAYS SAFE! BE CAREFUL AND DON’T HURT BLACK OR PUP! THEY’RE GOOD GUYS WHO HELPED US A LOT WHILE WE WERE HERE. THEY SHOULDN’T BE PUNISHED FOR BEING USED BY ERROR.”

Stretch gives his brother a thumbs up. “got it. the only one who’ll have a bad time is error.”

Red groans as his shoulders slump. “this is gonna be such a pain in the ass. it took forever to get those strings off boss last time.”

His brother summons some bone attacks with a growl. “LESS COMPLAINING AND MORE ACTION, SANS! I DON’T CARE WHO I HAVE TO DEAL WITH! I WILL HAVE THIS BASTARD’S HEAD!”

While the Underfell brothers and Stretch focus on Blackberry and Error, the Undertale siblings have their full attention on Pup. You get a warm feeling in your chest at the sight of everyone willing to work together. Maybe there’s a chance of stopping Error after all.

“HUMAN, MOVE! IT’S COMING FROM BELOW!”

Just as Black’s words begin to register in your mind, you feel yourself suddenly pushed roughly to the side, causing you to fall to the ground with a hard thump.

“sans!”

You immediately look up when you hear the pained yell. Your eyes widen in horror at the sight before you. You now know what Black was warning you about. Several bone attacks are protruding from the ground where you once stood. However, that’s not the worst of it. Instead of you, someone else was impaled.

“Blue!”

You scream his name as you quickly pull yourself to your feet. You want to help, but you fear that anything you do will just hurt him more. The bones struck him in several areas leaving him suspended in the air.

Surprisingly, Blue just smiles despite the obvious pain he must be in. “I’M GLAD THAT I MADE IT IN TIME. I KEPT MY PROMISE TO PROTECT YOU THIS TIME. I’M SORRY THAT I COULDN’T KEEP MY OTHER ONE, Y/N. I DIDN’T WANT TO PUT YOU OR PAPY THROUGH THIS. PLEASE MAKE SURE THAT HE GETS HOME SAFELY. I KNOW THAT I CAN COUNT ON YOU TO LOOK OUT FOR HIM IN MY PLACE. THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND, Y/N. WHILE CHARA WAS TECHNICALLY MY FIRST HUMAN FRIEND, YOU WERE MY FIRST BEST FRIEND. I REALLY ENJOYED THE SHORT TIME THAT WE SPENT TOGETHER.”

You shake your head desperately with tears streaming down your cheeks as you helplessly reach out toward him. “Blue, no! Please don’t! You can’t!”

But, it’s too late. After his parting words, his body turns to dust which falls to the broken ground below. All that’s left of him is his blue bandana which now rests on top of the pile of grey dust.
Then, Stretch is there, staring at the remains of his brother in horror. He reaches for the bandanna and holds it close to his chest. “no, sans. this wasn’t supposed to happen. not again. not when the kid isn’t around to reset. you’re supposed to be here to keep me in line. what am i supposed to do without you, bro? i just found you after you disappeared to another universe. you can’t do this to me, sans. please!”

You can’t bear to watch the heartbroken skeleton anymore. You cover your face and try to stop the tears to no avail. He’s gone. Your best friend is gone, and it’s all your fault. If only you hadn’t come here, then Blue would still be alive. No one would’ve had to suffer. Why did this have to happen? Why did Blue die when you were the one that deserved it?

“now, look what you did, glitch. i was planning on using my new puppet to finish you off, but because your little friend interfered, he’s dust now. if you had just accepted your fate from the beginning, none of this would have happened.”

Before you can yell at the glitchy skeleton, you feel yourself picked up bridal style and placed in another skeleton’s arms. When you uncover your face, you see that Papyrus is now holding you to his chest while a frowning Sans is facing the two of you. He must’ve been the one to originally grab you.

“pap, you need to get her out of here. that error guy is gonna keep going after her unless we get her somewhere that he can’t reach. i’m counting on you to keep her safe. you can do that, right, bro?”

Papyrus puffs up his chest. “OF COURSE! I’LL MAKE SURE THAT Y/N STAYS COMPLETELY SAFE! I WILL NOT ALLOW HER TO COME TO ANY MORE HARM! BUT, WILL YOU BE ALRIGHT ON YOUR OWN, SANS?”

“he’s not on his own.”

The three of you turn toward Stretch, who’s no longer hunched over his brother’s dust. Instead, his right eye is strobing bright orange as he glares at Error. “i’m not gonna let this bastard get away with what he did to my brother.”

Edge marches forward and comes to a stop beside Stretch. “IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A COMMON GOAL. I WILL NOT ALLOW THIS CRETEN TO DO AS HE PLEASES ANY LONGER!”

Red hangs back in order to keep a close eye on Blackberry. It looks like he plans to handle Black while his brother goes after Error. Sans has moved to face Pup, who’s wearing an indecipherable expression.

Black scowls, obviously displeased. Besides the expected anger, you also notice a hint of guilt in his expression. Does he blame himself for Blue’s death? “JUST HURRY UP AND GET THIS OVER WITH! AND, DON’T KILL THAT BASTARD BEFORE I CAN GET MY HANDS ON HIM!”

Pup stares at Sans for a few minutes before sighing wearily. “i don’t care if ya hurt me. just help my brother.”

Error cackles as he takes in the situation. “do you idiots really think you can beat me? you don’t stand a chance. you should’ve just stayed in your own worlds. all you’re gonna get here is pain.”

While the glitchy skeleton appears distracted, Papyrus decides to take advantage of this opportunity and runs for the nearby treeline. Thankfully, the two of you make it into the forest
before Error notices your escape. All you can hear is Error’s enraged scream as you journey further into the forest.

You try to hide your face against the tall skeleton’s chest and cling to the fabric of his clothes with your trembling hands. Every few seconds, you absently rub your eyes as you try to control your sniffs. There’s no time to cry. You need to be strong for Papyrus. You can cry for Blue later once everyone is safe.

With a considerable amount of effort, you bundle up all of the emotions you’re feeling right now and push them into the farthest corner of your mind. Slowly but surely, you feel yourself start to calm down. The emotions are still there, but now, it’s like they’re behind a closed door ready to overwhelm you again once you remove the lock.

“I KNOW THAT ASKING IF YOU’RE ALRIGHT IS A FOOLISH QUESTION CONSIDERING RECENT EVENTS. HOWEVER, I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD STILL ASK YOU HOW YOU’RE DOING. YOU ARE COVERED IN SEVERAL WOUNDS. ARE YOU IN A LOT OF PAIN?”

You wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. “I’m alright, Pap. I got these from another battle before Error showed up. The other guys were exhausted, so I didn’t want them to use any more magic on my account. None of the injuries are major. They just sting.”

Papyrus frowns as he gives you a gentle squeeze. His right eye flares with green magic as he holds one of his hands above your body. You watch in awe as your injuries slowly start to heal and disappear one by one. Within seconds, you look good as new.

With a grin, you give the skeleton another hug. “Thank you, Papyrus. You’re the coolest.”

He grins bashfully as his cheekbones flush orange. “NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I’LL KEEP YOU SAFE, Y/N!”

You didn’t know it was possible for words to heal and hurt you simultaneously. While you’re grateful for his kindness, his words remind you too much of Blueberry and the way he’d always proclaim that he’d protect you despite the odds being against him.

Using all of your remaining willpower, you push back against the rattling door in your mind, making sure that none of your emotions escape. After you take a deep breath and release it, you feel yourself begin to slowly calm down.

When you look back up at Papyrus, you see him watching you with a worried expression. You gently pat him on the chest. “I’m okay, Pap. What you said just reminded me of Blue. He’s the one who—”

Died because of me. Died because I was too weak.

You swallow the sudden lump in your throat. “The one wearing the blue bandana.”

No matter how hard you try, you just can’t say those words. Some part of you is still in denial. He can’t be gone. He just can’t! This has to be some awful nightmare that you’re unable to wake up from. You need to wake up; you don’t think you can take much more of this.

Papyrus stares at you sadly as he hugs you closer to his chest. “I’M VERY SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, Y/N. IF ONLY I HAD BEEN FASTER, I COULD’VE PROTECTED YOU BOTH. I ADMIT THAT IT WAS QUITE PAINFUL TO WATCH SOMEONE WITH MY BROTHER’S FACE PERISH IN SUCH A WAY.”
You hug him tightly. “And, I’m sorry that you had to see something like that, Papyrus. It wasn’t your fault. It’s mine. It only happened because Blue was protecting me. If only I hadn’t come here, if they hadn’t met me, then no one would’ve had to suffer. Error is only here because of me. It’s all my fault.”

“You’re wrong!”

His forceful shout makes you jolt in surprise. You stare at the tall skeleton with wide eyes as he frowns at you. “It is not your fault! While I never got the chance to know him, I know that Blue would not want you to feel this way! He died valiantly protecting you. He did that because you were important to him. He didn’t look like he regretted his actions at all! That’s how much he cared about you! Please don’t say you shouldn’t have met us! I know my brother and everyone else you befriended would be extremely sad to hear that! I know I am!”

You feel your eyes grow warm with unshed tears as you cling tightly to the skeleton. “I’m sorry, Pap. You’re right. I shouldn’t say things like that. I’m really glad I met all of you. I’ve enjoyed the time I’ve spent with you and your brother along with everyone else so much. I just hate that things are turning out like this. I never wanted to see my friends get hurt.”

He rubs your back in a soothing manner. “I know, y/n. That’s because you are very kind. I hate that such a kind girl has to go through such trials. I wish that I could do something to stop all of this and bring you back home safe and sound. I wish I could do more for you besides just taking you to safety.”

After a few minutes, you manage to rein in your emotions and calm down. You are honestly not looking forward to the emotional backlash once this is all over. “You’re doing plenty just by being here, Papyrus. I don’t know what I’d do if I was by myself. I’m so glad you’re here. Thank you for being here with me.”

“Of course! As soon as that other sans said you were in trouble, I didn’t hesitate to come! There was no way I could stay still after hearing that you were in danger!”

So, Ink really was the one who brought them here. You figured as much. You just wish that he had come along as well. He’s better suited for dealing with Error. Maybe if he had come Blue would still be alive.

You shake your head to dispel those thoughts. No, blaming Ink for what happened won’t solve anything. There’s no way to know what would’ve changed if he had come. There’s no guarantee that he’d be able to stop Error in time to save Blue. Besides, it’s not fair to blame Ink when you don’t even know his own circumstances. He might be caught up in some trouble of his own right now. Hopefully, he’ll come here as soon as he can.

Silence surrounds the two of you as Papyrus continues to run through the forest. He hasn’t stopped once not even when he used his healing magic on you. You hope that you’ve made it far enough that Error can’t catch up.

You are caught off guard when the tall skeleton suddenly trips, causing you to fly out of his arms and hit the ground hard. You roll for a couple of seconds before your body finally comes to a stop a few feet away from Papyrus.
With a groan, you push yourself up on your forearms so you can check on the skeleton. The two of you are in similar positions, both being more interested in making sure that the other is alright.

Once he sees that you’re okay, Papyrus slowly moves to stand and then studies the ground. “HOW STRANGE. IT SEEMS I TRIPPED OVER WHAT APPEARS TO BE SEVERAL BLUE STRINGS.”

Your heart skips a beat as your face pales. Quickly, you rise to your feet and move toward him. “Pap! We need to run! Now!”

But, it’s too late. Several bone attacks erupt from the ground encircling your startled friend. You immediately turn when you hear a familiar, crackly chuckle.

“What didn’t really think that you’d be able to get away, did you, glitch?”

Error summons his strings to capture you, but they’re knocked away by some bone attacks. Before you can even blink, you’re pulled back by a strong arm and are soon facing a familiar back.

When you look behind you, you notice a giant hole in the bone cage. Papyrus must have broken through to come to your rescue. You can’t help but stare at him in awe.

While you’ve never considered the tall skeleton weak, you can’t help but feel incredibly impressed with the way he handled Error’s cage. Sans was right about his brother being the coolest. Papyrus is definitely someone you should never underestimate.

Error scowls, showing his displeasure at being interrupted. “You just had to interrupt. I would’ve just left you there if you stayed out of my way. Now, I gotta waste my time getting rid of you when I should be finishing off the glitch. You’re all such annoying pests.”

His arrival makes you worry about the safety of the other skeletons. Where are they? Are they alright? Are they still dealing with Blackberry and Pup? You hope that no one else has been hurt. The thought makes your chest clench painfully.

Papyrus summons several bone attacks and grabs one of them with his right hand. “While I do not have a full understanding of this situation, I do know that there’s no justifiable reason for you to harm Y/N! I will not let you hurt her anymore!”

Not wanting to get in your friend’s way, you quickly move to hide behind one of the nearby trees. You watch with bated breath as the two skeletons trade blows. At first, Error only uses his bone attacks, but when that doesn’t prove to be enough to deter Papyrus, the glitchy skeleton brings out a Gaster Blaster to fire at his opponent.

You feel that you need to warn your friend about how dangerous the other skeleton is. While you know that Papyrus is smart enough not to underestimate his opponents, you need to make sure that he’s fully aware of Error’s strength. “Papyrus! Please be careful! While Error is another Sans, his powers are a whole lot stronger! He’s extremely dangerous!”

Error smirks at you before summoning another Gaster Blaster as if to prove your point. The taller skeleton uses his bone attacks to make a shield and quickly jumps out of the way before it crumbles. Despite this, your friend doesn’t give up as he continues to send attacks toward his opponent.

You’re so focused on the fight that you don’t notice the strings coming up from behind you until it’s too late. You struggle in vain as the strings wrap around your body, forcing your arms to
remain at your sides. Before you can scream, several strings cover your mouth, preventing you from making a sound.

Unaware of your predicament, Papyrus comes to a stop a few yards in front of you. Error deflects the bones aimed his way before firing his Gaster Blasters at his opponent.

When you see the large smirk on the glitchy skeleton’s face, you realize what he’s planning. He doesn’t care if Papyrus dodges his attacks. They’re not aimed for the taller skeleton anyway. When your friend moves, the blasts will continue forward and hit you head on. That’s why he tied you up, so you couldn’t run away. Has he been planning this from the start?

You try to scream, but it’s no use. The strings block any noise that you try to make. All you can do is sit back and watch the upcoming events transpire.

However, you quickly realize that there’s something Error forgot to take into account when making this plan.

He forgot what kind of person Papyrus is. The taller skeleton promised his brother that he’d protect you and get you to safety. Papyrus always keeps his promises. No one can stop him from fulfilling his responsibilities.

Your eyes widen when the taller skeleton looks at you from over his shoulder with a grin before turning to face his opponent. Magic flaring, he summons as many bone attacks as he can to make a shield in between himself and the blasts. He’s not gonna let those blasts hit you no matter what it takes.

You want to yell for him to run, but you know your efforts are pointless. Even if you could speak, there’s no way that your friend would abandon you. Why does this keep happening to you? Why must your friends be constantly put in harm’s way on your account? Why are you so helpless?

An explosion occurs when the blasts hit the bone shield. You close your eyes to protect them from the flying debris. After a few seconds, you slowly open your eyes and take in your smoky surroundings.

Through the smoke, you see a familiar tall figure which makes your shoulders sag with relief. *He’s alive! Thank goodness! The shield must have been strong enough to hold off the blasts.*

When the smoke finally clears, your relief is quickly replaced with horror once you notice the large hole in the bone shield. Moving your gaze from the broken shield back to your friend, you see that there’s a gaping hole through his chest which makes your heart freeze in terror.

Papyrus falls to one knee using one of his hands to prop himself up. He then turns to look at you with a smile. “I’M GLAD THAT I WAS ABLE TO STOP THE BLAST. I WAS ABLE TO PROPERLY PROTECT YOU. I JUST HATE THAT YOU HAD TO WITNESS SOMETHING LIKE THIS AGAIN, ESPECIALLY SO SOON. I’M SORRY, Y/N.”

For whatever reason, the gag around your mouth pulls away allowing you to speak. “No, Papyrus! Please don’t do this! You have to hurry and heal yourself! You still have time! Please don’t die! You can’t! What about Sans?! You can’t leave him on his own! Only you can look after him! Please, Papyrus! Don’t leave me! I can’t lose you too!”

His smile turns into a sad frown. “I’M SORRY, Y/N, BUT I BELIEVE THAT IT’S TOO LATE FOR ME. PLEASE APOLOGIZE TO SANS FOR ME. I NEVER MEANT TO LEAVE HIM LIKE THIS. I KNOW HOW MUCH THIS WILL HURT HIM. I NEVER WANTED TO CAUSE...”
HIM SUCH PAIN, AND I DIDN’T WANT TO HURT YOU EITHER. IF ONLY I WAS STRONGER. I FEEL BAD ASKING YOU THIS CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH YOU LAST HEARD THESE WORDS, BUT PLEASE LOOK AFTER SANS FOR ME AND MAKE SURE THAT HE GETS HOME SAFELY.”

A painful howl tears through your throat as you witness Papyrus turn to dust just like Blue. All that remains now of your dear friend is his red scarf.

For a while, you just stare numbly at his remains not even able to cry because of the shock. You can’t believe that he’s gone. You can’t believe that you lost another friend just like that.

“what an idiot. all he had to do was move, and he would’ve been fine. i can’t believe that he protected you at the cost of his own life. what the hell is wrong with these guys?”

The numbness swiftly turns into fury as those words register in your mind. You glare heatedly at the glitchy skeleton as you thrash your body around in a weak attempt to break free. “You bastard! How could you?? You know what kind of person Papyrus is! Of course, he wouldn’t save himself at the expense of someone else! He’s too kind for that! He’s no idiot! He’s one of the bravest guys that I’ve ever met, and you have no right to talk about him like that!”

He narrows his eyes at you as he makes the strings constrict painfully around you, but you pay them no mind. “I can’t believe that you’d do something like this! Because of you, Blue and Papyrus are dead! My friends are dead, and their brothers are left to suffer alone! How can you be so calm about this?! It’s all your fault!”

In a flash, Error appears right in front of you, glaring with as much hate as you are. “don’t forget your place, glitch. i may have dusted them, but that only happened because they were protecting you. if you had just quietly accepted your fate, none of this would’ve happened. it’s because you kept trying to run away and protect yourself. it’s your fault that they’re dead not mine.”

Angry tears spring to your eyes, but before you can open your mouth to respond, you hear familiar voices coming your way. Within seconds, Sans and Stretch appear along with the Underfell and Swapfell brothers. Unfortunately, judging by their strained expressions, it seems Black and Pup are still under Error’s control.

“papyrus?”

Your gaze immediately zeroes in on Sans who’s staring at the remains of his brother in horror. He shakes his head as if denying what he’s seeing as he approaches the pile of dust and picks up the red scarf. Instead of breaking down like Stretch, Sans just stares blankly at the scarf with empty eye sockets.

Stretch clenches his fists in anger before looking away to focus on you and Error. Scowling, Edge does the same, but Red continues to watch his anguished counterpart with a myriad of emotions flashing across his face. Pup’s expression is blank while Black stares wide-eyed at the pile of dust.

It makes sense that the Sanses would be the most upset to see the death of a Papyrus. You briefly wonder what the Papyri besides Stretch looked like when Blue died. You were too focused on him to pay attention to your surroundings then. Were they as upset as their brothers are now?

You want to say something to Sans, but what? What could you possibly say to comfort him? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Nothing matters more to Sans than his brother, and because of you, Papyrus is dead. You don’t think that you’ll ever be able to face Sans or Stretch again after all the pain that you’ve caused them.
Error scowls at the new arrivals. “Great. More pests. Guess I can’t just leave the swapfell guys to handle this anymore.”

You watch in shock as Sans, Stretch, and the Underfell brothers suddenly freeze in place before getting pulled into the air. Regrettably, everyone notices the strings too late. Error must have had his strings laid out around the area just in case something like this happened.

All of the bound skeletons struggle futilely as they attempt to break their bindings. They try to summon their attacks, but the strings prevent them from doing so once they wrap around the skeletons’ souls.

Red snarls as his magic flares. “You bastard! You won’t get away with this!”

Edge continues to thrash about. “I WILL HAVE YOUR HEAD FOR THIS! DON’T THINK THAT YOU’LL KEEP ME TIED UP FOR LONG!”

Stretch grits his teeth as he tries to move against the strings. “So, what? You’re gonna kill us all now? Or, are you planning on making us watch you kill y/n?”

Pup remains silent while Black screeches in anger. “I WILL HAVE MY VENGEANCE! I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, INSOLENT WORM!”

Error snickers at the other skeletons’ plight. “Relax. I have no interest in killing any of you right now. My main objective is eliminating the glitch. Just sit back and watch the show.”

Sans has remained eerily quiet since he saw the remains of his brother. He didn’t even put up much of a fight when the strings captured him. Now, he just dangles in the air without changing his expression or making a sound.

Unfortunately, you don’t have time to worry about Sans since Error has now moved his focus on you. Terrified, you watch as he sends his strings straight for your soul. Knowing what’s about to happen, you struggle to no avail. Within seconds, the strings are entering your chest and wrapping around your soul.

It happens so fast that you don’t even have time to brace yourself. You scream in agony as the glitchy skeleton pulls your soul out of your chest just like he did in Underfell.

Over the roar of your blood pumping in your ears, you can just barely make out the angry and worried voices of your friends.

“What’s going on?! What the hell did that worm just do to her?!”

“He just pulled out her soul, m’lord, but I’ve never seen it done like that before. It’s not supposed to be painful like that.”

“What do you think you’re doing, you creten! Your fight is with me not the human! Come and face me, you coward!”

“y/n! Come on, dollface, you gotta answer me! Please say somethin’!”

“Hang in there, hun! You gotta hold on!”

“Kid?”

Hearing your worried friends calling out to you gives you the strength to push through the pain and
Hold on. The fact that even Sans, who was nearly catatonic mere moments ago, is now worried about you warms your heart.

Your chest feels like it’s on fire, but you fight past the pain and give your friends a shaky smile. “I— I’m alright, guys. It’s okay.”

Unfortunately, instead of easing their worries, the captured skeletons’ expressions only grow more upset.

Edge scowls at you. “DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?! THERE’S NO WAY THAT YOU’RE ALRIGHT! YOU LOOK AWFUL! YOU’RE A HORRIBLE LIAR, HUMAN!”

His brother frowns worriedly. “boss is right, doll. you’re not lookin’ too hot right now.”

Stretch glares at Error. “what the hell did you do that for? there was no reason to hurt her while taking out her soul. are you wanting to torture her?”

The glitchy skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “who cares what method i use? all that matters is that the soul is out now.”

He grins broadly as he stares at your black soul. “while your soul is freaky as hell, at least it’s not one of those pesky red souls. i won’t have to worry about killing you multiple times until you lose your determination to live. you only have to die once, and you’ve done. no resets for you, glitch.”

You’re dimly aware of your friends yelling at Error, but you can’t hear them over the words he just said that are continuously replaying in your mind.

A red soul. He’s talking about Frisk and Chara who have the power to reset because of their high determination. They’re unable to die because of the power of resets. If anything bad happens that the kids want to undo, they can do that instantly with a reset. They have complete control.

Your eyes widen in realization. That’s it! What you need is a reset! If a reset occurs, everything will be undone like the capture of you and your friends. More importantly, Blue and Papyrus could be brought back to life! It hasn’t been that long since they both died, so the reset would only need to go back an hour or two in order to save them both.

But, the Chara of this world is nowhere near here, and everyone is tied up. There’s no way someone could go get the kid and ask them to reset.

Not willing to give up, you continue to think over possible solutions. If Chara can’t help, what about you? Could you cause a reset? You obviously don’t have the power to do manual resets, but what if your soul was destroyed? Would that really be the end like Error says, or would time reset? Determination is what gives the kids the power to reset, and right now, you have that in spades. Just the thought of bringing Blue and Papyrus back to life fills you with determination.

Your eyes narrow as your resolve strengthens. You will bring them back no matter what it takes.

“I’ll do it. I’ll reset.”

All of the shouting comes to a complete halt at your words. Silence ensues as every skeleton there stares at you with wide eye-lights.

“What?”

You glare at Error, making sure to show him just how determined you are. “I said I’m gonna reset.
I may not have a red soul, but I have plenty of determination. If that’s what it takes to bring Blue and Papyrus back, I’ll reset no matter what it takes.”

He stares at you in shock, obviously caught off guard. Then, the glitchy skeleton suddenly starts cackling loudly. “I can’t believe that you’re actually serious. Are you that stupid? Just because you say that you’ll do it doesn’t mean it’ll actually happen. Only the brats with red souls can reset. Only one person per world can reset, and this world already has someone. Your soul is nowhere near as strong as this world’s brat. No matter how hard you try, it won’t work.”

When all you do is continue to glare at him, Error stares at you contemplatively before a wicked grin forms on his face. “You know what? Fine. Let’s see you try it. I’ll even help you out.”

Before you can question him, the glitchy skeleton summons more strings and uses them to slash at your soul. You shriek in pain as damage is directly inflicted on your soul.

You think you hear your friends shouting at you, but you’re too busy trying not to pass out to focus on them. You thought what Error did in Underfell was bad. That pain was nothing compared to what you’re experiencing now. You’re surprised that you’re still alive after suffering such a harsh blow. Your whole body feels like it’s on fire. There’s no part of you that’s not in agony now.

“Don’t be such a baby. You still have one HP left.”

You lift your head to give him a weak glare. You want to yell at him, but you don’t have enough energy to do so. You feel so weak like you’ve been drained of all your vitality. You can’t believe that having one HP is normal for some of these skeletons. You hope that they don’t actually feel like this on a daily basis.

Ignoring your friends’ yells, Error continues to grin at you in amusement. “What? You said you wanted to reset, right? I was just trying to help. Now, your HP is low enough that even an attack from someone as weak as you should be enough to deal the finishing blow.”

You stare at him with eyes wide in disbelief. He wants you to destroy your own soul?

The glitchy skeleton snickers at your expression. “If you really are that determined, breaking your soul shouldn’t be that big of a deal, right? Didn’t you say you’d do whatever it takes to bring your friends back?”

You narrow your eyes at him. If that’s the game he wants to play, then fine. You weren’t kidding when you said that you’d bring them back no matter what. You’ll prove just how determined you really are. “Fine. I’ll do it.”

“Kid, you can’t be serious. This is crazy. My bro wouldn’t want this.”

Turning toward Sans, your eyes soften when they take in his haggard appearance. “I know, Sans, but I can’t just sit back and do nothing. If it really is possible for me to reset, I want to try it. Error is going to kill me no matter what we do, so I might as well make it on my own terms. I’m willing to do whatever it takes to bring your brother back.”

His shoulders slump in defeat as he stares at you helplessly. Stretch is giving you a similar look. “Honey, my bro would never forgive me if I let you do this. It’s too risky. There’s no proof that you’re capable of doing resets. Your soul doesn’t have that kind of power.”

You give him a reassuring smile. “Blue would understand. He wouldn’t blame you for something that you can’t control. Besides, there’s no proof that I can’t reset either. If there’s even the slightest chance that I can, then I will. I want to save Blue more than anything.”
The other four skeletons remain silent since they understand that there’s no way to talk you out of this. Judging by their expressions, it’s obvious how much they dislike this plan.

Giving them your best smile, you nod at them before turning toward Error, your face hard with resolve. Instead of speaking, he simply moves his fingers which causes the strings to pull away enough so that one of your arms becomes free while the rest of your body stays restrained.

Understanding what he wants you to do, you clench your free hand tightly. Your eyes zero in on your poor tattered soul. Error really did a number on it. Your soul is covered in lacerations from top to bottom. It’s a miracle that it’s still in one piece.

Taking a deep breath, you gather up your courage and determination as you pull your fist back. All of your friends start to shout, but you ignore them as you shoot your fist forward with as much force as possible.

When your fist makes impact, your soul quickly shatters, filling your body with an unbearable amount of agony. The screaming in the background increases tenfold as you immediately lose consciousness.

*Please work! Save my friends! I don’t care what happens to me! Just please save them! Please!*

*Reset!*

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**Chapter End Notes**

This is probably my worst cliffhanger yet lol I better find some place to hide till the next update. Hopefully, I'll have enough time to find a hideaway before y'all get your pitchforks XD

I bet y'all didn't expect Reader to attempt a reset, huh? Just in case I didn't do a good job explaining, I'll add some more info here. So, there are two ways to reset that the Reader knows of: a manual reset where the kids can actively choose to reset and a forced reset which happens whenever the kids get killed and go back to their last save point. Since the Reader can't manually do a reset, she's betting everything on the chance that if her soul is destroyed then it will reset if she has enough determination. Like how the kid took the ability from Flowey/Temmie because they had the greater determination, the Reader was hoping for something like that to happen. It's a gamble, but like she said, she really didn't have any other options. She was gonna die anyway. So, she thought that she might as well channel all of her determination and take a chance.

If you were wondering about why the other skeletons came in the forest when they did, they went looking for Error once he disappeared from the battlefield since he was their main target. They teleported after him. When Error sensed their approach, he made the Swapfell brothers come after them so he could keep an eye on all of them. He booby-trapped that whole area of the forest with his strings, so that's why he was able to catch them so easily.

Another thing I think I should probably mention is that Error did not want to kill Papyrus. He planned for Papyrus to jump out the way and for the attack to hit the Reader. I know that according to the ask Error blog that he doesn't seem to like to fight
with any Papyrus. During the whole fight, he was holding back. He never tried to seriously injure Pap. His plan all along was to kill just the Reader.

I hope I didn't confuse y'all by calling the Undertale boys by their original names. They're called that because they're the only ones that haven't gotten a nickname from the Reader.

Also, if y'all were curious about how the Valentine's Day poll went, both UF Sans and Gaster Papyrus tied so there are two winners. I decided to write two oneshots so each guy will get one. I can't promise that both will be posted by Valentine's Day, but I'll try ^^

I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! Next week we'll see what happened to the Reader and if her plan worked. I'd love to hear your opinions about what you think will happen. ^-^
The Aftermath

Chapter Notes

This chapter has not been beta-read, but hopefully there aren't too many mistakes ^^

Looks like last chapter really hit y'all in the feels, huh? I warned ya XD Well, don't worry, the comfort you've been waiting for has finally come ;) Hope you enjoy the chapter! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Just like when you teleport, your vision slowly returns after you temporarily lose consciousness. Once you realize that you’re still alive, your eyes immediately shoot open in your desperate need to see if your plan had worked.

“papyrus!”

“SANS? WHAT JUST HAPPENED? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS MY BATTLE IN THE FOREST. HOW DID I GET BACK TO THE CLEARING? HOW AM I STILL ALIVE?”

It takes a few seconds for your blurry vision to clear. When it does, your whole body slumps in relief. Standing a few yards away from you are both Undertale brothers. Sans is hugging Papyrus with all of his might. There’s a slight trembling throughout his body proving just how relieved he is to see his little brother alive.

In front of the brothers is the bone shield they used to protect you from Pup’s attack when they first arrived. Behind the shield, Pup is watching the proceedings with wide eye-lights no doubt shocked that your plan had actually worked.

Looking over yourself, you see that you’re now standing in the clearing where Error first attacked your group. It looks like you went back to the time shortly after everyone arrived to help. Your legs begin to shake which quickly results in you falling to your knees in relief.

“sans!”

“PAPY!”

You whip your head in the direction of the voices and have to bite back a sob at the sight. Blueberry is also alive and being hugged tightly by his older brother. Stretch is clinging to his brother like he’s a drowning man and Blue is the only thing that can keep him afloat.

Blue cries as he embraces his brother. “I’M SORRY, PAPY! I’M SO SORRY! I NEVER WANTED TO PUT YOU THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THAT AGAIN! I’M SORRY THAT I WASN’T STRONG ENOUGH!”

Stretch just pulls his brother closer as he shakes his head. “you don’t have to apologize for anything, sans. not a damn thing, you’re plenty strong, bro. the strongest guy i know. i was super proud of you for what you did. you protected y/n like a real hero. you’ve always been my hero, so i guess i shouldn’t have been surprised that you died like one.”
Not too far away, you see the Underfell brothers politely ignoring the spectacle to focus their attention on Blackberry who appears to still be under Error’s control judging by his aggravated scowl.

However, it’s not just anger you see in his expression. In the gaze Black levels at you, you see surprise and respect? You’re probably mistaken, but the way he’s staring at you feels a whole lot different from how he’s looked at you in the past.

From your chest, you feel a sharp pulse of pain that soon courses throughout your whole body. When you examine yourself, you notice that all of the wounds that Papyrus had previously healed are back, but they’re not to blame for this intense agony. No, whatever is causing this torment has to be related to your soul. That’s the only reasonable explanation for why your chest feels like it’s on fire since you never sustained any injuries there before this point in time.

You feel your breath stutter as you try to inhale. For some reason, you’re having a hard time catching your breath. There’s an intense pressure on your chest that’s making it difficult for you to breathe. No matter how hard you try, even attempting small breaths, nothing seems to alleviate the pressure.

At this point, you’re facing the ground with your wobbly arms the only things keeping you from face-planting, but you don’t think that they’ll last for much longer. You feel so weak like you’ve been completely drained of all your energy.

*This is like when Error cut down my HP to one but even worse. What is wrong with me? Resets are supposed to undo damage, so why am I in so much pain?*

“**Y/N! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?! YOUR INJURIES ARE BACK! ARE THEY HURTING YOU?!**”

A set of hands grab onto each of your arms which helps you brace yourself. When you look up from the ground, your eyes meet the worried eye sockets of Sans and Papyrus who are kneeling down beside you.

Seeing the taller skeleton up close makes you want to cry as you remember Papyrus sacrificing himself to protect you back in the forest. You feel that mental door holding back your emotions begin to rattle.

You take a shaky breath as you try to smile at them. “E-Everything hurts, and I-I don’t know why. I-I don’t think it’s ‘cause of these injuries, though.”

Sans frowns worriedly while his brother starts using his healing magic on you. “what do you mean? what else could it be? you just reset, kid. you shouldn’t still be suffering from what error did to you.”

“**Y/N!**”

Suddenly, Blue is there squeezed in between the Undertale brothers staring at you with big, worried eye-lights. “**YOU LOOK SO PALE! I DON’T REMEMBER YOU LOOKING THIS BAD THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?!**”

That door in the back of your mind shakes so hard you feel that it’s just barely attached to its hinges now. You feel all of those pent up emotions try to break out as you take in the form of your dear friend. The last time you saw him he had been impaled by Black’s bone attacks before turning to dust.
But, now he's alive! Looking completely exhausted and worn out from all of the constant battling but definitely alive.

Blue frowns in concern as he leans further towards you. “Y/N?”

Papyrus also moves closer in worry because you haven’t responded in a while. “Y/N? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

That’s it. Seeing both of your previously dead friends now staring at you with worry is just too much for your heart to handle. No matter how hard you try to hold back, you fail.

The lock cracks, and that mental door slams wide open releasing the tidal wave of emotions you had tried to contain to no avail. It crashes into you and completely overwhelms you. All you can do now is hope that you don’t drown.

A sob escapes your lips as you move to embrace both Blue and Papyrus with your shaking arms. The little sob soon morphs into a full out wail as you start to bawl your eyes out. Even though you know this isn’t the time or place for it, the tears just won’t stop no matter how hard you try.

This is definitely not helping with your breathing problem. Now, you’re barely able to pull any oxygen into your lungs. Every time you exhale, it comes out as a wheeze.

Tears cloud your vision making it impossible to make out anything around you. The only reason you know Blue and Papyrus are still in front of you is because of your iron tight grip on them.

A blur of blue makes you believe it’s Blue who’s pulling you close and wrapping his arms around you. Yes, this small statured figure has to be him since you’re way shorter than Papyrus.

For some reason, Blue is trembling as he holds onto you, and when he speaks, it sounds like he’s close to tears himself. “I’M SO SORRY, Y/N! PLEASE DON’T CRY! I NEVER MEANT TO CAUSE YOU SO MUCH PAIN! SEEING YOU IN TEARS HURTS MORE THAN ANY PAIN THAT I’VE EVER FELT FROM BATTLE!”

The desperate tone in his voice hurts your heart. You hate that you’re causing him to feel this way. You know your crying is helping no one. It’s just making them feel bad. You want to stop; you really do. However, the tears just keep coming.

It must be Papyrus who hugs you next considering you can see what looks like his scarf a few inches from your face. “THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH CRYING. CONSIDERING WHAT YOU’VE BEEN THROUGH, I THINK YOU DESERVE A GOOD CRY. HOWEVER, YOU APPEAR TO BE HAVING A DIFFICULT TIME BREATHING RIGHT NOW, Y/N. YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN, OR YOU MIGHT PASS OUT FROM LACK OF OXYGEN. PLEASE, Y/N, TRY TO CALM YOUR BREATHING.”

You try to comply, not wanting to worry your friends anymore, but your breathing keeps hitching with every breath you take. You’re trying--you really are--but something is obviously wrong. Even taking small breaths doesn’t seem to help, and these damn tears just keep coming. You wish your brain would hurry and bring up the floodgates already.

Then, there’s a hand on your back rubbing it soothingly back and forth along with a warm voice as smooth as honey right in your ear. “it’s alright, honey. you’re doing fine. just keep breathing, okay? everything will calm down eventually. just keep at it.”

Another hand tangles in your hair, lightly scratching your scalp. Like the hand on your back, it’s moving in a calming motion. “that’s right, kid. don’t give up now. just keep taking small breaths.
you’ll be alright.”

Stretch and Sans.

You must really look like a wreck if you’ve gotten those two worried. You’re grateful for the support, especially considering what all you put them through these last few hours. Slowly but surely, you feel your body begin to relax under their ministrations.

Finally, the tidal wave subsides, and you no longer feel like you’re drowning in your emotions. For the next few minutes, you just focus on your breathing which starts to calm down as your tears gradually begin to wane. It still feels like you’re trying to inhale through a straw, but it’s better than how you were when you were crying. If that kept up, you probably would’ve passed out like Papyrus said.

With a sigh that comes out as a hiccup, you slowly pull back and release your vice-like grip on the two skeletons before you. Sniffling, you raise a hand to rub at your eyes, so you can clear your vision.

When you look up, you see the four skeletons, who had been comforting you, watching you with worried eye-lights. Stretch is at your left side with his hand still resting against your back while Sans, who’s to your right, has moved his hand from your head to rest right on the back of your neck.

Directly in front of you are Blue and Papyrus who are staring at you with such heartbreaking expressions that you feel like crying all over again. With tremendous effort, you manage to pull the corners of your lips upward into a wobbly smile. “I-I’m sorry for freaking out like that. I’m alright now. Thank you for helping me, guys.”

None of them appear the least bit convinced, especially since you’re obviously still having breathing problems. Unfortunately, even after calming down, you’re still not having any luck fixing that issue.

It’s Red who speaks what everyone else is thinking when he appears right behind Blue and Papyrus. He studies you closely with narrowed eye-lights. “no offense, doll, but i’m callin’ bullshit. there’s no way you’re okay when you look like you can barely breathe. obviously, something’s wrong.”

Before you can respond, Black’s yell interrupts. “I’LL TELL YOU WHAT’S WRONG! WHY DON’T YOU IMBECILES CHECK HER STATS?! THAT’LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION!”

Everyone freezes at the suggestion before turning their gazes on you. Within seconds, Red’s and Sans’ eye sockets go dark while Stretch starts cursing. Blue glomps you and takes turns between crying and apologizing to you.

Papyrus frowns worriedly as tears prick his eye sockets. “I DON’T UNDERSTAND! I JUST USED MY HEALING MAGIC ON HER AND TOOK CARE OF ALL HER INJURIES! WHY IS HER HP BELOW ONE?! IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN RESTORED AFTER THE HEALING!”

Your face pales as you cling to the crying skeleton. Below one? As in you actually have less than one HP out of twenty? You don’t even have a full HP right now? How is that even possible?!

When you look around, you see Pup still standing in the same position he was in when the reset occurred. He’s wearing a contemplative frown. “resets are supposed to undo damage, but it’s not like this was a normal reset. maybe this is the backlash from using a power that should only belong
“to the kid.”

Stretch removes his hand from your back and uses it to rub his forehead. “so, the price of the reset was her health not just her determination? but, that still doesn’t explain why healing magic won’t work on her. why does it heal the physical injuries but not her hp?”

Sans also pulls his hand away and places it in his hoodie pocket. “it’s gotta be because of her abnormal soul. there’s so much we don’t know about it since we’ve never seen anything like it before. maybe healing magic has no effect on it, so any direct damage dealt to her soul is incapable of being fixed.”

Red kicks the ground as he curses loudly. “so, what? she’s permanently stuck like this? there’s no way she can survive with her hp so low! just look at her! she looks like she’ll pass out at any minute!”

A frown forms on your face as you ponder their words. Something about what they said seems off to you for some reason. Are you really incapable of being healed? After all, didn’t something similar to this happen when Error attacked you in Underfell? You were in a lot of pain after that, but you didn’t stay that way thanks to Ink.

Your eyes widen. That’s it! That’s why their words seemed strange to you. If healing magic doesn’t work on your soul, then how was Ink able to heal you before?

“Wait! I don’t think that’s right, guys! This isn’t the first time my soul got hurt. During Error’s attack in Underfell, my soul took a hard beating, but after Ink saved me, he used his magic to heal me. I felt fine after he did. Doesn’t that mean healing magic does work on me? Or, at least some does?”

The skeletons surrounding you stare at you with wide eye-lights. However, before anyone can respond, someone else chooses to intervene.

“What the hell are you talking about? if normal healing magic doesn’t work on you, there’s no way that bastard Ink could do anything for you.”

Everyone stiffens at the sound of the voice before moving their gazes upwards toward the glitchy skeleton floating in the sky. You had forgotten about him after getting so caught up in your breakdown. This is the first time he has spoken since the reset happened. Had Error been too shocked by the reset to speak until now?

Blue immediately pulls away from hugging you and moves so that he’s in a position between you and Error. Stretch quickly puts himself in front of his brother, and Sans moves to stand beside him while Papyrus remains at your side. Red also walks over to stand on the other side of Stretch.

Unfortunately, the Swapfell brothers are still stuck in place while Edge remains close to Black to keep an eye on him since everyone else was closer to Pup because they came to check on you.

Scowling, Edge glares at Error with contempt. “ARE YOU CALLING THE HUMAN A LIAR? WHAT COULD SHE HAVE TO GAIN FROM THAT? BESIDES, IT IS TRUE THAT SHE WAS PERFECTLY HEALTHY AFTER SHE RETURNED FROM BEING KIDNAPPED. HOW ELSE COULD YOU EXPLAIN THAT BESIDES HER BEING HEALED?”

His brother nods in agreement. “boss is right. dollface looked fine after she got back. there’s no way she wasn’t healed considerin’ how beat up she was before you took off with her. you probably put her in even worse shape once you were alone with her. how else could she walk away from that
without any damage?”

Error growls in frustration. There seems to be even more white noise now when he speaks. “Ink doesn’t have any abilities like that. How could he heal a soul if he doesn’t even have healing magic?”

“That’s easy! It’s because I don’t need healing magic to heal Y/N’s soul!”

Everyone freezes at the sound of a new voice. Recognizing it, you turn toward the source with wide eyes. “Ink!”

The artist grins at you and waves. “Hey, Y/N! Looks like we get to meet again sooner than I thought. Sorry about Error. He’s a really persistent guy. I tried to convince him, but he just wouldn’t listen to me.”

His grin swiftly fades as he continues to stare at you. In a flash, he appears right in front of you with his starry eye glowing brightly. Without hesitation, Ink uses his magic to pull out your soul. While you know that he using the normal painless method, for some reason, the motion of your soul being tugged makes you wince.

You quickly realize why the process hurt this time and why you’ve been in so much pain since you regained consciousness. The silence is deafening as everyone takes in the sight of your soul.

Instead of a solid, black heart, your soul looks like a jigsaw puzzle with all the pieces messily crammed together. You’re reminded of elementary school art class where one day you had to make a picture by tearing up tiny pieces of construction paper and gluing them all together. There are all kinds of jagged cracks along the black surface. Overall, your soul is a total mess. You have no idea what’s keeping it together considering it looks like it’ll collapse at any second. It’s previous bright shine is now a very dull glow. There’s hardly any life to it.

“How the hell is she still alive?!”

Good question, Black. You’ve been wondering that yourself. Your soul seriously looks like it’s one strong breeze away from falling apart. No wonder you’re in so much pain and having so much trouble breathing. You’re just barely hanging on by the looks of it.

Blue wraps his arms around you and squeezes you tightly. Maybe he hopes that if he holds you tight enough that he’ll be able to keep you in one piece. While it’s unlikely the gesture will be able to help your soul, you appreciate the sentiment, so you return the hug and hold him close.

Edge shakes off his gobsmacked expression and turns to point at Ink with a fierce scowl. “You! You healed her last time, didn’t you?! That means you should be able to do it again!”

Red studies the artist with narrowed eye-lights. “You can help her, right? That better be why you came here so late. You just dropped us off and disappeared. Who the hell brings people to a fight but doesn’t do any fightin’ of their own?”

Ink frowns but doesn’t remove his gaze from you. “I brought you guys because I couldn’t fight at the moment. I was preoccupied with something else at the time. I’m supposed to protect all of the AUs. There are plenty of other worlds having problems with the glitch not just the ones Y/N visits.”

“What?! You can’t be serious! It can infect worlds that it hasn’t even been to?! How powerful is this glitch?!”
You scowl at Error’s words. Of course, even after all that’s happened, he’s still bound and determined to put all of the blame on you even when there’s proof saying otherwise. He’s even calling you an it again like you’re not even a person to him, which is probably the truth. All he sees you as is a glitch that needs to be eliminated.

As if reading your thoughts, Blue gives you a reassuring squeeze while Papyrus rests one of his gloved hands on your head. The rest of your friends are giving the glitchy skeleton annoyed looks, obviously displeased with his words.

However, it’s not one of them who calls Error out for his behavior towards you.

Ink turns away from you to glare at his rival. “Enough! How many times do I have to tell you before it gets through your thick skull?! Y/N is not behind the glitch! It started infecting the AU before she even got here! The resets occurring after she arrives is merely a coincidence! Even if she hadn’t come, they still would’ve happened! There are still other worlds where they’re already happening that she hasn’t even visited! She’s not here to destroy the AU! She’s here to save them!”

The glitchy skeleton stares at his rival in disbelief. Before Error can respond, the artist makes an abrupt turn towards you and holds out his hand in your direction.

Realizing that he wants you to stand up, you slowly pull away from Blue’s embrace and allow Ink to help you to your feet. You wince as the movement jars your incredibly sore body.

Blue and Papyrus immediately rise after you, choosing to remain close just in case you lose your balance. Considering how wobbly your legs are right now, they probably have the right idea. The two both put a hand on your back to brace you.

With a curious expression, Blue turns to the artist. “WILL YOU BE ABLE TO HELP HER, INK? WE TRIED HEALING MAGIC, BUT IT WASN’T ABLE TO RESTORE HER HP. SHE SAID YOU HELPED HER AFTER HER LAST ENCOUNTER WITH ERROR. CAN YOU DO IT AGAIN?”

His brother sighs as he rubs the back of his head. “at this point, you’re basically our only hope since we hardly know anything about her soul and how it works.”

Ink brings out Broomy and holds the brush tightly as he studies your soul. “I know. I’m the only one capable of healing her soul. Whether or not this will work depends on how lucky she is, considering how tattered her soul is right now. It’s a miracle that it’s still in one piece. Well, all I can do is try.”

Just like last time, the artist raises the paintbrush high into the air and then swiftly swings it down, hitting your soul with the brush’s bristles. The only thing different is that he appears to be using more magic this time, considering how brightly his left eye and Broomy are glowing.

At first, everyone had yelled since it looked like Ink was attacking your soul, but the exclamations quickly cut off once everyone takes in the sight of your soul.

Instead of a battered, barely held together soul, a black heart floats in front of you looking brand new like the day you first saw it. There are no signs of injury on it. The surface of the soul is completely smooth and has a brighter shine than before. However, is it just your imagination, or is the glow weaker than it was originally?

Even though this isn’t the first time this has happened, you can’t help but stare in awe at the sight.
All of the pain you had been feeling has completely vanished. The pressure on your chest has lifted allowing you to breathe easily for the first time in what feels like forever. You feel completely healthy now.

After returning your soul, Ink places Broomy back in its usual spot and wipes the little beads of sweat off his forehead. “Whew. Looks like it worked. I was worried my magic wouldn’t be enough, but somehow, it worked out in the end. Good for you, Y/N.”

Everyone just stares completely shocked. Most of them look like they want to say something but have no idea where to begin.

Error has stayed silent for a while, obviously still surprised by Ink’s earlier outburst. You can’t really blame him since it is unusual to see the artist get so emotional over something. Ink had looked really mad when he confronted the glitchy skeleton. Did he get upset on your behalf? Surely not, since the two of you aren’t that close. It’s true that Ink had saved you before, but it’s not like it was because he personally cared about you. He did it because protecting people from Error is basically his job; Ink even said something along those lines shortly after you met him. His anger couldn’t have been because Error didn’t listen to him. That was to be expected considering their relationship. So, what made the normally cool-headed Ink lose his temper?

Shaking himself out of his stupor, Error scowls deeply at his rival and is the first to question Ink’s actions. “what the fuck did you just do?! that soul should’ve been too far gone to be healed! normal healing magic didn’t even work on it! how could your magic do anything?!”

With bated breath, everyone waits for the artist’s response to the question that they’re all thinking. For some reason, Ink’s eye-lights flicker toward you for a brief moment before moving to focus on his rival. You’re far from an expert when it comes to reading people, but when he had met your eyes, you think he actually appeared nervous?

Ink crosses his arms as he faces Error. “Normal healing magic can heal any physical wounds she sustains, but only my magic can heal any direct damage done to her soul. That’s because my magic was used to create her soul.”

You could hear a pin drop in the silence that ensues after his response. You and everyone else are staring with wide-eyes, gaping at the artist. Even Error’s jaw drops at his rival’s statement.

It’s only Blue’s and Papyrus’ steady hands at your back that keep you upright as you feel your knees go weak from shock. You can only stare dumbfounded as Ink’s words replay in your mind.

Did he just say he created my soul?!!

Chapter End Notes

Another cliffhanger! Considering how most of my chapters end, I’m sure this didn't come as too much of a surprise, right? XD Still, what could Ink's words mean? I'm eager to see your reactions ^-^

In case anyone was confused by the reset circumstances, I'll explain down here. The Reader successfully did a reset but because she didn't have a determination trait soul, she wasn't strong enough to do a reset as easily as Frisk/Chara. She successfully reset time, but her soul’s health paid the price for it and took a major hit. So when
everything reset, the damage inflicted on her soul wasn't undone at least not completely. It came back together enough so that she survived but just barely. There will also be more explanation on this in a later chapter. ^^

I hope the breakdown scene was alright. I just figured after everything that she's been put through that it was about time that the Reader finally broke down. I like to think that it was a combination of everything that's been happening to her that finally lead to this. The Reader has been put through a lot since this journey began, but rather than fret about the negatives, she buried all of those feelings deep down. It just finally got too much for her.

Were y'all surprised by Ink's strange behavior? There's a reason for why he's been acting the way he has. Unfortunately, you'll have to wait a few more chapters before the Reader has that much needed talk with Ink. The good news is you'll finally get some answers to the questions you've been having since this story began next chapter. Not everything will be answered, but some important parts will definitely be covered ^^

Also, the two oneshots for Valentine's Day have been posted. I don't know if y'all have read them yet, but I hope you'll give them a shot :) Both the Gaster Papyrus/Reader and Red/Reader fics were fun to write. I was especially proud of the one for G Pap since there's not a lot of fics with him and he's not exactly as well known as many of the other skeletons. I really love him though, and I hope that y'all will come to love him too ^_^ I also wrote a Blueberry/Reader fic the other day. It was not planned, but I couldn't help myself cause I love him XD

Thank you for all your support! I'm really grateful for all of you. You've made this writing experience a lot of fun for me :) I treasure all of your comments and love seeing your reactions ^_^ I hope you enjoyed the chapter!
For a while, no one speaks because they’re all too stunned to come up with a proper response to the bombshell Ink just dropped. It’s you that finally breaks the silence.

“What do you mean you created my soul, Ink? I didn’t meet you until the first incident with Error. I’ve had this soul long before then.”

Ink averts his eye-lights as he absentmindedly rubs the back of his head. His expression practically screams guilty.

Your eyes widen in realization. “That wasn’t the first time we met, was it?”

Blue tilts his head curiously. “BUT, HOW COULD THAT BE? IF YOU HAD MET HIM BEFORE, SURELY YOU WOULD HAVE REMEMBERED! THE FIRST SKELETONS YOU MET WERE FROM UNDERTALE, RIGHT?”

Stretch pulls out a sucker from his hoodie pocket and places it in his mouth. “she did say undertale was the first world she visited. it’s possible she met ink before then and forgot, but somehow, i don’t think it’s that simple.”

The artist sighs before moving his gaze to meet yours. “I was actually the first person you met when you left your world. In regards to why you forgot, I’d say it was probably because of the stress of your soul shattering. You were barely hanging on, so I can’t really blame you for forgetting everything related to the ordeal. Plus, you were barely conscious the whole time I was with you, so that probably played a role as well.”

Just when you think there wasn’t anything else Ink could say that would top his previous bombshell, he decides to prove you wrong. Your eyes are as wide as saucers as you gawk at him.

You don’t even know where to begin with your questions after hearing all of that. Ink was the first person you met? Your soul shattered? You nearly died? What the hell?!

While you’re trying to avoid having a mental breakdown, Sans decides to step in and ask the questions that are on your mind.

“i think you better explain yourself, pal. it looks like you know a lot of information that we need to hear. how about you start with how you met y/n?”

Ink fiddles with his scarf as he shrugs. “Fair enough. I knew I needed to tell her eventually. Just couldn’t decide when was the best time.”
He takes a deep breath and continues. “If I’m gonna tell you guys everything, I might as well start from the beginning. A while back, after one of my usual bouts with Error, I accidentally got knocked into the Void. It was right as I was about to leave the Void that I found this white door just floating there. It reminded me of the doors that act as portals to the AUs, so I decided to check it out. I had never seen that door before, so I got curious. I wanted to know if it was a portal and where it lead if it was one.”

Ink shrugs, looking regretful, “Unfortunately, when I tried to open the door, I found out that it was locked. No matter what I tried, I couldn’t get it to open. After a while, I got bored and gave up. I forgot about it soon enough, but every now and then, I’d remember it and go check to see if it was still locked. I was just so curious! Finally, one day when I came to check on the door, I found it unlocked for some reason.”

Pup frowns as he raises a brow ridge. “Yeah, that ain’t suspicious at all.”

Blackberry scoffs in disdain. “The idiot probably just kept trying to open the door the wrong way and finally got it right. How much longer do I have to listen to this poor excuse of a story? More importantly, when will these blasted strings be removed?!”

Oh right. The Swapfell brothers are still Error’s puppets. While the glitchy skeleton hasn’t made any move towards attacking you since the reset, he still hasn’t removed his strings from the brothers. Something should probably be done about that.

The quickest way to get rid of them would be to ask Error since they’re his strings, but he doesn’t seem interested in being helpful at the moment.

There’s always Ink since he removed your strings pretty quickly back in the Void. He does have the most experience dealing with Error’s strings. However, the artist doesn’t seem to care about the Swapfell brothers’ predicament either. Instead, he ignores Black’s outburst and continues his story. Maybe Black shouldn’t have called Ink an idiot.

“Anyway, once I realized the door was unlocked, I tried to open it so I could see where it led. However, I didn’t get a chance to check out what was on the other side because as soon as I opened the door Y/N fell through the doorway and ended up in the Void with me.”

Ignoring Black’s enraged screaming from being blatantly disregarded, you hold up your hands in a stopping gesture. “Hold up. I don’t remember walking through any strange doors. I was literally on the way to class before I blacked out and ended up in Undertale. Why don’t I remember any of this? You said my soul shattered, but why? What caused that?”

Sans rubs his chin thoughtfully. “She makes a good point. She wasn’t attacked, right? So, what caused her soul to shatter? Was it the Void?”

Red winces at the question as he scratches his head. “Yeah, I can’t imagine the Void being too safe for humans. Never thought it could cause that kind of damage, though.”

With a sigh, Ink pinches the area above his nasal cavity. “Yeah, it was the Void. But, it wasn’t just the Void. Apparently, humans from her world have much weaker souls since magic doesn’t exist there. I don’t really know how to explain it, but her soul had a way different feel to it compared to others I’ve seen.”

He looks up at you. “And, because it was so weak, her soul instantly became overwhelmed by the pressure of the Void as soon as she stepped through the doorway. When I pulled out her soul, parts
had already broken off and disintegrated. What was left was being slowly eroded by the Void’s magic.”

Your face pales as you try to picture what he’s describing. However, before your mind manages to go too far, a hand grabs yours and gives it a warm squeeze. When you look down, your eyes meet comforting blue eye-lights.

Blue grins at you. “IT’S ALRIGHT, Y/N. YOU’RE OKAY NOW. THE FACT THAT YOU’RE STILL HERE PROVES IT. INK MUST HAVE FOUND A WAY TO SAVE YOU!”

On your other side, Papyrus nods in agreement. “THAT’S RIGHT! THE FACT THAT YOU’RE ALIVE NOW MEANS EVERYTHING WORKED OUT IN THE END!”

Edge scowls at their optimism. “BUT, HOW?! HOW THE HELL DID HE FIX HER SOUL WHEN IT SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS BEYOND REPAIR?! IT SHOULD’VE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE!”

Stretch moves the sucker around in his mouth. “Ink said something about creating her soul. so, what? he made her a new one? how does that work? i’ve never heard of anyone being able to create a soul before.”

At this point it seems that Error is done being the casual observer. “because it’s impossible! there’s no way he should’ve been able to fix her soul or create a new one! Ink doesn’t have that kind of power! he’s obviously lying!”

Ink scowls at his rival’s rebuttal. “I’m not lying! I really did help fix her soul! I admit creating a completely new one would’ve been impossible for me, so instead, I worked on repairing what was left of the soul she already had.”

He rubs a tired hand down his face as he sighs. “I tried everything I could think of without any luck. I was about to give up when I got some unexpected help from the Void.”

At his words, everyone pauses to stare at him incredulously.

Red is the one who breaks the silence. “i must’ve heard ya wrong. did ya just say ya got help from the void? as in the void that was trying to kill dollface?”

Ink lifts his head to meet your eyes. “It wasn’t actually trying to kill you. It’s just your soul wasn’t strong enough to survive there on its own power. Once it realized I wasn’t having any luck saving you, the Void shared its magic and combined it with mine to repair your soul. I had no idea what was going on at first. Suddenly, your soul started glowing with Void magic, and it started accepting my magic instead of rejecting it like it had been doing.”

His gaze captures yours, as if trying to convince you. “Somehow, the Void made it so my magic was compatible with your soul along with its magic. Fortunately, there was still enough of your original soul that all we needed to do was make a new mold and fill in the cracks.”

Sans raises a brow ridge. “you do realize you’re making it sound like the void is actually sentient, right?”

The artist shrugs his shoulders. “I know it sounds crazy, but it’s the truth. I had no idea either until that happened. If you don’t want to believe me, that’s fine, but there aren’t a lot of other explanations for how her soul ended up in its current state.”

Your eyes widen in realization. “That’s why my soul is black now, isn’t it? It’s because so much of
the Void’s magic and your magic is now in it.”

Ink winks his starry eye at you. “Yep! You catch on quickly, Y/N.”

From above, you hear Error muttering to himself. “That’s why her soul felt weirdly familiar. But, how the hell does something like that happen? That should be impossible!”

Stretch studies the artist with narrowed eye-lights. “Well, it doesn’t look like you’re lying. So, if that really is all true, mind explaining why you left Y/N on her own and didn’t bother returning her to her world?”

Very good question, Stretch. This is an answer you’ve been wanting to hear since you first woke up in Undertale. How the hell did you end up there if you were originally in the Void with Ink?

Blue squeezes your hand again. “Papy makes a good point! I understand the need to fix her soul to keep her alive, but why didn’t you send Y/N back to her home after she was healed?”

Error glares at his rival. “You’re not gonna say something stupid like you forgot, are you?”

Ink huffs as he crosses his arms. “No, of course not. I didn’t send her back because I couldn’t. Once she was alright, that’s the first thing I tried to do, but the door was locked again. I couldn’t get it to open no matter what I tried!”

You feel your stomach twist into knots. “So, that means I can’t go back home?”

Your voice must’ve sounded sadder than you intended considering the several sympathetic glances you receive after your question.

Papyrus places a comforting hand on your back. “I’m sure there’s some way to get you home, Y/N! You must not lose hope!”

Blue nods vigorously in agreement. “That’s right! Don’t give up yet! The door took a while to open up for Ink the first time. Maybe it’ll unlock again like it did before!”

Their encouraging words warm your heart. That’s right. It is too soon to lose hope. Besides, you haven’t even tried opening the door yourself. Maybe things will change if you try it. You give both skeletons a grateful look.

Blackberry tilts his head as he stares at Ink with a contemplative frown. “That explains why she isn’t back in her world, but why the hell is she travelling between worlds?”

Pup gives you a considering look. “She said her soul will randomly start using magic which causes her to teleport between worlds. Is that a side effect of havin’ void magic in her soul?”

Ink shakes his head. “I think it’s actually because of my magic in her soul. I have the ability to create portals to travel from one universe to another. I think some of that power transferred to her when I shared my magic with her, so now she can do it too.”

Sans rubs a tired hand down his face. “Alright, I’ll buy that. But, how does it activate all on its own? Y/N teleports whether she wants to or not. She has no say in the matter. How does that work?”

The artist fiddles with his scarf again. “This is gonna sound pretty unbelievable, but I think the
Void is activating her magic remotely using its connection to her soul.”

Once again, everyone stares at Ink in disbelief. He can’t be serious.

Growling, Error throws his hands into the air. “it sounds unbelievable because it is! why the fuck would the void wanna take the human anywhere?! that makes no fucking sense!”

Stretch glares at the glitchy skeleton, obviously disliking the use of foul language around his younger brother.

Edge scowls as he crosses his arms. “WHY THE HELL WOULD THE VOID DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT? WHAT WOULD IT GAIN FROM TELEPORTING HER ACROSS WORLDS?”

Papyrus grabs his chin as he ponders this new information. “MAYBE IT WANTED Y/N TO STAY SOMEWHERE SAFER THAN THE VOID UNTIL A WAY WAS FOUND TO BRING HER HOME. AH, BUT THAT WOULDN’T EXPLAIN WHY SHE DIDN’T STAY WITH US FOR VERY LONG. MAYBE IT WANTED HER TO VISIT OUR WORLDS IN PARTICULAR FOR SOME SPECIAL REASON. IS THERE SOMETHING ALL OF OUR WORLDS HAVE IN COMMON BESIDES US SKELETONS?”

Blue brightens as he comes up with an idea. “I KNOW! THERE’S ONE THING Y/N HAS BEEN DOING IN EVERY WORLD SHE VISITS, AND THAT’S DEALING WITH THE GLITCH! MAYBE THE VOID SENT HER TO HELP SAVE OUR WORLDS FROM THE GLITCH!”

While Papyrus grins in agreement, despite not knowing the full story of the glitch, everyone else just gawks at the two skeletons at your side. You can’t help but gape at Blue’s reasoning. It’s true that one thing all of the worlds had in common was being infected by the glitch, but still, being purposely sent to each world to stop it? That’s crazy!

Ink just blinks, getting over his surprise rather quickly. “That’s...actually right. The Void has been sending Y/N to infected worlds in order to save them from the glitch. The Void has the power to eliminate the glitch, but it’s not able to enter AUs on its own. It needed a vessel to hold its magic and enter the AUs.”

Ink seems to think this over for a moment, probably trying to find the right words, “Y/N is basically an antivirus that can stop the glitch in any world she visits. All she has to do is stay there long enough for the Void to spread its magic around to cleanse the world. Of course, it does everything subtly. That’s why Y/N hasn’t noticed all this time.”

Blue and Papyrus share a high-five to celebrate their excellent deduction skills. While you’re proud of them, you can’t bring yourself to share their excitement. After all, you just found out that you’ve basically been the Void’s puppet this whole time.

You feel your eyebrow twitch in annoyance. Seriously, what the hell? Do you have no say in the matter? Sure, the Void helped save your life, but does that mean it can do whatever it pleases with you now? Your opinion doesn’t matter in the big picture?

Doing your best to hold back your anger, you meet Ink’s wary gaze. “So, what? I’m the Void’s slave now? Because it saved my life? Don’t I get any say in this?”

With narrowed eyes, you march toward the visibly sweating artist. “Why am I only now hearing about this? If you knew this whole time, why didn’t you tell me?! You knew where I was didn’t you?!”

Ink holds up his hands in a placating gesture. “I didn’t know for sure! I thought it was strange
when you disappeared from the Void, but when I finally found you in Undertale, you looked fine, so I thought I’d leave you alone until I could find a way to send you back home.”

He apathetically shrugs his shoulders. “My hands were tied dealing with the glitch that appeared not long before you. It’s not until after you left Undertale that I realized the glitch was completely gone from that world. When the same result occurred in Underswap, I put two and two together. It’s not like I could actually ask the Void anything. So, don’t get mad at me. I’m just the messenger.”

You take a deep breath in order to calm yourself down. He has a point. It’s not like Ink can control what the Void does, but that’s not what has you so upset.

Luckily, there are some people here who understand your feelings.

Blue moves to stand beside you and places his hands on his hips. He frowns at Ink in disappointment. “SHE’S UPSET BECAUSE YOU NEVER BOTHERED TO TELL HER ANYTHING! WHY DID YOU WAIT SO LONG? YOU COULD’VE AT LEAST SAID SOMETHING AFTER YOU SAVED HER FROM ERROR THE FIRST TIME! DON’T YOU UNDERSTAND HOW SCARED SHE’S BEEN TRAVELLING BY HERSELF WITH NO ANSWERS AS TO HOW SHE GOT HERE OR WHY SHE KEEPS TELEPORTING?”

Following Blue’s example, Papyrus comes up to your other side and wags at finger at the artist. “THAT IS RIGHT! WHILE I UNDERSTAND YOU HAD YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITIES TO TAKE CARE OF, THAT DOESN’T CHANGE THE FACT THAT YOU NEVER TRIED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HER. THE LEAST YOU COULD’VE DONE WAS EXPLAIN HOW SHE GOT HERE. Y/N IS VERY UNDERSTANDING. I’M SURE SHE WOULD’VE BEEN WILLING TO HEAR YOU OUT AND WOULD’VE AGREED TO HELP IF YOU HAD JUST ASKED NICELY.”

Thankful for the backup, you give the two skeletons a grateful smile. All around, you see the other skeletons giving Ink a less than impressed look, even Error.

Now that you’ve properly calmed down, you turn to face the now remorseful artist. “Papyrus is right. If you had asked, I would have agreed. I mean, sure I probably would have been a little upset about being stuck over here, but it’s not like it’s all your fault. It was one big accident. I have no problem helping with the glitch. I’ve enjoyed meeting everyone here, so it’s not like I hate my current situation. I just wish I could’ve gotten some answers sooner.”

Ink averts his eye-lights as he rubs his head sheepishly. “I guess I should’ve taken the time to explain things to you. It wasn’t really fair of me to put you through all this without giving you any answers. I just went along with things since I knew there was nothing I could do to stop the Void. Of course, since it was helping the AUs, it’s not like I really wanted to stop what it was doing. I definitely could’ve handled this situation better.”

With narrowed eye-lights, Blue leans closer to the artist. “AND?”

Obviously confused, Ink tilts his head curiously. “And, what?”

Papyrus shakes his head. “I BELIEVE THERE’S SOMETHING ELSE YOU NEED TO SAY TO Y/N.”

The artist looks even more bewildered now. “Something else?”

You give the two skeletons a questioning glance wondering where they’re going with this.
Chuckling, Sans moves to stand beside his brother. “I think they want you to apologize to the kid for not saying anything to her. Gotta say, I agree with them on this one.”

Stretch nods in agreement as he smirks at the artist. “I mean, it’s the least you could do considering what all she’s been through. You owe her that much.”

Realization dawns on Ink’s expression as he finally understands what Blue and Papyrus were insinuating. “Oh! I guess that is something I should say, huh? I thought it was already implied with what I said earlier, but I’ll say it outright.”

When he meets your gaze, you’re surprised to see the sincerity in his expression as he apologizes. “I’m sorry for dragging you into this, Y/N. I’m sorry for pulling you out of your world so abruptly and for not telling you anything after you started AU jumping. Can you forgive me?”

Grinning broadly, you move so fast that Ink is unable to react in time. You quickly put him in a headlock and give him a noogie. “You’re forgiven, but that doesn’t mean you get off completely scott free! I’ll go easy on you this time. Just don’t do something like that again, alright?”

The stunned look on Ink’s face makes everyone laugh. Their laughter increases when he struggles to get away only to fail. He can’t seem to escape your vice-like grip.

Surprisingly, even Error is amused at the spectacle judging by his loud, staticky cackling. “So much for being the protector of the AUs. You can’t even escape the clutches of a human girl.”

Ink scowls at his rival as he gives up his useless struggling. “I’d like to see you try getting away from this! Her grip is like iron! Seriously, what the hell is with this strength?!”

That only makes Error’s cackling increase. It’s at the point where the white noise is starting to hurt your ears.

Deciding that the artist has suffered enough, you loosen your grip and let go after giving him a quick hug which obviously surprises him. “Thank you for the apology, Ink. And, thank you for saving my life back when I first arrived. I really am grateful.”

A pretty, rainbow-colored blush lights up his cheekbones as he grins bashfully. “I’m glad I was able to help! Thank you, Y/N, for all your hard work. Thanks to you, four AUs are now completely glitch free!”

Error’s laughter comes to an abrupt halt as he stares at Ink in disbelief. “Serious? Not even this world? The glitch is completely gone?”

His rival sighs before rolling his eye-lights. “Did you think I was kidding about her helping the AUs? I was serious. Why don’t you go back and check the other AUs she’s visited? You’ll see that they’re all completely glitch free now. And, I’d also recommend checking on other worlds just to prove there are some she hasn’t been too that are infected.”

With narrowed eye-lights, Ink continues. “Just stop attacking Y/N from now on, okay? She’s not a threat. She’s helping, so there’s no need for you to stop her if you want the multiverse to stay in one piece.”

For a while, the two rivals just glare at each other. Finally, Error averts his eyes as he huffs. “Fine. I obviously can’t just take you for your word, so I’ll need to check things out for myself. If it turns out what you said is true, I’ll leave the human alone. But, if I find out you’re wrong, I’m eliminating her no matter what you say.”
Rather than wait for a response, the glitchy skeleton opens up a portal and walks through it without another word. As soon as he disappears, the Swapfell brothers fall to their knees not expecting to be let go from his strings so suddenly.

Blackberry is back on his feet instantly, screeching furiously. “THAT BASTARD! HOW DARE HE JUST DO AS HE PLEASES AND THEN LEAVE! I WILL HAVE HIS HEAD THE NEXT TIME I SEE HIM! HE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH THIS!”

Once he’s sure that his brother is alright, Pup relaxes and promptly lights a cigarette. He must really feel stressed if he’s smoking with his brother in sight. Fortunately, Black doesn’t call him out on it since he’s too busy cursing Error and plotting ways to torture the glitchy skeleton.

While Blue tries to calm down his fuming counterpart, you walk over to the smoking skeleton and give him a concerned glance. “Are you alright? I know that couldn’t have been pleasant. I’m sorry it took so long to get you and your brother freed.”

Pup shrugs as he exhales a large cloud of smoke. “it’s fine, darlin. it’s not like there was a lot anybody could’ve done anyway.”

He gives you a considering glance. “how about you, darlin? looks like you had a worse time than us. you were really put through the wringer.”

You smile at him, grateful for his concern. “I’m okay. Had a minor breakdown, but I’m all good now. Thank you for your concern.”

Embarrassed, Pup averts his eye-lights as he takes another drag of his cigarette. Before he can return the cigarette to his mouth, an orange blur snatches it from Pup’s hand. You watch with wide eyes as Stretch quickly puts out the cigarette and shoves a sucker into his counterpart’s mouth.

Fortunately, Pup doesn’t appear upset. The two of you look at Stretch in disbelief as he shrugs his shoulders. “since y/n won’t say anything, i will. no smoking around her. it messes with her allergies and can make her sick if she inhales too much of the smoke. i’m not saying you have to give it up entirely. just don’t do it around her.”

Your heart warms at his thoughtfulness. You quickly wrap your arms around Stretch and give him a big squeeze. “Aw, you big softy! That’s so sweet of you being all protective like that! You really didn’t have to, though. It’s not like Pup smokes a lot. He usually doesn’t do it in front of his brother, so he hasn’t smoked around me much at all since I got here.”

Stretch’s cheekbones gain an orange hue as he flushes in embarrassment. When Pup smirks at him in amusement, he narrows his eye-lights. “still needs to be said, honey. i knew you wouldn’t. i’m surprised my bro didn’t say anything.”

You pull away from the hug and give him a sheepish grin. “That would be my fault. Blue was gonna tell Pup soon after we met him, but I stopped him. The allergy really isn’t that serious. Besides, Pup doesn’t get a lot of opportunities to smoke, so I figured he needed the smoke break.”

Pup appears surprised by your consideration while Stretch just sighs. “you’re way too nice, hun. that just proves my point. guess i’m in charge of looking out for you since you won’t do it yourself.”

You gently elbow him as you roll your eyes. “who are you? my mom?”

Amused, Pup snorts as he moves the sucker around in his mouth. Surprisingly, he hasn’t tried to remove it. Maybe Stretch gave him a flavor he likes. “looks like ya got a lot of people lookin’ out
for ya, darlin. considerin’ ya did help us out with the glitch, guess the least i could do is cut back on my smokin’ around ya.”

Feeling adventurous, you hug Pup and give him an appreciative smile. “Thank you, Pup. I’ll try not to bother you during your normal smoke breaks if I get the chance to visit again.”

Smirking, he leans in very close and stops just a few inches above your face. “already plannin’ your next visit? gonna miss me that much, darlin?”

You feel your face grow hot, but instead of giving in to the embarrassment, you grin cheekily. “of course!”

Luckily, your perseverance is rewarded as a dark, orange blush glows across the surprised skeleton’s cheekbones.

When you pull away, you see Stretch grinning in amusement, obviously enjoying watching his counterpart get flustered.

That’s when Red decides to join the conversation. In a blink, he’s there wrapping an arm around your waist. “ya didn’t forget about me, did ya, dollface? there’s not too many guys willin’ to jump dimensions to save a girl, ya know.”

Grinning, you wrap your arms around his neck and give him a warm squeeze. You even rub your cheek against his cheekbone for good measure. “Now, how could I ever forget about you? Especially when you came all this way to help me. Thank you, Red. You’re a bone-afide sweetheart.”

After you release him and pull out of his slack grip, you see that familiar blushy expression. His eye-lights even turned into red hearts like last time. You give him another quick hug because of how cute his expression is.

Stretch chuckles at Red’s dreamy look. “you alright there, pal? you’re looking a little red in the face.”

Pup snorts at the pun while you giggle in amusement. When you hear groaning, you turn to see Edge approaching.

Considering his annoyed expression, he must have heard the pun as well. “HONESTLY, I CAN’T BELIEVE THERE’S A VERSION OF MYSELF THAT WOULD STOOP SO LOW AS TO ENJOY PUNS LET ALONE TWO OF THEM! SANS! HOW LONG ARE YOU PLANNING ON STAYING IN A DAZE? IF YOU REMAIN LIKE THIS, I’M MAKING THE HUMAN CARRY YOU SINCE THIS IS HER FAULT.”

“is that supposed to be a threat, boss? ‘cause that only makes me wanna stay like this longer tibia honest.”

Edge groans loudly while the pun loving skeletons snicker in amusement. Grinning mischievously, you make your move once you notice that Red’s guard is down. Before he can react, you sweep him off his feet and carry him bridal style. “Alright, Edge! I got him! Where do you need me to take him?”

Red is really living up to his namesake as his blush grows to cover his whole face. Meanwhile, Stretch and Pup are chortling loudly, trying not to fall over from all of their laughter.

Edge smirks at his brother’s embarrassment. “WELL DONE, HUMAN. IT LOOKS LIKE YOU
CAN BE USEFUL TO ME AFTER ALL. JUST KEEP THAT UP UNTIL WE HEAD HOME. I’LL MAKE THAT FOOL WITH THE PAINTBRUSH OPEN UP A PORTAL TO SEND US HOME. I’VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS WORLD JUMPING BUSINESS. IT’S TIME TO RETURN TO MY DUTIES AT HOME.”

Using one hand to hold onto Red, you raise the other to salute Edge. “Aye aye, Captain!”

“NYEH HEH HEH!”

Red is sweating bullets now. “now, doll, i appreciate you wantin’ to help the boss, but you don’t have to go this far, really.”

With a smirk, you lean in close to his face. “Aw, you don’t like being this close to me, Red? I thought you’d appreciate all the physical contact.”

Behind you, Stretch and Pup continue to snicker, obviously enjoying this way too much. Red appears indecisive. On one hand, he’s getting the attention he wants, but on the other hand, he’s being carried bridal style by a girl. Not exactly very manly.

“Y/N!”

You turn around just in time to catch a leaping Blueberry. Now, you’ve got two Sanses in your arms. On one arm, Red scowls in annoyance at his bouncy counterpart while the other arm holds the adorable Blueberry. This must be quite the sight to anybody who’s watching. The laughter behind you increases, so obviously the two chuckleheads are enjoying the show.

Despite the fact that you’re carrying two fully grown skeletons, you don’t feel the least bit strained. These guys hardly weigh anything. It makes sense considering they’re nothing but bones.

With a warm smile, you look down at Blue. “What’s up, Blue? You need me?”

He grins broadly. “YES! AFTER I HELPED CALM DOWN BLACK, I STARTED INTRODUCING HIM TO EVERYONE AND TELLING HIM THE NICKNAMES YOU GAVE THEM. HOWEVER, THERE ARE TWO I’M HAVING TROUBLE WITH. WHAT DO YOU CALL THE SANS AND PAPYRUS YOU MET BEFORE ME AND PAPY?”

You pause as you consider his question. He’s talking about the Undertale brothers. Now that you think about it, you don’t have a nickname for either of them. In your defense, you didn’t think it was necessary since at the time you didn’t know you’d be meeting alternate versions of them. Looks like you’ll need to come up with something now.

Driven with purpose, you march toward the Undertale skeletons with Red and Blue still in your arms. Since the sound of laughter isn’t getting farther away, you guess Stretch and Pup must be following you. You can even hear Edge cackling as he walks behind you--no doubt enjoying his brother’s predicament.

“uhh, where are we going, doll?”

“YES! I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW AS WELL!”

You grin at your passengers. “Blue has just reminded me that I have some nicknames to hand out. I never gave one to the Undertale guys ‘cause they were the first ones I met. I didn’t expect meeting everyone else, so I didn’t give them any nicknames.”

Starry eyes sparkle brightly at your words. “DOES THAT MEAN I WAS THE FIRST TO
Overwhelmed by the sheer amount of cuteness aimed your way, you can’t stop yourself from leaning down to place a kiss on Blue’s cheekbone. “That’s right, sweetheart. You’re the first.”

His cheekbones turn dark blue as he blushes. When you see Red scowling in irritation, you grin in amusement. “you’re not jealous, are you, Red? do you want a kiss too?”

You didn’t think it was possible for his face to turn any redder than it already was, but Red seems to be really good at surprising you. Almost his entire skull is red now. If this situation wasn’t so amusing, you’d be worried about his health. You hear Edge’s cackling increase from behind you.

Not wanting to be unfair, you plant a little kiss on Red’s cheekbone too. The heart eyes are back while the sweating has returned at full force. You hope that he doesn’t get too overwhelmed and pass out.

That’s when Edge appears at your side holding out his arms to grab his brother. Apparently, he decided to have mercy on Red and not make him be carried the rest of the way. You can’t help but be amused when you see Edge put his brother in a football carry. Even better, Red has his hood pulled up tightly around his face, making it difficult to see his expression.

Okay, that is seriously too cute. Who knew Red could be this cute? He may not be at Blueberry’s level, but he’s a good competitor.

It doesn’t take you long to reach the Undertale brothers who have been talking with Ink and Blackberry. Pup immediately moves to stand behind his brother while Stretch moves to stand by his once you put Blue back on the ground.

The Underfell brothers are a few feet away from the group now. Maybe Edge thought the distance would help his brother recover faster. How considerate of him.

When Papyrus sees you, he picks you up and gives you a big hug which you happily reciprocate. “Y/N! BLACK JUST FINISHED TELLING US THE STORY OF HOW YOU BRAVELY VANQUISHED THE GLITCH IN THIS WORLD. SANS ALSO TOLD ME ABOUT HOW YOU SAVED OUR WORLD. YOU TRULY ARE AMAZING, Y/N! AS EXPECTED OF A FRIEND OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

You blush in embarrassment, not knowing how to handle such sincere praise from the sweet skeleton. “I didn’t do that much. Sans did most of the work in your world, Pap. And, it was the same here. Black, Pup, and Blue handled pretty much everything. I kinda got in the way more than not.”

Black scoffs as he crosses his arms. “OF COURSE YOU DID! YOU KEPT RUNNING INTO DANGEROUS SITUATIONS DESPITE NOT HAVING ANY SKILLS WHATSOEVER TO PROTECT YOURSELF! HONESTLY, I’VE NEVER SEEN SUCH IDIOCY BEFORE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. BUT, I WILL ADMIT YOU WERE USEFUL. BECAUSE YOU DEALT WITH MY SLAVE, I COULD DEDICATE MY FULL ATTENTION TO THE BATTLE. I DIDN’T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANNOYING DISTRACTIONS. I MIGHT ACTUALLY CONSIDER MAKING YOU MY SLAVE TOO. BE GRATEFUL, HUMAN!”

You can’t help but be amused when Pup gives you a thumbs up. You didn’t expect the backhanded compliment from his brother, but you are grateful. “Thanks, Black. I appreciate you helping me and Blue while we were here. We would’ve been lost without you.”
Black’s cheekbones gain a purple hue as he averts his eye-lights. “OF COURSE! WITHOUT ME, YOU WOULD HAVE SURELY FAILED! I WAS THE ONE WHO MADE SURE THE MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL!”

Blue beams at his counterpart. “YOU WERE REALLY IMPRESSIVE, BLACK! YOU USED A LOT OF MAGIC BACK THERE, BUT YOU DIDN’T LOOK TIRED AT ALL! I’LL HAVE TO INCREASE MY TRAINING WHEN I GET BACK HOME!”

The blush on Black’s cheekbones actually grows darker at the praise. “Y-YOU HAVE A GOOD EYE I’LL GIVE YOU THAT! BUT, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU TRAIN, YOU’LL NEVER REACH MY LEVEL OF AWESOMENESS!”

Blue places his hands on his hips. “WE’LL SEE ABOUT THAT! I, THE MAGNIFICENT BLUEBERRY, WILL CATCH UP TO YOU IN NO TIME! YOU’LL SEE! MWEH HEH HEH!”

Stretch proudly grins as he rubs the top of his brother’s head. “you’re the coolest, bro. i know you’ll have no problem catching up.”

A tug on your sleeve grabs your attention. When you look down, you see a grinning Sans. “my bro was right about you being amazing, kid. i wouldn’t have been able to stop the glitch without you there to kick my tailbone into gear. you should give yourself more credit.”

You smile broadly at your first skeletal friend. Wanting to thank him, you sweep him off his feet and hug him tightly. It’s been awhile since you last hugged him, so you have to make sure this is a good one. “We made a pretty good team, huh, partner?”

He blushes a dark blue as his grin grows. “yep. the best. after me and paps of course.”

With a giggle, you set him back down. “Of course.”

Then, you turn to Papyrus who has been attentively listening to Blue excitedly tell his story of how he met you. Luckily, they’re about done when you choose to intervene. “Hey, Pap?”

He turns to look at you curiously. “YES, Y/N?”

You grin at the Undertale brothers who have been attentively listening to Blue excitedly tell his story of how he met you. Luckily, they’re about done when you choose to intervene. “Hey, Pap?”

You grin at the Undertale brothers who appear intrigued by your expression. “Blue has brought it to my attention that I have failed to give you two a nickname. You guys wouldn’t mind one, right? I’ll call you by your names if I’m ever in your world, but it’ll be pretty confusing for everyone else here if I keep calling you Sans and Papyrus.”

Sans shrugs with his trademark, lazy grin in place. “fine with me, kid.”

His brother nods eagerly. “I AM ALSO FINE WITH IT! THE USE OF NICKNAMES IS ANOTHER STEP TOWARDS A STRONGER FRIENDSHIP! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CALL US, Y/N?”

All of the chatter around you comes to a halt as everyone decides to listen in on this conversation. Jeez, talk about putting on the pressure. Coming up with nicknames for these two isn’t as easy as the others since people usually let the Undertale brothers keep their regular names in fanfiction. However, that wouldn’t be fair here, so you have to come up with something.

You grab your chin as you thoughtfully consider the two skeletons before you. When your eyes fall on Sans, a mischievous smirk forms on your face. “For Sans, how about Grandpa?”

He gives you a stunned look while everyone else breaks out into a fit of laughter; even the more
composed skeletons are snickering. The only one not laughing besides Sans is Papyrus who appears to be seriously contemplating the meaning behind the nickname. *Oh, Papyrus, please never change.*

Sans starts to nervously sweat. “uh, any particular reason you wanna use that nickname, kid?”

Your smirk grows. “Well, you sure do like to call me kid a lot. Calling someone my age a kid, that must mean you’re pretty old, right? Plus, you have that special brand of humor you enjoy like most elderly men do. I mean, you’re not exactly young and spry, ya know?”

Papyrus slams his fist into his open palm. “I SEE! I UNDERSTAND NOW! YOU MAKE A VERY GOOD POINT, Y/N. MY BROTHER DOES ACT A GOOD BIT OLDER THAN HIS ACTUAL AGE. I THINK THAT’S WHY HE GETS ALONG SO WELL WITH GERSON. NO WONDER HE HAS SUCH GOOD RELATIONS WITH THE ELDERLY MONSTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND! I CAN’T BELIEVE I NEVER NOTICED BEFORE!”

The laughter in the background only increases at Papyrus’ exclamation. You giggle when you see the flustered look on Sans’ face.

Deciding that you’ve had enough fun messing with Sans, you wrap an arm around his shoulder and give him a squeeze which makes him blush. “I’ll throw you a bone, Sans. I’ll come up with a better nickname if you don’t call me kid anymore. Deal?”

He snickers at the pun while Papyrus groans. Apparently, no one else heard it over the noisy laughter. “Alright, buddy. deal.”

You affectionately squeeze his shoulder again as you give him a nickname that you’re sure he’ll like. “How about Comic? You know, *Comic Sans*?”

Judging by the amount of groaning, it looks like the pun haters heard you that time. Their brothers continue to snigger in amusement.

Sans grins broadly in obvious delight. “Yeah, I font that one. that’s my type of nickname. it’s just my style.”

Cue increased groaning and snickering. Looks like we have a winner.

You release your grip on the newly dubbed Comic and focus your attention on a frowning Papyrus, who is apparently still recovering from the three back-to-back puns. You take advantage of the moment to study the tall skeleton closely as you try to come up with a suitable name for him. This is the Great Papyrus we’re talking about here. You have to pull out all the stops for his nickname. Nothing but the best for this sweetheart.

Finally, it hits you like a ton of bricks. You have the perfect nickname for him. You grin brightly at Papyrus who seems to have finally recovered from the pun onslaught. “I’ve got the perfect nickname for you, Pap. Ready to hear it?”

He grins as he places his hands on his hips with his scarf billowing behind him heroically. This only strengthens your belief that the nickname you came up with is the best pick for him. “Of course! The Great Papyrus is always ready, Y/N!”

You mirror his pose, absently wishing that you had a cool scarf to match him. “How do you like Captain Fantastic? For short, I’ll call you Captain or Cap.”

The skeleton before you freezes in shock and stares at you with wide eye-lights. He stays like that
for a while, making you and Comic start to worry. “uh, bro? you okay?”

In a blink, you find yourself suddenly lifted into the air and twirled at a rapid speed. After several seconds of spinning, you’re brought into a bone-crushing hug. “I LOVE IT, Y/N! IT IS THE BEST NICKNAME EVER! I WILL TREASURE IT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!”

You’re happy that he likes the nickname, but his hug is starting to cut off your air flow. “C-can’t breathe, Captain.”

Fortunately, Comic comes to your rescue. “i know your hugs are always breathtaking, but i think you might need to ease up on her a little bit, bro.”

Immediately, Captain Fantastic loosens his grip and then gently sets you back on the ground. You greedily inhale a large gulp of air while he softly pats you on the back. “I’M SORRY, Y/N. I JUST GOT SO EXCITED I FORGOT TO CONTROL MY SUPER STRENGTH.”

Once your breathing evens out, you give him a thumbs up. “It’s alright, Cap. I’m just glad you like the nickname.”

“LIKE IT? I LOVE IT! IT SUITS ME PERFECTLY!”

Comic grins as he nods in agreement. “that’s right, bro. can’t think of a more suitable nickname than that one. she did a good job.”

It’s at this moment that Ink decides to gain everyone’s attention. “Alright, now that that’s settled. I think it’s time I send everyone back to their AUs. Y/N needs to come with me, so we can restore the Void magic that her soul needs to remain stable. It’s really low thanks to that reset stunt, which I hope she’ll never try to reattempt.”

You rub your head sheepishly at the less than impressed look he gives you. You’re surprised when Stretch suddenly sidles up beside you and wraps an arm around your shoulder.

When you look up at him, you see Stretch staring at the artist with narrowed eye-lights. “hold on. i think what she needs most right now is a place to get some rest. when’s the last time you got any sleep, honey?”

You can’t help but feel nervous when you notice all the serious looks everyone gives you as they await your response. “Uhh, your world? But, it’s not like I’ve really needed to sleep since I left. Not a lot of time has passed for me since this all started. This has basically been just one really long day.”

No one seems appeased by that response. The disapproval only increases after you reply to Stretch’s question about your eating schedule. “Besides the food in Undertale and your world, I had a slice of Toriel’s pie when I visited her and Frisk’s house in Underfell.”

Red scratches his head. “yeah, gotta agree with stretch on this one, doll. you’ve already helped save four worlds, and you haven’t had anythin’ close to a real break by the sounds of it. i get that the worlds are in danger, but runnin’ you ragged ain’t gonna solve anythin’.”

Edge scowls as he crosses his arms. “THAT VOID IS AWFULLY COCKY JUST DOING AS IT PLEASES. I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU’RE WILLING TO DO THIS WITHOUT ANY FORM OF COMPENSATION. HOW FOOLISH.”

You grin at him. “Thank you for worrying about me, Edge, but it really doesn’t bother me. I don’t mind helping. Besides, you guys are my friends. Of course, I’d want to help save your worlds.”
There’s that familiar flustered expression that you know and love. “WHO SAYS I WAS WORRIED?! SAYING SUCH INSANE THINGS, YOU OBVIOUSLY REQUIRE A BREAK. I DOUBT YOU’LL BE USEFUL TO ANYONE IF YOU JUST CONTINUE ON LIKE THIS.”

Black shakes his head. “NO WONDER YOU WERE ACTING SO FOOLISHLY. YOUR SMALL BRAIN IS OBVIOUSLY EXHAUSTED. YOU BETTER DO EVERYONE A FAVOR AND GET SOME REST, HUMAN. THAT’S AN ORDER!”

Aw, even Black is worried about you in his own special tsundere way. When your gaze falls on Pup, he winks at you. “you’re welcome to use my bed, darlin.”

Instead of refusing you entry to his home like you expect him to do, Black just averts his eye-lights. “AS LONG AS SHE STAYS FAR AWAY FROM MY ROOM, I DON’T CARE WHERE SHE SLEEPS.”

The grin on Pup’s face grows at his brother’s comment. Oh boy. Somehow, you don’t think that their house will be the best place for you to get some rest and recuperation.

Stretch gives your shoulders a squeeze. “no need for that. she’s coming with us. you don’t mind, right, honey?”

Saved by your knight in orange armor. “Well, I would hate to impose on Black and Pup since they’ve been looking after me for so long. Besides, I know Blue’s been wanting a sleepover. Right, Blue?”

Sparkly, starry eyes brighten the surrounding area. “A SLEEPOVER?! YES! SINCE WE ARE BEST FRIENDS, THAT IS AN ABSOLUTE MUST! WE’LL STAY UP LATE PLAYING ALL OF MY GAMES!”

His brother chuckles fondly. “sounds like fun, bro. although, you shouldn’t forget the sleep part of sleepover. that’s the best part.”

Blue rolls his eye-lights. “ONLY YOU THINK THAT WAY, PAPY. YOU LAZYBONES.”

When you notice Captain’s disappointed look, you quickly move to reassure him. “Don’t worry, Captain. I’ll still come over one day to have a sleepover at your place. You’ll be the next place I visit. I promise.”

He immediately cheers up at your words. “YAY! OUR FIRST SLEEPOVER! I WILL START PLANNING FOR IT IMMEDIATELY, Y/N! I PROMISE IT WILL BE PERFECT!”

You smile warmly at him. “I’m sure it will be, Cap.”

Comic winks at you. “i’ll help come up with ideas too, bro. just let me sleep on it.”

It’s really amusing witnessing the mass divide between the skeletons as one side snickers and the other groans. These guys really are awesome.

You return your attention to Ink who has been watching the proceedings with a frown. “Is it really that urgent for me to go to the Void, Ink? Or, do you think I’ll be alright for one night? If you’re that worried, I’ll come along with you.”

No one seems pleased with that idea, but it’s true that they can’t do anything about the situation if the health of your soul truly is at risk.
Inks looks around, taking in everyone’s expressions before releasing a big sigh. “You should be fine for one night, Y/N. But, I’m coming to pick you up first thing in the morning, alright? I don’t know a lot about this kind of thing, so we shouldn’t risk putting this off for too long.”

You pull away from Stretch to give the artist a hug. “Thank you, Ink. I promise I’ll be ready to go when you arrive.”

He grins bashfully before moving to pull out Broomy. A few seconds later, he has three portals open leading to Undertale, Underswap, and Underfell.

Black huffs as he crosses his arms. “GOOD RIDDANCE! DON’T COME BACK UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE MY NEXT OPPONENT!”

Deciding to throw caution to the wind, you quickly move to sweep him into a hug which makes him screech in surprise. You grin as you give him a warm squeeze. “Thank you for all of your help, Black. I’ll try to visit again if I get the chance.”

When you return him to the ground, his face is a bright purple, proving how flustered he was by the affectionate gesture. “Y-YOU’RE LUCKY I AM IN A GOOD MOOD TODAY, HUMAN. OTHERWISE, I WOULD STRIKE YOU WHERE YOU STAND FOR SUCH INSOLENCE!”

You blow him a kiss for good measure. “Thank you, Black.”

Cue the flustered screeching. Ah, these edgy skeletons really are the best to flirt with.

Pup is doing a very good job at keeping his amusement from showing on his face, but you can tell from the slight trembling in his shoulders that he’d really like to laugh right now.

With a grin, you give the taller brother a hug as well. Of course, he doesn’t hesitate to reciprocate. Pup leans down with a smirk. “the offer to use my bed will always be open for ya, darlin. come by anytime.”

A dark blush forms on your cheeks despite your best efforts to fight it off. You quickly pull away and wink at him. “Thanks for everything, Pup. Hopefully, I’ll see you around.”

“lookin’ forward to it, darlin.”

When you head back toward the portals, you’re surprised to see both of the Underfell brothers still there. You had expected Comic, Captain Fantastic, and possibly Red staying to say goodbye, but you assumed that Edge would’ve been eager to leave.

You grin broadly. “Aw, Edge, were you waiting for a goodbye hug? Say no more. I’m your girl.”

He immediately takes a step back when you move toward him. “STAY BACK, VIXEN! I WAS NOT WAITING FOR YOU! I WAS WAITING ON MY LAZY BROTHER WHO CHOSE TO WAIT FOR YOU. DO NOT MISUNDERSTAND!”

You pout in disappointment. Looks like you’re not gonna get an Edge hug this time. What a bummer.

Red chuckles when he sees you pout. “don’t worry, doll. i’m sure the boss will embrace your affectionate gestures someday.”

“SANS!”
You giggle at the younger brother’s reaction. Before Red can put the moves on you as per usual, you decide to act first by pulling him into a hug. “Thanks for coming, Red. I appreciate you and your brother coming to help. I’ll try to come visit, so you won’t feel too bonely without me around.”

When you pull back, you see an amused grin on his flustered face. “you do that, dollface. and i’ll be sure to show you my room the next time you come around.”

His brother groans in disgust. “HONESTLY, SANS! I’M LEAVING BEFORE THIS GETS WORSE.”

Before he enters the portal, you grab Edge’s hand and give it a warm squeeze. “Thank you too, Edge. I’m really happy you came.”

A dark, red blush grows across his cheekbones. He removes your hand with a gentleness you didn’t expect from him. Edge then turns his back to you. “I WAS ONLY HERE TO GET MY REVENGE ON THAT COWARDLY CRETN. NOTHING MORE!”

With that, he walks through the portal with his brother following close behind. Red winks at you before he leaves. “hope to see ya soon, doll. take care of yourself.”

After they leave, you head for the Undertale brothers to see them off. Captain Fantastic immediately picks you up with a twirl and gives you a big hug. “I WAS HAPPY THAT WE COULD MEET AGAIN, Y/N! PLEASE COME BY TO VISIT SOON! I WOULD LOVE TO MAKE MORE FRIENDSHIP SPAGHETTI WITH YOU! I’M LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR SUPER SPECTACULAR SLEEPOVER!”

You giggle as you return the embrace. “Me too, Cap. I can’t wait. I’ll come visit as soon as I can.”

Once you’re back on the ground, you hug Comic, who doesn’t stiffen at all at the contact unlike when you first embraced him in Undertale. Talk about progress. Ah, the beauty of friendship. “Don’t make Captain Fantastic do all the work preparing for the sleepover, you lazybones.”

He chuckles as you pull away. “sure thing, buddy. i don’t want my bro working himself to the bone after all.”

“SANS!”

You both laugh at the taller skeleton’s exclamation. Now that you’ve said your goodbyes, the two head for the portal. Before Comic follows after his brother, he gives you a serious look. “be careful, y/n. don’t push yourself too hard trying to help everybody. your own health is important too. remember, you can ask for help. you don’t have to do this all on your own.”

Touched by his concern, you lean down to give him a peck on his cheekbone. You smile as his whole face turns bright blue. “Thank you, Comic. I promise I’ll be careful. I won’t try to do everything on my own.”

Embarrassed, he quickly moves to walk through the portal. “good. i’ll see ya around, buddy.”

Now the only ones left at the portals besides you are the Underswap brothers and Ink who has chosen to stand beside them. You give the artist a quick hug. “Thank you for everything, Ink. I’ll see you later, okay?”

He grins brightly. “Yep! You enjoy your break, Y/N. You’ve earned it.”
With that, you move toward the portal with Blue pulling you along by your hand and Stretch taking up the rear.

The portal is much like the doors in the Doodle Sphere. There’s no losing consciousness or weird pull like when you get teleported. All it takes is for you to just step through, and then you’re in the living room of the Underswap skeletons’ home.

You sigh in relief. While this isn’t your home, you can’t help but relax at the warm, comfortable atmosphere this place emits. You smile when you see the happy grins on your friends’ faces.

There’s no place like home.

Chapter End Notes

Y’all! I got my first fanart for The Glitch! I was beyond excited when Costumebleh sent me the link to it. I wanted to share it with all of you. It’s the scene with the Reader and Error right before she resets. You can see it by clicking here.

Ahh, getting fanart is so exciting! I can’t believe my story got fanart! Thank you so much! ^^ If anyone else ever desires to draw something from The Glitch, I would be over the moon if you sent me a link so I can gush and possibly cry over it (≧▽≦)

First, I wanna say that I loved all of the comments I got on the last chapter. Y’all were totally cracking me up XD I honestly didn't expect everyone to go the Papa Ink route, but I can understand why y'all did. I mean, it does make sense lol However, the Reader won't see him in that way. After all, that's why I put the Ink/Reader pairing in the relationship tags (•̀ᴗ•́)✧

I wanna also give major props to Mysterie for guessing correctly regarding the Reader’s role in the story. She's not the cause; she's the anti virus in charge of fixing things. For all of you who chose to believe in Ink despite his lack of a convincing argument, kudos to you! You made the right choice ^-^

In case y'all were wondering how the Void became sentient, I wanted to let you know that it has always been sentient in this fic. It just never had the need to show it until this point. In this fic, the Void basically acts like the motherboard of a supercomputer, and the AUs are like individual programs that are running simultaneously. The Void's magic has the ability to cure the infected worlds just like how you can make your computer do a virus scan when it gets infected. However, due to the strong power of the glitch, the Void couldn't directly affect the worlds from the outside. It needed an insider to host its magic so it could work from the inside. That's where the Reader comes in ^^

Also, her actions up to this point were needed to stop the constant resets in each world. Anything the Void's magic did to the worlds would be undone by the resets which can also be said about the glitch and what it does. So, in all the worlds with resets, it was necessary for her to stop all the constant resetting or else nothing would've ever gotten done. Regarding worlds without kids that can reset, that situation will be addressed in a few chapters.

So, what did y'all think of the chapter? Did it catch you by surprise? XD I'd love to
hear your thoughts! Including on what you think of the Undertale brothers' nicknames. It took me a while to come up with one for UT Pap, but I thought it really fit him ^^ There's also still some mysteries that need answers like what caused the glitch in the first place. Can't reveal everything at once after all ;)

Next chapter, y'all are gonna get some more fluff with the Underswap boys. I'm sure y'all are ready for a break after all that craziness. (๑•̀ᴗ•́๑)✧
You immediately plop down on the couch and stretch out your arms and legs as you lean back. “I’m exhausted! I feel like I could sleep for a week after all that craziness.”

Chuckling, Papyrus follows your example and sits on your left side. Unlike previous times, he’s close enough that his shoulder rub against yours as he slouches against the couch cushions. “that sounds like a good plan to me, hun.”

Sans frowns disapprovingly as he places his hands on his hips. “IT IS BAD ENOUGH THAT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH PAPY’S LAZINESS. I DON’T NEED YOU ENCOURAGING HIM, Y/N! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO SLEEP THAT LONG WHEN THERE ARE SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING THINGS YOU COULD BE DOING? LIKE PUZZLES AND TRAINING!”

You and your fellow couch potato share a look. Yeah, that doesn’t sound interesting at all. Well, at least the whole training part anyway. You want no part in any physical activity for the next couple of hours.

With a grin, you pull the shorter skeleton into your lap and cuddle him close. His cheekbones turn dark blue as he flushes. “Don’t forget this is a sleepover, Sans. Physical activities like training do not belong in sleepovers. We’re supposed to have fun in a more relaxing way like cuddling. Lots and lots of cuddling.”

His blush deepens as you give him a squeeze and rub your cheek against his cheekbone. You squeak in surprise when an arm wraps around your waist and pulls you into a warm chest.

When you look up, you see a large grin on Papyrus’ face that makes you blush. You feel your face burning as he leans in close. “you have the best ideas, honey. i’d never get tired of this.”

Sans groans into his hands. “PAPY! NO!”

A giggle erupts before you can stop it. You bury your face into Papyrus’ chest in an attempt to
muffle your laughter. The arm around your waist gives you a warm squeeze before pulling you closer.

You continue to laugh as Papyrus tells more puns while his brother groans, acting like he’s in complete agony. It feels like it’s been awhile since you last laughed like this. You really missed their antics.

The shorter skeleton can only take so much before cracking. After reaching his limit, he breaks free from your hold and dashes into the kitchen. “IF YOU NEED ME, I’LL BE MAKING TACOS AND NOT LISTENING TO AWFUL PUNS! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT DAY IT IS NOW THANKS TO OUR MULTIDIMENSIONAL TRAVELING, BUT I CAN AT LEAST TELL THAT IT’S DINNER TIME!”

That leaves you alone with Papyrus, still giggling madly into his chest because of the puns and Sans’ reactions. You squeal in surprise when you feel yourself suddenly moved.

When you pull back, you realize that the taller skeleton is now stretched out across the couch, and you’re lying against his chest with your legs resting in between his. The blush you had earlier comes back in full force. You’re surprised you’re not emitting steam at this point.

Papyrus chuckles at your flustered expression as he guides you back to lie against his chest. You feel his arms resting comfortably against the small of your back. “looks like it’s just the two of us now, hun.”

You can’t bring yourself to meet his eyes, so you stare at his chest while you try to control your blushing. “Y-You do realize that means Sans is left unsupervised in the kitchen, right? Shouldn’t I go help him so we can survive dinner?”

His hand grabs your chin and directs your gaze upwards. The grin on his face is way too wide and amused for your tastes. “what’s the rush? my bro usually burns up the first batch of tacos during the times he cooks when he’s super excited. because of his burning desire to make his first meal for you perfect, he’ll probably be in there for a while. if you really wanna help, you can join him after you smell the smoke. for now, you can just sit back and relax with me.

He then proceeds to give you a cheeky smile. “unless you don’t want to?”

When he releases your chin, you bury your face in his chest to hide your embarrassment. Because of that, your voice comes out muffled when you reply. “N-No, I’d like to stay here for a little longer. This is comfortable, and I really am tired. But, is this really comfortable for you?”

His arms give you a warm squeeze. “absolutely. no bones about it. haven’t been this comfy in a while.”

As you giggle at the pun, you feel your body begin to loosen up. You really start to relax when Papyrus begins rubbing your back in a soothing motion with one of his hands.

This reminds you of when he had helped you calm down during your breakdown in Swapfell. You mentally wince. You can’t imagine how you looked to all of the skeletons there, probably a complete mess. How embarrassing. You’re lucky that no one brought it up later on after everything had calmed down.

Thinking of your breakdown makes you remember what caused it in the first place. Your heart clenches painfully as you recall the deaths of your two dear friends. You’re so glad that the reset had worked. You honestly don’t know how you managed to pull it off, but you’re immensely
grateful.

His hand on your cheek draws you out of your thoughts. When you meet his gaze, you see Papyrus giving you a concerned look. “looks like you got a lot on your mind, honey. care to share? i know you got put through a lot lately, so if you need someone to talk to, i’ll listen.”

Yeah, ‘cause I’d love to discuss my near death experiences. Don’t forget watching my friends die protecting me. That should be a fun discussion.

You probably should talk about it, but you don’t even know where to begin. And, honestly? You’d rather not have to relive those painful experiences again. However, a question comes to mind that begs to be answered. It’s been at the back of your mind ever since your last encounter with Error. You keep your face down when you ask.

“Do you blame me for what happened to Sans? Or, I guess I should say, did you blame me? Were you mad? Are you still mad? About me being the cause of his death?”

The arms around you tighten and pull you as close as possible. “listen close, y/n. you did not cause his death. it wasn’t your fault—at all. you were a victim in this as much as my bro was. sans died because he wanted to protect you. because you were important to him. no way could i be mad at someone who my bro risked his life to protect.”

You raise your head as your hands clench tightly around the fabric of his hoodie. You feel tears begin to gather at the corners of your eyes. “Error was after me. If I wasn’t there, Sans would’ve never been in danger. He would’ve still been with you because he wouldn’t have been dragged to another world. He would’ve been safe. If you guys hadn’t met me, then neither of you would’ve had to go through something like that again.”

He rests his forehead against yours. “it’s not like he’s completely safe here, y/n. unfortunately, that wasn’t the first time i’ve seen him die, and it might not be the last depending on how things go with the kid. i’d like to say as long as he’s with me that my bro will be safe, but i can’t guarantee that. after all, i was there when he took the hit for you. everything happened so fast, and i couldn’t get there in time. if anybody should be at fault, it should be me. protecting sans is my responsibility, but i failed.”

You wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. “It’s not your fault. You were busy keeping an eye on Error and Black. You had no way of knowing that there would be an attack from underground. We only knew because Black warned us. Out of all of us, Blue was the quickest to figure out his warning and act. It happened so fast. There was nothing anyone could’ve done.”

“the same could be said for you, y/n. it’s not like you asked sans to save you. he did it willingly. error’s actions are also not your fault. you didn’t ask for any of that. he attacked you in two different worlds because of a false assumption. you didn’t deserve any of that pain, especially since you’ve been helping everyone all this time.”

When he pulls away, he gives you a warm look. “you’re also forgetting one important thing, hun.”

You tilt your head curiously as you blink away the tears. “What?”

A tender grin forms on his face as his expression softens. Papyrus raises a hand to pull a strand of your hair behind your ear. His gentle touch makes you shiver. “you saved my brother, y/n. because of you, sans is still alive. you willingly put your life on the line to bring him back. everything else doesn’t matter. all i care about is that i have my brother. thank you, y/n.”
You feel the tears coming back at full force as you listen to the sincere gratitude in his voice. He really doesn’t blame you at all. You bury your face into his neck as your body trembles. You’re fighting back the tears, but you can’t stop shaking from relief.

If he had held a grudge, you don’t know what you would’ve done. The fact that he doesn’t blame you makes you feel that maybe it is alright to forgive yourself after all. You don’t want to hang onto this guilt for the rest of your life. You want to let go and move on. After all, you’ve never been the type to dwell in negative emotions for very long. Why start now?

With a wobbly smile, you hug the skeleton as hard as you can. “T-Thank you, Papyrus. I really needed to hear that.”

Papyrus squeezes you in return and runs one of his hands through your hair. “anything for you, honey.”

Your body begins to relax at his ministrations. You’ve always had a weakness for people playing with your hair. If this continues for too long, you fear that he’ll put you to sleep.

The two of you remain like that for some time just enjoying each other’s presence. Just as you feel yourself start to doze off, the smell of smoke reaches your nose. You sigh sadly. “Looks like break time is over for me if we want to have an edible dinner.”

The tall skeleton nuzzles your hair as he tightens his grip. “five more minutes.”

You giggle as your cheeks turn pink. “Do you really wanna eat glitter for dinner?”

“no, but i also wanna stay like this longer. this is so comfy.”

While his words do make you happy, you really can’t comply with his wishes. You can’t afford to leave Sans unsupervised for too long. The safety of your stomach is on the line. “I’m sorry. I just don’t want to take the chance that I’ll have to ingest glitter. How about I give you a prize if you let me go?”

That grabs his attention. He gives you a curious look. “what kind of prize?”

You gather up all of your courage and reach up to kiss him on his cheekbone. He blushes a bright orange, and his arms go slack from shock. You take that chance to move off the couch before he can trap you again.

A triumphant grin forms on your face as you take in his flustered expression. He definitely hadn’t expected that. You wink at him before heading for the kitchen. “Not a bad prize, right? Now, I’m off to save dinner. Wish me luck!”

Because you’re now too far away to hear, you miss the next words he whispers. “not a bad prize at all. hope there’s more of those to come.”

Thanks to your cooking experience with Captain Fantastic, you’re not that surprised by the state of the brothers’ kitchen when you walk through the doorway. Only a few feet inside and you’re already coughing because of the amount of smoke in the room. Your nose crinkles in displeasure as you wave your hand in an attempt to clear the air.

The first thing that catches your eye is the glitter. The room is literally sparkling because of the large amounts of glitter covering almost every inch of the kitchen. Where the hell did he get this much glitter?! Does he buy out the store every time he goes shopping?!
On the counter, you see the remains of some mutilated vegetables. You also see the unsurprisingly empty bottle of glitter farther down the counter. You find the source of the awful burnt smell perched on the table. There’s hardly anything left of the tacos on the dark cooking pan. All you see is black ash. Damn. Papyrus wasn’t kidding about Sans torching the first batch he makes. By the looks of things, Sans uses store bought taco shells instead of hand making them. If Undyne never taught Captain Fantastic to hand make spaghetti noodles, it makes sense that Alphys wouldn’t teach this Sans. Well, that’s one less chore you have to worry about.

Right now, Sans is standing in front of the stove with his back to you holding a pan filled with meat. When he sets down the pan on the eye of the stove and reaches for the heat knob, you jump into action. Before he can turn on the heat, you pull him into your arms and hug him close. “Sans! You look so cute dressed as a chef! Will you let me cook with you? Please?”

While you do have an ulterior motive for your actions, it’s true that you think he looks super cute. Over his usual outfit, the shorter skeleton is wearing a red apron with the words Kiss the Chef in bold white font. There’s even a big, fluffy chef’s hat on his head.

Grinning mischievously, you kiss him on his cheekbone which makes him blush brighter than any blue neon light sign you’ve ever seen. It’s adorable how he tries to cover his flustered expression with his hands.

“Y-Y/N! WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!”

You hug him tighter as you grin brightly. “Well, the apron did say Kiss the Chef. It sounded like a good idea to me, so that’s what I did. Why? Did you not like it?”

Despite his best efforts, Sans is unable to completely cover his blush which you notice has gotten darker. “N-NO. I JUST THINK IT IS DANGEROUS TO TRY AND SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT! I AM A TRAINED WARRIOR, SO I COULD’VE ACCIDENTALLY ATTACKED YOU BECAUSE OF MY SURPRISE! YOU ARE LUCKY I HAVE SUCH GOOD INSTINCTS, OR THIS COULD HAVE ENDED MUCH WORSE! YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL, Y/N, ESPECIALLY IN THE KITCHEN WHERE ACCIDENTS ARE MORE LIKELY TO HAPPEN.”

You’re making it sound like a lot of accidents have happened in this kitchen, Sans. Should I be worried?

After giving him another squeeze, you set him back down on the floor. You adjust his hat that had been knocked askew from your sudden embrace. “Sorry, Sans. I’ll be more careful next time. I promise.”

He moves his hands to rest on his hips as he gives you his best stern look which seems more like a pout to you. “GOOD! I WOULD HATE TO CAUSE ANY HARM TO YOU WHILE YOU ARE HERE. BECAUSE OF MY AMAZING STRENGTH, I KNOW I COULD CAUSE A LOT OF DAMAGE IF I’M NOT CAREFUL.”

In a blink, his expression turns from upset to the starry eyed excited face you’re so familiar with. It’s amazing how quickly his expressions can change. The skeleton grins brightly. “DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO COOK WITH ME?”

You smile as you nod. “Yep! I’d love to cook together with you, Sans. Can I?”

His eye-lights sparkle. “OF COURSE! I LOVE COOKING WITH FRIENDS!!”

You inwardly sigh in relief. Thank goodness. Your stomach has a chance to survive after all.
You’re so glad that Captain Fantastic and this Sans are such sweethearts who have no problem cooking with others. You can’t imagine what cooking with Edge or Black would be like. You’re not looking forward to dealing with either of those two in the kitchen. Maybe if you’re lucky you won’t have to.

The first thing you address is the correct temperature for cooking. Like Captain, Sans believed the hotter the flame the better the food would turn out. It took some convincing, but eventually, he agreed to try it your way. Once the meat is taken care of, the two of you work on chopping the vegetables instead of just smashing them. You also show him the best temperature for cooking the taco shells which is much lower than what he has always used. That doesn’t surprise you one bit.

While the glitter bottle was thankfully empty, that didn’t mean you were safe from the substance. Because it was literally everywhere, some still got mixed in with the ingredients. You can’t really complain since it could’ve been a whole lot worse. Fortunately, the empty bottle was the last of the glitter, so he couldn’t add anymore for this batch.

It takes a while, but eventually, your batch of completely edible-looking tacos are finished with not a single burnt mark in sight. The two of you do a double high-five to celebrate your success.

Sans grins proudly as he carries the tacos to the dining table. You follow behind with the plates and napkins. “MWEH HEH HEH! THESE TACOS LOOK PERFECT! AS EXPECTED OF THE MAGNIFICENT SANS AND HIS AMAZING FRIEND Y/N!”

A large grin grows on your face that matches his as you set down the plates. “That’s right. We’re an awesome cooking team. We should totally try to get on TV. We’ll be the taco-f the town.”

The short skeleton gives you a horrified look. You’ve never seen him look so betrayed. A loud snort draws your attention to Papyrus who is unsuccessfully trying to control his laughter as he leans against the doorway.

“Y/N, WHY?!!”

His over-the-top reaction makes you giggle. Messing with him is just too much fun. You turn back to Papyrus and give him a wink. “Taco ‘bout good timing, Papyrus! Dinner’s ready!”

“NOOOOO!”

You bend over clutching your stomach as you laugh at Sans’ distressed reaction. Papyrus isn’t faring much better than you considering his hunched over position.

After a few minutes, the two of you manage to calm down. When you look up, you see Sans pouting with his arms crossed. “IT SEEMS YOU HAVE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME WITH MY BROTHER. YOU HAVE BEEN FULLY CORRUPTED. TO THINK YOU’D START PUNNING WITHOUT PAPY EVEN INTERFERING. WITH TWO PUNSTERS, I FEEL LIKE I AM OUTNUMBERED!”

A broad grin forms on Papyrus’ face. Oh, this should be good. “you mean like a taco-ver?”

“PAPY!”

Chuckling, you sweep the shorter skeleton into a hug and rub your cheek against his cheekbone making him blush. “Aw, don’t be like that, Sans. You know that I’m always on your side. I just love your cute reactions.”

His blush darkens. “I-I AM NOT CUTE!”
The taller skeleton walks over to you and rubs his brother’s head. “sure you are, bro. you’re the
coolest and the cutest. how many guys can say that about themselves?”

You nod in agreement. “That’s right! It takes a lot of talent to be super cool and adorable all at the
same time. You’re amazing, Sans!”

A large embarrassed grin forms on Sans’ face. “MWEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! NO ONE IS
AS AMAZING AS THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! THERE IS NOTHING I CANNOT DO!”

After giving him another quick squeeze, you release the shorter skeleton and walk over to the table
to take a seat with the brothers quickly following suit. Soon enough, everyone has a taco on their
plate and is digging into their meal.

Sans’ eyes grow starry after he takes a bite. “WOWZERS! THESE ARE DELICIOUS, Y/N! WE
DID A GREAT JOB!”

He’s right. These tacos definitely turned out better than you expected. While you couldn’t avoid
the glitter, you managed to prevent any of the ingredients from getting burnt. These turned out to
be some really good tacos.

Papyrus gives you a thumbs up while he holds his taco in his other hand. “he’s right. these are
really good. you and my bro make a shell of a team.”

His brother groans in dismay while you giggle at the pun. “PAPY, NO! NOT AT THE DINNER
TABLE!”

“gotcha, bro. hun, lettuce continue this conversation after dinner.”

“PAPY!”

Thankfully, you didn’t have any food in your mouth at that moment, or you would’ve definitely
choked from laughing. It takes you awhile to calm down enough that you can continue eating. All
the while, Sans gives his brother a less than impressed look.

Not long after that, the three of you finish your meals and move to clean up. Well, you and Sans do
at least. Papyrus decides to stay at the table and just cheer you both on while he finishes off the
bottle of honey he opened for dinner.

Once the kitchen is clean, you and the brothers head for the living room. While the taller skeleton
makes a beeline for the couch, his brother gives you an excited look. “NOW THAT WE’VE
EATEN, WHAT SHOULD WE DO NEXT FOR OUR SLEEPOVER, Y/N? GAMES? STORY
TELLING? TRUTH OR DARE?”

Before you can respond, Sans suddenly freezes in place. “WAIT! I JUST REALIZED THAT
WE’RE NOT PROPERLY DRESSED! IN ORDER TO HAVE A SLEEPOVER, PAJAMAS ARE
REQUIRED! I’LL NEED TO GO UP TO MY ROOM AND CHANGE QUICKLY!”

From his stretched out position on the couch, Papyrus gives his brother an amused look. “i think
you’re forgetting something, bro. what about y/n? she doesn’t have any pajamas.”

The shorter skeleton’s eyes widen in horror. “THAT’S RIGHT! I DIDN’T EVEN THINK OF
THAT! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR, Y/N?!”

You’re about to tell him that your current clothes are comfy enough to sleep in but pause when you
look yourself over. Your outfit is looking pretty rough thanks to your adventure in Swapfell. There
are dirt smears from when you fell while being chased, and there are tears in some places from the
attacks of those Amalgamates.

After all that running around, you could really use a shower. It wouldn’t hurt to wash these clothes
either. But, what would you wear in the meantime? There’s no way that you’d be willing to stay in
just your bra and underwear.

You grin sheepishly. “I hate to be a bother, but do you guys have any extra clothes that I can
borrow for the night? I’d really love to take a shower, and these clothes I’m wearing could use a
trip to the washing machine.”

As your words register, both brothers blush at the idea of you wearing their clothes. Papyrus averts
his eye-lights as he rubs his head. “that shouldn’t be a problem. you’re no bother, honey. i can find
you something to wear.”

Sans nods rapidly. “YES! I’D BE HAPPY TO LEND YOU SOME OF MY CLOTHES! IF
YOU’D LIKE TO USE OUR SHOWER, YOU’RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO, Y/N! IN THE
MEANTIME, PAPY AND I WILL PICK OUT THE BEST CLOTHES FOR YOU! DON’T
WORRY, I’LL MAKE SURE THAT WHATEVER PAPY PICKS HAS BEEN PROPERLY
WASHED.”

His brother chuckles. “thanks, bro. wear would i be without you?”

“PAPY!”

You smile at the skeletons. “Thanks, guys. Just leave the clothes right outside the bathroom door,
okay?”

The shorter skeleton gives you a thumbs up. “ROGER! YOU CAN COUNT ON US!”

With that, you move toward the staircase to head upstairs. Just as you reach the first step, you
pause. “Wait a minute. You guys probably don’t have shampoo, right? I mean, there’s no need for
you to.”

Drat. Looks like I won’t get to shampoo my hair. At least, I can use the water to wash off any dirt
that might have gotten on me.

Papyrus snorts, obviously amused by your question. “actually, we do have some, honey. alphys
bought some for sans as a gag gift. it’s still in the bathroom if you want to use it.”

His brother nods in agreement. “YES! I’D RATHER YOU USE IT THAN IT GO TO WASTE.”

You start giggling as you move up the stairs. No doubt Papyrus got a big kick out of that gift. Sans
was probably really confused but accepted it because he’s too nice to refuse gifts no matter how
weird they may be.

“Thanks, guys. I promise I won’t take a long time. Then, we can start having some sleepover fun.”

“don’t worry about it, hun. take your time. no need to rush. we’ll be hair when you finish.”

You hear Sans groan loudly in dismay just as you reach the top of the stairs. When you look down,
you see him giving his older brother a disappointed look. “PAPY! NO MORE PUNS! WE NEED
TO FIND Y/N SOMETHING TO WEAR!”

Papyrus chuckles in amusement. “right, bro. let’s go check out our closets to see what we have
Giggling, you make your way down the hallway until you find the bathroom. You go inside before you can hear the rest of the conversation downstairs.

The bathroom looks pretty normal like one you’d find at home. It’s on the small side with just one sink that has cabinets below it. You see a toilet on the other side of the sink which somewhat surprises you since you didn’t think monsters needed them thanks to magic food. There’s also a nice tub with a shower head above and a shower curtain decorated with cute rocket ships.

You waste no time in turning on the water and moving the knob to make sure it comes out of the shower head. After a few minutes of searching, you find the shampoo Papyrus had mentioned in the cabinets under the sink.

You raise an eyebrow at the label. *Honey scented shampoo? Did Alphys really buy this for Sans, or was Papyrus actually behind this? Or, did they team up? Either way, this is hilarious.*

Grinning, you place the bottle on the edge of the tub before stripping down and entering the shower. You release a sigh of relief as the hot water hits your body. You feel the tension melt away as your muscles relax. Yes, you definitely needed this.

You end up spending a lot more time than you had planned in the shower. When you check your phone that you left at the sink, you find that you had been in there for at least thirty minutes. It had just felt so nice. You didn’t want to leave.

Above the toilet is another set of cabinets which is where you find the towels. You quickly wrap your body in one and use another for your hair. After spending a few minutes drying your skin, you make your way to the door. You really hope when you check outside that the guys won’t be there. That would be so embarrassing.

Taking a deep breath, you slowly open the door enough so that you can peer outside. Thankfully, all you see is a pile of clothes right where you asked them to be put. You reach your arm out to grab the clothing before quickly pulling them inside and closing the door.

It only takes you a few minutes to get dressed. Once you are, you observe your pajamas for the night. For a top, you’re wearing a black tank top that stretches past your hips and a pair of blue shorts that are so small they don’t even come close to reaching your knees. You can barely see the shorts because of how big the tank top is on you.

*Obviously, the top is Papyrus’ while the shorts are from Sans. While this is kinda embarrassing, I admit that these are comfortable. I wonder if the guys realize how this will look on me. I hope seeing a lot of skin won’t make them uncomfortable. I’m surprised I got a tank top instead of a hoodie from Papyrus. Maybe all of his are dirty.*

You spend a few more minutes in the bathroom towel-drying your hair before giving up. You can only dry your hair so much with just a towel. While they miraculously had shampoo, you seriously doubt these guys have a hairdryer. Oh well, it’s not like walking around with damp hair really bothers you. Most of the time, you’re too lazy to do it at home anyway.

Once the towels are thrown in the hamper and your phone is placed in your new shorts, you gather up your dirty clothes and head for the stairs. It’s as your walking that you realize you could’ve just worn the clothes you were wearing underneath the hoodie and sweatpants. But, they were kinda
dirty and sweaty from all that running around in Swapfell, so it would probably be better to just wash them along with the other clothes. Too bad you can’t do the same with your bra and underwear. You could, but not wearing any for the night doesn’t sit right with you considering you are staying at a house where there’s only guys.

When you return to the living room, you see Papyrus slouched against the back of the couch. Looks like he plans on making his regular outfit his pajamas for the night. Once you walk around the furniture, you find that Sans is also there with this eye-lights glued to the TV. By the looks of it, Napstablook’s show is on. You have to bite back the urge to coo when you see the cute rocket ship pajamas he’s wearing.

You don’t want to interrupt his TV watching, so you decide to ask where the laundry room is so you can take care of your clothes while he’s busy. “Hey guys, where’s your laundry room? I want to go ahead and drop my clothes in there so that they’ll be ready to wear tomorrow morning.”

“I’LL SHOW YOU! IT’S-”

Sans’ sentence abruptly cuts off once he sees you. His eye-lights grow wide as a dark blue blush covers his cheekbones. Papyrus is staring at you in a similar manner except his blush is a bright orange. The way his jaw is hanging open, that sucker of his looks like it’ll fall out at any minute.

You feel your face grow hot as they gape at your appearance. Guess they really hadn’t considered how this wardrobe would look on you after all. “G-Guys?”

At the sound of your voice, the brothers immediately snap out of their reverie. The taller skeleton covers his face with a hand as he averts his eye-lights while his brother quickly jumps off the couch. “I-I’LL SHOW YOU THE WAY! FOLLOW ME!”

Too embarrassed to say anything, you nod and follow after the shorter skeleton who leads you to a door on the other side of the room. The laundry room isn’t very large just big enough to hold a washing machine and dryer. You also see shelves along the walls holding detergent and other washing products.

Once your clothes are taken care of, the two of you head back to the couch. The whole time Sans is unusually quiet. He hasn’t said much since explaining how to use the washer and dryer. Maybe you should wear something else after all if it’s making him this uncomfortable.

Right as you reach the couch, you open your mouth to suggest a change in clothes, but the younger skeleton speaks before the words can leave your mouth. “Y/N! I-I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT I THINK YOU LOOK VERY CUTE IN THOSE CLOTHES! OF COURSE, PAPY AND I PICKED THEM OUT SO THEY WERE SURE TO BE NOTHING LESS THAN AMAZING! HOWEVER, I DIDN’T REALIZE HOW GREAT YOU’D LOOK UNTIL I SAW YOU. EVEN THOUGH IT’S JUST A TANK TOP AND SHORTS, YOU LOOK VERY NICE!”

You blush in embarrassment. Your face feels so hot you bet it could rival a stop light in terms of brightness. You hadn’t expected to receive such a nice compliment for your looks. From what you remember seeing in the bathroom mirror, you looked far from nice. Your hair was a mess thanks to the lack of a hair dryer and hairbrush. There was nothing cute about what you saw in your reflection.

An arm wrapping around your shoulders makes you squeak in surprise. Looking up, you see a large grin on Papyrus’ face. “my bro’s right, honey. you look adorable dressed like that. You should consider wearing our clothes more often. tank about it.”
“PAPY!”

You hide your face in your hands. “You guys are exaggerating! My hair probably looks like a bird’s nest. That is far from cute.”

When you feel fingers card through your hair, you pull your hands away enough to see that the taller skeleton has started messing with your hair.

There’s a softness to his grin now. “you look fine, hun. it doesn’t look bad at all.”

Once you drop your hands, you watch Sans nod rapidly. “PAPY IS RIGHT! I THINK YOUR HAIR LOOKS VERY CUTE! IF YOU ARE DISPLEASED WITH IT, WOULD YOU LIKE FOR ME TO STYLE IT? UNDYNE LET ME STYLE HER HAIR ONE TIME, AND I DID AN IMPECCABLE JOB. AS EXPECTED OF THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! MWEH HEH HEH!”

Your face softens as you smile. “I think I would like that, Sans. But, you don’t have a hairbrush, right? I didn’t see one in the bathroom.”

Sans frowns as he grabs his chin. “HMM. THAT IS TRUE. I USED UNDYNE’S HAIRBRUSH LAST TIME. WE DO NOT HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THAT HERE SINCE WE’VE NEVER NEEDED ONE. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?”

“i have an idea, bro.”

Papyrus moves to sit back on the couch. This time, however, he’s leaning against the armrest sitting with his legs crossed. Once he’s comfortable, he reaches for you. The taller skeleton moves so fast that you have no time to react. One minute you’re standing by the couch, the next you’re sitting in the older skeleton’s lap facing the other end of the couch.

His arms wrap around your middle, and he pulls you close. You shiver when Papyrus whispers right by your ear. “you smell really nice, honey.”

Right when your face had finally started to cool down, your blush returns at full force. Judging by his chuckling, Papyrus has definitely noticed your flustered expression.

Fortunately, Sans decides to join the conversation by moving to sit in front of you. He tilts his head curiously. “I DON’T GET IT, PAPY. HOW IS THIS SUPPOSED TO HELP Y/N FIX HER HAIR?”

The taller skeleton starts carding his fingers through your hair. “we can just use our fingers, bro. it might not be perfect, but it should take care of any knots. i’ll take care of the back, and you can work on the front.”

His brother grins brightly. “I SEE! WONDERFUL IDEA, PAPY! Y/N, IS THAT ALRIGHT WITH YOU?”

Like you could actually say no to that face. Plus, you don’t think Papyrus is gonna let you go anytime soon. He is obviously very pleased with your new fragrance. Using that shampoo might have been an unwise decision.

You give the younger skeleton a smile. “Sure, Sans. That’s fine. Thanks for going through all the trouble. You really don’t have to, though.”

Sans leans forward and reaches for your hair. “NONSENSE! AFTER HEARING ABOUT THEM FROM UNDYNE, I KNOW NOW HOW PAINFUL HAIR KNOTS CAN BE. I’D HATE FOR
YOU TO HAVE TO SUFFER FROM ANY JUST BECAUSE WE DO NOT OWN A HAIRBRUSH. LEAVE YOUR HAIR IN OUR CAPABLE HANDS, Y/N! I WILL MAKE SURE EVERY KNOT IS FOUND AND TAKEN CARE OF!”

His hands are surprisingly gentle. Considering how excited the shorter skeleton looks, you figured he’d move his fingers at a more energetic pace. However, Sans just slowly cards his fingers through your hair, wearing an intense look of concentration. You heart warms at the sight.

In the end, Papyrus only handles the hair on the very back of your head while his brother takes care of the rest. You feel your eyelids begin to droop under their ministrations. Having your hair played with always makes you sleepy. When you were a child, any time you’d go for a haircut you’d have to fight off the urge to fall asleep. You don’t know why you’ve always found this so relaxing.

Your head bobs up and down as you try to fight off the sudden drowsiness. Sans notices this and frowns worriedly. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, Y/N? YOU LOOK VERY TIRED ALL OF A SUDDEN.”

You smile sleepily. “I’m okay. I just always get sleepy when someone plays with my hair. I’m not really sure why.”

The arms around your waist give you a warm squeeze as the taller skeleton rests his chin on your shoulder. “you can go to sleep if you want to, honey. you must be exhausted after everything that happened. i know i am.”

Shaking your head, you rub at your tired eyes. “No, it’s alright. The sleepover just started. I can’t fall asleep now. Right, Sans?”

Sans studies you intently for a few minutes after he pulls his hands away from your hair. He then grins. “AHA! I HAVE AN IDEA! WE CAN SPEND OUR FIRST EVER SLEEPOVER WATCHING NAPSTATON! THERE’S A MARATHON GOING ON RIGHT NOW, SO WE CAN WATCH THAT FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT. I CAN’T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE EXCITING TO DO FOR A SLEEPOVER THAN WATCH NTT WHILE CUDDLING ON THE COUCH!”

His brother chuckles softly. “you have the best ideas, bro.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

A warm smile forms on your face. “I think that sounds like a perfect idea, Sans.”

It only takes a few minutes to get everyone comfortably situated on the couch. Papyrus still hasn’t relinquished his hold on you. Now, he’s laid out across the couch. You follow his example and stretch out your legs while you lean against his chest. Sans is now in your lap with his head pillowed on your stomach as he lies on his side facing the TV. He even grabbed a blanket to cover everyone’s legs.

While you had every intention of remaining awake for as long as possible since you wanted to make the most of this sleepover, you couldn’t fight off your drowsiness for very long. Papyrus was not helping matters since he was running his fingers through your hair again. He’s probably doing that on purpose.

In addition to that, he made you take a dose of that allergy medicine after you got situated on the couch. Considering he pulled the bottle out of nowhere, he must have been keeping it in his pocket, waiting to give it to you before you fell asleep. Apparently, he was still worried about you being
around Pup’s smoking, so he wanted to be safe just in case. You took the medicine to appease him since he was just trying to look out for you.

Slowly but surely, your eyes drift close as the exhaustion you’ve accumulated from all of your travels finally hits you at full force. The last thing you’re aware of before you fall asleep is two whispers and the feeling of two sets of arms squeezing you gently around your waist.

“good night, honey.”

“Good Night, Y/N.”

You’ve never slept better.

Chapter End Notes

Y’all! Guess what!! I actually got more fanart! I’m so excited!! Man, y’all are so awesome! Thank you so much!! ^-^ Costumebleh drew some of the kisses from the last chapter. There were quite a few XD The Kiss Counter

UpperImagination drew the Reader's black soul, and it looks so freakin cool! The Reader's Soul

Getting fanart is like a total dream come true. I always hoped that some day my writing would be good enough to inspire someone to draw. Ahhh, this is too cool XD

Were y’all surprised by the early update? I decided that I'd start updating on Sundays now since my weekday schedule is gonna be busier starting this week. I hope y’all don't mind an earlier update ;)

So, how was the fluff? Did it help you recover from all that angst and craziness from the last few chapters? XD Next chapter, the Reader gets to spend some quality time with Ink, and she will get some more answers about what happened when Ink first found her. I hope you'll look forward to it! :

Also, despite what the Reader believes, the Underswap brothers totally knew what they were doing when choosing her sleeping clothes. Both of them (°-°) ✿
Inktale

Chapter Notes

Thank you Costumebleh for beta-reading another chapter. You rock! :)

I'm so glad y'all enjoyed the fluff in the last chapter. Y'all totally deserved it after the previous chapters lol Now, it's time to learn more from Ink, and you get to find out which skeletons the Reader will meet next XD Hope you enjoy the chapter! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What was with those looks they were giving me? They were acting like I was sending you to war or something.”

You giggle at the artist’s comment. “I think they were just upset that you wouldn’t let them come along, Ink. They’ve become a little protective of me ever since Swapfell.”

Ink rolls his eye-lights. “A little? Talk about an understatement. The only reason they let you come with me was because they didn’t want to put your soul at risk.”

Just like he promised, Ink had arrived in Underswap that following morning to take you to the Void. Thankfully, he came after breakfast, so you were able to leave after getting something to eat.

When you woke up that morning on the couch, you were surprised to find just you and Blue there. You found out shortly after waking up that Stretch woke up early to take your clothes to Muffet to get the tears in the fabric fixed. You made sure to give him a big hug for his efforts.

After changing clothes, you and Blue teamed up to make pancakes for breakfast which turned out pretty awesome. For some reason, that meal ended up being much easier to make than the tacos from last night.

Shortly after breakfast, Ink appeared to take you away, and that brings you to your current situation. All around you is the inky darkness of the Void. It’s hard to believe that this place actually played a role in saving your life.

You raise an eyebrow at the skeleton. “So, what now? Do I need to do anything, or does the Void do all the work?”

He smirks as his starry eye begins to glow with magic. “It’s been at work ever since you stepped inside the Void. I’ll show you.”

With a quick tug, your soul appears shining dimly. The first thing you notice is the grey outline around your soul. You remember that’s how your soul looked when you saw it right before leaving Undertale. So, that grey glow was the Void’s magic?

You watch wide-eyed as the darkness from the Void starts to encircle your soul before being absorbed. Slowly but surely, your soul grows brighter with each additional amount of magic it soaks up.

Ink takes a seat on the ground and leans back against his hands. “Might as well make yourself
comfortable. This might take a while. Besides refilling your magic supply, your soul’s structure needs to be checked out. While it looks fine after receiving my magic, I think that we should stay here for a while so that the Void can examine your soul and make sure everything is alright.”

With a smile, you sit down beside the artist and gently bump his shoulder with yours. “Thank you, Ink. I appreciate you going out of your way to help me. I know that you must be busy thanks to the glitch, but you’re still taking time out of your busy schedule to lend a hand. If you need to leave at any time, you can leave me here. I’ll understand.”

There’s a slight flush to his cheekbones which shows that he’s embarrassed by the sincere gratitude. He averts his eye-lights. “Well, it’s not like anyone else can do this. And, there’s no way I could just leave you. You’re such a trouble magnet. There’s no telling what will happen if I don’t keep an eye on you. I don’t think me staying here for a little while while will cause any harm. Besides, there’s not a lot I can actually do against the glitch once it has infected a world.”

You’re touched that he’s worried about you, but you can’t help but feel surprised. From what you remember reading about him, Ink’s not the type to worry about others—at least not about someone he barely knows. Sure, he’s the one responsible for you being here, but it’s not like he has to go through all this trouble on your behalf. Is there a reason for his unusual behavior?

Feeling it would be rude to question his kind actions, you decide to focus your questions on the glitch for now. “Do you know what exactly caused the glitch, Ink? It didn’t just suddenly happen, right?”

The artist nods his head. “Yeah, no way something this big could just come out of thin air. To answer your first question, I honestly have no idea. When I started seeing AUs disappear, I thought it was Error destroying them initially. However, I quickly found out that wasn’t the case after I saw the glitch in action. I witnessed the glitch firsthand slowly consume a world after killing the Frisk of that AU. At that point, there was nothing I could do to stop it.”

You pull up your legs and hug them close as you rest your head on your knees. “Why is the glitch targeting the kids, Ink? Because of their ability to reset?”

He fiddles with his scarf. “Yeah. As long as the kids can reset, the glitch can’t completely envelop the world. Any damage it does can be undone thanks to resets. That’s why the glitch goes after the kids first. The glitch can’t really do anything serious to an AU until the resets are stopped.”

An idea comes to mind that makes you pause. “What about the worlds that don’t have a Frisk or Chara? There are some like that, right?”

Ink rubs a tired hand down his face. “There are. Those are the ones that are in the most danger. There’s nothing to stop the glitch from taking over. Some of the AUs that have been destroyed were like that. Resets are the only thing besides the Void’s powers that can hold the glitch back.”

You tilt your head curiously. “Then, why hasn’t the Void been sending me to places like that first? Not that I’m complaining about where I’ve been, but since those worlds had a kid, that means they were in less danger, right?”

He shrugs his shoulders. “Beats me. I can’t tell you what the Void’s thinking. At the very least, I can understand why it would send you to Undertale first since that was the first AU. Everything started from there since that was what the video game in your world was based on.”

You blink in surprise. “You know about my world? About the game?”
For some reason, the artist’s expression grows nervous as he averts his eye-lights. You remember that he acted like this before finally revealing the truth about your soul back in Swapfell.

Your eyes narrow suspiciously. “Ink, are you hiding something else from me?”

Ink eyes you warily. “If I say yes, are you gonna put me in another chokehold?”

You shrug your shoulders. “Maybe. Depends on what you’re hiding.”

His shoulders slump as he sighs. “Fair enough. Honestly, it’s not a big deal. Well, that’s what I thought at first. But, the more I think about it, the more I think that maybe you would think it’s important. They’re your memories after all.”

Now, you’re really curious. What do your memories have to do with this? “Alright, I’m lost. What do you mean by my memories? Are you trying to say you’ve seen them or something?”

He nods his head. “When I was examining your soul after it began to erode, I actually touched it. I probably shouldn’t have, but I was curious about what would happen. When I did, I saw your memories. Probably not all of them, but I saw a lot. That’s how I found out your name and about your world. And, also…”

Also? Did something else happen that he’s reluctant to talk about?

When he grows quiet after failing to finish his sentence, you reach over to grab his hand. He jumps in surprise when you give it a warm squeeze. “I’m not mad about you seeing my memories, Ink. I admit that I’m not fond of the idea of someone seeing my memories without my permission, but it’s not like you did it on purpose. Besides, you were trying to save me, so I shouldn’t complain.”

Ink buries his face in his scarf. You know that he says something, but his muttering is so low that you can’t hear what he says.

You lean closer to him. “Sorry, I didn’t catch that. What did you say?”

The artist closes his eyes as he sighs. “I said, ‘I wasn’t trying to save you. Not at that time.’”

Noticing your dumbstruck expression, he continues. “I was just examining your soul out of curiosity. I didn’t plan on saving it because I didn’t see the point. I didn’t think it was possible to save a soul that was so far gone.”

You pull back your hand as if it’s been burned. “I-I don’t understand. Aren’t I still alive now because of you and the Void?”

His face becomes melancholic after you pull away from him. “I did. Because something changed that made me want to save you despite the odds.”

Something changed? What on Earth could make the artist do a complete 180 like that?

While you still feel hurt after hearing about his initial reaction to your plight, you can’t help but be curious. “What changed?”

Ink meets your gaze. “When I touched your soul, I didn’t just see your memories. I accidentally absorbed a fragment of your soul that broke off. It happened so fast that I was unable to stop it from happening.”

You stare at him in wide-eyed disbelief. He absorbed a part of your soul?! You didn’t know it was
possible to do that with soul fragments.

The corners of his mouth move upwards. Apparently, he’s amused by your reaction. “I freaked out at first, but when nothing happened, I figured it was no big deal. However, when I was about to leave for the Doodle Sphere, I found myself unable to move.”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “Why couldn’t you move? I thought the soul fragment didn’t do any damage to you.”

The artist shakes his head. “It wasn’t because I was physically unable to move. Just the thought of leaving you to die gave me a sharp pain in my chest. I never felt anything like that before. I didn’t understand at first because there were no wounds to cause me pain, but the more I watched you suffer, the worse the pain got. I…”

When his eyes meet yours, it takes your breath away. You’ve never seen such raw emotion on his face before. He reaches over to grab both of your arms which startles you. “That feeling...It was guilt, right? I’ve never really felt guilt before that moment, but looking at you dying made me feel so bad since I knew it was my fault that you were there. If I hadn’t opened that stupid door, you would’ve never ended up in the Void. You would’ve still been safe in your own world. Because of me, you were dying, and I hated that! So, I tried to save you because I couldn’t handle the guilt anymore. I just wanted it to stop!”

His hands abruptly release you and fall into his lap. They clench into fists as Ink moves his gaze downwards. “So, you shouldn’t be thanking me. For anything. Not for saving your soul or saving you from Error. Not for staying here with you. I don’t deserve to be thanked when I’m only doing it for myself. Because I can’t handle the guilt.”

You surprise Ink by pulling him into an embrace. His body freezes in shock. You place one hand on the back of his head to bring it to your chest, and your other arm wraps around his back. You rest your chin on the top of his head while your hand rubs his back in a soothing motion.

“Even if you only saved me because you felt guilty, that doesn’t change the fact that you did save me, Ink. While you may have been the one that brought me here, it’s not like you did it on purpose. It was an accident. Besides, you already apologized, right? So, you shouldn’t feel bad about that anymore. I was upset at first, but now that I know the whole story, I understand. I forgive you for what happened--all of it.”

He wraps his arms around you and clings tightly. “Why? I was willing to just leave you here to die all alone in the Void. You should hate me. You should be mad. Why aren’t you?”

You give him a warm squeeze. “Because you didn’t. You didn’t leave me. What’s the point in getting upset over something that could’ve happened but didn’t?”

How can I blame him when plenty of other people would’ve probably done the same after seeing my bleak situation? The only reason I survived was because the Void decided to help. It was pure luck. Besides, if I remember correctly, Ink doesn’t actually have a soul, so he’s probably not used to caring about others, let alone complete strangers. Of course, he’d want to leave me. While it hurts to think that he would’ve left me, can I really condemn him? Even if I did, what would that accomplish? The guilt has already been eating him alive as it is. There’s no need for me to make it worse.

His grip on you tightens, but instead of replying, Ink just remains silent. The two of you stay like that for a while with you rubbing his back every so often. He hasn’t moved an inch in quite some time, so you begin to wonder if he actually fell asleep.
“What’s that sound?”

You jolt in surprise. He hadn’t spoken in awhile, so the sound of his voice startled you. “W-What sound?”

When you try to pull away to see his face, he tightens his grip to prevent you from moving. “That thumping in your chest. Is that a normal human thing?”

An amused smile forms on your face. So, that’s what he was talking about. “That would be my heartbeat. And, yes, that is normal for humans. Is this your first time listening to a human’s heart?”

The artist nods his head. “When would I get the chance to listen to one? I don’t exactly hang around humans, you know.”

You giggle in amusement. “That’s true. Saving AUs kinda fills up your schedule, huh? You probably don’t have a lot of time to hang out with people.”

His response comes out as a sleepy hum. “Mhm.”

You raise an eyebrow at the skeleton. Is he seriously falling asleep right now? “Ink? You awake?”

There’s no response.

Slowly, you pull away far enough so that you’re able to see his face. You can only stare in disbelief as you take in the sight of the artist fast asleep.

Did he seriously just fall asleep after listening to my heartbeat? Really? What is he? A kid?

Biting back a chuckle, you adjust your position to make yourself more comfortable. Once you’re sitting with your legs crossed, you lay Ink’s head in your lap and move his body so that it’s stretched out across the ground.

You lean back against one of your hands while the other hand gently strokes the head in your lap. You might as well let him get some rest. You’re supposed to be here for a while anyway.

I wonder when was the last time that he got some sleep. Does he sleep? I know that he’s not as lazy as most of the Sanses, but does he even need to sleep? Surely, he does. Even Captain Fantastic sleeps for at least a couple of hours each night. So, that means all the skeletons need sleep. But, if he’s always busy with the AUs, does he get the opportunity to rest?

At first, your hand remains on the top of his skull, but after a while, you start to move it further down. You let it wander across his face as you study his features.

As you’d expect from any normal person, his eyes are closed as he sleeps. What you don’t understand is how he and the other skeletons can do that when they shouldn’t have eyelids. How do they have eyelids when they don’t have any skin?!

Although it’s very tempting, you refrain from trying to see what his eyelids are actually made of. You don’t want to risk waking him up. Instead, you let your fingers lightly dance across his cheekbones instead.

They’re fuller than the lazy Sanses but not quite as round as Blueberry’s. Now that you think about it, his face does remind you more of Blue’s than Comic’s. Maybe it’s because Ink doesn’t deal with the stress of resets like his lazy counterparts. That’s why his face appears younger. While maybe not as energetic as Blue, Ink is definitely livelier than some of the other Sanses like Comic and
It just goes to show that every Sans is his own unique individual. They may be the same person, but they’re each different in their own way.

Once you realize that you’ve been staring at the sleeping skeleton for far too long, you quickly move your gaze upwards and go back to rubbing your fingers across his forehead and the top of his head. You feel your face grow hot from embarrassment. Jeez. What came over you? Just staring creepily at the poor guy like that. You’re glad that he didn’t wake up while you were watching him. That would’ve been so awkward.

You weren’t trying to be a creep. You just got a little curious. Besides, it’s not like there’s a lot of things to do in the Void. You had to find something to do to keep yourself from growing bored. Maybe you should follow his example and take a nap. The only reason you hesitate is because the ground doesn’t feel like it would be comfortable to sleep on. Ink has you for a pillow, but what are you supposed to do?

With a sigh, you return your attention back to the sleeping artist. He said he absorbed a part of my soul and started feeling guilty after that. Does that mean my soul fragment caused him to feel guilt? How? If it was a small fragment, it shouldn’t really have any effect on him, right? Is that all it did to him, or did it cause him to have other feelings as well? Will it give him feelings that he’d normally have if he had a soul?

You continue to ponder, trying to think of the details surrounding the artist. I can’t say that I completely understand what it means for monsters to be soulless, but in the case of Ink, I remember him only being focused on things that interested him. Once he considered something to be boring, he’d move onto something else. He never got really attached to anything---to anybody. I can’t imagine not having any form of attachment whatsoever. That sounds so lonely.

Your eyes soften as you gently stroke his forehead. But, that’s normal for him. I bet it never really bothered him. He was probably too preoccupied with looking out for the AUs to bother caring about his lack of a soul. It’s not like it really hindered his life. He could still feel happy and get excited along with other emotions to some extent at least. He was just never able to form a real connection with someone and see what that felt like. I wonder...Does Ink have anyone that he’d consider a friend? A true friend?

You remain lost in thought for some time. It’s the sound of a loud yawn that finally draws you out of your musings.

When you look down, you see Ink covering his mouth with one hand as he yawns while the other hand tiredly rubs at his right eye socket. You watch as he stares up at you sleepily. He does that for a few minutes before his eye-lights suddenly widen.

You grin in amusement when the artist quickly sits up. There’s a bright, rainbow-colored blush across his cheekbones. “Sleep well, Ink?”

Your glee only increases as you witness Ink bury his face in his scarf to hide his embarrassment. Because of the cloth, his voice comes out muffled. “W-Why was I asleep in your lap?!”

You raise an eyebrow. “You don’t remember falling asleep on me? Apparently, my heartbeat is so soothing that listening to it knocks you out like a light. You were dead asleep.”

Well, it is true that he has a bad memory. Maybe he really did forget.
Ink tilts his head curiously. You notice that his blush doesn’t last as long as the other Sanses when they get flustered. Either he forgets his embarrassment rather quickly, or he’s just not the type to dwell in one particular emotion for very long.

“Your heartbeat? Oh! I remember now! That thumping noise was just so relaxing; it made me really sleepy for some reason.”

You snort in amusement as you take in his puzzled expression. As you watch him try to figure out his sudden sleepiness, you remember your earlier thoughts which gives you an idea. “Hey, Ink?”

“Hmm?”

Once you have his attention, you give him a warm smile. “Can we be friends? I know that we haven’t known each other for very long. Although, I guess I could say the same for all the other skeletons that I’ve met. I consider all of them my friends now, and I’d like to think of you that way as well. Would that be alright with you?”

His eye-lights widen in surprise. His expression is a mixture of disbelief and confusion. There’s also something else there. Maybe...hope? “You want to be friends with me? After what I did? Why?”

Your expression softens. “I told you, didn’t I? I forgave you for that. That’s all water under the bridge. Now, I just want to get to know you. It wouldn’t be fair to exclude you just because you made some mistakes. Since you regret your past actions, I don’t see why I shouldn’t be friends with you. I think that you’d be a real fun guy to hang out with.”

For some reason, he clutches his chest at your words. Before you can ask if he’s alright, you freeze at the sight of tears streaming down his cheekbones. You reach out to cup his cheek with your hand. “Ink? Are you alright?”

Ink jumps at your touch but doesn’t pull away. Instead, he just blinks in confusion at your question. “Yeah? Why wouldn’t I be?”

You frown in concern as you gently wipe away a tear with your thumb. “You’re crying.”

His eye-lights get even bigger when he touches his other cheek and feels the wetness there. The artist pulls his hand back and stares at it with wonder. “Huh? You’re right. But..why?”

Ink stares at you in bewilderment. “Why am I crying? And, why do I get this weird feeling in my chest when you smile at me like that? I don’t understand. I’ve never felt like this before I met you.”

His lost expression hurts your heart. You cup both of his cheeks and start wiping away his tears. “I’m not really sure, but I think what you’re feeling is joy. It might not makes sense to you, but sometimes humans will cry when they’re really happy. They get so overwhelmed with their emotions that they end up coming out as tears. I think you’re happy that I want to be friends with you because you thought I wouldn’t want anything to do with you after hearing the whole story. You thought I’d reject you, but I didn’t.”

Even after his cheekbones dry, you continue to rub them gently with your thumbs as you give him a kind smile. “But, that’s just me guessing. After all, they’re your feelings, Ink. What do you think they mean?”

The hand on his chest clenches tightly as his eye-lights narrow in concentration. You pull your hands away as you await his response. “I...I think you’re right. My chest isn’t hurting like when I
feel guilty. This is different. It feels so much nicer. It’s like the feeling I get when I’m drawing or helping AUs.”

His eye-lights begin to twinkle as his expression grows excited. “But, it’s even better! Like I’ve saved all the AUs and created a million drawings! I don’t think I’ve ever felt this happy before!”

Before you can respond, the artist abruptly throws up, covering the ground with ink. Fortunately, he was considerate enough to turn away before he did it.

Oh yeah. I forgot about that particular character quirk. I’ll have to be more careful around him whenever he’s excited from now on. No way do I want that all over me.

Ink rises to his feet and brings out Broomy. With one sweep of the paintbrush, the ink splatter vanishes after being absorbed by the bristles.

After returning the paintbrush to his back, he sits back down with his legs crossed. Ink rubs the back of his head sheepishly. “Sorry about that. I didn’t get any on you, did I?”

You grin as you shake your head. “No, I’m fine. Thanks to you turning away, I was spared. I’ll have to remember to be more careful around you in the future whenever you get excited.”

He surprises you when he brings out a small paintbrush to write on the inside on his scarf. You give him an amused look. “Taking notes?”

After he finishes writing, Ink grins brightly. “Yep! I definitely don’t want to forget this!”

Your face softens at his words. You reach out to grab his hand and give it a gentle squeeze. “Don’t worry, Ink. Even if you did, I promise that I’ll remind you as many times as it takes.”

A rainbow of colors floods his cheeks as he blushes. He smiles shyly as he fiddles with his scarf. “No one has ever said that to me before. I’ve never had someone to remind me of things. I always had to make notes for myself in order to remember important things.”

You feel a sharp pang in your chest. 

He really doesn’t have anyone else. Even if he has probably teamed up with plenty of other Sanses, at the end of the day, it’s still always just him. He doesn’t have a world that he can to return to. Not even a Papyrus. I can’t imagine how lonely that must feel.

Your grip on his hand tightens as you give him your best smile. “Well, now you have someone. ‘Cause that’s what friends are for.”

Ink beams at you which gives you a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. You’re really happy that you could bring that brilliant smile to his face.

You watch as his expression quickly turns from joyful to curious. You wonder what he’s thinking about now.

He tilts his head. “Since we’re friends now, that means it’s alright for me to scold you for being reckless, right? I wanted to before, but I didn’t really think I had the right to do I held back.”

At your confused look, the artist continues. “I’m talking about the reset you did in Swapfell. You do realize how dangerous that was, right? How insane it was to shatter your own soul? It was only by pure luck that you survived.”

Your eyes widen. So, that’s what he meant by you being reckless. He’s upset that you nearly died
trying to save your friends.

A frown forms on your face. “I know that it was reckless, but I didn’t really have any other choice, Ink. No matter what I did, Error planned on killing me. At least, my way gave me the chance to save Captain and Blue. They died protecting me. If there was a chance to save them, I was gonna take it no matter how risky it was.”

He releases a tired sigh. “I know. I know that, but I still get annoyed thinking about it. And, I don’t know why. Something like this would’ve never bothered me before, but now I get angry thinking about how close you were to dying because of Error. You only survived by chance, Y/N.”

You squeeze his hand reassuringly. “Is that why you snapped at Error? I was really surprised when that happened. I could tell he was too.”

Ink nods his head. “Yeah, I was surprised too. Error and I fight all the time, but I never felt that angry at him before. I was so mad that he wouldn’t listen to me and instead continued to hurt you. I hated how he treated you.”

You smile warmly. “It made me really happy when you stood up for me like that. Thank you, Ink.”

He grins brightly. “Of course! I won’t let Error get away with treating you badly anymore, Y/N. Leave him to me!”

Your smile grows as you give him a grateful look. That’s when a question comes to mind that you’ve been wondering about for quite some time. “You said the reset happened by chance. So, that means I can’t do it again?”

The artist frowns as he narrows his eye-lights. “Definitely not. If you try it again, you’ll die. You don’t have the power to reset like Frisk or Chara.”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “Then, how did I do it? That was me, right? No way were we lucky enough to have Chara reset right at that moment.”

Ink shakes his head. “No, that time it was you, but it was a one-time deal. The way I see it, at that moment in time, you were the person with the most determination in the Underground. Whoever has the most determination can reset. That’s how Chara got the ability. So, right as you destroyed your soul, your determination to save your friends was strong enough to surpass Chara’s. That’s why you could reset.”

He raises a hand to keep your attention, “However, the stress of the reset was too much for your soul since it wasn’t as strong as Chara’s. That’s why it was in such poor shape. It managed to pull itself back together but just barely. It’s only because I arrived just in time to heal your soul that you’re still alive.”

Ink grabs your shoulders and gives you a stern look. “So, you can’t do that again, alright? It’s way too dangerous. There’s no guarantee that your soul will be able to pull itself together after shattering a second time. You also have no way of knowing if a reset will actually occur. You got really lucky that time, Y/N. Please don’t do that again.”

You slowly nod as your mind tries to fully grasp everything you just heard. You knew that you were taking a chance when you did it, but this is the first time you are truly comprehending the gravity of the situation. You nearly killed yourself in order to help your friends and only succeeded by pure chance. If you hadn’t been so lucky, you would’ve died and your two friends would have remained dead. Who knows what would’ve happened to the other skeletons after your death.
A hand on your cheek draws you from your thoughts. You feel yourself blush when you notice how close Ink’s face is to yours. “I-Ink?”

His thumb gently strokes your cheek as the artist gives you a warm smile. “It’s alright, Y/N. Your plan worked. You saved your friends and survived. Just focus on that, okay? I didn’t want you to dwell on what could’ve happened. I only brought it up because I wanted to make sure you didn’t do something like that again in the future.”

Touched, you wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. He quickly reciprocates the embrace. “Thank you for looking out for me, Ink. I promise I won’t try to do a reset again. At that time, I was just so desperate that I was willing to try anything if it meant bringing Blue and Captain back. Despite knowing how close I came to dying, I can’t say I regret it since I was able to bring my friends back. But, I won’t try it again. I don’t want to hurt you or any of my other friends with my reckless actions.”

Ink nuzzles your neck as he tightens his hold on you. “Thank you, Y/N. I’m not used to worrying about people, but I’ll work on figuring it out. I promise that I’ll become a good friend.”

You bury your face in his scarf and squeeze him as hard as you can. “You already are, Ink.”

The two of you stay like that for a few minutes before slowly pulling away. You make sure to give him a quick kiss on his cheekbone before you release him.

You grin broadly at the multi-colored blush that covers his cheeks. He quickly rises to his feet and turns away to hide his face. “W-Well, I think we’ve stayed here long enough. Your soul looks good to go now. I think the Void’s done with it, so we can head for the Doodle Sphere to figure out what to do next.”

As you move to stand, you turn your attention to your soul and see that he’s right. It looks exactly like it did when you first saw it in Undertale. Its shining brilliance is a comforting sight considering what it looked like before.

Ink uses his magic to return your soul before bringing out Broomy. It’s just as he turns to open a portal that it happens.

One minute there’s a solid surface under your feet, and the next, there’s nothing. You shriek in surprise when you feel yourself fall through the hole that suddenly appears below you.

“Y/N!”

You hear Ink call out for you, but he’s not quick enough to grab you. As soon as you fall through, the hole closes, and you can no longer see your friend. You try to contain your screaming, but it’s really hard when you have no idea how long you’re going to continue to plummet since you can’t see the ground.

All around you is complete darkness. For all you know, your fall could go on like this forever. What the hell is going on?!

You close your eyes and try to calm yourself down. There’s no point in panicking. That won’t get you anywhere. All you can do is hope that this experience will end soon.

Is the Void trying to tell me something? Or, take me somewhere? There’s gotta be a reason for why it’d do something like this so suddenly.

Your plunge comes to an abrupt halt when something catches you. A deep chuckle right by your
ear makes you freeze. “looks like it’s my lucky day. not everyday a cute girl falls into your arms.”

You quickly realize that you didn’t land on something but someone. Your eyes shoot open in surprise when you feel a pair of bony arms grip you tightly.

The sight before you makes you gape in surprise. You recognize this person.

Holding you is a smirking skeleton with a bright yellow eye-light in his left eye socket while the other socket appears half-closed. There’s a line that starts at the lid of the right eye socket and goes upwards over the top of his skull. The line for the other socket stretches downwards from his eye to his mouth which is carrying a lit cigarette. He’s wearing a black jacket that only reaches to the middle of his chest and a white turtleneck sweater underneath. The hood of the jacket is lined with white fluffy fur, and each sleeve has a red circle with an emblem of a black Gaster Blaster in the center.

Before you can continue your examination, another voice from behind makes you swivel your head in surprise.

“Are you alright, Miss? Falling like that couldn’t have been a very pleasant experience.”

Your eyes widen as you take in the appearance of the skeleton before you. The first thing you notice is how tall he is. You’ve never seen a skeleton that tall before. While the other skeleton is definitely several inches taller than you, he has nothing on this guy who has at least two feet on you. He’s wearing a black overcoat, a green turtleneck sweater, black dress pants, and black boots. His eyes look exactly like the skeleton holding you except his one eye-light is green.

You know who these two are, but you have no idea what they’re doing here.

Why are the Gaster Brothers in the Void?!!

Chapter End Notes

The awesome Costumbleh has provided more amazing fanart! This time it's drawings of the kisses in Chapter 17. Also, the one for Chapter 16 has been updated with a new pic of Comic getting kissed since we forgot the poor guy XD

Chapter 17 Kiss Counter
Chapter 16 Kiss Counter

I hope y'all liked how I wrote Ink. I know a lot of people write him in different ways, so I was worried about making him OOC. I hope now his behavior up to this point makes sense. In this chapter, we finally find out why he gets more emotional around the Reader. So, Ink is capable of feeling emotions just not as strongly as someone with a whole soul would. Mainly, his emotions tend to kick in when in reaction to the Reader. Although, it'll take him a while to notice this XD

Now, it's time for the Gaster Bros to make their appearance! I've been looking forward to this since I love these two so much ^_^ I actually just posted a short oneshot focusing on those two. I had an idea and couldn't resist writing it XD I hope you'll like it!

I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! Once again, thank y'all for all the wonderful
comments! They all mean a lot to me, and I love hearing your thoughts on the story :)

The Gaster Brothers

Chapter Notes

Another chapter beta-read by the amazing Costumebleh. Thank you so much! <3

I’m so glad y’all liked the last chapter! I was worried about the response to my characterization of Ink, but I’m glad you all liked it ^^ Now, it’s time to spend some quality time with the Gaster Bros. Hope you enjoy it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You must have been gaping for too long since Gaster Papyrus is now frowning worriedly at you. Realizing you need to get yourself together, you give your mind a mental shake before smiling at him. “I’m alright. It didn’t hurt. I was just scared since I didn’t know when I’d stop falling. Thank you for your concern.”

Giving yourself a mental pep talk, you turn your head toward the still smirking skeleton who’s holding you and hope you don’t make a fool of yourself.

Despite your best efforts, you feel a blush rise to your cheeks when you see his eye-light completely focused on you. “T-Thank you for catching me. And, sorry for falling on you.”

His smirk grows as he leans closer to you. Your face feels like it’s on fire now. “no need to thank me. after all, i think i benefited from this as much as you. can’t complain about getting to hold a cute girl.”

You’re surprised that you’re not already emitting steam at this point considering how hot your face feels now. Thankfully, the other skeleton comes to your rescue and manages to distract Gaster Sans.

“I think that is enough for now, G. The poor girl looks overwhelmed. No doubt she is confused about this current turn of events. Maybe you should release her?” Gaster Papyrus gently suggests.

G complies without complaint and places you back on the ground so that you can stand on your own. Now, you can see the rest of his clothes which include a pair of stylish black pants and black combat boots. You notice the holes in his palms when he takes a drag from his cigarette. “so, what’s a lady like yourself doing in this neck of the woods? this is our first time havin’ a visitor.”

The taller skeleton shakes his head as he sighs. “Honestly, brother. We haven’t even properly introduced ourselves yet, and you are already questioning her. Don’t you think we should at least tell her our names first?”

“huh, guess that would be a good idea. the name’s g, sweetheart. nice to meet ya.”

After G introduces himself, his brother follows suit with a warm smile. “It is a pleasure to meet you, Miss. You may call me Aster.”

Aster? Huh, I’ve never seen that nickname used for him. I like it.

You smile brightly at them. “It’s nice to meet you both. I’m Y/N. Regarding G’s previous
question, I’m not quite sure how I got here. The ground suddenly disappeared out from under me causing me to fall. If I had to guess, I think the Void wanted me to find you two.”

Both skeletons stare at you in surprise. They were obviously not expecting a response like that. Before they can question you, you raise your hands in a halting gesture. “I know what I just said is really crazy, but I can explain. There’s actually a lot that I need to tell you guys. Would you be willing to hear me out?”

The brothers share a look. It amazes you how they seem to be able to communicate without having to exchange any words. The mental conversation only lasts for a few seconds before they make their decision.

G smirks as he shrugs. “why not? i don’t see the harm in it. i’d hate to turn down such a pretty face.”

Aster gives you a warm smile. “Yes, I agree. I admit that I am rather curious about your situation, but I don’t want you to feel pressured to tell us everything. Whatever you feel comfortable sharing with us, we would like to hear.”

Your smile widens as you give them a grateful look. Before you begin your tale, a thought comes to mind. “Oh! Would you guys prefer to see my soul while I tell my story? I know what I’m about to say will be pretty hard to believe. In the past, it helped when people could check my soul to see if I was telling the truth.”

The shorter skeleton waves a hand dismissively in response. “nah, don’t worry about it, darlin. that won’t be necessary.”

His brother nods in agreement. The gentle smile on his face turns into a small frown. “While I appreciate your willingness to be so open with us, I’d rather not force you to go through such lengths on our account. If there is a lie in anything you tell us, my brother and I will notice. However, I sincerely doubt a lady with such a kind face would be anything but truthful.”

That blush from earlier comes back with a vengeance. Man, this guy is smooth. You’ve always been a sucker for the gentlemanly type. On top of that, there’s also one of the most flirtatious Sanses here as well. Your poor heart might not be able to take being around these two skeletons for too long.

It does not help matters that G is smirking at you again, obviously enjoying your flustered expression. Before he can make things worse for you, you start explaining your situation to the skeletons. You tell them about your world and how you ended up here thanks to Ink before explaining the existence of other AUs. After that, you tell them about the glitch and how you were unknowingly appointed the position of fixing the problems created by the glitch.

Once you finish telling your story, you turn silent and wait to see how the brothers will react to what you told them. Surprisingly, they didn’t ask any questions while you were talking. While they were obviously caught off guard by a lot of what you said, it never once looked like they doubted your words.

The one to finally break the silence is G who releases another cloud of smoke as he sighs. “i know you said that your story would be hard to believe, but i definitely wasn’t expectin’ something like that. sounds like you’ve had quite the adventure so far, doll.”

Aster’s frown grows. “I would say that is an understatement, G. I cannot believe Miss Y/N was put through so much and only just recently found out the reason for her struggles. Forcing a lady into
such a dangerous situation is too cruel. No matter what the Void’s reasoning may be, I find this unacceptable.”

His concern warms your heart. You’re touched that Aster is upset on your behalf despite only knowing you for a short time. He really is kind—not that you’d expect anything less from a counterpart of Captain Fantastic.

A warm smile forms on your face. “While I admit it was a lot to take in at first, I don’t really mind my current situation. Accidents happen, so it wouldn’t be fair to put all of the blame on Ink. And, if there’s something I can do to help the AUs, then I want to. Besides, in the end, I was able to make a lot of good friends, so I can’t really complain.”

Both skeletons appear surprised by how easily you’ve accepted your fate. You watch as their expressions soften and grow thoughtful as they study you.

Soon after, Aster’s gentle smile returns. “You are a very kind girl, Miss Y/N. Not many people would be so accepting of such a fate and be willing to help when there’s no gain for themselves. I can tell that you are sincere in your desire to help others. While I do not condone the Void’s actions, I will admit that it made an impeccable choice when picking you to save the AUs.”

You flush at the praise. At this rate, you fear you’ll be blushing the entire time you’re with these guys. You cover your face with your hands in an attempt to cool down your burning cheeks.

While your guard is down, an arm suddenly wraps around your waist and pulls you into a warm chest. You squeak in surprise at the unexpected movement.

When you pull your hands away to look up, you see G smirking down at you. He’s holding onto you with one of his arms while his other hand handles his cigarette. You briefly think of how displeased Stretch will be if he finds out about you hanging around another smoker without telling them of your allergies. Of course, that doesn’t stop you from keeping quiet. What Stretch doesn’t know won’t hurt him.

G leans in close, making your face redden further. “now, don’t go hiding that pretty face, hun. that’d be a real waste, ya know?”

Why are you so easily flustered around these guys? You didn’t have any problems flirting back with Red or even Pup, but somehow, these two can turn you into a blushing mess with just a few sweet words. You can’t even think of any clever comebacks. Your mind has gone completely blank. This is where your lack of experience in the flirting field comes back to bite you in the ass.

You do the only thing you can think of. You wrap your arms around the flirty skeleton and bury your face in his chest to hide your embarrassment. “I surrender! I’m not used to getting complimented like this! I knew my subpar flirting skills could only get me so far, but I thought I’d last a little longer in this adventure. But, I was wrong! So very wrong! Please have mercy!”

The sudden embrace obviously catches G off guard considering his stiff posture, but his body soon relaxes and begins to shake as he chuckles in amusement. He uses the arm around you to give you a warm squeeze. “not used to compliments, huh? that’s no good. i’ll have to fix that. after all, it’s my policy to compliment a pretty girl when i see one.”

You hear a sigh from behind you, and then a large hand lands on your shoulder and gives it a gentle squeeze. “You’re overwhelming her, brother. While I agree that proper praise is in order for Miss Y/N, you shouldn’t do too much at once. Although, I admit that I am quite surprised to hear that you are not used to compliments, Miss Y/N. I would think a lady like yourself would hear
them often.”

Your face feels hotter than Hotland now. This is so not fair. They’re totally doing this on purpose! Your voice comes out muffled since you refuse to pull away from G’s chest. “I never really got compliments from guys in my world. I was never what you would consider the popular type, so I’d usually just fade into the background. No one has ever really said anything nice about my appearance until I came here. If I knew ahead of time that I’d be dealing with flirty skeletons in the future, I would’ve learned how to properly flirt.”

When the only response you get is dead silence, you risk pulling back a little to take a peek at the skeletons. You blink in surprise when you take in the deep frowns on their faces. Did you say something that upset them?

The hand on your shoulder disappears, and G releases his grip on you. You immediately let go of him, hoping that he’s not upset about your sudden embrace. You’ve gotten so used to hugging your skeletal friends that you did it without thinking. You should’ve waited to see if G was comfortable with that sort of contact, since you had just met.

G surprises you by grabbing your chin with his now free hand and tilting it upwards. “listen close, princess. we’re not just saying nice things to flatter you. when i say something, i mean it. so, don’t believe whatever you’ve been told in the past by those guys from your world. okay?”

Before you can respond, the smoker lets go of your chin, and Aster decides to join the conversation. He grasps one of your hands and gently rubs the back of it with his thumb for a few seconds.

He smiles tenderly. “G is right, Miss Y/N. I promise that everything I’ve said so far has been genuine. You’re a lovely lady and deserve to be treated as such. I don’t know why you were treated otherwise in your world, but nothing like that will happen here. I hope that you will believe us.”

Back in your world, guys would never give you a second glance. You weren’t the pretty popular type, and you weren’t good enough at sports to be like the cool tomboys. You were just you. With nothing remarkable to offer. Nothing to make you stand out. You figured since that was how it always was even through high school that it would always be like that for you. No one would ever notice you.

But, then you woke up in Undertale and ended up going on this crazy adventure, meeting skeletons left and right. While the friendships didn’t always happen instantly, they eventually formed in every world you visited. They all accepted you for who you are. They saw you.

That’s why you can’t bring yourself to be too mad about your crazy situation. Because of it, you made amazing friends whom you’d never find back at home. You’re grateful that you were able to meet all the skeletons.

Even though you’ve only known G and Aster for a short time, you’re glad that you got to meet them too. You give them a warm smile. “Thank you--both of you. I never thought that you were being insincere with your words. I just got a little overwhelmed since I’m not used to being praised like that. I am grateful for the kind words, though. Thank you.”

Aster’s smile softens while his brother now sports a pleased smirk. In a blink, G is there beside you with an arm around your shoulders. “no prob, princess. now that you’re with us, my bro and i will make sure that you get the royal treatment.”

The giggle bursts forth before you can stop it. The pun caught you off guard since you weren’t
expecting one from the smoker. He appears very smug as he watches you try to rein in your mirth. Even his brother chuckles in amusement.

Once you calm down, you raise an eyebrow at the skeleton beside you. “Princess?”

That was the first nickname that he used more than once, so you’re a little surprised. Since he kept using different ones, you figured that he preferred to not stick to just one. Or, was he trying to find one that he liked?

Smirking, G releases his grip on you and takes a drag from his cigarette.“what? don’t like it? i thought it suited you the best. besides, i didn’t wanna give you a nickname that you already had, so i had to be creative.”

There’s a small, amused grin on Aster’s face. “Wanting to stand out, I see. I can’t say that I’m surprised. I do think that you made a very good choice, brother. It suits Miss Y/N perfectly.”

Your cheeks redden in embarrassment. While their affectionate words do make you happy, you really aren’t used to receiving so much positive attention from guys.

Wanting to distract the guys from this topic, you ask the first thing that comes to mind. “So, how did you guys end up here? What are you doing in the Void instead of your world?”

“That’s right. We have not explained our side of the story. Since you were kind enough to tell us yours, it’s only fair that we do the same.” Aster rubs his chin thoughtfully. “Unfortunately, I am not quite sure how the two of us ended up in the Void. After hearing your story, I am inclined to believe that the glitch you mentioned might be behind our current situation.”

Of course. It always leads back to the stupid glitch. Why am I not surprised?

G shoves his hands into his pockets as he slouches. “we’ve been wonderin’ how we ended up here since we arrived. more than anythin’, i was surprised that i was still in one piece. i thought when frisk reset that everythin’ would go back to normal in that world and that sans and gaster would come back while i would disappear.”

The taller skeleton nods in agreement. “I was also surprised about my survival after everything reset in my world. Finding myself stuck in the Void and meeting G were both also quite shocking.”

Wait a minute. Did he just say he met G in the Void? As in they didn’t come from the same world?

You raise your hands in a stopping gesture. “Hold on. Are you saying that you two came from separate AUs?”

G takes another drag from his cigarette and exhales a large cloud of smoke. “yep. that’s right. i thought you already knew that since you said you knew who we were.”

Confused, you keep shifting your gaze between the two skeletons. “But, you’re brothers, right? I just assumed that you were from that one AU where you both existed since it looked like you two knew each other pretty well. I know of Echotale where you’re from G. That’s probably the most popular version of you. However, there’s another AU that I don’t know a lot about that had both of you in it. I’ve never heard of an AU that just had Aster.”

Noticing Aster’s surprised expression, you quickly continue. “But, I don’t know about all the AUs. There’s so many that I’ve lost count. Plus, it can be hard to find info on some AUs, so that’s another reason why I only know so much.”
Aster smiles at you when he realizes that you had been worried about upsetting him. “It’s quite alright, Miss Y/N. I understand. You can’t be expected to know everything considering the large amount of alternate realities. We didn’t really help matters either. I am sorry for confusing you. While it is true that I refer to G as my brother, we are not actually related since we came from different worlds.”

The shorter skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “we’ve spent so much time together here in the void that it feels like we’ve known each other for a long time. so, aster callin’ me his brother doesn’t bother me. i have no problem with a cool guy like aster bein’ my bro.”

“It started when I accidentally called him brother. G had done something that really resonated with Papyrus’ memories of his own brother, and I found myself saying it before I could stop myself. Thankfully, G, being familiar with my situation, didn’t take offense.” Aster recalls, his face softening, “I am also very grateful to be able to consider G as my brother. I admit that I was always envious of Papyrus. I could tell from his memories how much he loved his Sans; it made me yearn for a relationship like that as well.”

When he turns to face you, there’s a fond smile on his face. “Of course, I can understand how confusing that may sound. Calling each other brother despite not being related, is that strange?”

You quickly shake your head. “No way! You don’t have to be related to be brothers. If G is that important to you, I see no reason why you can’t consider each other brothers. In my world, there are plenty of people who treat each other like siblings because they’re that close.”

A cheerful smile forms on your face. “Besides, hearing you say that makes me really happy.”

G cocks his head to the side curiously. “happy?”

Your smile softens as you stare at the skeletons. “I’m happy that you two have each other. To me, there’s nothing sadder than a Sans or Papyrus that doesn’t have his brother.”

Yellow and green eye-lichts widen in surprise at your statement. When you take in their stunned expressions, you realize what you just said and facepalm. “Wait. I take that back. I shouldn’t have worded it like that. While a part of you was once Sans and Papyrus, that doesn’t change the fact that you both are your own unique person. You’re G and Aster not Sans and Papyrus. What I meant to say was I’m glad that you’re no longer alone and instead have each other.”

The longer the silence continues, the more nervous you feel. You hope that you didn’t offend them with your previous statement. You really didn’t mean for it to come out the way it did. You know that they’re not just another Sans and Papyrus. You just wanted to say that you were glad that they found each other, so they would no longer be alone.

Suddenly, G appears right in front of you, catching you completely off guard. How’d he get there so fast? Did he teleport?

Your face grows hot when he leans down and cups your cheek with his hand. The way he stares at you makes your stomach do flips. Your breath hitches when you feel his thumb ghost across the corner of your lips.

Instead of the smug smirk you expect, there’s a fond grin on his face as he watches you. He gently strokes your cheek with his thumb. “you’re really somethin’, princess. it’s not everyday that you see a soul as kind as yours. even with everythin’ that’s happened to it, i can still easily sense your pure feelings flowin’ out.”
The whole time he speaks his gaze keeps you captivated. The combination of his stare and gentle ministrations leaves you breathless. Because of that, it takes you a few minutes to reply. “I-I was just being honest. I didn’t say anything particularly outstanding. Kindness toward you shouldn’t be a rarity. Everyone should treat you like that because you deserve it just as much as everyone else.”

His expression softens at your response. You squeak in surprise when he uses his free hand to wrap around your waist and pull you close. You feel your blush deepen when his face comes to a stop just a few inches above your own. You dimly notice that the cigarette isn’t currently in his mouth. Even with it gone, you can still smell smoke from his clothes due to being in such close proximity to him. Despite your usual dislike of that smell and the slight itch you feel from it, you can’t bring yourself to really hate it right now.

G moves the hand on your cheek to the back of your head and threads those fingers into your hair. “not everyone thinks like that, princess. bein’ kind isn’t always the easiest thing, so those who can do it as easily as you are special. you should give yourself more credit.”

Your heart is pounding so hard it feels like it could bust out of your chest at any moment. Your whole body feels like it’s on fire especially the places where he’s touching you. You want to say something, but your mouth has gone completely dry from nervousness.

Thankfully, Aster chooses this moment to intervene and come to your rescue. He puts a gentle arm around your shoulders to brace you while he uses his free hand to pull his brother away by his hood. In any other situation, you would have laughed at the sight, but you’re too busy trying to calm your rapidly beating heart and get rid of your persistent blush.

“That’s enough, brother. While I can understand your desire to compliment her, I must remind you that we are not to overwhelm her. You need to learn moderation, G.”

G returns the cigarette that he was holding to his mouth. It must’ve been in the hand wrapped around your waist since you didn’t see it earlier. “sorry, bro. you’re right as always. i’ll be good.”

For some reason, those words do not assure you at all. Maybe it’s because of the amused look he aims your way.

Aster sighs at his brother’s response before turning his attention to you. The smile he directs at you is so warm and gentle; it makes you feel like you have butterflies in your stomach. “While I think my brother went a little overboard, I do agree that you are a very kind lady, Miss Y/N. Not everyone would see things the same way as you. Kindness is a gift that should be treasured, and I’m very grateful for the kindness that you’ve shown us.”

He gives your shoulders a gentle squeeze before releasing his grip on you. Despite only holding onto you for a few minutes, you continue to feel a tingling sensation where he touched you.

After pulling away, Aster gives you a considering look. “Since you are familiar with my brother’s background but not my own, I believe it’s time for me to explain my situation and how I came to exist.”

Now that you’ve finally calmed down, you find it easier to speak. You frown worriedly. “You don’t have to tell me anything you’re not comfortable sharing, Aster. You don’t owe me any explanations.”

“That may be true. However,-” Aster smiles gently. “I have no problem with discussing my past with you, Miss Y/N. Rather, I think I’d prefer you knew the whole story. Although, it’s honestly not very different from what happened in G’s world. So, there’s not a lot to actually tell.”
Curious despite yourself, you ask the question you’ve always wondered since you first heard of Gaster Papyrus in your world. “How did Papyrus get involved with Gaster? I mean, in G’s world, Sans worked alongside the doctor in his lab. While Papyrus is very intelligent, I don’t see him as being very interested in science.”

G exhales a large puff of smoke. “That’s one of the big differences between our worlds. in mine, sans and the doc were just coworkers. in aster’s, the doc actually adopted sans and papyrus so they became a family. while papyrus didn’t work in the lab like his bro, he was there all the time because the other two were.”

His brother nods his head. “Yes, Papyrus and his brother were orphans before Dr. Gaster found them and adopted them. Papyrus saw it as his responsibility to look after the two and make sure they never worked themselves too hard.”

*That makes sense. If Gaster adopted them, of course Papyrus would spend time in the lab. That’s just like him to look after others like that. What a sweetheart.*

You tilt your head curiously. “Okay, so that explains why Papyrus would be at the lab. Was he also close to the Frisk in your world like the Sans of G’s world?”

At the mention of Frisk’s name, both skeletons’ faces soften. There’s a distant look on the taller brother’s face as if he’s recalling a memory from long ago. After a few seconds, he blinks and pulls himself out of his reverie. “Yes, that is correct. It was actually Papyrus who had found Frisk and brought them to Dr. Gaster. When he saw their injuries from the fall, he immediately brought them to the lab, so they could be healed. It didn’t take long for the two to become good friends. Neither Sans nor the doctor had the heart to stop Papyrus from visiting Frisk since it made him so happy.”

Aster rubs his chin thoughtfully. “Aside from Papyrus being the one to fuse with Dr. Gaster, those are the only major differences between my and G’s worlds. Of course, if you’d like to hear more, I would be more than happy to answer any other questions you may have.”

While the idea of hearing more about his adventures with adult Frisk does sound enticing, you feel that’s something that could be asked at a later time. Maybe after you’ve spent more time with Aster and gotten to know him better.

There is one question that you really want to ask, however. Grinning, you place your hands on your hips as you stare at the taller skeleton. “There is one important difference you’re forgetting, Aster.”

G raises a brow ridge while his brother appears confused. “Really? What might that be?”

While one hand remains on your hip, the other moves to point at G and then Aster. “There’s a huge difference between a flirty bad boy and a charming gentleman. Did Frisk’s taste in comic books change too?”

A green blush dusts the taller skeleton’s cheekbones while his brother smirks in amusement. Aster coughs into his hand. “Ah, yes. In my world, Frisk’s favorite comic involved a secret agent who went on missions to save the world. He was referred to as the perfect gentlemen, always taking out his enemies with class and treating the women that he’d meet with complete respect. Frisk said the comic was very popular on the surface.”

He averts his eye-light. “I admit that I find it rather embarrassing to be compared to someone so popular. I don’t know if I’d really call myself a gentleman. I just act in a way that I think is right. I don’t think there’s anything particularly special about my mannerisms.”
The fact that his blush still hasn’t died down yet is really endearing to you. Who would’ve thought he’d get embarrassed over something like that?

Smiling brightly, you move closer to the taller skeleton and grab both of his hands. When he gives you a startled look, you squeeze his hands gently. “You’re very special, Aster. Not every guy is as kind to others as you are. You’ve proven how kind you are countless times over the short period of time that I’ve known you. You got upset on my behalf when you heard my story and comforted me when I mentioned my life back in my world despite not knowing me for very long.”

You make yourself keep his eye on you, making him sense your gratitude, “That gentle kindness of yours is very admirable. I can’t think of anyone more suitable of being called a gentleman than you. Honestly, I bet that comic book character has nothing on you. I can’t imagine anyone being cooler than you.”

His blush that was once a light lime color is now a dark emerald. Apparently, it’s Aster’s turn to play the flustered party. You find his reaction extremely adorable. This makes you wonder if maybe that’s why they were enjoying making you blush earlier.

Meanwhile, G is off to the side snickering at his brother’s embarrassment. “you okay, bro? you’re looking a little green in the face.”

You snort at the pun while the taller skeleton releases a long suffering sigh. After you release your grip on him, he uses one hand to cover the upper part of his face although it doesn’t do much good because of the hole in his palm. “Honestly, I don’t know why I am surprised.”

Once his blush fades, Aster lowers his hand and turns his gaze toward you. That gentle smile of his gives you a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. “Thank you, Miss Y/N. While I believe my kindness pales in comparison to yours, I am honored by your praise.”

Before you can reply, a familiar voice from the distance interrupts. “Y/N!”

When you turn toward the sound of the voice, a body tackles you and almost knocks you over. Aster, thankfully, moves quickly enough to support you from behind and keep you upright.

You thank the tall skeleton before looking down at the skeleton hugging you. Your eyes widen in surprise as a delighted smile forms on your face. “Ink!”

The artist continues to cling to you but pulls back enough in order to look up at you. “I finally found you! I was worried! I can’t believe the Void actually kidnapped you! Are you alright?!”

Nodding, you return the embrace. “I’m okay. Sorry for worrying you. I honestly had no idea what was happening at the time, but I think the Void brought me here to meet G and Aster. It seems the glitch somehow left them stranded here.”

At the mention of your new friends, Ink finally pulls away and notices the other skeletons with you. His eye-lights widen. “I knew the glitch was dangerous, but I had no idea it was capable of this. It must have intervened after they left their original worlds and stopped them from being sent to their new worlds.”

G raises a brow ridge. “new worlds? you mean we were actually supposed to end up somewhere else?”

You snap your fingers. “That’s right! I almost forgot. The Echotale comic ended with G ending up in a new world after Frisk reset. Since their worlds were so similar, I’m sure the same was supposed to happen with Aster.”
Noticing their surprised expressions, you smile warmly at the brothers. “Frisk wanted you guys to live more than anything. They wanted you to find a world of your own where you could live happily. I believe their powers played a large role in keeping you two alive.”

As their expressions soften at your words, Ink nods his head in agreement. “That’s right! You two were supposed to go to a new AU where monsters are free to live on the surface. You would be free to live however you want. The fact that you two are here now means that the glitch must’ve gone after the AU where you were supposed to go. We better head to the Doodle Sphere to see what kind of shape that world is in now.”

With that, the artist pulls out Broomy and uses it to create a portal to the Doodle Sphere. Grinning, he puts away his paintbrush and pulls you along by the hand. You look over your shoulder and smile at the surprised brothers. “Follow us, guys! Don’t worry, we’ll make sure you both get home safely.”

The brothers share a look before following after you. Within seconds, you all arrive at the Doodle Sphere. While the brothers admire the scenery, you focus your attention on Ink. “So, where would the door to their world be? Is it far?”

He shakes his head. “It shouldn’t be too far from here. I’m more concerned with what state it will be in when we get there. Since there’s no one with the power to reset there, it’s possible that we may be too late to save that world.”

Your chest tightens painfully at the thought. You really hope that’s not the case. You don’t want G and Aster to lose a home they never even got to enjoy. They don’t deserve that.

You clench your fists in determination. “We won’t be too late. We’ll definitely save it in time. I’ll make sure they get to go home.”

A hand ruffling your hair startles you. When you look up, you see G smirking at you. “don’t worry about us, princess. no matter what state our world is in, my bro and i will be alright. no need to stress yourself out on our account.”

On the other side of him, you see Aster nod and smile in your direction. “That’s right. While I’m grateful for your desire to help us, I do not wish for you to overwork yourself.”

You’re touched by their thoughtfulness, but you are not dissuaded. You are determined to save their world so they can have the home they deserve. “Thanks, guys. Still, I want to do my best to save your world. The Void gave me the ability to do so, so I want to put that power to good use.”

Ink sighs as he starts leading the group toward the path on the right. “Somehow, I have a bad feeling about this. Don’t be too reckless, Y/N.”

You put a hand to your chest as you give him your best innocent expression. “Who? Me? Reckless? I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He rolls his eye-lights but refrains from commenting. It only takes a few minutes for your group to arrive at your destination.

This door is black, and it has a silver door frame. You notice that the color is much more faded compared to the other doors in the area. You don’t think that’s a good sign.

There’s a tension in the air as everyone stares at the door. Finally, Ink releases your hand and moves to turn the doorknob. He sticks his head past the doorway to peer inside, and after a few minutes, he pulls away from the doorway.
The frown on his face is not a comforting sight. He joins your group and rubs a tired hand down his face. “It’s not good. The world is still there, but the glitch has erased a lot of it. There’s definitely no longer any people there. Now, it’s just working on eliminating everything else. It won’t last for much longer.”

You know the brothers are saying something to Ink, but you can’t hear them over the sound of your heart pounding loudly in your ears. You’re too late? G and Aster are going to lose their one chance at a home? Just like that? Because of a stupid glitch?

The skeletons’ conversation turns into background noise as you turn to face the open door and glare at it with narrowed eyes. No way can you just accept this. You can’t let this glitch get away with taking away your friends’ home. There has to be something you can do. You can’t give up without at least trying something.

Determined, you dash straight through the open doorway into the world on the other side. You’re dimly aware of your friends’ panicked shouts, but they’re soon cut off by the door slamming shut behind you.

When you take in your surroundings, you realize that you’re at the top of a mountain. As you study the rocky terrain, you briefly wonder if this is the Mt. Ebott of this world.

The sight you witness when you look further outwards makes your heart plummet. All across the distance you see the white pixelated spots you’ve come to associate with the glitch. Slowly but surely, the glitch is devouring the land. Parts of the land are already gone, and even parts of the sky appear more white than blue.

As you strain your eyes to see past the forest surrounding the mountain, you realize you see more white than any other color. There may be more past the trees, but you don’t think there’s much. Ink wasn’t kidding about there not being much left of this world.

Your hands clench into fists as you stare helplessly at the remains of this world. There has to be something you can do. There just has to! The Void brought you to G and Aster for a reason. It obviously knew that this world was in danger and wanted to bring it to your attention. Why would it bother doing that if there was no way to save this world?

What can I do? All this time, it’s been the Void that’s been saving the AUs. It’s not my magic; I’m just the container. Is there really nothing I can do besides hope the magic kicks in and starts healing this world?

The hopelessness of the situation rests heavily on your shoulders. You rest a hand against your chest and dig your fingers into the fabric of your hoodie. “There has to be something I can do. You wanted me to come here, right? Please tell me what I should do. How can I help this world?”

Despite knowing how ridiculous you probably sound, you continue to talk as if the Void can actually hear you. At this point, you’re desperate enough to try anything. “I don’t know if you can hear me, but please do something! I want to save this world! If I have the power inside of me to do that, please use it! I don’t know if this is anything like resets, but if you need determination, I’ll give you however much you need! I’ll do anything! Just please do something!”

When nothing happens, you feel your eyes grow hot from the frustrated tears that want to fall. You drop to your knees and scream toward the sky. “Please save their home! Please help G and Aster! Please!”

Just as you feel the despair begin to overwhelm you, it happens.
A familiar tugging sensation resounds in your chest before your soul pops out into view. You watch in amazement as it begins to glow brightly. Despite your soul’s dark color, it manages to produce a light bright enough to blind you.

You choose to divert your gaze away from the bright beacon and move to study your surroundings. Your eyes widen in surprise at the sight before you.

Slowly but surely, you witness color returning to the world. You don’t understand how, but the light from your soul is successfully pushing back the encroaching white.

It’s at that moment that an unexpected wave of lethargy washes over you. For some reason, it appears that as the brightness of your soul increases your energy level decreases. You try to fight off the sleepiness that tries to overwhelm you, but it’s a losing battle.

Right as your soul gives off a large burst of light, you pass out.

It’s the sound of familiar voices that rouses you from your slumber.

“Y/N! Can you hear me? Please wake up!”

“i know i call you princess, but i didn’t think that you’d pull a sleeping beauty on me. do you want me to kiss you that much?”

“Brother! This is not the time for that! Please wake up, Miss Y/N. We are all extremely worried about you.”

Hating how worried those voices sound, you fight to open your eyes. After a few seconds, you finally manage to pry your heavy eyelids open. The first thing you see is three blurry figures hovering over you.

Once your vision clears, you realize that you are being held in G’s lap with Ink kneeling close by. Aster is standing right behind his sitting brother bent over so that he can get a better look at you. All three of them are watching you with worried expressions.

Your brows furrow in confusion. “W-What happened?”

Ink wraps his arms around your neck and hugs you tightly. “You were reckless again! That’s what! I can’t believe you just ran in there without any warning! When the door closed behind you, I couldn’t get it to open again. You trapped yourself inside a dying world, you idiot!”

His words remind you of what transpired in the other world. Feeling guilty, you return the embrace and bury your face in the artist’s scarf. “I’m sorry, Ink. I was just so upset that I moved without thinking. I didn’t want G and Aster to lose their world. That was supposed to be their home, and it wasn’t fair that they wouldn’t get to enjoy it. I wanted to save it so badly.”

A shudder of breath escapes you, “I’m sorry for scaring you. I know what I did was stupid, but I just couldn’t stay still.”

After a few minutes, Ink finally releases you, but instead of backing away completely, he starts pulling on your cheeks with his hands. “You better be sorry! Now, I know what real worry feels like, and it’s not pleasant! This better not be a habit of yours!”

The stinging of your cheeks makes you wince. When he lets go, you tenderly rub your now sore face.
A deep voice whispering in your ear makes you squeak in surprise. “You didn’t forget about me, did ya, princess? You’re not off the hook just yet.”

That’s when you realize there’s an arm tightly wrapped around your waist keeping you firmly in place. You had almost forgotten you were sitting in someone’s lap.

Your cheeks heat up with a dark blush when you notice how close G’s face is to yours. He smirks at your flustered expression. “You had me and my bro worried. Don’t think that just a hug will be enough to satisfy me.”

Before you can start mentally panicking, Aster intervenes and grabs his brother’s shoulder to pull him away from your face. “Honestly, G. Considering everything she did was for our sakes, Miss Y/N shouldn’t owe us anything. Rather, we are the ones indebted to her.”

G’s smirk grows as his grip on you tightens. “Good point, aster. Guess I’ll have to give the princess a reward.”

The taller skeleton sighs as he shakes his head. “Don’t you think you should release her now, brother? Now that she’s awake, I don’t think it’s necessary for you to hold her. I’m sure she must be very confused waking up in such a position.”

That’s when you finally notice your current location. Somehow, you’ve returned to the Void.

Noticing your confused expression, Ink decides to shed some light on the situation. “We brought you here in order to replenish your magic supply. All the Void magic in your soul was used up to save that world.”

Your eyes widen as your expression grows hopeful. “You mean, it worked?! Their world is alright now?!”

G squeezes your waist again before pulling you out of his lap and setting you on the ground. He remains close to you as he takes a drag from his cigarette. “Yep. You did it. I can’t say that I completely understand how you did it, but somehow, you made everything work out alright.”

His brother smiles at you. “You truly are amazing, Miss Y/N. Despite the hopelessness of the situation, you still managed to persevere and find a way to save our world. Thank you for all of your efforts. We are truly in your debt.”

A large grin forms on your face as you take in the brothers’ grateful expressions. “That’s what friends are for. You guys don’t owe me anything. I’m just glad that everything worked out in the end and that you guys have a place you can go home to now. Besides, I didn’t really do anything. It was the Void’s magic that saved your world. I just basically brought it there.”

You’re surprised when Ink shakes his head in disagreement. “That’s not completely true, Y/N. While the Void’s magic did play a major role in saving the AU, it couldn’t have done it without you. From what I can understand, the Void fed off your determination and the energy of your soul to stop the glitch because the world was too far gone to be saved by just its magic alone. I can’t say I completely understand the Void and its magic, but it somehow managed to eliminate the glitch and undo everything that was done to that world thanks to your help. It’s like the Void uploaded an old save file that held all of the world’s data before it was corrupted by the glitch.”

G exhales a large cloud of smoke as he leans back against one of his hands. “Even if you deny it, that doesn’t change the fact that without you our world would’ve been destroyed. The Void couldn’t have saved it without you, princess. Give yourself some more credit.”
Aster nods to show his agreement. “That’s right. It was you who boldly ran into a dying world despite the risk it brought to your own life. It was you who provided the energy needed to save our home. Please hold your head high, Miss Y/N. You deserve all our gratitude and then some.”

You blush in embarrassment unable to come up with a proper response. While you didn’t think you did a whole lot, you are grateful for their kind words. It makes you even more glad that you did what you did despite how reckless it was.

Ink sighs as if reading your thoughts. Instead of calling you out, however, he rises to his feet and holds out a hand for you. “You’ve been in the Void for a while, so it should be safe for you to leave now. It’s time we get these guys back to their world. They wanted to wait until you woke up before they went home.”

Grinning, you grab his hand and let him pull you up. At the same time, Aster helps his brother to his feet.

Once Broomy is in his hands, the artist creates a portal leading to the Doodle Sphere. Your group walks through the portal and ends up right in front of the door to the brothers’ world. You’re happy to note that the color of the door is no longer faded like it was before.

After returning his paintbrush to his back, Ink grins brightly at the brothers. “Things may seem a little weird at first, but I don’t think you’ll have a real hard time adjusting. You’ll fit in just fine. You always do.”

Aster slightly inclines his head as he smiles. “Thank you for your help, Ink. I hope to return the favor someday.”

The taller skeleton then turns toward you. The way his smile softens as he stares at you makes your heart flutter. Once he’s close enough, he reaches for your hand. “I am truly grateful that I was able to meet you, Miss Y/N. Thank you for helping me and my brother and for saving our world. If you are ever in need of any help, please do not hesitate to come find me. I will do whatever I can to help you. I swear. I hope that you’ll remain safe for the rest of your travels. Please do not push yourself too hard. There would be many people upset if something were to happen to you.”

You blush a bright red when he kisses the back of your hand. Despite the kiss only being the lightest of touches, you feel a tingling sensation that starts at your point of contact and soon travels all across your body like you’ve been shocked. Even after he pulls away, your skin still feels electrified.

As soon as Aster releases you, G is suddenly right in front of you. In a flash, there’s an arm around your waist pulling you flush against his body. His other hand gently cups the back of your head. Before you can react, he kisses you on the cheek. Your face grows hotter when you feel his mouth graze - perhaps accidentally, perhaps not - the corner of your lips. You involuntarily shiver at the warmth of his touch. While his brother was an electric shock, G is a burning fire that threatens to set your whole body ablaze.

When the smoker pulls back, you see a fond smirk on his face. “come see me anytime, princess. i’ll make sure to pay you back properly then. i promise you won’t regret it.”

You’re having a really hard time coming up with a response after that kiss. It doesn’t help that he’s still holding onto you and his face is only a few inches above yours. The way he’s rubbing the back of your neck with his thumb is making it really hard for you to concentrate and formulate any coherent thoughts.
A sense of deja vu washes over you when Aster intervenes by pulling his brother away by his hood while keeping a steady arm around your shoulders. “That’s enough now, brother. I know that you want to make the most of these last few moments since we don’t know when we’ll see Miss Y/N again, but you shouldn’t overwhelm her. Remember, moderation.”

G returns his cigarette to his mouth and gives his brother a thumbs up with his other hand. “gotcha. i’ll save the rest for when she comes to visit.”

Just when you think your face can’t get any hotter, the shorter skeleton winks at you and proves you wrong. You’re probably as red as an apple at this point. Even placing your hands against your cheeks doesn’t help cool you down.

Aster sighs at his brother’s words. He gives your shoulders a gentle squeeze before releasing you. “I think it would be best for us to leave now before G changes his mind. I wouldn’t put it past him to try and take you with us.”

The smoker smirks as he shoves his hands into his pockets. “what a great idea, bro. now, why didn’t i think of that?”

That’s when Ink decides to get involved. He steps in front of you protectively and places his hands on his hips. “Don’t even think about it. Y/N has to stay here to help with the glitch. Even if you took her, the Void would eventually teleport her somewhere else anyway.”

G shrugs his shoulders. “well, it was worth a shot. guess it’ll just be me and aster leaving.”

With that, the brothers turn to face the door, and Aster reaches to turn the doorknob. Before they leave through the now open doorway, you reach out to grab both of their hands.

At their surprised looks, you smile brightly as you give their hands a warm squeeze. “This is your world now. You’re free to do anything you want. I hope that you’ll both find things that make you happy---not Sans, Papyrus, or Gaster but G and Aster. When I come to visit, I wanna hear all about your interests and hobbies. I’ll be looking forward to it.”

Aster blushes a light green, and for the first time, you see a faint yellow glow across G’s cheekbones. Before you can marvel at their flustered expressions, the brothers act.

They share a quick look before leaning down and simultaneously kissing you on the cheek. Now, you know what it feels like to be shocked and burned at the same time. One cheek is now tingling while the other is sizzling. The sensation makes you shiver and your toes curl inside your shoes.

When they pull away, the two skeletons look extremely pleased. There’s a large smirk on G’s face. “sounds like a plan, princess. i’ll make sure to have plenty of fun stories ready for when you come.”

His brother smiles gently as he squeezes your hand. “I’ll be looking forward to your arrival, Miss Y/N. Until then, please take care.”

All you can do in response is dazedly nod since their kisses left you completely breathless. You fear your blush will never go away at this rate.

Once you release their hands, G and Aster head for the doorway. The two look over their shoulders and give you a smirk and a smile before finally disappearing behind the door which closes as soon as they pass through.

Way to make an exit. Those two really are too smooth. You’ll have to start mentally preparing
yourself for the next time you see them or else you’ll be in trouble.

Realizing Ink has been strangely quiet, you turn toward your friend and see him frowning at the door while clutching his chest. Worried, you place a hand on his shoulder which startles him.

When he looks up at you, you give him a concerned look. “Are you alright, Ink? You’re grabbing your chest like you’re in pain.”

He opens his mouth as if to say something but then quickly shuts it and shakes his head. His frown turns into a grin. “I’m fine, Y/N. Don’t worry about me. I didn’t even realize I was doing it.”

Before you can reply, Ink grabs your hand and starts pulling you along. “Now, let’s go! We need to figure out what AU you need to visit next. I haven’t gotten the chance to check on the worlds since I picked you up from Underswap, so I’ll need to look over everything again.”

While you did find his earlier behavior worrying, you decide not to question him further about it. If he says he’s fine, you’ll just have to trust him for now.

You almost crash into Ink’s back when he comes to an abrupt halt. Right as you are about to question him, you freeze at the horrified look on his face.

He immediately takes off into a sprint dragging you along behind him. You can barely keep up with him because he’s running so fast.

After a few minutes of running and the use of some levitation magic, Ink reaches his destination with you panting beside him. Once you catch your breath, you follow his gaze to see what has become the object of his undivided attention all of a sudden.

Unsurprisingly, there’s a door before you. Unlike previous doors you’ve seen, this one has a checkered pattern. Rather than just a simple two color pattern, you see black, white, blue, silver, purple and red on the door. The door frame itself is a dark grey.

The fact that all the colors appear faded worries you since that was what the door for G and Aster’s world looked like when it was infected by the glitch. “Ink? Has the glitch reached this world?”

Ink just stares in disbelief. “How could something like this happen?! It shouldn’t be possible to merge worlds like this! How could the glitch accomplish that?! Is it that powerful?!”

Wait a minute. Did he just say something about merged worlds? “Uhh..What are you talking about, Ink?”

He frowns deeply. “There are supposed to be four doors here. They’re close together since each pair is a similar AU. There’s an Undertale and Underfell version of one AU and a Underswap and Swapfell version of another. Somehow, the glitch messed things up so badly that now there’s only one door and all four worlds have combined into one. I had no idea something like this was even possible.”

That’s when your body begins to turn transparent. Oh, what great timing. Well, at least you have a pretty good idea about where you’re going now. “Guess it’s time for my next stop.”

The artist stares at you worriedly. “I don’t think I’ll be able to come help you with the doors like this, Y/N. With the worlds in this state, I don’t know if I’ll be able to easily enter using my portals. For it to be capable of something like this, it’s likely the glitch is strong enough to block me from entering. It’s only because of the Void’s magic that you’ll be able to slip through. You’ll be on your own. I’m sorry.”
You give him a quick hug while you’re still solid. “It’s alright, Ink. I’ll be okay. I’ve managed to survive all the other worlds this way, so I’m sure I’ll be fine.”

Ink smiles at you after you pull away. “If it’s you, I’m sure you can do it. Just be careful, okay?”

You nod your head as you grin. “Of course! So, what were the AUs that each pair of doors was supposed to lead to anyway?”

When you hear his next words, your grin falls and your heart drops into your stomach.

“They lead to the Handplates and Gaster Blaster AUs.”

Chapter End Notes

Costumebleh has once again delivered another wonderful fanart. This time of the Reader hugging Ink from last chapter. It’s super sweet ^^ Link
I also received another awesome fanart for last chapter from the sweet jumpybox/CathInTheBox. I love the colors of Ink's eyes <3 Link

Thank you both for the wonderful art!! It totally made my day!! ^^-^ Link

For an added bonus, here's a link to a commission I requested from the amazing nighttimepixels on Tumblr. It's the scene where the brothers kiss the Reader on the cheek. I couldn't resist getting some art of the scene, and of course, I requested a self-insert. Hell yeah I want some cheek smooches XD

Just in case y'all were confused by the Reader's response to be flirted with this chapter considering how she's reacted in the past to skeletons flirting with her. She's weak to genuine compliments since she's not used to receiving them. Having both G and Aster treat her so nicely completely flustered her. While she's dealt with flirty skeletons like G before, she hasn't had to deal with one while at the same time receiving such sweet compliments from someone like Aster. Those two are a deadly combination XD

Also, in case I didn't do a good job explaining, the Void saved the world basically by uploading an old save file. Like how when you die in a game, you upload a save file to continue, the Void did this to bring everything back to that world. It needed the Reader there to first flush out the glitch virus so it would be safe to reset and upload the new file. That way there would be no risk of that file getting corrupted too. Hope that makes sense ^^'

Regarding the Gaster Bros, I decided not to make them related since I've never seen an explanation for how both G and Aster could exist at the same time when there was only one Gaster. Not to say I have any problem with them being related. Not at all. I just thought it'd be better to go about it this way. Besides, I'm a sucker for found families ^^ So, like how G has Echotale, Aster has his own AU which I kinda made up. It's basically the same as Echotale like stated in the chapter just with a few minor changes. I don't know what it'd be called, though lol Underflower? Underecho? I dunno I'm no good with this sort of thing XD

So, are y'all ready to meet some babybones? Prepare your hearts cause you're in for a lot of cuteness next chapter XD Also, just to clarify, there won't be any underage
shipping here, so no romance is implied when the Reader interacts with the baby skeletons. I just want to make that known just in case. Don't worry, you'll still get to do lots of hugging. Cause who doesn't wanna hug a baby Sans and Papyrus? ^-^

Hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! :)
Completely floored, all you can do is gape at Ink as his words register in your mind. It takes you a while to recover from the bombshell. Unfortunately, you wait too long to question him. Because, as soon as you open your mouth to do so, the teleporting process finishes, and you lose consciousness.

Thankfully, this time you don’t awake mid-air. Instead, you find yourself spread out on a cold floor as you regain consciousness. As you wake, you hear several young voices speaking around you.

“WOWIE! COULD THIS BE A HUMAN, SANS?! LIKE WHAT THE DOCTOR ALWAYS TOLD US ABOUT?! HAVE I SUCCESSFULLY CAPTURED ONE?!”

“pap, i think you need to stay away from there. humans are supposed to be dangerous, remember? you shouldn’t get so close.”

“WOWZERS! A REAL HUMAN! SHE’S SO PRETTY! HOW DID SHE GET HERE, PAPY? ARE HUMANS ABLE TO TELEPORT TOO?”

“i guess. that’s what it looked like anyway. how about you come back over here, bro? i don’t think you should be so close to the human.”

Your eyes shoot open when you hear the voices that sound so similar to your skeleton friends. Above you are two young skeletons hovering over you. One looks like the young skeleton in the pictures Stretch showed you of his brother back in his world while the other looks like a young Captain Fantastic.

However, their expressions aren’t as joyful as your friends’ faces. Despite being so young, they look so worn out like they’ve already seen all of the horrors of the world. Their childish excitement is only a weak ember compared to the strong flames of Blue and Captain. Seeing this honestly hurts your heart.

Yet, despite everything they’ve gone through, these two haven’t given up completely. Rather than flee from you in fear, they stare at you with wide, curious eye-lights. Thankfully, there’s still some of that childlike wonder in them.

Not wanting to scare them, you choose to just smile gently instead of trying to sit up. “Hi there.”

Their eye-lights widen, but before they can respond, the two are swiftly pulled away from you. When you sit up, you see that they’re now behind their older brothers who are watching you.
The older brothers look exactly like Comic and Stretch just miniaturized. Distrust is plainly written across their small faces which saddens you. They’re even more suspicious of you than Comic and Stretch had been when you first met them which you didn’t even think was possible.

Now that you’re upright, you notice they’re all wearing grey gowns that reach just past their knees. That’s it. They’re not even wearing shoes. The pitiful sight makes you want to find Dr. Gaster and punch him in the face. Seeing the metal plates on the Undertale brothers’ right hands is not helping to quell your anger.

When you look around the room, you’re shocked to also see the mini versions of the Underfell and Swapfell skeletons. Although, now that you think about it, Ink did say four worlds had merged, so it shouldn’t come as a surprise to you.

Mini-Black is watching you with narrowed eye-lights while his brother hides behind him. If the situation wasn’t so sad, you’d be amused by the sight of the obviously taller brother hiding behind his little brother. The one thing that stands out to you regarding them is the color of Mini-Black’s eye-lights. Instead of purple, they’re a dark red. Well, in your world, there are several versions of Swapfell Sans, so you can’t say that you’re too surprised.

It hurts your heart to see the miniaturized Pup so afraid of you. The poor thing is shaking in fear. As you look closer, you notice there are several scars across his and his brother’s bodies which increases your desire to punch the sick bastards behind all of this. They along with the Underfell boys are wearing the same drab clothing as the others.

Turning your attention to the Underfell brothers, you see that Mini-Edge is glaring at you while his brother hides behind him. While he’s not shaking like Mini-Pup, Mini-Red is obviously as scared of you as the other skeleton. You notice that the nervous skeletons don’t have any gold colored teeth which makes you believe that Red and Pup gained theirs at an older age. Just like the Swapfell brothers, Mini-Edge and his brother are covered in scars. These two also have metal plates on their right hands like the Undertale brothers.

As you stare at the tiny skeletons, you feel your heart clench painfully inside your chest. You were not prepared for this. Seeing your friends’ counterparts looking so small and fragile hurts you more than when Error forcefully pulled out your soul. Even more so than when you shattered your soul to reset. You’ve never felt a pain like this.

Fighting back tears, you slowly cross your legs as you remain sitting and give the skeletons a smile. “Hi. I’m Y/N. As you have already probably figured out, I’m a human. However, I’m not from this world. While I did teleport here, it wasn’t by my magic. My soul is able to use magic, and it takes me to different worlds. Unfortunately, I don’t have any control over it.”

When you see their disbelieving stares, your smile grows from amusement. “Hmm. What would be the best way to prove to you that I’m telling the truth? Ah, I know. Would you believe me if I said I knew your names? I’ve actually met several versions of you guys from other worlds. You’re Sans and Papyrus, right?”

Every eye-light widens in surprise at your question. Before his brother can stop him, Mini-Blue dashes toward you and comes to a stop right in front of you. His expression is full of awe and excitement. “WOWZERS! THAT’S RIGHT! I’M SANS! BUT, I’M NOT THE ONLY SANS, SO IT GETS REALLY CONFUSING HERE WHEN SOMEONE SAYS MY NAME. DID YOU REALLY GO TO OTHER WORLDS AND MEET OTHER VERSIONS OF ME?”
He is so adorable. You want nothing more than to hug him and never let go, but you manage to hold yourself back. You don’t want to scare him or upset his brother.

Your smile softens as you stare at him. “That’s right, sweetie. There’s one Sans that I’ve met that is exactly like you. He is a huge sweetheart, and I consider him a very dear friend of mine.”

His eyes turn into stars. “FRIEND?! THAT’S AMAZING! I’VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LEAVE HERE AND MAKE LOTS OF FRIENDS! HERE I CAN ONLY PLAY WITH PAPY AND THE OTHER VERSIONS OF ME AND HIM. NOT THAT I HATE IT! I LIKE EVERYBODY HERE!”

The pure cuteness he radiates makes you grab your chest. If he gets any cuter, you might collapse. Once you calm down, you lean down so that you’re eye-to-eye with him.

He blushed when you smile at him. “Then, how about we become friends? Would that be alright with you?”

His starry eye-lights widen with wonder. “YOU WANT TO BECOME FRIENDS WITH ME?!”

You nod your head. “That’s right. I’d love to be friends with you.”

Mini-Blue’s expression brightens so much that he’s practically shining now. “WOWZERS! MY FIRST HUMAN FRIEND! I’M SO HAPPY!”

Overwhelmed by the sheer cuteness before you, you have to cover your face and fight to hold back the squeal that wants to break free. When you feel a small hand tug on your pants, you pull your hands away and witness Mini-Blue giving you a worried look. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN? YOU’RE SHAKING.”

Not wanting to worry the sweetheart, you take a deep breath to calm yourself down. Once you’re calm, you give him a smile. “I’m alright, sweetie. I was just overwhelmed by how cute you are and how much I want to hug you. You are seriously too adorable for words.”

As a blush grows across his cheekbones, he looks at you with wonder. “YOU WANT TO HUG ME? REALLY?”

The way he asks that question makes your heart hurt. No child should be so shocked by the idea of someone wanting to hug them--by someone wanting to show them the affection they deserve. “Of course, I do. Anyone who wouldn’t want to hug a cutie like you is crazy if you ask me.”

Mini-Blue silently studies you for a few seconds, judging your sincerity. Then, a shy smile forms on his face, and he slowly raises his arms toward you. “WELL, SINCE WE ARE FRIENDS NOW, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO HUG MY MAGNIFICENT SELF.”

“sans.”

There’s a worried note in Mini-Stretch’s voice as he warily watches you and his brother. Everyone else is having a similar reaction except for Mini-Captain who looks like he wants to join in on the fun. The only thing stopping him is his brother who’s holding him back.

For that reason, you move deliberately slow so as not to startle Mini-Blue or anyone else. You reach for the little skeleton before you and slowly wrap your arms around him. There are several sharp intakes of breath in the room not excluding the skeleton in your arms.

Mini-Blue stiffens at first, but within seconds, he melts into your embrace. Smiling, you give him a
gentle squeeze before slowly rubbing his back. Soon, he’s clenching you tightly as if he’s worried you only want to hold him for a few seconds.

*Ha! Fat chance of that happening. I could do this all day if I need to. I’m not leaving this world until I hug all of these cuties. They’re gonna get so much love and affection they’re not gonna know what to do with it all.*

A large smile forms on your face as you quietly hum and rub his back. You’re not gonna pull away until he does. You want to make sure he knows you’re willing to hug him as long as he wants.

After a few minutes pass without him releasing you, you choose to gently scoop him up and place him in your lap. He snuggles into the embrace without any complaint which greatly pleases you.

When you check on the others, you witness seven skeletons watching you with looks of wonder and disbelief. The fact that they’re so surprised that someone would want to hug one of them is really killing you. Curse these awful doctors.

Deciding that he’s spent enough time on the sidelines, Mini-Captain sprints past his alarmed brother and comes to a stop before you. The excited expression on his face causes you to grin which makes him grin in return.

“**WOWIE! NO ONE HAS EVER OFFERED TO BEFRIEND OR HUG ONE OF US BEFORE. YOU ARE REALLY KIND, HUMAN! I THINK THE DOCTORS WERE MISTAKEN WHEN THEY SAID ALL HUMANS ARE BAD. I DON’T THINK IT’S POSSIBLE FOR A BAD PERSON TO GIVE SUCH NICE HUGS! OTHER SANS LOOKS REALLY HAPPY NOW!**”

He then begins nervously playing with his hands as he shyly looks down. “C-CAN I HAVE A HUG TOO?”

Talk about a one-hit KO. It’s like he shot an arrow straight through your heart. These kids are going to be the death of you. You just know it.

You adjust your hug around Mini-Blue so that you have him in just one arm, and then open your free arm toward the excitable skeleton before you. “Of course, sweetheart. That’s the good thing about having two arms. I can easily hug two cute skeletons at the same time.”

Despite his brother’s warnings, Mini-Captain quickly moves into your lap and hugs you tightly. You wrap your arm around him and give him a warm squeeze. Like Mini-Blue, it doesn’t take long for the kid to relax into the embrace.

Shortly after that, Mini-Comic and Mini-Stretch approach you. You figure it’s because they’re worried that you’re going to hold their brothers hostage. The other four choose to keep their distance although Mini-Black does look like he wants to move closer. Probably the only reason he doesn’t is the tight grip Mini-Pup has on him.

Mini-Stretch watches you with obvious suspicion for a few seconds before his gaze falls on his brother cuddled up in your lap. His expression softens at the sight. “hey, bro, i know you’re happy to make a new friend, but maybe you should let go now. you’re not gonna stay in her lap forever, are you?”

He says it jokingly, but there’s no doubt in your mind that he’s concerned about this situation. He wants his brother as far away from you as possible. He’s probably worried that his brother will want to stay like this for a long time.

Mini-Blue pulls away enough so that he can look at his brother. “BUT, PAPY! SHE’S SO NICE
AND WARM! IT’S SO COMFORTABLE HERE! SHE GIVES GREAT HUGS! YOU SHOULD ASK FOR ONE TOO! I’M SURE YOU’LL LOVE IT!”

You can’t help but feel amused when Mini-Stretch stiffens at the suggestion before giving you a cautious look. When you smile at him, a light orange blush blooms across his cheekbones. He immediately averts his eye-lights. “maybe another time, bro.”

The other skeleton in your lap turns toward his anxious brother. “HE’S RIGHT, BROTHER! YOU SHOULD ASK THE HUMAN FOR A HUG! THIS IS VERY NICE! I DON’T THINK WE’VE EVER BEEN HUGGED BY SOMEONE BESIDES EACH OTHER, SO YOU SHOULD DEFINITELY TRY IT OUT!”

There they go again breaking your heart into itty, bitty pieces. You give them both a tight squeeze and rub your cheeks against the tops of their heads. “As long as I’m here, you guys can get as many hugs as you want. All you have to do is ask. Although, honestly, you don’t even have to ask. I’ll never turn down a hug.”

The skeletons in your lap stare at you with wide, sparkling eye-lights. Within seconds, they’re beaming, and they quickly return to hugging you tightly. Oh man, they are seriously too adorable. If you manage to survive this world, it’ll be a miracle. You can already feel the cavities forming inside your mouth from all this sweetness.

Mini-Comic studies you intently with a guarded expression. “that’s real nice of you, miss. but, you don’t have to go through all that trouble on our account. after all, you don’t even know us.”

That’s when Mini-Edge decides to make his opinion known. “THAT’S RIGHT! YOU’RE EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS! YOU SUDDENLY APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE SPOUTING UTTER NONSENSE, AND NOW YOU’RE OFFERING HUGS? WHAT COULD YOU POSSIBLY GAIN FROM SHOWING SUCH AFFECTION?!WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?!”

Ouch, way to stick a dagger in my heart, Baby Edge.

You really hate that these kids are at the point where their first instinctive response to being shown affection is to be suspicious. What all have these damn scientists done to these poor kids?

Mini-Red is clutching his brother fearfully as if he’s worried you’ll snap and go after them. Both Mini-Comic and Mini-Stretch are giving Mini-Edge annoyed looks. They’re probably wishing he went the subtler route like them. Mini-Pup’s shaking has increased while his brother continues to watch you with interest.

When the skeletons in your lap look at you with worried expressions, you gently smile and give them a warm squeeze. Then, you direct your attention to Mini-Edge who has moved into a defensive stance with his brother still hiding behind him.

Despite how much the reaction saddens you, you don’t let your smile falter. “I know you’re not used to hearing this, but I honestly don’t have a hidden agenda here. I’m offering hugs because I like hugs, and everybody here obviously deserves one. I know we’ve only just met, but I sincerely want to help you. You may not be the skeletons whom I’ve befriended in other worlds, but I do care about all of you. I want to become friends with you. If you want, you’re more than welcome to look at my soul, so you can see that I’m being honest.”

Mini-Black decides to join the conversation. “WE CAN’T USE OUR MAGIC IN THIS ROOM. THEY SET UP A BARRIER PREVENTING US FROM DOING SO. OTHERWISE, I WOULD’VE BLASTED OUT OF HERE BY NOW.”
At his comment, you finally look around to take in your surroundings. The first thing that stands out is how white everything is. The walls, ceiling, and floor are all the same color. The only thing that’s not white is the metal door. There are two bunk beds in the room that are pushed against the walls. While you’re glad that they at least have proper places to sleep, you aren’t very impressed with the small mattresses and thin blankets. Since there are only four beds, does that mean each set of brothers has to share a bed? Seriously?

The only other thing in the bare room aside from the beds is a small bookshelf that appears to be filled with books and puzzles. Unfortunately, none of them appear to be something you’d see a child normally play with. They’re all what you’d use to test a kid’s intelligence. There’s nothing in the room that a kid could play with just for fun.

You take a deep breath in order to calm the rage bubbling inside of you. Getting angry won’t solve anything. Besides, you don’t want to risk scaring the kids. “Okay, so you checking out my soul is a no-go. Well, unfortunately, I don’t really have any other way to prove what I’m saying is true.”

That’s when it hits you. “Wait a minute! I do have something!”

Slowly, you reach for your phone that’s in your pants pocket. While the two skeletons in your lap look at you with curiosity, everyone else is watching you cautiously like they expect you to suddenly pull out a weapon.

Once you have the phone in your hand, you hold it out in front of you so that Mini-Blue and Mini-Captain can study it. After you unlock the screen, you go to your pictures and look for the one you took of Edge back in his world.

When you tap the picture, as it pops up it causes the skeletons in your lap to gasp in surprise. They then start looking between the picture and Mini-Edge as if to compare the two skeletons.

Mini-Edge crosses his arms in irritation. “WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU FOOLS STARING AT?”

Mini-Captain’s eye-lights sparkle with wonder. “THIS PICTURE LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU! WELL, IF YOU WERE OLDER AND SEVERAL FEET TALLER, BUT STILL! YOU SHOULD SEE THIS, OTHER ME!”

The other skeleton in your lap nods rapidly in agreement. “HE’S RIGHT! THIS GUY LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU! IT’S AMAZING!”

That’s when you decide to move the phone so that it faces the others. When they see the picture, all six of them gape at the sight. You can’t help but giggle at their surprised faces.

Of course, the one who’s the most shocked is Mini-Edge who’s staring at the picture with wide eye-lights. “T-THAT’S-! B-BUT, HOW?!?”

You grin in amusement. “I took that picture of Edge when I was visiting his world. I wish I had taken a picture of his brother too, so I could show you.”

If you didn’t know any better, you’d say Mini-Red looks disappointed to hear that. It’s so strange to see a version of Red that’s so quiet and timid. You really want to hug him, but you figure that’ll just scare him. You don’t want to do anything that’ll upset these guys.

Once you think they’ve examined the picture enough, you pull up another one that you know one of your hug buddies will like. It’s a good thing you took some pictures when you were last in Underswap.
When he sees the new picture, Mini-Blue gasps and starts to bounce excitedly. “THAT’S ME! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ME! PAPY, YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS!”

His brother’s jaw drops when you show the others the picture of Blue grinning as he poses with his hands on his hips. He even starts rubbing his eye sockets as if something is wrong with his sight. “i-it looks just like sans. i can’t believe it.”

The look on his face when you show him the picture that you took of Stretch winking while lying on the couch is priceless. You’ve never seen such wide eye-lights.

Mini-Black places his hands on his hips. “WHERE’S THE PICTURE OF THE OTHER ME? I DON’T CARE ABOUT WHAT THESE GUYS LOOK LIKE WHEN THEY’RE ADULTS. I WANT TO SEE HOW AMAZING I’LL LOOK!”

You give him an apologetic look. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I don’t have a picture of all the guys I’ve met. I really should, but a lot of crazy stuff happened when I was in their worlds so taking pictures never really came to mind. I took Edge’s picture ‘cause of his cool pose, and I got pictures of Blue and Stretch when I visited them a second time.”

He pouts at your response, but you notice a faint red blush on his cheekbones. Maybe he liked the endearment. You’ll have to try it again later on when you get the opportunity.

That’s when Mini-Captain tugs on your hoodie to get your attention. When you look down, you see his curious expression. “MISS HUMAN, MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION?”

Aww, he’s so polite! Just when I thought he couldn’t get any cuter.

Smiling, you give him a warm squeeze. “You certainly may. You’re always welcome to ask questions, sweetie.”

An orange blush grows across his cheekbones. “WHO ARE EDGE, BLUE, AND STRETCH? Aren’t those skeletons named sans and papyrus like us?”

You nod your head. “That’s right. Those are just the nicknames I gave them, so I could tell them all apart. After all, it gets pretty confusing to call everyone by the same name if they’re all together in one place at the same time. It also helps when I’m telling a Sans and Papyrus about the skeletons I’ve already met.”

Mini-Blue’s eye-lights turn starry. “DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN HAVE NICKNAMES TOO?!”

You rub your cheek against his head as you hug him. “Sure, sweetie, if that’s what you want. It would probably make things less confusing around here.”

Mini-Edge scowls fiercely as he crosses his arms. “I REFUSE! NO WAY WILL I ALLOW A PATHETIC HUMAN TO GIVE ME A NICKNAME!”

A disappointed frown forms on Mini-Captain’s face. “THAT’S NOT VERY NICE! WHAT’S WRONG WITH GETTING A NICKNAME? IT’LL MAKE THINGS A LOT LESS CONFUSING HERE IF WE HAVE DIFFERENT NAMES!”

His brother rubs his face as he sighs. “my bro makes a good point. it would be easier to give everyone their own names to go by besides sans and papyrus.”

Mini-Stretch shrugs his shoulders. “doesn’t matter to me. i’m all for makin’ things less confusing
For several minutes, Mini-Black rubs his chin thoughtfully as he studies you. He apparently found what he was looking for since he soon nods his head. “AS LONG AS I DON’T GET A WEAK NAME, I DO NOT CARE. I DO NOT LIKE SHARING A NAME WITH MY WEAKER COUNTERPARTS.”

His brother speaks up for the first time since you arrived. “i-it’s fine with me too.”

The whole time Mini-Red wisely keeps quiet. Realizing he’s outnumbered, Mini-Edge throws up his hands in surrender. “FINE! BUT, I’LL ONLY ALLOW A NICKNAME THAT I LIKE! IT HAS TO BE FIERCE AND STRONG LIKE ME!”

You grin broadly. “Of course! I’d never give you a nickname that you’d dislike.”

For a while, you study the children before your eyes fall on Mini-Comic. “Okay, how about Classic for you, and—” You move your gaze toward Mini-Captain who is watching you excitedly. “Epic for your super cute brother that’s in my lap.”

“I LOVE IT!” Epic exclaims loudly. “THANK YOU, MISS HUMAN! I WILL TREASURE THIS NAME FOREVER!”

Too overwhelmed by the cuteness, you can’t resist leaning down to give him a peck on the forehead. “You’re welcome, Epic. I’m glad you like it.”

His whole face turns a bright orange which makes you grin. When you turn toward his brother, you see him wearing a contemplative expression. He then shrugs. “that’s fine with me. if my bro’s happy, then so am i.”

Alright! Two nicknames down only six more to go. I hope I can come up with some more winners. At least, I know of some other nicknames used for the Underswap and Swapfell guys.

Since Mini-Blue has gotten to the point where he’s trembling with excitement, you decide to do his next. “And, for the other cutie in my lap, how about Berry? We can call your brother Orange, and you both can have a fruit theme.”

While Mini-Stretch snorts, his brother beams happily. “THAT SOUNDS GREAT! BUT, WHY FRUIT?”

As you return your phone to your pocket, you ponder how to answer that question. In the end, you decide to be truthful. “It’s actually a long story which I’ll be happy to tell you guys later after we finish this nickname business.”

The two skeletons in your lap are practically sparkling with enthusiasm. You worry that staring directly at them for too long will hurt your eyesight.

Completely in sync, they cry out. “STORYTIME?!”

You then proceed to hug them tightly. “Oh man, you two are so adorable. Yes, we’ll have storytime. I’ll tell you all about my world and how I ended up in this situation.”

Once you calm down, you move your gaze toward Mini-Stretch since you never got a response from him regarding his nickname. He had been watching your interactions with his brother with a soft expression, but when he notices your stare, he averts his eye-lights in embarrassment. “i’m fine with the nickname.”
Pleased about another successful round, your gaze falls on Mini-Black who’s staring at you very intently. You grin at his obvious interest. “How about Raspberry, Razz for short, for you, sweetheart? And, for your brother, how about Rus?”

Mini-Pup startles when he’s mentioned while his brother raises a brow ridge. The two of you end up having a stare down for several minutes while his brother nervously fidgets in the background.

Finally, the shorter of the two grins. “YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE, HUMAN! WHILE THE NAME IS NOWHERE NEAR AS FIERCE AS ME, I WILL TAKE PITY ON YOU FOR YOUR POOR NAMING SKILLS AND ACCEPT IT. PAPY WILL ACCEPT HIS NICKNAME AS WELL. RIGHT, PAPY?”

Rus slowly nods as he looks anywhere but at you. “y-yeah. it’s fine with me.”

Your shoulders slump with relief. If Razz had hated that nickname, you would’ve had to come up with something new. It’s bad enough that you have to do that for the Underfell brothers and Epic. You’d rather not have to do that for anyone else. “You are too kind, Razz. Thank you.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

Lastly, your eyes come to rest on the Underfell brothers. Mini-Edge is glaring at you with his arms crossed while his brother continues to stay behind him. While he’s obviously still wary of you, you can see a hint of curiosity in Mini-Red’s expression.

You study the shorter brother for several minutes racking your brain for a suitable nickname. When he starts to sweat nervously, you smile sweetly at him which makes him blush a bright red.

How cute! His face looks like it’s on fire it’s so red. Wait a minute. I got it!

When he meets your eyes again, you give him another warm smile. “How about Blaze for you, sweetheart? That cute blush of yours makes me think of fire, so I thought it would be a good nickname. What do you think?”

His blush intensifies as he nervously averts his gaze. When his brother remains silent, he slowly nods his head and finally speaks. “t-that’s fine.”

You beam happily at him which causes him to hide behind his brother in embarrassment. The taller brother sighs but makes no move to push his brother away. The sight really warms your heart.

Okay, all that’s left is his brother. I have to come up with something good, or we’ll be here all day doing this. He said it has to be strong and fierce. Hmmm.

For a while, you just stare at Mini-Edge and go through all the nicknames you know. Finally, you remember a certain skeleton that’s well-known in your world.

A large grin forms on your face. “Okay, I got it. How about Grim? In my world, there’s a story about a skeleton called the Grim Reaper. He’s the harbinger of death who shows up when humans are about to die. You can’t get much fiercer than that.”

His eye-lights widen with surprise before a large smirk forms on his face. He quickly masks it with his usual scowl before looking away. “I GUESS I CAN ACCEPT THAT. I DOUBT YOU COULD COME UP WITH ANYTHING BETTER AFTER ALL.”

You release a sigh of relief. “Alright. Now, everybody’s got a nickname. Oh and you guys are
more than welcome to call me by my name if you want. Or, if you wanna just stick with human, that’s fine too. Whichever you prefer.”

It’s at that moment that the electric door slides open causing everyone to freeze. Epic and Berry cling tightly to you while Classic and Orange move closer to their brothers. Both Rus and Red are trembling as they hide behind their brothers who are warily watching the doorway.

Your eyes widen at the sight of the skeleton that walks inside. He’s quite tall, definitely beating you by a few feet. Underneath his pristine, white lab coat, the skeleton is wearing a white turtleneck sweater, black dress pants, and black boots. Above his right eye socket is a line that stretches over the top of his skull while the other eye socket has a line below that ends at his mouth.

W. D. Gaster.

Rather than move toward your group, the Royal Scientist chooses to remain in the doorway. He clasps his hands behind his back as he examines you. Gaster doesn’t appear the least bit surprised to see you which makes you wonder if he already knew you were here. Did he somehow sense your presence, or is this room bugged with video cameras? You’re thinking the latter.

Thankfully, when he speaks, it’s in a language you understand. You don’t know what you would’ve done if he started talking in Wingdings. “Hello, human. I see that you’ve become acquainted with our experiments. I must admit it was rather intriguing watching you interact with them. However, I found your words regarding your background much more interesting. I was hoping you’d come with me and tell me more.”

While it sounds like a request, you know that he doesn’t plan on taking no for an answer. That’s just a polite demand. You consider refusing since you don’t owe him anything but pause after you look at the children around you.

They’re all doing their best to appear strong, but it’s obvious how much the Royal Scientist scares them. There’s no telling what torture this mad man has put them through.

A plan begins to form in your mind which fills you with determination. You give the skeletons in your lap a quick squeeze before picking them up and setting them down by their brothers.

Noticing their worried looks, you give them a warm smile before rising to your feet. You can feel everyone’s eyes on you as you walk toward the Royal Scientist.

When you come to a stop before him, you give Gaster a determined look. “I’ll go. I’ll tell you everything I know and will answer all of your questions. However, in exchange, I want you to swear that you won’t hurt these kids as long as I’m here. Don’t experiment on them. I don’t care if you perform tests on me instead. Just leave them alone.”

You hear several sharp intakes of breath behind you, but you don’t turn around because you want to keep your eyes locked with Gaster’s. The tall skeleton tilts his head slightly as he studies you.

After a few minutes, he raises a brow ridge. “You do realize that you are not in any position to be making deals, correct? I have no reason to comply with your wishes.”

Frowning, you cross your arms. “Maybe so, but I do know that scientists like you hate wasting their time. Rather than having to deal with me being stubborn, wouldn’t you rather have me willing to share information? Besides, it’s not every day you get to study a human, right?”

The corners of his lips move upwards. “Very true. I do hate wasting time, and I would rather not
have to torture you to get information and risk killing you since we have no way of knowing when
the next human will come around.”

Gaster then nods his head. “Very well, human. I shall accept your offer. You are fortunate that
there are no new pressing tests that we need these experiments to go through, so I will allow them
this small reprieve.”

A relieved sigh passes your lips. “Thank you.”

You don’t really want to thank the bastard responsible for hurting these kids, but the words come
out before you can stop them. It’s probably for the best anyway. You don’t want to be punished for
being ungrateful.

The doctor quirks a brow ridge at you but refrains from commenting. Instead, he turns around and
walks through the open doorway.

Realizing he wants you to follow him, you head for the door, but a tugging on your pants makes
you stop. When you look down, you see Berry staring at you with teary eye-lights. “YOU CAN’T
GO, MISS! YOU’LL GET HURT!”

Not wanting to test Gaster’s patience, you quickly lean down to kiss the skeleton on the forehead.
“It’s alright, Berry. I’ll be back before you know it. Just stay here with your brother, okay?”

Before he can respond, you gently pry his hands away from your pants and walk toward the
doorway. Just before you exit the room, you look over your shoulder and see all of the children
staring at you with either worry or disbelief. You give them an encouraging grin before you leave.

Everything that follows after that is a blur. You remember walking through a long, white corridor
and entering what appeared to be the main lab.

As stark and unfriendly as everything else, inside stood the three other Royal Scientists from the
same alternative universes as the kids. Tied down, they kept hauling more and more questions at
you.

Where are you from. What caused this. Why, why, why.

Then your soul got dragged out.

You don’t want to think about that part.

After all, what you remember from that point is pain.

Fortunately, because of your tales, the crazy scientists realized healing was in order after the tests
were done if they were going to keep you around.

Unfortunately, while the pain was eased, your HP didn’t completely recover since some of the
damage was done directly to your soul. You had to explain to them that only your friend could heal
your soul if it received that kind of damage. That’s what lead them to stopping their tests for the
day.

They just didn’t want to break their new toy after just getting it.

Thankfully, the Gaster that brought you to the lab escorts you back to the room where the kids are.
You would’ve hated being separated from them.
He quickly punches in the passcode for the door in the keypad which causes the door to slide open. The Royal Scientist then gestures toward the room. “Thank you for your assistance today, human. Someone, either myself or one of the other doctors, will be here for you tomorrow.”

You nod your head before entering the room. You feel the tension roll off your shoulders once the door closes behind you.

Seconds after you enter, you feel a small body jump into your arms. When you look down, you see Berry staring at you with teary eye-lights.

Realizing that he’s only seconds away from crying, you hug him close and gently stroke his back. “Hey, Berry, it’s okay. I told you I’d be back, remember? I’m fine. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

He buries his face into your chest as he clings to you with all his might. “I WAS So SCARED! THE DOCTORS ALWAYS TALK ABOUT HOW We NEED TO KILL HUMANS FOR THEIR SOULS. I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOING TO K-KILL YOU!”

The pure sorrow in his voice breaks your heart. You hug him tighter. “I’m sorry for making you worry so much, Berry. I’m okay, though. I promise.”

A hand tugging on your pants brings your attention to a teary-eyed Epic. Looks like you had both of your hug buddies worried. Without hesitation, you scoop him up into your arms and hug him close.

Once you have a good grip on them, you walk toward the others who are staring at you with mixed expressions. The Underfell boys have matching looks of disbelief while the Swapfell brothers appear more awestruck. Classic and Orange are wearing similar contemplative expressions.

You take a seat in the middle of the room and let Berry and Epic remain in your lap. It’s not long after you’re situated that Classic approaches you.

He tilts his head curiously. “why’d you do it? why make a deal like that? you basically made yourself their lab rat instead of us. why would you do something like that?”

Taking in everyone’s expressions, it’s obvious that they’re all thinking the same thing. For as long as they’ve been alive, all these boys have ever had is their brothers. No one has ever been there to look after them and give them the love and care they deserve. They’ve just been treated as experiments.

Without thinking, you raise a hand to cup Classic’s cheek. He stiffens at the touch and stares at you with wide eye-lights.

A tender smile forms on your face as you gently stroke his cheekbone. “I just didn’t want him to hurt any of you anymore. I don’t mind being the focus of their experiments. You’ve all suffered under that role for way too long. If I can ease your burden even just a little bit, then I will. There’s no way I could just sit back and watch them continue to hurt you kids if there was something I could do about it.”

You can’t help but feel pleased when he unconsciously leans into your touch. The look of awe on his face simultaneously warms and hurts your heart. No kid should be awed by someone wanting to help them. People should naturally be like that around children. Not that these kids have ever dealt with someone normal. Normal people don’t experiment on innocent children.

Once he realizes what he’s doing, Classic quickly pulls away and averts his eye-lights. The blue blush across his cheekbones makes you grin.
Feeling mischievous, you quickly lean down to give him a peck on his forehead before he moves out of your reach. The way his blush lights up his entire face leaves you feeling immensely satisfied.

“AH! YOU DID THAT BEFORE! WHAT DOES THAT GESTURE MEAN, MISS? IT FELT REALLY NICE WHEN YOU DID IT BEFORE! LIKE YOUR HUGS!”

You grin at Berry. “You mean this?”

When you kiss his forehead, he blushes a dark blue. “Y-YES, THAT!”

“That’s called a kiss, Berry. It’s a gesture of affection. It can be platonic or romantic. Usually when you kiss someone on the lips that’s because you’re in love with them, so don’t do that to just anybody, okay? Or, you might confuse them.”

Berry stares at you with wonder. “SO, YOU GIVE US KISSES BECAUSE YOU LIKE US?”

Your grin grows. “That’s right, sweetheart. You’re all so cute and adorable that I wanna give you all lots of hugs and kisses.”

Soon the room is lit with a red, orange, and blue glow as every skeleton blushes brightly at your words. These kids are seriously too cute. Too bad you can’t hug them all at once. Oh well, at least you’ve got two of them in your lap.

With a squeal, you hug Berry and Epic close. “You’re soooo cute!”

The two choose to hide their embarrassed faces in your chest. Their brothers won’t look at you and are still sporting dark blushes. Blaze is hiding his flustered face behind his brother while Grim is scowling fiercely as he tries to fight back his blush.

Surprisingly, Razz actually begins to approach you with his brother following close behind. There’s still a faint red blush on the little brother’s cheekbones while Rus’ face is a bright orange.

Razz places his hands on his hips. “YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE CALLING SOMEONE AS AMAZING AS ME CUTE! I AM FIERCE AND STRONG NOT CUTE AND ADORABLE!”

Grinning broadly, you give Epic and Berry a quick look which they thankfully understand. As soon as they vacate your lap, you pull a startled Razz into your arms and hug him tightly. “Sorry, sweetheart, but I’m just calling it like I see it. You are, without a doubt, super cute.”

His blush, which had begun to fade, comes back with a vengeance. Instead of struggling like you expect, he suddenly goes still in your arms. “WHAT’S THAT SOUND?”

When you take in his position against your chest, you are reminded of Ink’s similar query back in the Void. “That would be my heartbeat. The heart is an important part of the human body which keeps us alive by continuously beating. I know there’s probably a better way to explain it, but that’s the gist of it.”

Razz relaxes in your embrace. “IT’S...NICE. I’VE NEVER HEARD A SOUND LIKE THAT BEFORE.”

You start rubbing his back. “Well, you’re welcome to listen to it whenever you want. My offer for hugs applies to everyone here.”

When you look up, you see Rus staring at the two of you with wide eye-light.
your eyes are on him, he quickly averts his eyes. You watch with amusement as he keeps moving his gaze between you and the ground.

It appears that he wants to tell you something but is too shy to say it. Before you can question him, his brother intervenes. “PAPY, IF YOU WANT HER TO HUG YOU, JUST ASK. WHY ARE YOU BEING ALL SHY? IT’S NOT LIKE SHE’S GOING TO SAY NO.”

Rus’ flustered reaction makes you smile. “He’s right, sugar. If you want a hug, I’ll be more than happy to give you one.”

After a few seconds, the older brother nods before slowly approaching you. You can tell how nervous he is by the slight tremble in his shoulders. The sight breaks your heart.

Once he’s within reach, you wrap your free arm around him and pull him close. As expected, he initially freezes at the contact, but it doesn’t take him long to melt into the embrace.

Now, you have both Swapfell brothers cuddled up close to you. You wish you could take a picture. You’d love to see Black’s and Pup’s reactions. Maybe down the line you can get a picture of everyone here. Then, you could tease the others with pictures of them as baby bones.

The way Berry is pouting makes it obvious that he wishes he was still in your lap. At least, Epic doesn’t appear too upset. He seems happy that the others are warming up to you.

That’s when the room’s lights suddenly go dim. Your brows furrow in confusion. “Uhh. Is that normal?”

Classic nods his head as he and his brother head for the bottom bed of the bunk bed across from you. “yep. that means in about five minutes they’re gonna turn out the lights completely. guess that means it’s time for bed.”

The skeletons in your lap reluctantly pull away from you before heading for the bunk bed that’s against the room’s back wall. While they head for the ladder, the Underfell brothers move toward the bottom bunk.

Since there’s only four beds here, I guess that means I’ll be sleeping on the floor. Oh well, it’s not like it’ll kill me.

Instead of heading for bed like his brother, Berry frowns at you worriedly. “BUT, WHERE WILL YOU SLEEP, MISS? THE DOCTORS DIDN’T BRING IN ANOTHER BED FOR YOU.”

Touched by his concern, you give him a smile. “It’s alright, Berry. I’ll just sleep on the floor.”

His frown deepens. “YOU CAN’T DO THAT! IT’S COLD AND HARD! YOU WON’T BE ABLE TO GET ANY GOOD SLEEP THAT WAY!”

Then, a large grin forms on his face. “I KNOW! YOU CAN SLEEP WITH ME AND PAPY!”

“Huh?”

“huh?”

Looks like you and Orange are completely in sync considering he responded at the exact same time as you. Everyone is staring at Berry with wide eyes.

Berry places his hands on his hips as he puffs up his chest proudly. “YOU CAN SHARE OUR
“uhh. i don’t know if that’s a good idea, bro.”

Orange freezes when his brother frowns at him. “PAPY, WE CAN’T JUST LEAVE HER TO SLEEP ON THE FLOOR! WHAT IF SHE GETS SICK? IS THAT HOW YOU WANT TO REPAY HER FOR HELPING US EARLIER?”

You watch the older brother’s shoulders slump under the younger skeleton’s disappointed gaze. So, you decide to intervene. “Hey, Berry, it’s really alright. I can understand Orange’s hesitation. Anyone would be nervous about sharing a bed with someone they just met. I don’t want to make either of you uncomfortable. I really don’t mind sleeping on the floor.”

“I DO MIND!” Berry exclaims as he pulls on your arm.

Not wanting to fight him, you slowly rise to your feet. “EVEN IF WE JUST MET, THAT DOESN’T CHANGE THE FACT THAT YOU’VE SHOWN US MORE KINDNESS IN ONE DAY THAN WE’VE RECEIVED THROUGHOUT OUR ENTIRE LIVES. NOW, I WANT TO DO SOMETHING KIND FOR YOU.”

His words bring tears to your eyes. You don’t hesitate to sweep him into your arms and hug him close. “None of you deserve what you’ve been put through. You all deserve to be treated with love and kindness. You deserve so much better than this.”

Berry hugs your neck tightly but remains silent. When you look up, your eyes meet Orange’s. He stares at you for a few seconds and then sighs. “Come on up. My bro’s right. You really helped us out earlier. The least I can do is share our bed.”

Since he’s already on the top bunk, he’s in close enough range that you can give him a kiss on the forehead without any problems. “Thank you, Orange. That’s really sweet of you.”

He blushes a bright orange which he tries to hide by burying his face in the mattress. Realizing the lights will be turning off at any moment now, you quickly reach up to place Berry beside his brother before kicking off your shoes and climbing the ladder to join them.

Once you’re up there, you realize how small the bed actually is. It’s just barely long enough that your feet won’t have to hang off the edge. The mattress isn’t very wide which worries you. You don’t think the brothers will have enough room to sleep once you lie down.

Then, an idea comes to mind that makes you grin. “Okay, boys. I think I have a way to make this work so that we’ll all be comfortable.”

Knowing you don’t have much time left, you quickly move under the thin cover. Then, you grab Berry and pull him under your left arm so he can rest comfortably against your chest.

Unlike with Berry, you don’t automatically reach for Orange since he’s not used to being held by you like his brother. You don’t want to make him uncomfortable. “Are you alright with sleeping close to me? If it makes you uncomfortable, I can try to scooch over more. I just thought you guys might be more comfortable lying against me.”

Berry grins at his brother as he snuggles close to you. “She’s really comfy, Papy. I think you should try sleeping this way. I bet you’ll like it.”

It’s at that moment the lights turn out, and the room turns completely pitch black. Thankfully, you
can still see Orange thanks to his bright blush. He’s still at the far edge of the bed, leaning against the railing.

For a while, he remains like that not saying a word. Finally, after a few minutes, the older brother slowly crawls toward you and lies down beside you under the cover.

You can’t help but grin at the embarrassed squeak he makes when you wrap an arm around him and pull him close. Like the others, he goes completely still as he leans against you. Slowly but surely, he relaxes in your hold.

It doesn’t take long for both brothers to fall asleep in your arms. Soon, you start to grow drowsy as a wave of exhaustion washes over you.

As your eyelids begin to droop, you feel the brothers snuggle closer to your chest. In response, you give them both a warm squeeze which makes them sigh happily.

Within seconds, you join the two in dreamland.

Chapter End Notes

The lovely bluechocowitz on Tumblr made this amazing drawing of Ink clutching his chest which I totally recommend checking out. All of her art is absolutely gorgeous ^-^ Thank you so much, Blue!! <3 <3 Link

So, how was the fluff? Did y'all enjoy getting to hug some cute baby bones? I'm looking forward to hearing your comments for this chapter XD

Thank y'all for all the kind comments! They always put a huge smile on my face. I really appreciate your support ^-^.

Also, guess what! I officially have more than 100 followers on Tumblr now! Can you believe it?! I can't! lol XD Anyway, I wanted to do something for all my amazing followers and readers. I was thinking maybe I could hold a Q & A where you can send in asks anonymously or not about The Glitch. I won't give out any spoilers, but if you have questions about the guys like in regards to their feelings for the Reader, I could answer those or if you're curious just how many skeletons will appear in this fic ;) I'll be making a post later on today on this subject so please let me know what you think either on here or on Tumblr. I'd love to hear your opinions on what I should do to celebrate! ^^
The first thing you notice when you wake up is the heavy weight on your chest. You blink several times in an attempt to clear your blurry vision and shake your head to clear your groggy mind. Once your vision clears, you move your gaze from the ceiling to your chest.

You bite back the urge to coo at the sight. Instead of remaining under your arms, Berry and Orange are now asleep on top of you. They must have migrated to this new position while you were all asleep. Somehow, you managed to keep your arms around them the entire night despite their movements.

Not wanting to risk waking the skeletons, you do your best to keep your body still. Hopefully, you’ll be able to last until they wake up on their own.

As you let your gaze roam, you realize the lights are back on. If the lights turn off at bedtime, maybe they turn on at a certain time each morning. Does that mean the skeletons should be waking up now?

Screw that. Like hell do I care about their rules. If these kids wanna sleep in, then I’m gonna let them. Who knows when they last got a good night’s sleep.

Shortly after you wake, you hear rustling from below which signals the movements of the other skeletons. It looks like you were right about the lights being a sign for the kids to wake up.

Epic’s boisterous voice is the first one you hear. “GOOD MORNING, BROTHER! DID YOU SLEEP WELL?”

His brother yawns loudly. “yeah, you know me, bro. sleeping is what i do best.”

Soon the sounds of several other morning greetings reach your ears. You wonder if you should say something or just wait until the Underswap brothers wake up.

In the end, the decision is made for you when Epic notices the absence of your little trio. “THAT’S STRANGE. WHERE ARE BERRY, ORANGE, AND THE HUMAN? I DON’T SEE THEM. BERRY ALWAYS WAKES UP FIRST THING LIKE MYSELF. IT’S UNUSUAL TO NOT SEE HIM AWAKE BY NOW.”

You hear Grim scoff at the question. “THE HUMAN PROBABLY DID SOMETHING TO THEM. IT’S THEIR FAULT FOR BEING FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SHARE A BED WITH HER. YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.”

At his words, the children below all start talking at once at such a rapid pace that you can’t make
out what they’re saying. You’re amazed that Berry and Orange are still asleep despite all the racket. How tired were these kids?

After a while, there’s a lull in the conversation which you choose to take advantage of. You keep your voice low so that you don’t wake up the sleeping children. “Hey, guys? If you’re looking for Berry and Orange, they’re up here with me fast asleep. And, no, Grim, I didn’t do anything to them. They’re just tired.”

Considering how silent everyone gets, you assume they heard you, but you wonder why no one has replied yet. That’s when you hear movement below, and the bunk bed begins to shake.

Alarmed, you hug the sleeping skeletons tightly and turn to look toward the railing. Your eyes widen in surprise when six heads peer over the railing to look at you curiously. How the hell did they manage that?

Blaze appears completely awestruck as he stares at you. “they’re really asleep. i’ve never seen berry sleep in or orange sleep so deeply before. they’re completely out of it.”

While the comment on Berry doesn’t really surprise you since Underswap Sans is known to be an early riser, it saddens you to hear that Orange doesn’t normally sleep so well. You’re glad you were able to change that for at least one night.

Epic’s eye-lights are practically sparkling with wonder. “WOWIE! YOU’RE AMAZING, MISS HUMAN! HOW DID YOU GET THEM TO SLEEP SO SOUNDLY?”

His brother is looking at you curiously. “you said you didn’t have magic, right? so, is this some kind of power humans have?”

A scowl forms on Grim’s face. “SHE OBVIOUSLY DID SOMETHING! NO WAY COULD THOSE TWO BE SLEEPING LIKE THAT JUST BY SHARING A BED WITH HER. SHE’S OBVIOUSLY HIDING SOMETHING.”

Razz actually rolls his eye-lights at that remark. “WHAT COULD SHE POSSIBLY BE HIDING? IF SHE HAD ANY POWERS, SHE WOULD’VE ESCAPED BY NOW, OR THE DOCTORS WOULD’VE DONE SOMETHING TO HER TO PREVENT HER FROM USING THEM.”

Nervously, Rus nods his head in agreement. “i don’t think she did anything. maybe she’s just really comfortable? her hug yesterday was really warm and soft.”

You can’t help but be amused by this conversation. Apparently, even being a good pillow is suspicious to Grim. Before you can stop yourself, a giggle erupts from your mouth. Unfortunately, once you start laughing, it’s near impossible for you to stop.

When you finally calm down, you look up to see every skeleton watching you with wide eye-lights. Even the previously sleeping Berry and Orange are staring at you with amazed expressions. Oh no, it looks like you woke them up with your loud laughter.

Frowning, you give the skeletons on your chest an apologetic look. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you two up. I was so amused that I forgot to be quiet.”

For some reason, Orange appears embarrassed as he averts his eye-lights. His brother, on the other hand, is beaming at you with starry eyes. “THAT’S OKAY, MISS! IT WAS TIME FOR US TO GET UP ANYWAY. BESIDES, I REALLY LIKED WAKING UP THIS WAY. YOU HAVE A NICE LAUGH!”
He hasn’t even been awake for more than five minutes, and he’s already being too adorable for words. Grinning broadly, you bring him close so you can nuzzle his cheekbone. “You are seriously too cute. I’m super lucky to get to see your cute face first thing in the morning.”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

As his brother laughs, you notice Orange shyly glancing toward you. Not wanting to leave him out, you give him the same special treatment. “Of course, I think you’re a real cutie too, Orange.”

The way his face lights up when he blushes makes your grin grow so much it’s actually beginning to hurt your cheeks. It seems Epic wants to join in on the fun since he’s now clambering into the bed. “I WANT A GOOD MORNING HUG TOO, MISS HUMAN!”

Without hesitation, you bring him into the fold. “Sure thing, sweetie. I could never turn down a request from you.”

“NYEH HEH HEH!”

When you look toward the other skeletons by the railing, you see the resigned expression on Classic’s face. Looks like he’s accepted that his brother won’t be leaving you alone anytime soon.

Scowling, Grim’s face disappears from the railing, and his voice floats up from the floor. “ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! HURRY UP AND GET OUT OF BED, YOU LAZYBONES!”

His brother quickly follows his example after he gives you a quick glance. Soon enough, everyone else not in the bed is back on the ground.

You take that as your cue to end hug time and release the skeletons. When you see their reluctant faces, you give them each a kiss on the forehead, even Orange who blushes brightly in response.

Rather than make the skeletons climb down, you get off the bed first and just pick them up from the bed to set them down on the floor. Berry and Epic obviously enjoy the free ride while Orange just seems flustered. Looks like Stretch’s mini-me is a little on the shy side. How cute.

Once they’re all on the ground, you stretch your arms above your head for a few seconds as you slip into your shoes. While that thin mattress wasn’t the best bed you’ve ever slept on, it definitely beat sleeping on the floor.

You grin when you see the many curious looks aimed your way. “I’m just stretching. Humans have muscles that can get stiff if they’re stuck in the same place for too long.”

At your comment, Berry starts playing with his hands nervously. “DID YOU SLEEP WELL, HUMAN? I KNOW BONES AREN’T VERY SOFT, SO HAVING US ON TOP OF YOU COULDN’T HAVE BEEN VERY COMFORTABLE.”

Your expression softens. You waste no time in scooping him up into your arms which makes Berry squeal in surprise. His face turns bright blue when you rub your cheek against his. “I was very comfortable, Berry. I had a great night’s sleep. I’m really grateful to you and Orange for being willing to share your bed with me. You’re both really kind.”

When you wink at Orange, he quickly averts his eye-lights in embarrassment. Before you can tease him, a tugging on your pants brings your attention to Epic who’s giving you a hopeful look. “What’s up, sugar?”
Blushing, Epic shyly ducks his head. “Y-YOU CAN SLEEP IN OUR BED TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO, MISS HUMAN. IT WOULDN’T BE FAIR IF BERRY AND ORANGE ARE THE ONLY ONES TO THANK YOU. THIS WAY YOU DON’T HAVE TO STAY WITH THEM EVERY NIGHT.”

His brother makes a choked noise. When you turn toward him, Classic blushes under your gaze and quickly looks away. “my bro makes a good point. that way orange and berry don’t have to share their bed the whole time you’re here.”

Taking them up on that offer would probably be for the best. You’d feel bad if you made the Underswap boys share with you every night, especially when you don’t even know how long you’ll be here.

Berry tightens his grip on you as he pouts. “I DON’T MIND SHARING WITH HER. SHE CAN USE OUR BED AS LONG AS SHE WANTS. RIGHT, PAPY?”

Surprisingly, his brother doesn’t immediately object. Instead, Orange chooses to keep his gaze locked on the floor. “doesn’t matter to me. sharing wasn’t that bad.”

Everyone is caught off guard when Razz starts cackling loudly. “YOU TWO JUST DON’T WANT TO SHARE THE HUMAN! YOU’RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE! NOW, I’M INTRIGUED! HUMAN, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO USE MY AND PAPY’S BED FOR A NIGHT. BE GRATEFUL FOR MY KINDNESS!”

Rus stares at his brother with wide eye-lights before looking toward you. When you smile at him, he blushes a bright orange and averts his eye-lights. “i-if that’s what sans wants, then it’s o-okay with me.”

The pure look of disbelief on Grim’s face makes you want to laugh, but you, thankfully, manage to restrain yourself. “WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU IDIOTS?! WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO SLEEP NEXT TO THIS PATHETIC HUMAN?! ARE YOU TRYING TO GET YOURSELVES KILLED?! SHE COULD EASILY ATTACK YOU AS SOON AS YOU LET YOUR GUARDS DOWN!”

Berry jumps out of your arms and turns to face Grim with his hands on his hips. “SHE WON’T! SHE DIDN’T DO ANYTHING TO ME OR PAPY WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP! SHE’S A GOOD HUMAN! SHE CARES ABOUT US! SHE’S NOT GOING TO HURT US! HOW COULD YOU BE SO MEAN TO HER AFTER SHE AGREED TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON BY THE DOCTORS SO THAT WE COULD BE SPARED?!”

With a sneer, Grim cross his arms and glares at the shorter skeleton. “EASY! JUST BECAUSE SHE DID IT ONE DAY DOESN’T MEAN SHE’LL CONTINUE TO DO SO! SHE’LL CAVE EVENTUALLY! ONCE THE PAIN GETS TOO MUCH FOR HER, SHE’LL GIVE UP AND DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HERSELF EVEN IF IT MEANS SACRIFICING US! THERE’S NO WAY SHE COULD CARE ABOUT US! NO ONE DOES!”

At that, everyone goes completely still, and the room is filled with a dead silence. The only movement is the bobbing of Grim’s shoulders as he tries to regulate his breathing after his long tirade.

There are tears in both Berry’s and Epic’s eye sockets while their brothers hide their faces by looking down at the ground. Razz is scowling, but you can tell he’s close to tears himself while Rus is trembling beside him. Behind Grim, you see Blaze with his head ducked low.
Your heart clenches painfully at the sight. *They’re not arguing with him because they think the same way. They don’t think it’s possible for someone to actually care about them. They think they’re unlovable.*

Without hesitation, you move toward Grim who immediately jumps into a defensive stance in front of his shaking brother. You startle him when you unceremoniously plop down on the ground in front of him and move into a sitting position.

Now that you’re on his level, you bring your eyes to meet his wide eye-lights. “I know that you have no reason to trust me, but I swear to you that I will not betray you. I’m never gonna try to back out of my deal with the doctors. I don’t care what they do to me. I’m not letting them hurt any of you while I’m here.”

You decide to lean in close to make your final point. “And, you are wrong about no one caring about you. I care about you—all of you. And, I’m willing to do whatever it takes to get all of you out of this place. You don’t deserve to be here. You deserve to be loved and to be somewhere safe. I’m not leaving this world until you’re all free.”

Before you move back, you leave a quick kiss on Grim’s forehead. A cheeky grin forms on your face when his turns scarlet. “And, of course, I’m not leaving until I get hugs from everyone. I’ll be getting a hug from you eventually, sweetie. Look forward to it.”

With an embarrassed screech, Grim jumps back like he’s been burned and tries to put as much distance between you and him as possible. This leaves Blaze out in the open gaping at you in shock.

Noticing his amazed gaze, you wink at him. “Of course, that includes you too, sweetheart. No way am I forgetting your cute self.”

Soon his face becomes as red as his brother’s. Blaze quickly moves to hide behind his brother, so you won’t see his flustered expression.

That’s when Razz jumps into your lap and starts laughing. “I LIKE YOU, HUMAN! I HAVEN’T HAD THIS MUCH ENTERTAINMENT IN A LONG TIME! I’LL EXPECT YOU TO CONTINUE TO DO SO! DO NOT DISAPPOINT ME!”

With a pout, Berry scrambles into your lap to join him. “SHE’S NOT A TOY, RAZZ! AND, DON’T GO JUMPING INTO HER LAP LIKE YOU OWN IT!”

His counterpart rolls his eyes. “YOU JUST DON’T WANT TO SHARE HER. YOU CAN’T KEEP HER FOR YOURSELF, IDIOT.”

Not wanting a fight to start, you intervene by wrapping your arms around the two and embracing them. “Now, kids, no need to fight. There’s plenty of room for both of you. And, I can play with you both.”

A tugging on your sleeve directs your attention to Rus who’s watching you with a shy expression. “m-me too?”

You haven’t even been up for more than an hour, and these kids are already trying to kill you with their cuteness. Your heart feels like it’ll explode at any minute.

Razz and Berry aren’t very large, so there should be enough room to squeeze another skeleton in your lap. Hell, you’ll make room if it’s necessary.
Without hesitation, you scoop Rus up into your arm and hold him close to your chest. He immediately snuggles into the embrace. “Sure thing, sugar. We’ve got some room to spare.”

Surprisingly, it’s Orange who approaches you next. He takes a seat beside you and leans against your side. He keeps his voice low so that his brother won’t hear him. “Thanks. What you said made my bro really happy. I still don’t know what to think of you, but my bro likes you a lot so I’m willing to give you a chance. I won’t forgive you if you hurt him, though.”

Grateful that he’s willing to try trusting you, you reach down to kiss him on the top of his skull. As you expect, his whole face turns a bright orange which makes you smile. “Thank you, Orange. I appreciate it. I won’t let you down.”

Your breath comes out in a whoosh when you feel a small body collide with your back. When you look over your shoulder, you see Epic beaming as he hangs onto your back. “Since your lap is occupied, may I have this spot instead, Miss Human?”

You snort in amusement. “Sure. Just be careful not to fall off, okay?”

“Okay!”

Classic comes to stand beside you. “Don’t worry, I’ll keep an eye socket on him.”

When you look for the Underfell brothers, you find them a few feet behind you. They’re no longer blushing, but they’re obviously keeping their distance. Oh well, at least they’re not on the other side of the room.

Unfortunately, all good things must eventually come to an end. Everyone freezes in place when they hear the sound of the electric door slide open. Because your back is to the door, you have to look over your shoulder to see who has arrived.

It’s a Riverperson; that much you can tell right away. The scientist is wearing a white buttoned up lab coat that’s so long it reaches the floor. Somehow, they managed to attach a hood to it so their face is completely hidden. Considering the way Orange and Berry tense at the sight of the scientist, this must be the Royal Scientist of Underswap.

“It is time.”

You learned early on that both Riverpersons were monsters of few words. The few times you heard them speak they would spout cryptic words that went completely over your head.

Realizing you have to leave, you give the skeletons in your lap a hug before helping them stand. Berry looks like he’s about to cry, so you give him a quick peck on the forehead before rising to your feet.

No one looks pleased with this situation, but they remain silent since there’s nothing that can be done about it. As you pass the Underfell brothers, you see Grim’s deep frown and Blaze’s worried expression. You give them a wink before turning to face the door.

As soon as you pass through the doorway, the door closes behind you, successfully separating you from the boys. You unconsciously clench your fists at that thought.

The walk down the hallway is silent as expected. When you finally arrive at the door that leads to the lab you visited before, you swallow nervously as you remember all of the pain from yesterday.

That’s when Grim’s words from earlier move to the forefront of your mind. “Just because
SHE DID IT ONE DAY DOESN’T MEAN SHE’LL CONTINUE TO DO SO! SHE’LL CAVE EVENTUALLY! ONCE THE PAIN GETS TOO MUCH FOR HER, SHE’LL GIVE UP AND DO ANYTHING TO SAVE HERSELF EVEN IF IT MEANS SACRIFICING US!

Your eyes narrow as your resolve hardens. You’re not going to cave. No matter what you’re put through, you won’t allow those kids to be hurt any longer. You will save them.

With that, you follow the scientist through the door without hesitation, and the experiments begin.

Biting back a groan, you slowly trudge after Swap River. In the back of your mind, you think you should try to come up with nicknames for the doctors, but you quickly dismiss the thought. Who the hell cares? It’s not like you’ll be making any small talk with your captors.

Now that they are aware of the full situation regarding the health of your soul, the scientists refrained from doing too much direct experimentation on your soul. Of course, that doesn’t mean the bastards completely held back which is why you feel so sore. All of the superficial damage was taken care of by healing magic, but you’re still stuck with a below twenty HP level. If this keeps up, you worry that you won’t last more than a week.

As before, Swap River remains silent throughout the whole walk back to the room. Even after they open the door, the scientist still doesn’t say anything which you honestly find a tad unsettling.

You quickly move through the door and don’t bother to give the door another glance when it slams shut behind you. Instead, you keep your gaze on the kids’ relieved faces which make you grin broadly. “I’m back! Hope you guys didn’t miss me too much.”

Berry wastes no time in jumping into your arms with Epic following right behind him. As soon as you settle down on the floor near the bunk beds, Razz quickly climbs into your lap. “IT’S ABOUT TIME, HUMAN! I WAS GROWING BORED!”

A deep frown forms on Berry’s face. “SHE’S NOT HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU, RAZZ! BESIDES, SHE’S PROBABLY REALLY TIRED NOW! WE SHOULDN’T BOther HER TOO MUCH!”

Epic glances at you with worried eye-lights. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, MISS HUMAN? DO YOU NEED TO REST? YOU CAN USE OUR BED IF YOU NEED TO.”

His brother nods as he examines you. “there’s no way you’re not tired after all that. you should probably lie down for a little while.”

Orange settles down beside you. “no one will bother you if you want some time for yourself.”

On your other side, Rus moves to sit down. When he sees that your eyes are on him, he shyly nods his head. “w-we won’t bother you, miss.”

Their concern really touches your heart. Even the Underfell brothers are discretely sending you worried looks.

Grinning, you hug the skeletons in your lap tightly. “You’re all sweethearts. Thank you, but I’m alright. I’m a little tired, but it’s not so bad that I need to go to bed now. I’d rather tell you all that story I promised you.”

Epic’s and Berry’s faces brighten at the mention of storytime. Razz also looks very interested although he would probably deny it if you asked.
Before you begin, you move to press your back against the bunk bed so you can lean against it. You then bring Orange and Rus to rest against your sides while their brothers and Epic remain in your lap facing you. Classic crawls into the bed behind your head and sprawls out there.

Surprisingly, Grim and Blaze take a seat a few feet in front of you. You had expected them to not be interested. They must be more curious than you originally thought.

Now that everyone is comfortably situated, you begin telling them about all the adventures you’ve been on. First, you tell them about your world; you have to clarify what video games are at one point since they never played with one before. Once that’s properly explained, you tell them about the world of Undertale.

It isn’t long before you have them all hanging on your every word as you tell them about the resets and how the glitch kept interfering with Frisk, preventing the child from escaping. They were all visibly impressed by how you and Comic managed to work around the glitch and save the world without having to actually stop it.

While they appeared to enjoy the story of Underswap, it was obvious how invested everyone became in the story of Underfell because of all the action. Taking down a constantly moving assassin is pretty exciting. You decide to leave out the altercation with Error since you figured that would just upset them.

Instead, you go straight into the tale of Swapfell which Razz enjoyed immensely. It was also obvious how much Grim liked the stories with battles, but he tried to cover his excitement with his usual scowl. You weren’t fooled for a single minute.

After you finish telling the kids about how your group saved Chara from the Amalgamates, you lean back against the bunk bed with a sigh. All that talking wore you out. If they want more stories, the kids will have to let you take a break first.

I’m a little thirsty after all that talking. The doctors gave me some water and food while I was at the lab, but I wish they would’ve let me bring some back here. Apparently, the kids don’t get fed everyday because they don’t need food as much as humans and other monsters. Like I actually believe that. Those bastards.

A hand in your hair startles you and abruptly draws you out of your thoughts. When you look to the bed, you see Classic staring at you with wide eye-lights and a guilty expression. “s-sorry. i didn’t mean to.”

Your expression softens at his fearful reaction. Slowly, you reach for him and wrap an arm around his shoulders so that you can bring him closer to you. “It’s fine, sweetheart. I don’t care if you wanna touch my hair. It just startled me since I was lost in thought when you did it. If you wanna play with my hair, have at it. I don’t mind.”

Once he realizes you’re not mad, Classic relaxes under your touch. You give him a squeeze before releasing him. A few seconds later, after you turn back around, you catch movement out of the corner of your eye. You watch as Classic slowly moves his hand to touch your hair. He then starts carding his fingers through the strands.

You look down when you feel movement in your lap. Razz is now climbing your front so that he can touch your hair. You can’t help but be amused especially when you see his brother’s horrified expression. “sans! you can’t climb her like that!”

Razz completely ignores his brother in favor of marveling at the texture of your hair as he runs his
fingers through it. “IT'S SO SOFT! JUST LIKE YOUR SKIN! ARE ALL HUMANS LIKE THIS?”

Your shoulders begin to shake as you fight off the urge to laugh and fail. “Yes, usually anway. I guess it depends on how well a human takes care of their hair. Hair can actually have a lot of different textures. Skin, for the most part, is always soft.”

Rather than climb you, Epic moves to join his brother on the bed and starts to play with your hair too. “WOWIE! HAIR IS SO NICE! I WISH I HAD SOME!”

Not wanting to be left out, Berry follows Razz’s example and reaches for some hair to play with. You can’t help but giggle at the sight especially when you catch Orange shaking his head in exasperation.

Blaze is staring at you with awe like he can’t believe you’re being so tolerant of everyone’s antics while his brother watches the others in disbelief. “WHAT ARE YOU IDIOTS DOING? IT’S JUST HAIR! THERE’S NO NEED TO GET THAT EXCITED ABOUT IT!”

A smirk forms on Razz’s face as he turns to look at Grim. “YOU’RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE YOU CAN’T DO IT! YOU’RE TOO SCARED TO APPROACH THE HUMAN, SO YOU CAN’T TOUCH HER HAIR!”

Grim glares at him as he rises to his feet while Blaze just scowls at his counterpart. “I AM NOT SCARED! UNLIKE YOU WEEKLINGS, I COULD EASILY DEFEAT HER IF SHE DECIDED TO ATTACK. I’M BEING SMART BY NOT STICKING CLOSE TO HER. THAT WAY SHE CAN’T TRY ANYTHING.”

Before an argument can break out, you decide to intervene. “Let’s not fight. It’s understandable why Grim doesn’t wanna approach me. He’s been taught all his life how bad humans are. Of course, he wouldn’t want to befriend one. I don’t blame him for not trusting me. He’s just being cautious and trying to look out for himself and his brother.”

Everyone stares at you with wide eye-lights. They’re obviously surprised that you’re so accepting of Grim’s unfriendly treatment toward you. The Underfell brothers look the most shocked out of everyone.

Surprisingly, it’s Blaze who speaks up. Rather than stay behind his brother, he actually takes a step toward you. “why don’t you ever get mad? you’re always smiling and nice to us. despite how we treat you, you don’t get upset with us. why? shouldn’t you be mad? isn’t that normal?”

Your heart clenches painfully at his words. He thinks it’s normal to have people mad at him. That if he makes even the slightest mistake that it warrants punishment. In his world, being nice isn’t normal. He was probably never shown any kindness before you arrived. How sad is that?

The desire to hug the child is overwhelming. Unfortunately, he’s not close enough that you can reach him. However, you won’t let that deter you.

You gently pull Berry and Razz out of your lap and place them beside their brothers. Then, you slowly crawl toward Blaze who’s watching you with an alarmed expression. You didn’t want to waste time getting up. You want to reach him as quickly as possible.

Thankfully, he doesn’t try to run away, and his brother isn’t moving to interfere. Although, Grim is watching you very closely.

Once you reach your destination, you move to sit right in front of the shocked Blaze. You keep
your movements deliberately slow in order to avoid scaring him. He stiffens when you cup his cheeks with your hands.

Smiling, you gently stroke his cheekbones, and you feel him unconsciously lean into your touch. “While getting angry and violent was normal in the world you came from, it’s not normal in every world. In my world, we treat children kindly and give them the love and care they deserve. Children shouldn’t be punished or treated cruelly like how you’re used to. You deserve to be shown kindness. No one else has done that for you, so I’ve decided to make that my job. I’m gonna treat you kids the way you deserve to be treated.”

His eye-lights are impossibly wide as he stares at you with awe and disbelief. When his shoulders start to shake, you gently wrap your arms around him in a hug and guide him to your chest. He melts into the embrace faster than you expected. That just proves how much he really wanted one.

When you look up, your eyes meet Grim’s who’s studying you carefully. At least, he’s not looking at you with suspicion. His expression softens when his eye-lights fall on his brother.

As you watch him, you’re reminded that despite his bravado and protectiveness that he is in fact the younger brother. But, because of how his world is and his brother’s low HP, Grim takes it upon himself to be the protector. He doesn’t allow himself a moment of weakness. In his world, if you falter, you’re easy pickings for stronger monsters.

The world of Underfell is bad enough as it is, but combining it with the Handplates AU makes everything a hundred times worse. You can’t imagine how awful their lives were back then when it was just them on their own in the lab back in their world.

You want to reach out to Grim and offer comfort to him as well. Before you can, however, the lights go dim signaling the end of the day.

Grim immediately turns to head for their bed, and Blaze reluctantly pulls out of your arms to follow after him. Before he does, you give him a kiss on the forehead which makes him light up like a stop light. You give him a gentle smile. “Good night, sweetheart.”

Blaze shyly ducks his head. “g-good night.”

Then, he takes off after his brother. He moves so fast all you see is a red blur. Amused, you can’t help but think that he’d make a good night-light considering how bright his face is because of his blush.

Epic runs over to you and grabs your hand. “YOU’LL BE SLEEPING WITH US, RIGHT, MISS HUMAN?”

Since Berry is right behind him, Epic must have beaten him to you. Not wanting to disappoint the sweetheart, you nod your head. “Sure, hun. It would be unfair to make Berry and Orange share their bed every night.”

A pout forms on Berry’s face. “BUT, WE DON’T MIND, MISS! WE LIKED SLEEPING WITH YOU!”

You pull him into a hug and squeeze him tightly. “I did too. Think of it this way, it’s not like there are a lot of beds, so it’ll be your turn again soon enough. Grim has already stated that he doesn’t want me anywhere near his bed. So, if I stay with Razz and Rus tomorrow night, then I can bunk with you and Orange again after that.”

Thankfully, that seems to appease him. Berry returns the embrace before following after his brother
who’s already climbing the ladder. When you look toward the other bunk bed, you see that the Swapfell and Underfell brothers are already in bed.

Once you’re on your feet, Epic leads you by the hand to his and Classic’s bed. You reach out to gently rub the older brother on the head, and he looks at you with surprise. “Are you sure it’s okay for me to stay with you? I understand if the idea makes you uncomfortable.”

Classic gives you a considering look and then shakes his head. “It’s fine. pap is excited about it. plus, you haven’t done anything to warrant our distrust. so, there’s no harm in giving you a chance.”

He squeaks in surprise when you scoop him up into your arms and hold him close. His face turns a bright blue when you rub your cheek against the top of his skull. “Thank you, Classic. I appreciate it.”

Epic, being the total sweetheart that he is, jumps into the bed and pulls back the cover for you. “HERE YOU GO, MISS HUMAN! YOU CAN BRING MY BROTHER WITH YOU.”

With a grin, you get into the bed after kicking off your shoes and move under the cover all the while holding onto a very embarrassed Classic. Epic wastes no time in joining you both under the cover and snuggling close to you.

You decide to release Classic since you don’t want to make him too uncomfortable. Instead of pulling away like you expect, he follows his brother’s example and remains close.

As soon as you’re all situated, the lights go out, plunging the room in darkness. Considering how excitable Captain Fantastic can be, you figure that it’ll take a while for Epic to settle down. That’s why you are surprised when Epic slumps against you fast asleep only after a few minutes have passed since the lights turned off. Either he was really tired, or you have some kind of hypnotic effect on skeletons that puts them to sleep if they stay close enough to you for a long enough period of time.

Even though you can’t really make out anything in the darkness, you can tell that Classic is still awake by how stiff his body is. Worried that you’re keeping him awake, you decide to question him. You whisper so that you don’t risk waking Epic or any of the other children. “Classic? You’re awake, right? Are you okay? Is it hard to sleep with me here after all?”

You can tell that he’s looking at you now since you’re able to make out his eye-lights. “No, you’re actually pretty comfortable. I’m just not sleepy.”

Your brows furrow with worry. A Sans that’s not sleepy? If Berry or Razz had said it, you’d understand since they’re the excitable versions of Sans. But, this an Undertale version of Sans. That just doesn’t sound right to you.

“Is this normal? You were able to sleep okay last night, right?”

You feel him shrug his shoulders. “This just happens from time to time. No big deal. I’ll just take a nap tomorrow. I do it all the time.”

Even if he’s used to it, that doesn’t mean you’re just going to sit back and let him suffer from insomnia all night. You need to come up with something that’ll help him sleep. Unfortunately, you don’t have a lot to work with.

That’s when an idea comes to mind that makes you grin. Slowly, so that you won’t disturb Epic, you move Classic into a new position on top of your chest. Because of the brightness of his wide
eye-lights, you’re able to make out his surprised expression. “w-what are you doing?”

You begin to gently stroke his back with your hand. “I’m helping you fall asleep. If you place your head against my chest, you can hear my heartbeat. The last time one of my skeleton friends did that he fell asleep after a few minutes. I was hoping it’d do the same for you.”

His body slowly but surely relaxes under your ministrations. It doesn’t take him long to rest his head against your chest and spread his arms out around you. “this is a heartbeat?”

Your hand moves to rub his skull. “Yep. Soothing, right?”

He nods againsts your chest. “it’s...nice.”

Finally, after several minutes pass, you feel his body go limp against your chest which makes you sigh in relief. If that hadn’t worked, you don’t know what you would’ve done.

Once you’re sure that he’s asleep, you let your hand stop and rest your arm across his back. Your other arm remains wrapped around the snoozing Epic.

Happy that they’re both comfortable now, you close your eyes and wait for sleep to claim you. As your awareness slowly fades, you briefly wonder about your current situation.

Is the glitch still in this world, or have you been here long enough to destroy it? If it is gone, why haven’t the AU’s gone back to normal? If the glitch is still here, what are you supposed to do to stop it? There are no children with the power to reset at this point in time. At least, you don’t think so. Could one of the children before the eighth child be here now?

More importantly, how are you supposed to save these kids? You don’t care if you’ll be messing with the timeline. There’s no way that you’ll leave them to suffer under the scientists’ hands.

But, what can you do? You’re at their mercy now. If you try to escape, you’ll be putting the kids in danger. It’s not like you’ve been provided any chances to escape either. If you take one step out of line, they could easily use their magic to punish you or even kill you if they decide they only need your soul.

How am I supposed to fix this?

Chapter End Notes

For those of you not on Tumblr, I had a poll where everyone could vote on who I'd show a sneak peek of from a future chapter. Black won so I posted a brief scene that will happen with him in the future. Here's the [link](link). Hope you like it! ^^

How many of y'all were surprised by the Riverperson being there? All of y'all assumed that there would be four Gasters, but I never said that's who the other three scientists were. I just said they were the other Royal Scientists XD After all, in Underswap and Swapfell, the Riverperson and Gaster swap places, so for the Gaster Blaster AU’s, it's Dr. River who experiments on those particular kids. Also, I’ll be using they/them for the Dr. River’s.

Regarding the experiment scenes, I don't delve into that partly because the Reader blacks out relatively quickly from the pain and because I didn't want the
experimentation to be the main focus here. I want to focus on the Reader's bond with the kids and how she slowly gains their trust.

I apologize for the lack of action regarding the glitch, but I promise things will pick up in the next chapter. The chapter after that one, the final chapter of this arc, is when everything big happens. Till then I want to focus on the kids because the Reader's relationship with them is important. The best way to describe it is that the Reader will need to have a lot of determination in order to save these worlds, and the best way to get her determination to a high enough level is by giving her something to protect i.e. the kids. So, I hope you'll enjoy how everything turns out in the end :)

Happy Easter!!! Hope y'all have a great day! ^-^
This time it’s the sound of several hushed voices that wakes you.

“WOWZERS! THE LIGHTS ARE ON, AND THEY’RE NOT EVEN STIRRING! I’VE NEVER SEEN EPIC SO STILL BEFORE!”

“well, i guess the same could be said about us yesterday. did we really look like that?”

“YOU DID! YOU WERE COMPLETELY OUT OF IT! YOU WERE CUDDLING HER JUST LIKE THAT!”

“yeah, you looked really comfortable just like they do now.”

“DON’T WORRY, PAPY! OUR TURN IS NEXT! WE’LL GET TO SEE HOW THE HUMAN DOES IT FIRSTHAND!”

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU’RE ACTUALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO IT! WHAT’S SO EXCITING ABOUT SHARING A BED WITH A HUMAN? THERE’S SO LITTLE ROOM; THEY HAVE TO SLEEP ON TOP OF HER!”

“But, that’s the best part! She’s really comfy! I loved sleeping on her chest!”

The conversation comes to an abrupt halt when you slowly open your eyes and turn your head to face them. You sleepily grin at their shocked and guilty expressions. “Morning, guys. Did you sleep well?”

Both Berry and Razz grin at you as they nod their heads rapidly. Their brothers choose to nod at a more sedate pace. Blaze does the same with a shy smile while his brother averts his eye-lights and crosses his arms with a huff.

When you bring your gaze to your chest, you see Classic still out cold while Epic starts to stir beside you. Their voices must’ve been loud enough to wake him.

After a few minutes, Epic sits up and sleepily rubs his eye sockets. His face immediately brightens when he sees you. “GOOD MORNING, MISS HUMAN! DID YOU SLEEP WELL?”

You give him a warm smile. “Good morning, Epic. I slept very well. Thank you for asking.”

He sighs in exasperation when he notices that his brother is still fast asleep. “IS MY BROTHER STILL NOT AWAKE? THAT LAZYBONES! I’LL WAKE HIM UP, SO YOU CAN MOVE, MISS HUMAN!”
Remembering the events of last night, you put a hand on Epic’s shoulder to stop him. At his confused look, you shake your head. “It’s alright, Epic. You don’t have to wake him. He looked pretty tired last night, so we should let him sleep as much as he wants. I think I can move out of the bed without waking him.”

To prove your point, you gently remove the cover and slowly scooch out of the bed. Rather than stand, you simply drop down to sit on the floor. You lean against the bed frame and place Classic in your lap. Once Epic crawls out of the bed, you grab the cover and wrap it around the sleeping skeleton.

After you’re all settled, you look up and see the kids staring at you with amazed expressions. Epic, in particular, is sparkling excitedly. Your treatment toward his brother must’ve made him happy. What a sweetheart.

Surprisingly, it’s Orange who approaches you. Placing a hand on your knee, he repeatedly moves his gaze between your face and your lap. Finally, with a blush on his face, Orange meets your eyes. “is there room for one more?”

Miraculously, you fight back the urge to squeal at the cuteness. Instead, you smile at him and nod your head. “Sure thing, hun. Just let me adjust Classic’s position so you can fit.”

It only takes a few seconds to move Classic so that there’s enough room for Orange. You can’t help but marvel at how deep a sleeper the skeleton is. Despite all the moving around that you’ve been doing, Classic hasn’t so much as twitched. He must be really tired.

As soon as there’s a spot available, Orange wastes no time in climbing into your lap. You stare amazed as he drifts off only seconds after making himself comfortable. Did he not get enough sleep last night?

Smiling softly, you adjust the blanket so that it’s covering both skeletons. You gently stroke their skulls for a few minutes before returning your attention to the other skeletons.

Out of the six skeletons, Grim and Epic are the only ones not staring at your lap with jealousy or longing. Razz and Berry are not pleased that their favorite spot is taken while Rus and Blaze look like they’d love nothing more than to take a long nap.

With a worried frown, you focus your gaze on the older brothers. “Blaze. Rus. Are you two still sleepy? My lap may be full, but you can still sit beside me and lean against me if you want. I don’t mind.”

Both of their faces light up with bright blushes. After hesitating for a few seconds, Rus slowly approaches you and comes to sit beside you. He squeaks in embarrassment when you wrap an arm around him to pull him closer and give him a squeeze.

Rus shyly hides his face against your hoodie and raises a hand to latch onto you. He buries his face further when you give him a peck on the top of his skull.

When you bring your gaze back to Blaze, you can tell that he obviously wants to join you but is hesitating because of his brother. Noticing all the glances aimed his way by his brother, Grim sighs before suddenly grabbing Blaze by the hand.

You watch with interest as Grim walks toward you while pulling his brother behind him. He scowls when he arrives at your side, but instead of commenting, he just pushes Blaze toward you before taking a seat a few feet away.
His brother’s unusual behavior has obviously left Blaze feeling baffled. Grinning, you help him sit beside you and wrap an around him to pull him against your side. He sends another look toward his brother, but when Grim says nothing, Blaze finally lets himself melt into the embrace.

The next few minutes pass with you teaching Berry, Epic, and Razz how to use your phone so that they can take a picture of this adorable cuddle pile. There’s no way you’re passing up this opportunity. You can’t wait to see the flustered expressions of their older counterparts when you show them.

After a while, an annoyed Grim rises to his feet and moves to help the trio figure out how to use the phone. Within a few seconds, they’ve got it working and are taking several pictures.

Rather than take it back after they get a good one, you let the kids play with it and take turns using the camera. After you suggest it, they all take a picture of their sleeping older brother, even Grim who refuses to meet your eyes.

Once the excitement of the camera wears off, you teach them how to play the games on your phone. Thankfully, you have some that don’t require an Internet connection to work. You wish you had more puzzle games since you know they’d like those. However, they do seem to be enjoying the Mahjong app you had downloaded. The only problem is making sure they take turns. Both Grim and Razz have a tendency to be phone hogs.

Unfortunately, that’s when fate decides to remind you of what kind of situation you’re in. Everyone freezes when the door slides open. You swallow nervously when you see who’s at the door.

This time it’s a Gaster, but instead of the one you first met, it’s the Royal Scientist from Underfell. You figure that must be his world considering the several scars you see on him and the fact that he has red eye-lights. He looks just like his counterpart except his turtleneck is red instead of white.

The glare he aims at you makes your heart stop. It then starts beating rapidly when he turns to look at the children with narrowed eye-lights.

Quickly, you gently set the sleeping children on the bed behind your head and lay the blanket over them. They appear to be stirring, but you don’t stick around long enough to watch them wake up.

When you give the younger brothers a quick look, you see Berry’s and Epic’s fearful expressions and the narrowed eye-lights of Grim and Razz. Judging by the way he’s holding his hands behind his back, you guess that Grim is the one with your phone. You decide to leave it with the kids rather than risk angering the scientist by taking too long.

Once you reach him after putting on your shoes, he gestures toward the door, and you oblige. Rather than lead you, it seems he’d prefer to follow you from behind. Good thing you remember where to go.

After the door closes, you begin your trek down the corridor. Your shoulders stiffen under his intense gaze. Jeez, what’d you do to piss him off?

You jump in surprise when he finally speaks. “What are you planning? What do you hope to gain by winning them over? They’re just experiments. If you think that they have enough power to help you break out of here, you’re wrong. They can’t do anything for you.”

With a glare, you look at him from over your shoulder. “I’m not planning anything. I don’t want anything from them. I’m not like the people of your world. I have no ulterior motive when I show kindness. I’m nice to them because they’re good kids who deserve it.”
Fell Gaster shakes his head. “Then, you are more foolish than I had originally thought. You are just wasting your time and efforts.”

For the remainder of the walk, the two of you remain silent. You’re almost glad to see the lab door since that means you no longer have to spend time alone with this Gaster. Of course, you’re not looking forward to being a lab rat again.

Gritting your teeth, you march through the now open doorway and clench your fists tightly at your sides.

*It’s not a waste. No way could showing kindness be a waste. I’ll prove it.*

And, the experiments begin.

Searching, searching, searching. It’s like they’re looking for answers in what they do to you.

You cling tightly to your resolve. Finding that the pain that follows is a little more bearable this time around.

While you are escorted back to your room by a Gaster, it’s not the one you had expected. Rather than the Royal Scientist from Underfell, it’s Undertale Gaster who you first met two days ago.

When you regained consciousness after your latest testing session, you noticed Fell Gaster was strangely absent, but you felt it wasn’t worth the effort to ask about him. Instead, you simply followed after Tale Gaster when he motioned you to do so.

You’re even more tired than yesterday. The scientists seemed more interested in experimenting on you than asking questions, much to your dismay. Thankfully, they’re starting to use healing magic in even moderation to take care of the majority of the damage. You just wish something could be done about the damage to your soul.

Your body feels heavy like you’re wearing weights. There’s a slight throb in your chest each time you take a step forward, and you feel like you could sleep the rest of the day away with no problem.

While it’s nowhere near as bad as when you did that reset, you still wish Ink was here. Too bad he can’t come into this world because of the glitch.

When you arrive at your destination, you’re surprised to see the door to the kids’ room already open. Your heart stops when you look inside.

Now, you now where Fell Gaster went. He’s standing in the middle of the room in front of the Underfell brothers. The scientist does not appear to be very pleased judging by his frown and narrowed eye-lights. Grim is glaring at him hatefully while his brother is trembling beside him. The rest of the children are further back into the room, clinging to their brothers.

You feel something snap inside you when you see Fell Gaster use his magic on Blaze and Grim to harshly press them against the floor. Without hesitation, you charge into the room and tackle the mad scientist to the ground. “Leave them alone!”

Although you manage to catch him off guard, it’s only temporary. Within seconds, his magic surrounds you, and you’re slammed against the nearby wall and held there. Your body is screaming in agony because of the force he used to throw you. It’ll be a miracle if nothing’s broken. At the very least, you somehow managed to avoid cracking your skull open.
Fell Gaster is instantly on his feet and glaring at you heatedly. “What the hell do you think you’re doing? Don’t interfere with something that’s not any of your business!”

Scowling, you glare right back at him. “We had a deal! As long as I’m here, you all will focus your attention on me and leave them alone! You want my cooperation, don’t you? Then, leave them the hell alone! I don’t care what you think! I’m making this my business! I won’t let you hurt them anymore!”

A pained noise passes your lips as he increases the pressure of his magic around you. You can dimly hear the fearful whimpering of the kids in the background.

Before more damage can be done, Tale Gaster surprises you by intervening on your behalf. “She’s right. A deal was made. Besides, do you really intend to kill her before the experiment is complete? I would rather not throw away all of our efforts just because you have a bad temper.”

Fell Gaster directs his glare toward Tale Gaster for a brief moment before relinquishing his hold on you. This causes you to crash unceremoniously to the floor with a hard thump.

With a final glare thrown your way, the angry scientist pushes past his counterpart and exits the room without a word. Surprisingly, instead of immediately leaving, Tale Gaster walks over to your slumped form.

Green magic surrounds the holed-hand he places on your head. A sigh of relief escapes your lips when the pain begins to fade.

When you look up at him, you see the scientist staring at you with a calculative expression. “You know there’s nothing to gain from befriending these experiments. You are only bringing more pain upon yourself. I cannot begin to fathom why. They’re not sentient beings like you and I.”

Gritting your teeth, you pull yourself to your feet and glare up at the tall skeleton. “They cry and laugh just like we can. They can also think and speak. I honestly can’t see a difference between them and us.”

Your legs wobble under your weight, but you keep standing, glaring. “You’re just lying to yourself in order to excuse what you’re doing. Deep down, you know that I’m right and what you’re doing is wrong. But, you’re not gonna stop because you don’t want to. You can be a heartless bastard all you want, but I’m not like you.”

You swing your arm in a wide arch, signifying that you mean to protect every kid in the room. “I see kids who are hurting--kids who just want to be loved and accepted. If you’re too cowardly to do anything about that, then I will.”

For a while, the two of you just stare at each other. You had expected him to get angry because of your words, but his expression remains carefully blank. Instead, after a few minutes, he simply turns away and walks out of the room without another word.

As soon as he leaves, you waste no time in moving toward the gawking Underfell brothers. You fall to your knees before them and let your hands hover anxiously. “Are you both alright? Did he hurt you?”

Several seconds pass with no reply from the two. Worried by their silence, you slowly reach toward them and place a hand on each of their cheeks. “Grim? Blaze? Are you okay?”

They both jolt at your touch but, thankfully, don’t pull away. Blaze begins to shake while his brother looks at you with disbelief. “WHY DID YOU DO THAT?! IF THE OTHER DOCTOR
Smiling, you gently stroke their cheekbones. “Because you’re worth it. I told you, didn’t I? I care about you--all of you.”

The brothers catch you off guard when they suddenly jump into your arms. It happens so suddenly that you aren’t able to brace yourself in time, causing you to fall back onto your rear.

However, you quickly recover and wrap your arms around the trembling children. You hug them as tightly as you can and rest your head against theirs. “It’s alright. You’re safe now. I got you.”

Their shaking increases, but they remain silent as they bury their faces into your chest. Soon the other kids approach you, and three skeletons huddle close to each side of you.

Berry, Epic, and Rus are staring at you with teary eye sockets while Classic, Orange, and Razz have sad frowns on their faces. Eventually, you’ll have to figure out how to hug eight kids all at once because being unable to do so when they look so sad is really breaking your heart.

For a while, you remain like that with the Underfell brothers in your lap. They’re going to get as much affection as they want, so you’re not going to pull away until they’re satisfied.

When enough time passes, you decide to lighten the heavy atmosphere. With a grin, you rub your cheek against the top of Grim’s skull which makes him stiffen in surprise. “I told you I’d get a hug from you eventually, sweetie. I knew that you couldn’t resist.”

The flustered reaction you see when he pulls back is priceless. You can hear Berry and Razz giggling as Grim turns completely scarlet.

Instead of releasing him when he tries to pull away like you’d usually do, you keep your firm hold on him which makes him scowl. “RELEASE ME THIS INSTANT, HUMAN! I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA!”

Giggling, you kiss him on the forehead which makes him screech in embarrassment. Not wanting to let go just yet, you pull him as close as you can and affectionately nuzzle his cheek. “But, we just started! Hug time’s not over yet, Grim.”

Now, the rest of the skeletons are laughing. The sound is music to your ears. When you hear the usually timid Blaze’s quiet chuckling, it’s like you’re on Cloud Nine.

He squeaks in embarrassment when you bring him closer for cuddles. His face becomes as red as his brother’s when you give him a quick peck on the forehead. “That means you too, sweetheart.”

After awhile, you finally let go of Grim, who never once ceased his struggling, even though you know he was secretly enjoying all the attention. Of course, you make sure to plant another kiss on him before he can escape.

As soon as he’s free, Grim moves as far away as he can from you while his brother remains in your lap. It doesn’t look like he’ll be interested in leaving any time soon. Blaze scowls in annoyance when Berry and Razz scramble into your lap to occupy the empty space left by Grim.

Classic and Orange have chosen to use one of your thighs as a pillow and are asleep within seconds. You wonder if they didn’t get enough sleep this morning. Rus is snuggled up against your side while Epic is leaning against your other leg.
Man, are these kids adorable. You wonder if you could convince Grim to be your cameraman. Unfortunately, he might still be too embarrassed to come near you.

Berry frowns at you worriedly. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN? YOU WERE THROWN REALLY HARD!”

While Epic is giving you a similar concerned look, Razz just rolls his eye-lights. “HE USED HEALING MAGIC ON HER. OF COURSE, SHE’S FINE. ANY PAIN SHE RECEIVED SHOULD BE GONE BY NOW.”

His brother is also wearing a worried expression. “but, sans, she looks really tired. she shouldn’t be like that after being healed, right?”

You give him a warm squeeze. “I’m alright, guys. I’m just tired from dealing with the doctors earlier. The damage from hitting the wall is all gone. I promise.”

Classic surprises you when he speaks since you had thought he was asleep. “if you’re tired, you should lie down and take a nap. you can use our bed again if you need to. it’ll be easier than climbing up to one of the top bunks.”

A warm smile forms on your face as you give him a grateful look. You lay a kiss on the top of his skull which makes him turn a bright blue. “Thank you, Classic. I think I’ll take you up on that offer. I could use a little break if that’s alright with you guys.”

Epic and Berry nod rapidly in agreement while Razz pouts, obviously displeased that his source of entertainment is going to sleep before bedtime. Rus gives you a shy smile as he pulls away. Grim is discreetly giving you looks over his shoulder, but when he notices your gaze on him, he quickly turns away.

When you look down, you find that Orange is still fast asleep on your leg, and somehow, Blaze has fallen asleep as well. Amused, you gather the two sleeping skeletons into your arms and slowly rise to your feet. “Guess Orange and Blaze will be keeping me company during my nap.”

Berry and Grim just shake their heads at the sight of their older brothers completely passed out. A thought comes to mind that makes you pause. “You guys still have my phone?”

With a smug smirk, Razz runs to the bookcase and pulls it out to show you. “YES! AND, IT’S MY TURN!”

This leads to an argument among the game lovers since the other three think it’s their turn to play. All you can do is sigh and hope that they don’t accidentally break it.

As if reading your mind, Classic grins at you. “don’t worry, i’ll keep an eye socket on them, so they don’t break it.”

When Rus shyly nods his head, you give them both a warm smile as thanks. If your arms weren’t already full, you’d hug them. Once you reach the bed, you slip off your shoes before trying to come up with a plan on how to get under the cover while holding onto two snoozing skeletons.

It takes a little master maneuvering, but you successfully manage to get yourself onto the bed without waking Blaze or Orange. You had to use your foot to move the cover enough that you could slip underneath.

Once you’re lying down, you set a skeleton on each side of you and reach to pull the cover over the three of you. While you’re doing that, both kids snuggle closer to you and latch onto your
hoodie with one of their hands.

You can’t resist lightly squeezing them and giving them a quick kiss on the top of their skulls. They are seriously too adorable. How your heart has survived this long around these kids you will never know.

It doesn’t take long for sleep to claim you after you close your eyes. Not even the chattering from the other kids is enough to keep you awake once a wave of exhaustion hits you. The soreness in your body fades away as you drift off to sleep.

After some time passes, your mind decides to leave dreamland and return to reality. Since you don’t currently have your phone in your possession, you have no way of knowing for sure, but you think that you were out for at least two hours. That’s what it feels like at least. While you’re still a little lethargic, you do feel a little better after your nap.

When you look down, your eyes soften at the sight of Orange and Blaze still cuddled up close to you. Guess you’ll be spending the rest of the day in bed since you’d rather not wake them. You just hope all this napping won’t make it difficult for them to sleep tonight.

The sound of arguing brings your gaze toward the center of the room where you see Razz glaring at Classic who has his arms crossed. “I know you want a turn, Razz, but you gotta think of what’s best for her. Do you really wanna make her climb in your bed? She’s already in ours. Don’t make her move any more than she has too. She’s obviously exhausted.”

Razz stomps his foot angrily. “SHE’LL BE FINE AFTER HER NAP. IT’S NOT LIKE OUR BED IS EVEN THAT HIGH. YOU JUST WANT TO KEEP HER FOR YOURSELF!”

His brother tries to calm him down. “Don’t be too loud, Sans, or you’ll wake her up.”

You watch Epic rub his chin thoughtfully before his expression suddenly brightens. “I KNOW! WHAT IF WE BROUGHT THEIR MATTRESS TO THE FLOOR? THEN, RAZZ AND RUS CAN SLEEP WITH HER, AND SHE WON’T HAVE TO DO ANY CLIMBING!”

Berry’s grin is so bright you can see it all the way from your position on the bed. “THAT’S A GREAT IDEA! WHAT IF WE DID THAT WITH ALL THE MATTRESSES? THEN, WE COULD ALL SLEEP TOGETHER!”

A pout forms on Razz’s face. “YOU’VE ALL ALREADY HAD YOUR TURNS, THOUGH.”

Deciding you should intervene before someone, namely Razz, gets upset, you clear your throat to gain their attention. They all freeze before slowly turning toward you.

You can’t help but grin at their guilty expressions. “Don’t worry, I woke up on my own. I only wanted to get your attention. I think Epic’s and Berry’s ideas are great. However, Razz makes a good point. So, I have a solution. Razz, Rus, and Grim get first picks on where to sleep since they haven’t had a turn. How’s that sound?”

Judging by the Swapfell brothers’ excited expressions, they like your idea. Grim, however, scowls as he crosses his arms. “I NEVER AGREED TO THIS! WHY WOULD I WANT TO SLEEP CLOSE TO THE HUMAN? PLUS, IT SEEMS RIDICULOUS TO MOVE MY MATTRESS TO THE FLOOR WHEN IT’S FINE RIGHT WHERE IT IS.”

Classic just smirks teasingly. “Yet, you were perfectly fine with hugging her earlier.”

Embarrassed, Grim turns to hide his flustered expression. Instead of replying, he chooses to remain
silent which amuses you greatly.

Now that a plan has been made, Razz hurries to his bed along with Epic and Berry to start working on moving the mattress. Rus and Classic follow closely behind to keep a close eye on them.

Not wanting them to do all of the work, you try to leave the bed without disturbing Blaze or Orange. It’s difficult since they both have tight grips on your hoodie.

In the end, despite your best efforts, the two skeletons wake up after noticing that you’re no longer beside them. Orange rubs his eye socket. “when’d i get to bed? wait. this isn’t my bed.”

Yawning, Blaze takes in his surroundings. “it ain’t mine either. it must be classic and epic’s bed. how’d we get here?”

They stiffen in surprise at the sound of your giggling. You grin at them from your spot on the edge of the bed. “That would be because of me. The others recommended that I take a nap, and Classic and Epic offered their bed. Since you two were asleep on me at the time, I decided to take you with me since we were all tired. Did you sleep well?”

Your grin grows at the sight of their dark blushes. Both of them shyly nod as they avert their eye-lights.

While you want nothing more than to hug them, you remember that you need to go help the other kids. You don’t want to risk them falling off the bed with the mattress.

So, you settle for winking at the two before moving to stand. You try to stretch the stiffness out of your muscles as you walk over to the other bunk bed.

Razz, Epic, and Berry have climbed to the top bunk and are attempting to pull the mattress over the railing while Rus and Classic are watching worriedly from below. Grim is also on the ground barking out orders to the trio, but it looks like they’re trying to ignore him.

Blaze and Orange must’ve decided to follow after you since they’re now with the children still on the floor. Blaze is now standing by his brother while Orange is beside Classic.

Orange raises a brow ridge. “okay, obviously i missed a lot while i was asleep. what’s going on?”

Classic shrugs his shoulders. “they’re trying to move the mattress to the floor. i told razz that the human shouldn’t climb up there since she’s so tired, and he, unsurprisingly, got mad. in the end, we made a compromise that involves putting all the mattresses on the floor.”

Rather than wait for Orange’s response, you choose to focus on the trio above. You’re not liking how close to the edge Berry is.

Before he can fall off, you grab him which makes him squeak in surprise. You can’t resist giving Berry a kiss on the forehead for his cuteness before placing him on the ground. You do the same for Epic and Razz, who complains loudly in protest. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO MOVE THE BED FROM THE GROUND?”

You kiss him on the top of his skull to appease him before moving toward the ladder. The skeletons watch as you climb a few steps and reach for the mattress. After a few good tugs, you manage to pull it over the railing.

Once the kids move out of the way, you sling the mattress to the floor. Noticing the impressed glances aimed your way, you grin broadly. “I’ll take care of getting the mattresses out of the
bunks. You guys are in charge of moving them to the center of the room. Alright?"

Nodding rapidly, Berry, Epic, and Razz start shoving the mattress across the floor and soon enlist the help of their reluctant brothers. You’re surprised when Grim moves to lend a hand followed by his brother.

Noticing your surprise, Grim averts his eye-lights in embarrassment. “I’M ONLY HELPING BECAUSE THEY’LL JUST END UP MESSING THINGS UP ON THEIR OWN. THAT’S ALL!”

When he turns away, Blaze grabs your attention, and you watch him give their mattress a pointed look. He grins when you nod in understanding.

Realizing that it’s okay to move the Underfell brothers’ mattress, you quickly move to do so. Thankfully, it’s a lot simpler than the one from the top bunk.

Once that’s taken care of, you move toward the Underswap brothers’ bunk. You’re really glad that you had that nap earlier since all this moving is wearing your tired body out.

After a few tugs, the bed is free and dropped to the ground. You then pull out the Undertale brothers’ mattress.

By the time you finish, the other two mattresses are in the center of the room. Now, the boys are working on the remaining mattresses.

You offer to help but are quickly denied. The boys seem determined to handle this on their own. Several minutes later, the mattresses are all neatly laid out in a single line.

Grim scowls when he sees your frown. “WHAT? NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU? WHAT’S WRONG WITH IT?”

Before he can react, you reach down to kiss his forehead which makes him screech in embarrassment. “You did fine, Grim. I just think a different arrangement might be better if a lot of you want to use me as a pillow.”

Berry jumps up and down in excitement. “I WAS THINKING THE SAME THING! THIS WAY ONLY TWO OR THREE OF US CAN LIE BESIDE YOU. THAT WOULDN’T BE ANY FUN!”

Nodding, you start pulling on the mattress that’s at the end of the line closest to you. Once you’re satisfied, you do the same for the mattress on the other end.

You grin brightly at the end result. Instead of one long line, you moved the mattresses so that they make a square instead with two mattresses laying beside each other and one mattress on each side.

Epic and Berry run to gather the blankets and pillows. Everyone then pitches in on placing them on the mattresses. Right as they finish, the lights grow dim like they did the two previous nights.

You are then tugged toward the mattress pile by an excited Epic. “YOU SHOULD GET IN FIRST, MISS HUMAN! YOU NEED TO BE IN THE CENTER!”

Grinning, you nod in agreement and move under the covers until you’re right in the middle. Razz wastes no time in climbing in after you and claiming a spot on your chest which makes you giggle. “MWEH HEH HEH! THIS SPOT BELONGS TO THE AMAZING RAZZ! COME ON, PAPY! HURRY BEFORE THE OTHERS TAKE THE SPOT THAT YOU WANT!”
His brother joins the two of you at a more sedate pace. Rus snuggles up beside you and lays his head on your shoulder. He blushes a bright orange when you give him a peck on the forehead. You do the same for Razz when he begins to pout enviously.

Everyone turns to Grim since he’s the only one left who hasn’t shared a bed with you. He scowls but surprisingly doesn’t object. Instead, he chooses to take a spot near your left leg. Blaze moves to lie on the same side of you as his brother, but he’s closer to your hip.

Berry quickly moves to take the spot under your one free arm. Grinning, he clings tightly to you and buries his face into your side. Of course, you can’t resist giving him a quick kiss on the head which makes him giggle.

“MWEH HEH HEH.”

Orange decides to stretch out near your hip across from Blaze while Epic makes himself comfortable in the free space by your other leg. Classic plops down on the mattress where your head is. He doesn’t appear to care about the lack of covers in that spot. Classic seems content to just play with your hair.

Now that everyone’s settled, you let your body relax into the mattresses. It’s at that moment that the lights turn off.

Rus and Berry release happy sighs when you give them a squeeze. The only other skeleton you can really see clearly is Razz who’s already out cold. Looks like your heartbeat successfully knocked out another skeleton.

Despite the long nap you had not long ago, you can feel your eyes growing heavy from exhaustion. Guess the experiments today wore you out more than you originally thought.

Only a few minutes have passed since you closed your eyes, and you’re already fast asleep.

When you wake the next morning, it’s because of a hand eagerly shaking your shoulder. Wondering which kid it is, you open your eyes to see a face hovering above you. You have to blink several times in order to clear your vision. When it does, your body freezes once you realize who is standing above you.

Tale Gaster smirks at you. “Good morning. I hate to disturb you, but you are needed in our lab. We’ve made a breakthrough with our experiment and would like your assistance. Let’s hope that you have the amount of determination that we’ll need.”

Chapter End Notes

Y’all, I got some super cute fan art to show you!! The lovely Bluechocowitz drew the Blue death scene from Chapter 14. My heart was not prepared XD Here's the Link

The amazing hope87210 drew this pic of me holding Berry, and I almost died from the cuteness. Prepare your hearts before looking at this. XD Here's the link Link

Thank you both so much!!! ^_^

Also, I wrote a little extra with The Glitch Reader and UF Papyrus. Just think of it as something that happens after The Glitch ends haha Here's the link Link
Well, I did say things would pick up with the plot this chapter, right? ;) Still, you'll have to wait till the next chapter to see what the scientists have been planning. On the bright side, you got to cuddle with all the babybones this chapter XD

If y'all were worried about the UF boys, they weren't hurt by Fell Gaster's magic. He knows how to incapacitate them without affecting their HP.

Regarding the glitch, this time around the Reader is in a world where she doesn't get to see the full extent of the damage caused by it because she's trapped in the lab. Things may seem fine from her POV besides of course the worlds being merged, but things are much different outside of the lab. The glitch is just working where she can't see its effects firsthand.

Thank y'all for all the lovely comments! I'm so grateful for all your support ^^ I really hope you enjoyed the chapter and will like how this arc ends. I've really enjoyed writing the babybones XD
Chapter Notes

Beta-read by the awesome Costumebleh. Thank you for all the help! I know a lot of editing was necessary for this chapter XD

It's time for the finale of the babybones arc! Are y'all ready? Hope you enjoy it! ^-^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After several seconds of you gawking, Tale Gaster raises an eye ridge at you which reminds you of your current position. Right. You should probably get up now.

Unfortunately, the Royal Scientist doesn’t realize how difficult his request is. You’ve got eight sleeping skeletons clinging to you. How the hell are you supposed to get up without waking them?

I’m sure he doesn’t care if I wake them, but I sure as hell do. No way am I waking up these kids when they’re sleeping so peacefully. I especially can’t do it and risk them finding out why he’s taking me away.

The first skeleton you focus on is Classic who has moved from his position above you to a new position where his body is curled around your head with his face pressed against your neck. With great reluctance, you manage to pull away from him after giving him a quick peck on the forehead.

Rus and Berry are snuggled into your sides instead of resting on your shoulder, so you’re able to sit up without disturbing them. Of course, since Razz is on your chest, you have to bring your arms up to cradle him to keep him from falling off. After giving him a kiss on the top of his skull, you set him down beside his brother and pull the cover over him. While he sleepily grumbles, Razz, thankfully, remains asleep like his brother and Berry despite your movements.

It takes a few minutes, but you are successfully able to detach Orange and Blaze from your waist. When they make displeased noises, you make sure to gently stroke their heads to soothe them. Luckily, it works, and they do not wake.

Despite his extreme reluctance to share a bed with you, Grim has the tightest grip on you by far. He and Epic are hugging your legs which you find extremely adorable. Unfortunately, you don’t have the time to enjoy it.

When you hear the doctor subtly cough, you quicken your pace. The skeletons by your legs have such tight grips it takes you awhile to finally pry them off you without waking them. Now, all you have to do is figure out how to stand up without disturbing the children. Oh boy, this won’t be easy.

That’s when you hear Tale Gaster sigh. You’re about to turn toward him but freeze when you see your body begin to glow a bright blue. Wide-eyed, you watch as the Royal Scientist uses his magic to lift you from the mattress and place you on the floor.

Quickly, you run to grab your shoes and head for the door where Tale Gaster has moved to wait for you. After the door closes behind you, you pull on your shoes and follow after the doctor.
The only thing you can hear is your own breathing and the sharp clack of Tale Gaster’s shoes hitting the tiled floor as he walks. While reluctant to break the silence, you decide some thanks are in order. “Thank you for using your magic to help me earlier. I really didn’t want to wake them.”

His face is carefully blank as he looks over his shoulder at you. “No thanks are needed. I simply wanted to hurry the process along.”

You mentally sigh. Of course. It’s not like you expected anything different. No way could this guy actually care about the wellbeing of the kids. He simply took the less complicated route. You wouldn’t be surprised if he wanted to avoid waking them so he wouldn’t have to deal with their reaction to you being taken away.

Not that you think they’d do anything different from the previous times. Those poor kids are way too terrified of the doctors to try and fight back against them--at their current age at least. They might get more rebellious as they grow older. Of course, you don’t plan on letting them stay that long. You told them you were going to free them and you will--somehow.

As expected, the other scientists are there waiting for you when you arrive at the lab. You warily eye the large machine set up in the center of the room. That wasn’t there the last time you were here.

The only familiar part of the whole setup is the chair that you sat in during previous experiments. There are metal cuffs on the armrests and the front legs of the chair. Connected to the top of the chair is a helmet-like device lined with several small light bulbs.

There are several wires connecting the chair to what appears to be a large portal. What really grabs your attention is the other device that the wires lead to. From what you can tell, it appears to be a large satellite dish attached to a tall tower. A sinking feeling in your gut makes you think they’re not wanting your help so that they can get a satellite TV connection.

When Tale Gaster gestures toward the chair, you move toward it as you can’t think of a reason not to. These guys hold all the cards. You can’t afford to anger them, or you’ll risk putting the kids in danger.

While every instinct of yours is screaming to run, you grit your teeth and take a seat on what you wouldn’t be reluctant to call the ‘electric chair’. Fell Gaster is obviously enjoying this judging by his smirk. As expected, Swap River and Fell River remain silent as they passively watch you.

Tale Gaster presses a button on the console which causes the metal cuffs to snap around your limbs. You nervously watch as his counterpart approaches you. Smirk still firmly in place, he pulls down the helmet onto your head. “Relax. This won’t kill you, probably.”

After you’re situated, each of the scientists moves to a different part of the lab and starts working on the controls. Shortly after that, you hear the tell-tale sounds of several machines coming to life.

“Since you have been quite helpful in our tests, I’ll explain the purpose behind this experiment.”

Your eyes whip toward Tale Gaster who continues. “Before you arrived, we had been studying the cause of our worlds suddenly merging. Unfortunately, we were not having any success in discovering the cause or finding a way to fix it. We are not fools; we know how dangerous our situation is. Worlds shouldn’t be capable of merging in such a way. We finally found the answers we’ve been looking for with your arrival. Since then, we have been working for a way to combat the glitch and have come up with a solution. We will open a portal to the Void to harness its power since its magic appears to be the only thing that can eliminate the glitch.”
All you can do is gape at the scientist in shock. This whole time they’ve been working on how to combat the glitch? That’s what the experiments were for? That’s why you were here in the first place! “Why go through all this trouble? I already told you that the reason I’m here is to eliminate the glitch. You didn’t need to experiment on me!”

Surprisingly, it’s Swap River who responds. “You’ve never dealt with a situation like ours where worlds are merged. More power than what you possess will be needed to save our worlds. As you are now, you are too weak.”

Fell Gaster crosses his arms as he studies you. “It’s not like you came here with a plan, right? Don’t complain when you can’t come up with anything better. If you thought you could save our worlds on pure determination alone, you’re an idiot.”

While Fell River refrains from speaking, you can feel their judgemental stare boring into you from under their dark hood. All you can do is sigh in defeat. It’s not like they’re wrong. You really didn’t have a plan when walking into this. You never do. You always solve things by pure luck.

Satisfied with your acceptance, Tale Gaster gestures toward the giant satellite dish. “Once the power of your soul is amplified with the Void’s magic, we’ll transfer that power into a signal that we shall broadcast using this tower. This would undoubtedly have a better success rate on the Surface, but since we are trapped here in the Underground, we will have to make do and hope the signal is strong enough to cover the whole world. While I do not know if it is actually possible to separate our worlds at this point, at the very least, we will be able to avoid the destruction of this one world.”

Without further ado, Tale Gaster flips a switch, and the portal whirrs to life. At first, nothing changes, and you wonder if it’s not going to work. However, soon magic and electricity begin to spark and stretch between the two poles of the portal station. Then, instead of seeing sparks in the center of the machine, a portal opens revealing an inky darkness that you have become very familiar with during your adventure.

Wide-eyed, you watch as Void magic exits the portal and creeps toward you. You had expected the magic to be sucked into the machines, but instead, it just heads straight for you. When it reaches you, the magic enters your soul which suddenly pops out of your chest.

That’s when you catch Tale Gaster flick another switch out of the corner of your eye. Unfortunately, you quickly figure out that the switch he just moved activates your chair.

The crackling of magic and electricity by your head is the only warning you get before your body is nothing but pain.

A heartbeat is all you can take before screaming.

This isn’t a simple power transfer. It feels like they’re trying to rip your soul right out of your body.

No matter how much the machine drags out of you, it still hungers for more. Its thirst unquenchable. Every last drop of your energy is being absorbed. No pause and no stopping.

You fear there won’t be anything left of you when this is done. If you survive.

When you manage to pry your eyes open, you witness the scientists passively watching your suffering, not caring the least bit for your survival. You wish you had the energy to yell at them—to give them what they deserve.

But, you’re on the verge of passing out. It’s too much too quickly taken from you and you’re
fighting tooth and nail to keep yourself conscious.

Suddenly, warning alarms begin to blare. The panicked looks on the faces of the Royal Scientists bring you immense satisfaction.

Then, suddenly the pain stops. Something explodes above your head, causing the power transfer to abruptly end.

A sigh of relief escapes your lips when your torment comes to a sudden halt.

You catch movement out of the corner of your eye, and when you weakly turn your head, your eyes widen at the sight before you. Long, goopy tendrils are coming out of the portal to attack all of the equipment aside from portal gateway.

Despite the doctors’ best efforts, they are unable to stop the Void from destroying the satellite tower or the surrounding equipment. The extended limbs tighten around sensitive equipment, crushing it mercilessly.

In their attempts to fight off the tendrils, more appear to go after the scientists.

While they are powerful monsters. Tale Gaster and his partners are no match for the Void. After all, how can you hurt something that doesn’t even have a real body? Instead, one by one each of them ends up getting captured by strong, engolated tendrils.

What makes you gape in shock is what the Void does next. Rather than dusting them, the Void uses the tendrils to drag the scientists back toward the portal. Every one of them is struggling as much as they can, but their efforts are futile.

Once the Void has a grip on you, you cannot escape.

When both Gasters are pulled past you, you can’t help but smirk at their panicked faces. “Looks like the Void didn’t like your little plan. Maybe you should’ve asked for its opinion before trying this crazy little stunt.”

Fell Gaster throws a glare your way, and you stick your tongue out at him in response. You don’t care if it’s childish. Considering all the hell these bastards put you through, you’re letting them off easy.

His counterpart looks completely baffled as he tries to find something to grab onto. “I don’t understand! If the Void truly is sentient, then it should realize we were only trying to save this world. Is that not what it wanted?!”

No matter what the doctors latch onto, they’re never able to hold on for very long before the tendrils wrench them away and pull them closer to the portal. Deep down, a part of you feels sorry for them, but in the end, you can’t feel too bad about this after all they’ve put you and the kids through.

Tale Gaster’s reasoning is sound, though. Why did the Void get so upset? Did it hate how the scientists were trying to manipulate its powers?

The first to get sucked into the Void is Fell River who screams loudly as they disappear. Swap River follows close behind in a similar manner.

All you can hear from Fell Gaster is loud cursing as he struggles with all his might. Before the Void yanks him through the portal, he levels a final glare your way. “This isn’t over! I know this is
your fault somehow, and I will make you suffer for this, human!”

With that, all that remains is Tale Gaster who’s clinging to the equipment near the portal. While he manages to hang in there for some time, eventually his grip slips, and the Void pulls him in without any remorse.

And, then there was one.

You had expected the portal to close up after that and for the dark tendrils to disappear, but that doesn’t happen. All you can do is stare wide-eyed as the Void reaches out toward you. Instead of trying to pull you through the portal, however, the tendrils resolutely wrap around your bindings and destroy the cuffs holding you to the chair along with the helmet on your head.

As soon as you’re free, you move to stand, but a wave of exhaustion knocks you off your feet. Your legs are too weak to hold you, so now you’re breathing heavily as you lie against the cold floor.

When something cold touches your cheek, you flinch at the contact. Turning your head, you see it was one of the tendrils that had touched you.

Smiling, you raise your trembling hand so you can touch it. “Were you worried about me? Thank you. Thanks to you, I’m still in one piece. If that had continued, I’m sure I would’ve been too far gone even for you.”

The tendril pats your face again before wrapping around your soul which is still hovering in front of your chest. Oh boy, it’s looking pretty bad. Maybe not to the extent of damage from when you reset, but its light is incredibly dim.

You watch amazed as the tendril disappears after being absorbed by your soul. A happy sigh passes your lips as the pain in your body lessens. This process continues when other tendrils come to touch your soul.

After several minutes pass, you finally feel strong enough to move. Slowly, you push yourself off the ground and rise to your feet. You smile as you look toward the entrance to the Void. “Thank you. For saving me now and back then. I never said that before, did I? Sorry, I should’ve. It’s not fair to you to just thank Ink and not you. After all, I would’ve definitely died back then if it wasn’t for you.”

The way one of the tendrils loosely wraps itself around you makes you think it’s hugging you. Has it picked up from all of your travels what a big hug lover you are? The thought makes you grin.

That grin quickly turns into a frown once you remember the situation at hand. “Hey, Void? Am I really too weak to save these worlds? To save the kids’ homes? I know those worlds weren’t exactly good to them, but since the doctors are gone, they have a chance now, right? Is there nothing I can do for them? I want to save them! If there’s anything that can be done, please help them! I’ll do whatever it takes!”

You’re not really expecting a verbal reply, but you are surprised when the tendril before you bobs like it’s nodding. Your face brightens, but before you can ask anymore questions, the Void uses the goopy appendages to turn you around and then points to the door.

At first, you just stare at the door in confusion. Then, your eyes widen in realization. The kids!

“You want me to go get the kids first, right?”
When the tendril makes another nodding motion, you sprint toward the door and throw it open with gusto. You can’t say you completely understand what’s going on, but you’re willing to do anything in order to protect those children.

As you run down the corridor, you dimly wonder why you’ve never encountered any other personnel here. Is no one else employed? Did they not survive the merge? Or, were they erased by the glitch?

That last thought causes a chill to go down your spine. If there are only a few people left in this world, does that mean the kids could be targeted next? Your run turns into a dead sprint as you head for the door to the kids’ room.

When you arrive at the door, you remember that it needs a passcode to be opened. And, of course you don’t know it. The doctors always moved their fingers too fast for you to figure it out. You consider trying to find a way to break it, but what if you activate a failsafe that just makes things worse?

Maybe one of the kids knows the code. They’re all perceptive. I wouldn’t be surprised if someone was able to watch the doctors’ movements without being noticed.

Since the door appears rather thick, you bang your fist on it as hard as you can. “Guys! It’s me! Are you alright?!”

Soon there is a chorus of voices yelling simultaneously from the other side of the door which makes your shoulders slump in relief. Good. They’re still there. “Calm down! It’s alright! I’m okay! I’m gonna bust you out of here like I promised! I need help with the passcode, though. Do any of you know it?”

Berry’s worried voice reaches your ears. “BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE DOCTORS? THEY’LL COME AFTER US!”

You try to make your voice sound as reassuring as possible. “It’s alright, Berry. The doctors are gone. There was an accident in the lab, and they got sucked into the Void. They won’t be hurting any of you anymore.”

Next to speak is Classic whose voice has a mystified tone. “they’re gone?”

“THEN, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?! LET’S GET OUT OF HERE! SINCE THEY’RE GONE, THE BARRIER PREVENTING US FROM USING OUR MAGIC SHOULD BE TOO!”

“wait, razz! stop! you can’t attack the door while she’s on the other side of it!”

Taking that as your cue to get the hell out of the way, you dive toward the side and just barely avoid getting pummeled with debris. You can only gape from your position on the floor at the large hole in the wall where the door used to be. That was Razz’s attack?

One of the skeletons walks through the hole, but you are unable to get a good look at him until the smoke clears. Once it does, your eyes widen at the sight before you.

This child’s skull looks exactly like one of the Gaster Blaster heads used in several of your skeletal friends’ attacks. Instead of tiny pinpricks for eye-lights, his eye-lights are now large red orbs that are somehow giving off an ethereal glow.

Sudden movement out of the corner of your eye brings your attention to the small bone tail swishing behind the skeleton. You then notice that his hands and feet appear to have claws now.
While he still stands upright like in his normal form, his shoulders appear more hunched now than before.

Considering the eye-light color, this could only be one skeleton. “Razz?”

When he turns toward you, a large grin forms on the child’s face. “HUMAN!”

Before you can respond, he jumps straight toward your chest with a force strong enough to knock you onto your back with a loud oomph. You giggle when he nuzzles your face with his snout. “YOU DID IT, HUMAN! YOU SAID YOU WOULD SAVE US, AND YOU DID! YOU KEPT YOUR WORD!”

The pure joy in his words makes you want to cry. Instead, you sit up and hug him tightly. “Not quite, sweetie. I still haven’t gotten you out of this place yet.”

That’s when you hear the pounding of several footsteps heading your way. You look up just in time to see Epic and Berry fling themselves at you. You barely manage to avoid falling over when their collective weight hits you.

Much to Razz’s dislike, you have to let go of him in order to catch the other two skeletons. They both cling to you tightly as tears pour out of their sockets.

In response, you hug them tightly. “Aw, don’t cry, you two. It’s okay. You’re safe now.”

“They were more worried about you than anything.”

Looking up, you see Classic frowning at you. “when we woke up, you were gone. it didn’t take us long to figure out where you went. i thought it was suspicious that they got you so early, so i knew something was up.”

Orange sits down and slumps against you. “we thought you might not be coming back.”

The melancholic tone in his voice breaks your heart. You automatically move an arm to wrap around him in a hug. He immediately melts into the embrace. Razz, who somehow changed back into his normal form while you weren’t looking, also moves to join the group hug by wiggling under your other arm.

Rus walks over to your side and stares at you with teary eye sockets. Now, you’re really wishing you had more arms. Two arms just aren’t enough to hug all these skeletons. So, instead, you reach down to kiss his forehead which makes his face light up a bright orange. “Please don’t cry, sugar. I’m alright. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

Rather than reply, he just latches onto you and buries his face into your side. Classic soon moves so that he’s leaning against your back when he sits down. All that’s left are the Underfell brothers standing before you.

Grim rolls his eye-lights when he sees the way his brother is fidgeting and looking between you and Grim. “IF YOU WANT TO HUG HER THAT BADLY, GO AHEAD. AT THIS POINT, I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER TO HESITATE.”

Grinning, Blaze nods his head before making a beeline for you. He decides to follow Classic’s example and move behind you. Although, instead of just leaning against you, Blaze is hugging you as tightly as he can.

Overwhelmed by the cuteness, you stretch your neck as you move your arm so that you can plant a
kiss on the top of his skull. He buries his face against your back in an attempt to hide his blush which you find extremely adorable.

When you turn back toward Grim, you see him intently studying you. After a few minutes of his silent staring, Grim finally looks away and crosses his arms. For some reason, his cheeks are red now. “IT LOOKS LIKE I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU. YOU DIDN’T BETRAY US AFTER ALL. YOU COULD’VE JUST ESCAPED AFTER THE DOCTORS WERE SUCKED INTO THE VOID, BUT YOU CAME BACK FOR US EVEN THOUGH YOU DIDN’T HAVE TO. YOU’RE STRANGE, BUT YOU’RE NOT BAD FOR A HUMAN.”

Your face brightens as a broad grin forms on your face. Grim finally accepts you; he believes that you want to help them. You finally managed to gain his trust. Now, you’re really wishing for more arms because you really want to hug him.

That’s when your soul suddenly pops out of your chest and begins to shine brightly. All of the skeletons are staring at it with wide eye-lights and awed expressions. Classic and Blaze move so that they’re now leaning against you and looking over your shoulders.

Razz reaches out to touch it but is stopped by his brother. “sans! you can’t just touch her soul without permission!”

As the younger brother pouts, Berry’s eye-lights turn into stars. “THAT’S A HUMAN SOUL? IT’S SO PRETTY! JUST LIKE YOU, MISS!”

Epic nods his head rapidly as he grins broadly. “HE’S RIGHT! IT’S SO NICE AND SHINY!”

Your heart feels like it’s about to burst from the cuteness before you. You make sure to give them both forehead kisses for being such sweethearts. Their faces light up with bright blushes, but what really makes you grin is the sound of their embarrassed laughter.

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

“NYEH HEH HEH!”

As you’re showering the skeletons with affection, Classic gently tugs on your hoodie to get your attention. When you look to your shoulder, you see his head tilted and a curious expression on his face. “i thought there were only seven soul colors. i’ve never heard of a black soul before.”

Before you can explain, your body begins to turn translucent. This makes you panic. You’re leaving?! Now?! But, you haven’t gotten the kids out yet! You can’t leave now!

Then, an idea comes to mind that makes you pause. Wait a minute. The Void wanted me to get the kids for a reason. It wouldn’t send me this way and just take me away so soon. What about fixing these merged worlds? Surely, that hasn’t been fixed yet. Otherwise, all the kids wouldn’t still be here. So, what could the Void be planning?

Your eyes widen with realization. The Void didn’t just send you to free the kids. It wanted you to take them with you!

Realizing that you don’t have a lot of time, you do a quick headcount. Right now, everyone but Grim is holding onto you in some manner. You have to hurry before you leave without him. “Grim! Hurry and grab onto me! Right now! I’m about to teleport us out of here, and you need to be holding on or you’ll get left behind!”

For the first time, you hear Blaze actually address his brother. “pap, hurry!”
The panic in his voice is evident. While Grim is obviously reluctant, he knows he can’t afford to hesitate right now not if he wants to escape with his brother. Quickly, he moves to join his brother at your back and clutches the back of your hoodie as tightly as he can.

As everyone’s bodies begin to turn transparent like yours, you feel their grips on you strengthen, and you hug the ones in your arms tightly. “It’s alright. You’ll be okay. I’ll be right there with you. We’ll be going somewhere safe. I won’t let anyone hurt you anymore, okay?”

Berry beams at you. “I KNOW THAT AS LONG AS WE’RE WITH YOU WE’LL BE OKAY, MISS! WE TRUST YOU!”

When all the kids nod their heads in agreement, your eyes begin to water. Even the kids behind you are nodding against your back as they cling to you. They really trust you. You had been worried that they’d never trust anyone besides each other because of everything they had gone through, but somehow, you did it. You earned their trust. You have never felt more accomplished than at this moment.

This is a moment you’ll treasure for the rest of your life.

Before you can respond, your soul gives off a final burst of light, and your little group disappears. You give the kids in your arms a final squeeze before everything turns dark.

When you regain consciousness, the first thing that you see after your vision clears is eight worried faces hovering above you. Somehow, you ended up spread out on your back after teleporting.

As soon as they notice that your eyes are open, the children all start talking to you at once while clinging to some part of your body. Giggling, you raise your arms to hug as many of them as you can. “Hey, guys, sorry for worrying you. I’m alright. Are all of you okay?”

The fact that several of them have tears in their eye sockets breaks your heart. You must’ve really scared them.

Epic gives you his best smile. “WE ARE ALL OKAY! THANKS TO YOU! YOU REALLY SAVED US! JUST LIKE A HERO!”

His face brightens as his smile grows. “AHA! THAT’S IT! I HAVE AN AMAZING IDEA! FROM NOW ON, I SHALL CALL YOU MISS HEROINE! AN AMAZING PERSON LIKE YOURSELF NEEDS AN AMAZING NICKNAME! I’M SO CLEVER! NYEH HEH HEH!”

A large grin forms on your face as you feel your heart practically melt at his words. “Aww, you’re so sweet, Epic! Thank you for the nickname. I love it.”

That’s when Berry starts to pout. However, that pout quickly turns into an excited grin. “THEN, I’LL CALL YOU MISS ANGEL! I’VE HEARD THAT ANGELS ARE KIND AND PRETTY JUST LIKE YOU! IT’S A PERFECT NICKNAME! MWEH HEH HEH!”

There’s nothing left of your heart now. It has completely melted. Good luck getting that back. You quickly sit up and hug both Berry and Epic tightly. “Why are you both so cute?! You’re killing me with the cuteness! No one should be this adorable!”

“MWEH HEH HEH!”

“NYEH HEH HEH!”

Not wanting to be left out, Razz immediately wiggles into your arms to join the others. “THOSE
NICKNAMES ARE NOTHING COMPARED TO MINE! I SHALL CALL HER QUEEN! BECAUSE THAT WAY SHE’LL BE A PERFECT MATCH FOR ME WHO IS DEFINITELY THE MOST KING-LIKE HERE!

As he and Berry start to argue, Rus shyly tugs on your sleeve to get your attention. “c-can i call you sugar? i heard you use that before, and i like it.”

You move your arms so that you can hug him. “Of course. You can call me whatever you want, Rus.”

Blaze snuggles up against your side. “i wanna call you sweetheart. that one’s my favorite.”

Grinning, you kiss his forehead and watch as his face lights up a bright red. When you look toward his brother, Grim crosses his arms and averts his eye-lights. “I SEE NO REASON TO GIVE YOU A NICKNAME. HUMAN IS SUFFICIENT.”

While his guard is down, you reach out for Grim and wrap your arms around him. He lets out an embarrassed screech as you hug him close. “That’s fine with me, Grim. I want you to call me whatever you’re the most comfortable with.”

After a few seconds, you finally release the flustered skeleton, and Grim quickly moves several steps away from you. You’ll have to wait until the next time he lets down his guard to get another hug.

You turn toward Classic and Orange when you hear them chuckling at Grim’s reaction. Once they realize that they have your attention, both boys avert their eyes in embarrassment.

Orange rubs the back of his head as he sneaks glances at you. “well, if i were to give you a nickname, i guess it would be sweets since you’re so sweet to us.”

Classic ducks his head in an attempt to hide his flustered expression. “i’d call you hp since you gave us hope.”

Immediately, you pull the two into your arms and hug them tightly. You nuzzle the tops of their heads after giving them both a forehead kiss. “Thank you. That means a lot to me. I’m glad I was able to help all of you get out of that place.”

“Oh, Y/N! You’re finally up!”

An excited grin forms on your face when you see Ink walking toward you with a big smile on his face. “Ink! Long time no see!”

Now that your attention is off the kids, you finally realize where the Void took you. You are honestly a little surprised. You had expected to be taken to the Void, but it looks like your group was dropped off at the Doodle Sphere instead.

Ink rubs his chin thoughtfully. “Has it been a long time? I have a hard time keeping track of time. It does seem like it’s been a while since I last saw you. How many days were you in that world?”

You do a mental count. “Uhh..If I’m remembering right, I spent three nights there, so I guess four days?”

He gives you a surprised look. “Really? That’s the longest you’ve stayed in a world. Well, considering the shape the merged AUs were in, I guess it’s not that surprising.”
Your eyes widen. “That’s right! The worlds! What happened to them?! Was the Void able to fix them?!”

Grinning, the artist jerks his thumb to the right. When you move your gaze in that direction, a relieved smile forms when you see four doors with checkered patterns. One is silver and white while the one beside it is black and red. There’s a silver and blue door and a black and purple door as well.

_It worked! Thank goodness._

Berry grins brightly as he hugs you. “YOU DID IT, MISS ANGEL! YOU SAVED US AND OUR WORLDS! YOU’RE AMAZING!”

Epic quickly follows Berry’s example. “YES! INK SAYS EVERYTHING IS FINE IN OUR WORLDS NOW! IT’S ALL THANKS TO YOU!”

A small grin forms on his brother’s face. “all the damage was undone except for what happened to the doctors. ink said since the void got them that they won’t be coming back.”

Grim crosses his arms with a huff. “GOOD RIDDANCE!”

His brother nods his head in agreement before giving you a nervous look. “but, we won’t be able to stay with you anymore, will we, sweetheart?”

Your chest clenches painfully as you watch their excited faces fall at Blaze’s words. You wish you could stay with them, but you can’t possible live in four worlds. Besides, you still have a home you want to get back to after everything with the glitch is settled. You hate that you’ll be leaving these kids to basically fend for themselves. Sure, they’re free from the scientists, but now they’ll be alone without any adult supervision. Your heart aches when you think of what the Underfell and Swapfell brothers might be put through.

Fighting back tears, you embrace Blaze and hold him close. “I’m sorry. I wish I could stay with all of you, but I can’t. There are other worlds that are infected by the glitch that I need to help, and I’m still trying to find a way back to my home. I’m so sorry.”

Grim sighs as he shakes his head. “WHAT ARE YOU APOLOGIZING FOR? YOU ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR TAKING CARE OF US. WE’LL BE FINE ON OUR OWN. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MY BROTHER. AFTER WHAT WE’VE BEEN THROUGH, I THINK WE CAN HANDLE ANYTHING OUR AWFUL WORLD THROWS AT US.”

Looking on the verge of tears himself, Rus clings to you tightly. “please don’t be sad. it’s alright. we’ll be okay. i know i haven’t been very useful to my brother all these years, but i’ll do better. i’ll look out for him from now on and keep him safe.”

Razz stares at his brother with awe. “PAPY.”

After pulling away, Berry starts rubbing away his tears. “T-THAT’S RIGHT! WE’LL BE OKAY! AS LONG AS I’M THERE, PAPY AND I WILL BE FINE! I’LL LOOK OUT FOR HIM JUST LIKE YOU DID FOR US!”

His brother’s face softens. “yeah, as long as i have my bro, i’m not worried. we’ll be alright, sweets.”

After he wipes away his tears, Epic gives you a big smile. “OF COURSE, I WILL ALSO BE LOOKING AFTER MY BROTHER! I’LL MAKE SURE WE’RE BOTH WELL TAKEN CARE
A fond smile forms on Classic’s face. “you’re the coolest, bro. there’s no way we won’t be okay with you there.”

You’re relieved that they’re being so optimistic. It makes you so happy to see such hopeful expressions.

That’s when an idea hits you that makes you grin. Turning toward Classic, you move to cup his cheeks to get his attention. He blushes a bright blue at your actions. “Listen close, okay? You both need to go to the town called Snowdin. There’s a bar there owned by a fire monster named Grillby. You should go to him. He’s a kind monster, and I really think he’ll be able to help you and your brother. I understand if you’re wary about approaching monsters you don’t know, but he won’t hurt you. There are way more kind monsters than bad ones. No one else will try to hurt you like Gaster.”

He stares at you wide-eyed for several seconds before his expression softens. Then, he smiles. “Alright, hp. if you say that’s where we should go, then that’s what we’ll do.”

Delighted, you kiss his forehead and give him a big hug which makes his blush darken. After you release him, you move to hug Orange who blushes a bright orange. “In your world, you should look for a spider monster named Muffet. She’ll either be running a bakery or a bar in Snowdin. You’ll be safe with her.”

Orange melts into the embrace and buries his face into your chest. “If you say so, sweets. i’m willing to try and meet her.”

Since he doesn’t appear to want to let go, you keep Orange in your arms as you turn to the Underfell brothers. “I know your world is more dangerous than theirs, so this choice is a little tougher. Overall, I’d say your best bet is to head for the Ruins. That’s where Queen Toriel lives. She won’t harm children, so I think you’d be safe there. There are also less monsters living inside the Ruins, so it’ll probably be a lot safer for you while you’re still young. Of course, you’ll have to find a way to get her to let you in.”

Grim rubs his chin thoughtfully. “I WILL CONSIDER YOUR ADVICE SINCE YOU DO MAKE SOME GOOD POINTS. OF COURSE, I WILL BE THE ONE TO DECIDE WHERE WE GO IN THE END.”

His brother smiles gratefully at you. “thanks for looking out for us, sweetheart.”

Blaze blushes when you give him a kiss on the forehead. Turning your attention toward the Swapfell brothers, you see them watching you with interest. “I know your world is just as dangerous as theirs. The Ruins might be a good place for you too since I don’t think King Asgore will try to harm kids. If you can’t get into the Ruins, try Muffet. I don’t think she’d be as bad as the other monsters in your world.”

While Rus nods his head, Razz grins broadly. “GOOD ADVICE, MY QUEEN! WE SHALL INVESTIGATE BOTH PLACES TO SEE WHICH IS WORTHY OF MY PRESENCE!”

That’s when Ink claps his hands to get everyone’s attention. “Alright, since that’s taken care of, I think you guys should be heading back to your worlds. It’s probably not a good idea for you guys to be out of your worlds for too long considering what just happened to them. Considering all the damage that was done, the flow of time might be a little unstable there so I don’t know how much time has already passed in your worlds since the Void fixed them.”
With great reluctance, the children pull away from you and head for the doors leading to their worlds. Wanting to give them a proper send off, you quickly rise to your feet and move to one of the doors.

Classic’s and Epic’s faces brighten when you approach them. You bend down to one knee and wrap your arms around the two skeletons in a warm hug. “I’ll miss you both. Stay safe, okay? If there’s any way I can come see you again, I will. Until then, I hope you both find happiness.”

Tears appear in the corners of Epic’s eye sockets. “I’LL MISS YOU TOO, MISS HEROINE! WE HAVEN’T KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR VERY LONG, BUT I ENJOYED THE TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER! I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU!”

His brother nods as he clings to you. “thanks for everything, hp. we owe you one.”

After a few more minutes of hugging, the Undertale brothers reluctantly let go and move toward the door. They both give you one last smile before Classic opens the door and they walk through the doorway.

Despite knowing that this is for the best, saying goodbye to them really hurts your heart. Rising to your feet, you’re relieved to see the other skeletons have chosen to wait for you before leaving.

Since the Underfell brothers are the closest, you move toward their door and kneel down in front of them. Blaze immediately moves to hug you while Grim looks away with his arms crossed. Of course, you can’t let that stand.

Grinning, you pull the tsundere into your arms and hug both brothers tightly. Surprisingly, Grim doesn’t react negatively like he usually does. Instead, he leans into the embrace and raises one arm to clutch your back.

Your expression softens. “Be careful, you two. I know things will probably be hard for you, but don’t lose hope, okay? As long as you two stick together, you’ll be fine. I hope that I’ll get the chance to see you again.”

When a thought comes to mind, you decide to offer some more advice. “And, Grim? I know how much you care about your brother and that you want to protect him. But, even though he only has one HP, that doesn’t mean you can’t rely on him, okay? He’s your big brother, so it’s okay to rely on him. I think you’ll both be better off in the long run if you work together to face whatever battles you come across in the future.”

Grim studies your expression for a few seconds before nodding. “VERY WELL. SINCE YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE WITH OUR OTHER COUNTERPARTS, I WILL HEED YOUR ADVICE ON THIS MATTER. SANS AND I WILL JUST HAVE TO GET STRONGER TOGETHER! THEN, NO ONE IN THE ENTIRE UNDERGROUND WILL BE A MATCH FOR US!”

A pleased grin forms on Blaze’s face. “that sounds like a great idea, pap. we’ll be an unstoppable team.”

The older brother then turns back to aim his grin at you. “thanks, sweetheart, for everything. i’m really glad i got to meet you. you’re the best thing to ever happen to me and my bro.”

Once you finish your hug, both brothers slowly pull away from you. Blushing, Grim averts his eye-lights. “Y-YOU HAVE MY THANKS AS WELL, HUMAN. DESPITE BELONGING TO THE FOUL RACE OF CREATURES WHO LOCKED US IN THE UNDERGROUND, YOU WEREN’T ALL THAT BAD.”
As soon as he finishes saying that, Grim quickly turns around and heads for the door not even bothering to give you a second glance as he opens the door to walk through. “COME ON, SANS! WE HAVE MUCH TRAINING TO DO!”

You give Blaze a final kiss on the forehead which makes him blush brightly. He quickly runs through the doorway after aiming a shy grin your way.

The next brothers you visit are Orange and Berry. As soon as you’re close to the ground, Berry jumps into your arms. Thankfully, you manage to avoid falling over. His brother moves to embrace you at a much slower pace. “I hope you’ll both be able to find a safe home in Snowdin. I think Muffet will take good care of you. Be sure to stick together, okay? I hope I can come visit sooner rather than later. I’ll miss you both.”

Berry looks at you with teary eye sockets and a bright smile. “DON’T WORRY, MISS ANGEL! WE’LL BE OKAY! BE SURE YOU STAY SAFE TOO! I HOPE WE’LL BE ABLE TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN! I’LL MISS YOU A LOT!”

Orange buries his face into your chest. “thanks for all your help, sweets. we couldn’t have made it here without ya. you’re always welcome to visit our world. we’ll always be happy to see ya.”

This hug lasts longer than the others since Berry doesn’t want to let go. Finally, after some prodding from his brother, the shorter skeleton releases you. You give them both a kiss on the forehead which makes them blush happily.

They then head for the door leading to their world. Once it’s open, the brothers give you one last smile as they wave before returning to their world.

When you arrive at the Swapfell brothers’ door, you see Razz tapping his foot impatiently with a pout on his face. Like Berry, he immediately jumps into your arms the first chance he gets. “YOU’RE SO SLOW, QUEEN! I UNDERSTAND SAVING THE BEST FOR LAST, BUT I DISLIKE WAITING FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME!”

You giggle as you return the embrace. When Rus shyly approaches you, you open an arm to bring him into the fold. “Sorry, Razz. I didn’t mean to make you two wait. I’m glad that you did, though. I would’ve hated to miss getting to say goodbye.”

A deep frown forms on the younger brother’s face. “YOU REALLY CAN’T COME WITH US?”

The sad look on his face is killing you. You pull the brothers closer to you. “I’m sorry, Razz, but I can’t. But, I’ll try to visit. I promise. Until then, you stay with your brother. Look out for each other, okay? I know you think you should protect him because of his low HP, but remember, he is your older brother. He wants to protect you as much as you want to protect him. So, rely on each other and work together to solve the problems you encounter. I think you’ll be much stronger that way.”

Rus nods his head. “me too. i promise i’ll protect sans, sugar. i relied on him a lot at the lab, but i won’t force him to handle everything on his own anymore. i want to be a brother he can rely on.”

Razz watches his brother with wide eye-lights. “PAPY.”

When tears appear in his eye sockets, he quickly wipes them away and puts on a proud grin. “OF COURSE! SINCE YOU’RE MY BROTHER, I’LL HAVE TO WHIP YOU INTO SHAPE SO THAT YOU’LL BE AS STRONG AND AMAZING AS ME!”

His brother smiles happily. “i’ll do my best, sans. i won’t let you down.”
The brothers then turn their attention to you. Razz hugs you as tight as he can. “I’LL BE EXPECTING YOUR VISIT, SO DON’T KEEP ME WAITING FOR TOO LONG, MY QUEEN! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT WAITING!”

Rus snuggles into your embrace. “thank you for saving us, sugar. i’m really glad we got to meet you. i hope i’ll get to see you again.”

Like with the previous skeletons, you give the two a kiss on the forehead and smile warmly at them. “I hope you both find happiness. Please stay safe.”

After several minutes pass, they finally pull away and head for the door leading to their world. Before they leave, Razz grins at you as he waves while Rus give you another of his small smiles.

With that, all of the kids are gone and back to their own worlds. All that’s left is you and Ink who had chosen to remain silent while you said your goodbyes.

The artist walks over to your kneeled form and offers a hand to pull you up. He surprises you when he pulls you straight into his arms and hugs you tightly. You frown worriedly when his arms start to tremble. “Ink?”

Ink buries his face against your neck and strengthens his grip on you. “They told me what happened while you were unconscious. You were out for a while because of the amount of magic and energy the Void took from you to save their worlds. I brought you to the Void so you could recover, and the kids told me what they knew. I’m sorry, Y/N. I’m sorry you had to go through all that. You didn’t deserve to suffer like that.”

Your expression softens at his words. You return the embrace and hide your face in his scarf. “You don’t have to apologize, Ink. It’s not your fault. I’m glad I was able to go there. I was able to save the kids, and now they get a chance to live a happy life. I don’t regret going there.”

He remains silent instead choosing to just tighten his hold on you. For a while, the two of you stay like that just clinging to each other.

Finally, after some time passes, Ink pulls away and gives you a grin. “How about I drop you off at Undertale for a little break? You promised that Papyrus a visit and a sleepover, right?”

You smile softly. “I think that sounds like a great idea.”

Chapter End Notes

Y’all, I got some awesome fan art to show you!! The amazing Bluechocowitz drew a scene with the babybones in Chapter 20. It’s too freakin adorable XD Here’s the Link.

Sorceresszee drew some fun antics with the Reader and the babybones. The comic is hilarious. I highly recommend you check it out haha Here’s the Link.

Also, to celebrate me reaching 150 followers on Tumblr, I posted sneak peeks of scenes with Comic and Pup which will appear in future chapters. The link to Comic’s scene is here. The amazing hope87210 drew some lovely art for the Comic scene which I absolutely love. The link to it is here.

The link to Pup's scene is here.
Thank y'all again for the amazing art!! It means a lot to me. Y'all are the best ^-^

And, that's the end of the babybones arc. Now, we get to see what the Undertale brothers are up to ^^

I know a lot of y'all didn't wanna leave the kids, but it would've been too dangerous bringing them along with her ^^' Also, regarding the merged worlds, the Void fixed them similar to how it fixed the Gaster Brothers' world. Once the glitch was cleansed from the world thanks to the Reader's presence, the Void was able to reset the worlds using its magic and the Reader's determination. So, it was able to separate the coding of the words back into 4 AUs. The Void is able to fix the coding like it could before once the glitch is gone.

Also, I hoped the lab scene made sense haha The scientists were trying to harness the power of the Void and the Reader's soul to fix the world on their own using their equipment. Unfortunately, they went about it the more painful route. They were basically trying to suck out all of her soul's energy like its entire life force which is why it hurt her so bad. Also, the Void's magic going directly into her soul was not a part of the scientists' plan. It was supposed to go through the machine, but the Void's magic can't be so easily harnessed. The only reason it somewhat cooperated is because it was trying to heal the damage to the Reader's soul. Once it realized what the scientist were trying to do, the Void immediately put a stop to the experiment.

The reason the Void sent the Reader after the kids was because if they were left behind they would've lost all their memories of what happened with the Reader because of the resetting process. The Void knew the Reader would've been sad if they forgot her so it decided to allow them to temporarily leave the world while it was being reset. So, this is a sign that the Void can show some empathy. At the very least, it's developing a fondness for the Reader ^^

Thank y'all for all the kind comments and support! I hope you enjoyed the chapter! ^-^
After you walk through the door to Undertale, you find yourself in the living room of the skeleton brothers’ home. You look around checking the nearby rooms but see no sign of the brothers. When no one answers after you call for them, you decide that they must both be at work or whatever you call what Sans does.

With a sigh, you plop down onto the couch and lean back against the cushions. Rubbing a tired hand down your face, you let your mind wander. *I guess not a lot of time has passed since I was last here. The monsters are still obviously Underground. I wonder where Frisk is now. I hope they’re close to the barrier. While Pap is obviously doing his normal work routine, Sans is probably tailing the kid. I wonder if they’ve reached Mettaton yet.*

Rather than risk getting spotted by the monsters of Snowdin, you decide to simply wait at the brothers’ house. They’ll return eventually. Hopefully, they won’t mind you chilling out here until they get back.

You close your eyes and sink further into the cushions. It’s been awhile since you had some time to yourself. Whenever you go to a new world, you always spend the majority of your time there with the skeletons of that world. Of course, it’s not like you hate it. You’ve enjoyed getting to know your new friends. It’s just nice to have a little downtime after all the craziness you’ve been through lately.

A frown forms on your lips as you think about the last world you visited. You hate that worlds where the skeletons suffer like that exist. No one deserves to go through something like that especially not children. While your whole time there wasn’t exactly pleasant, you were being honest when you told Ink that you didn’t regret going there. You’d do it again if given the option. No way could you leave those sweet kids to suffer like that. You’re so glad that you were able to help them and that they’re now free to live their lives the way they want to. You just hope that they manage to find a good home and stay safe.

“hey, buddy. you’re looking a little bone-tired. you haven’t been working yourself to the bone while you’ve been gone, have you?”

Your eyes fly open in surprise as a startled squeak escapes your mouth. Before you stands Sans wearing his trademark grin. Rather than wait for your reply, he moves to join you on the couch and plops down right beside you.

Sans leans against you and winks. “you’re not tryin’ to steal my title as the biggest lazybones, are ya, buddy? i gotta warn ya, i’m a sleeping pro. i’m so good i can do it with my eyes closed.”

His grin grows when you start giggling at the puns. Pleased to have a rapt audience, he continues to deal out sleeping puns left and right.
When your stomach starts to hurt from laughing so much, you reach for the skeleton and pull him into your arms for a hug. That immediately shuts him up. Grinning, you watch as a blue blush covers his cheekbones.

You pull him closer and rub your cheek against his which only makes him blush harder. “It’s really good to see you, Sans. No bones about it.”

Chuckling, his body relaxes as he wraps his arms around you and returns the embrace. “same here, buddy. you been takin’ care of yourself like i told ya to do?”

Thoughts of the previous world come to the forefront of your mind and prevent you from giving the positive response you’d like to say. Instead, you choose to tighten your grip on him and bury your face against his neck.

Of course, being the observant skeleton that he is, Sans catches on immediately when you fail to respond and pulls you closer. “buddy? did something happen?”

All you can do is nod. A part of you wants to tell him what happened, but another part is reluctant because you’re worried about how he’d react. Gaster is a sensitive topic, so you don’t know if he’d appreciate you bringing up the previous Royal Scientist. In addition, Sans probably wouldn’t enjoy hearing what all the Gaster of the other world did to him and his brother.

The skeleton sighs wearily. “that bad, huh? although i’m not one for optimism, i was hoping that you wouldn’t have to go through anything as bad as what happened with error. were you attacked again? ink didn’t make you go somewhere by yourself, did he?”

Touched by his concern, you give him a warm squeeze and nuzzle his neck. “I’m alright, Sans. What happened to me was nothing compared to what the other versions of you and Pap had to go through. That world wasn’t very good to you guys, but it should be fine now.”

He remains silent for several minutes before slowly pulling away so that he can see your face. His eye-lights narrow as he studies you. “i think that there’s a whole lot more to that than what you’re telling me. how about you explain what happened? you know the stuff that i’ve been through. no matter what you tell me, i’ll be fine.”

At first, you hesitate since you know there’s no way he’d be ready to hear about him and Pap being treated as experiments. However, you relent once you realize that he’s not willing to budge on this matter.

With a sigh, you nod your head and move to lean back against the couch cushions beside the skeleton. You loop your arm through his and move your hand to hold onto his. Some of the tension in your body melts away when you see him blush at your action. You can’t help but smile at his flustered expression.

Instead of facing him, you choose to divert your gaze to the ceiling as you lean back. Without preamble, you tell him about the four worlds that merged and the backstories of those AUs. You explain what happened after you got there and how you promised the kids that you’d help them. You finish up by describing what happened to the scientists and how the Void went after them.

A blush rises to your cheeks when Sans entwines your fingers with his. When you bring your gaze back to him, you see his deep frown. “don’t hold back on me, buddy. i’m glad that you told me about what happened, but what did they do to you? there’s no way you got outta there unscathed.”

You avoid his gaze and try to look anywhere else but at him. The only thing you didn’t share with
him was the deal you made with Tale Gaster and all the experiments you were put through. Rather than focus on what you went through, you preferred to focus on the kids and just gave him the general facts.

You had hoped that he wouldn’t question what happened to you, but honestly, you should’ve known better. Nothing gets by Sans.

The skeleton squeezes your hand and moves to lean against you. “come on, buddy. i ain’t so heartless that i’d let you suffer on your own. just let it out. keepin’ it to yourself will only hurt ya in the long run. i know that makes me sound like a hypocrite, but i really don’t want you to be like me.”

Realizing that he’s probably right, you sigh in defeat and your shoulders slump. “I made a deal with Gaster, the one who looked like he’d be from your world. I told him that I’d answer any of his questions willingly and let him perform any experiments he wanted on me as long as he left the kids alone. He was reluctant at first, but he quickly agreed since he didn’t want to waste time dealing with me being stubborn and risk killing me before they could get any useful info.”

His grip on your hand tightens to the point that you have to hold back a wince. Sneaking a peek at the skeleton, you see that his eye sockets are completely dark. Resisting the urge to shiver, you reluctantly continue. “I was there for about four days, and once each day one of the scientists would come for me. They’d perform all kinds of experiments on my body and my soul although they mainly focused on my soul. Honestly, I had no idea what they were doing. It all went over my head. At the end of each session, they’d use healing magic on me, so I wasn’t always in pain. But, they did some direct damage to my soul a few times, and since they couldn’t heal that, I was stuck dealing with the aftermath. It wasn’t pleasant, but it was bearable.”

Sans has gone completely stiff beside you. You’re worried by how silent he’s gotten. Even though you want to stop, the words keep flowing out like your mouth’s a broken faucet. “The last day I was there, Tale Gaster woke me up early that morning so he could take me back to the lab. I found out that they had been researching how to stop the glitch. Rather than wait for the Void to use me to fix things, they made this contraption that would supposedly pull out the Void’s magic so that my soul could absorb it. Then, they’d pull out that energy and convert it into waves that could be broadcast by this huge satellite dish.”

Tears spring to your eyes when you remember the sheer agony you were put through because of those scientists. Your shoulders shake as you lower your head. “It hurt so much. It was worse than what Error put me through, and I thought that was impossible. The machine just kept draining my energy; it felt like it was sucking the life right out of me. No matter how much it took, it wasn’t enough. It was pure agony. I really thought I was gonna die. And, they didn’t care. I was dying, and they-”

Your words are cut off by Sans who abruptly pulls you to his chest. He wraps his arms around you and holds you as tightly as he can. One of his hands rests on your back while the other braces the back of your head. You can hear the loud hum of his magic as you lean against his chest.

As you try to fight back the tears, Sans starts to gently rub your back. “it’s alright, y/n. you’re not there anymore. you’re safe now, buddy. i got ya.”

The tears slip free at the sound of his comforting words. You quickly bury your face into his chest and hug him as tight as you can, lettings his hoodie soak up your tears. All the while, Sans continues to hold you close and stroke your back comfortably.

For a while, the two of you stay in that position. Even after the tears begin to wane, you don’t pull
away, instead opting to remain in his embrace. Thankfully, Sans doesn’t appear interested in pulling away either as he continues to hold you tightly.

After some time passes, Sans finally breaks the silence. You can’t help but laugh at his question. “why do you smell like smoke?”

When you pull back, you raise an eyebrow at him. “What? Are you gonna start getting onto me for being around smokers too? Who are you? Stretch?”

He grins as moves to wipe away the tear tracks on your face. Your heart warms at the gentleness of the gesture. “nah. i’m sans, remember? the sans-ational one?”

You snort at the pun, and his grin grows at your response. “back when we were all together in that one world, i overheard stretch mentioning that allergy of yours. you should be more careful, buddy. allergies are nothin’ to sneeze at.”

The giggles erupt before you can stop them. You bury your face back into his chest in an attempt to muffle the sounds of your laughter to no avail. You can feel his body shake as he chuckles at his own joke and your reaction.

After a few minutes pass, you finally calm down and pull away from the skeleton. When he raises a brow ridge at you, you sigh. “I met another skeleton who smokes. I didn’t tell him about my allergy ’cause it’s really not that serious. It’s not like he ever breathed the smoke in my direction, so I’m fine. I promise.”

Sans silently studies you for several seconds before nodding his head. “alright. but, we’re still gonna do something about the hoodie. you still got that t-shirt from before? can you wear that while that hoodie of yours is in the wash?”

You blink in surprise. Did Sans actually suggest doing laundry? Sans--the lazybones? Realizing that he’s completely serious, you can’t help but grin.

Quickly, you wrap him up in your arms and affectionately rub your cheek against his. “Aw, Sans! Look at those protective big bro instincts kicking into gear. You’re acting like Stretch now. You guys are so cute.”

When you finally release him, you see that his whole face is a dark blue, and he refuses to meet your gaze.Unable to help yourself, you give him a quick peck on the cheekbone which causes his blush to darken further. “Thank you for looking out for me, Sans. I think I’ll take you up on that kind offer. I would rather not smell like smoke while I’m traveling.”

In a blink, the flustered skeleton disappears and reappears on the other side of the room. He pushes the door beside him open. “here’s our laundry room. you’re free to use it anytime you want.”

Before you can thank him, Sans teleports again. Judging by the sounds coming from the kitchen, he must have went inside there. His actions make you giggle. All your affectionate gestures must have overwhelmed him. You better take it easy on him for a while.

With that, you push yourself off the couch with a grunt and move toward the open door. As you suspected, the room looks exactly like the laundry room in the Underswap house except of course everything being on the opposite wall.

Once the door is closed behind you, you pull off your hoodie and then decide to do the same with your sweatpants. It wouldn’t hurt to clean those again. Besides, as long as you stay inside, you should be fine wearing just your original clothes.
After everything’s taken care of, you exit the laundry room and see Sans loitering in the kitchen doorway. When he waves you over, you follow him into the kitchen.

A heavenly aroma fills your nostrils which makes your stomach growl loudly. On the table are two orders of burgers and fries. There’s also a soda there along with the expected bottle of ketchup.

Well, there goes your vow to not overwhelm him for a while. Before Sans can even explain himself, you pull him into a tight embrace and kiss his cheek. “Have I told you how much I love you lately? ’Cause I do. A whole lot. Right now you’re probably my most favorite person ever. Thank you so much!”

His whole skull is blue now. It doesn’t help matters that you’re still nuzzling his face with your own. You can’t help it, though. His thoughtfulness just makes you really happy, and you want to make sure he knows that.

Sans keeps his eye-lights averted after you pull away. Despite his best efforts, he’s unable to will away his bright blush. “no prob, buddy. i figured it’s probably been awhile since you last ate something good, so I made a quick trip to grillby’s. i figured you’d enjoy trying his stuff since you probably haven’t gotten the chance to yet.”

A warm smile forms on your face. “Thank you for thinking of me, Sans. You’re right. I really could go for a nice meal, and I’ve been wanting to try Grillby’s food. I hear it’s real hot stuff.”

His eye-lights widen briefly in surprise before a large grin grows on his face. “yep. grillbz is the hottest chef in town. you’ll definitely love his food.”

Giggling, you make your way to the table and take a seat with Sans following close behind. When he offers the ketchup bottle to you, you accept it but check to make sure the top is screwed on properly before squirting some on your fries.

The skeleton pretends to look offended. “what? you don’t trust me? that hurts, buddy.”

With a grin, you gently bump his shoulders with yours before returning the bottle to him. “I trust that you’ll take advantage of any pranking opportunity you get. I’m too hungry to take any chances with you, Sans.”

Sans shrugs his shoulders and takes a swig of his ketchup. “fair enough. hate to waste perfectly good ketchup. although, i would’ve just swapped plates with ya if your food did get covered in it and you couldn’t mustard up the courage to eat your food like that.”

You start eating your fries which taste absolutely delicious. These are probably the best french fries you’ve ever had. You have to bite back a pleased moan; it tastes so good. “I’m sure you’d relish the opportunity to eat a plate of food drenched in ketchup.”

His response is to do just that and cover his burger and fries completely with ketchup. At your wide-eyed look, he grins broadly. “try to ketchup to my level if ya can.”

All you can do is shake your head. You may like ketchup but not to that extent. Besides, Grillby’s food is so good you feel that it’d be a waste to cover it up in ketchup when it tastes amazing even without any condiments to go along with it.

When you take a bite of your burger, your taste buds sing with joy. No wonder Sans is always eating at the bar. You would be too if you were him. Damn. Is there anyway to get a Grillby’s in your world? He’d be a huge hit once everyone moved past the whole monster made of flames part.
Despite yourself, you keep making these soft, pleased noises as you eat your meal. The last time you had a good meal was at Underswap which honestly feels like forever ago although it probably hasn’t been more than a few days. While those scientists in the last world had fed you, it was only the basic nutrients that would keep you alive. Thankfully, monster food is very filling so you could survive on just one meal each day.

A hand on your face makes you pause your eating. When you look to your side, you watch Sans pull back his hand and see the little blob of ketchup on his thumb. There’s a fond grin on his face. “Sorry, i saw that you had a little ketchup on ya, so i thought i’d help you out.”

You can’t help but blush when he brings his thumb to his mouth and licks the appendage clean with his dark blue tongue. At least, you think it was his tongue. It moved so fast that you didn’t get a clear image of it just its color. So, these guys do have magic tongues after all. Fanfiction was right!

It seems Sans didn’t comprehend the implication of his actions until he noticed your blush. Once the realization hits him, a dark blue blush covers his cheekbones. He immediately brings his gaze back to his food and refuses to look anywhere else.

The rest of your meal is spent in an awkward silence. You want to break it but don’t know how. The fact that there’s still a light blush on your cheeks does not help matters. If this had been done by any of the other lazy skeletons like Stretch or Red, it wouldn’t have been as surprising since they can be real flirts at times. You hadn’t expected such a gesture from this Sans, however.

After you finish your food, you sneak a peek at Sans to see him quietly eating his fries. That’s when you notice a glob of ketchup on his cheekbone.

A mischievous grin grows on your face. Well, two can play at that game.

Without hesitation, you lean down to kiss his ketchup-covered cheekbone. The skeleton goes completely stiff at your touch.

When you pull away, you see Sans staring at you with wide eye-lights and a very blue face. His blush darkens considerably when you lick your lips. Despite your confident grin, you can’t fight back the flush of embarrassment that reddens your cheeks. “Saw you had some ketchup there, so I thought I’d be a pal and return the favor.”

Maybe this wasn’t a good idea. Now, both of you are blushing like mad and aren’t able to maintain eye contact for more than a few seconds.

Your face feels like it’s on fire. All you can do is duck your head and hope that the heat in your cheeks will eventually cool off.

Needing something to do to distract yourself, you quickly finish off your drink and move to throw away your trash. You expect that you’ll have to do the same for the lazy skeleton once he’s done. However, Sans catches you by surprise when he rises from his seat and moves to dispose of his trash as well.

Noticing your surprise, he winks at you. “Don’t want pap to grill me for not cleaning up after myself. then, i’d be in real hot water.”

As you giggle at the puns, you feel the tension in your shoulders melt away. It’s amazing how things can go back to normal so quickly just by him telling a few puns. Leave it to Sans to come up with a way to dispel the awkward atmosphere.
I really need to work on my flirting or at least become less awkward at it. This lack of experience thing really sucks. This is why I was a complete mess when G and Aster double teamed me - wait, not like that. Ahhh. I’m not used to being put in these kinds of situations at all.

Now that everything has been cleaned up, the two of you head back toward the living room and take a seat on the couch. Unlike your first visit to Undertale where you both sat on opposite ends of the couch, you and Sans are now sitting beside each other in the middle close enough that your arms are touching.

For a while, you both watch TV while taking turns picking the channels. It doesn’t take long for Sans to surrender control of the remote to you since he seems more interested in napping.

You pause when you come to the MTT channel and witness Frisk participating in Mettaton’s quiz show at Alphys’ lab. It doesn’t look like it’s live, however. If this is a rerun, that means Frisk has already had their first encounter with the robot star. Maybe Sans is here now because he can easily keep an eye on them by watching TV?

“Hey, Sans? Are you here now because Frisk is dealing with Mettaton so you can watch them on TV?”

While anyone else besides Papyrus might be convinced that the short skeleton is asleep, you aren’t fooled. Realizing this, Sans sighs before opening his eyes. “Yeah. they just walked past one of my stands in hotland. i remember enough to know that i can easily keep an eye on them from here. no need to go out of my way to follow their every step. besides, i noticed your arrival, so i thought i’d come check on ya.”

You tilt your head curiously. “You could tell when I got here? All the way from Hotland?”

He shrugs his shoulders. “Yep. i set up some sensors around here that would send me a text if they ever detected the use of void magic. once i got the alert, i figured you were dropping by for a visit.”

An amused smile forms on your face. “Well, I’m grateful that you took the time out of your busy schedule to come see me. It’s been awhile since I was left to my own devices, so I was feeling a little *bonely* here all by myself.”

Sans grins broadly at your statement before reeling out a couple related puns himself. You may have made a great mistake. However, you can’t bring yourself to feel too regretful considering how happy he looks now.

Soon, the two of you are heavily leaning against each other laughing loudly as you exchange jokes and puns. You don’t know anywhere near as many as him, but it makes you happy when you come up with one that makes him laugh. You really enjoy listening to that sound.

After several minutes pass, the laughter finally comes to a stop, and both of you decide to take a break which you really need considering how sore your stomach feels now because of all the laughing that you did. Sans also appears to be worn out considering the way he’s slumped against your side now.

When he lets out a loud yawn, you can’t help but follow suit. Now that your stomach is full, you don’t have anything to distract you from how exhausted you are from the last world. While you had fallen asleep temporarily after leaving the last world, you don’t think you were out long before you woke up in the Doodle Sphere. Those scientists really did a number on you. You’re so tired you feel like you could sleep for days.
You look down at the skeleton and see that he’s fast asleep. Unlike earlier, you can tell that he’s definitely sleeping this time. Grinning, you use the remote to turn off the TV, cutting off Mettaton in the middle of his spiels about his products. You then pick up Sans so that you can stretch your legs across the couch.

Once you’re on your side with your back pressed against the back of the couch, you lay Sans down beside you but keep your arms wrapped around him. The fact that he doesn’t stir makes you smile. Somehow, over the short time you’ve know him, you’ve managed to earn the trust of the cynical skeleton. You don’t know how you did it, but you’ll do your best to make sure that he never regrets that decision.

After you pull the cover on the top of the couch over the two of you, you rest your head on the pillow you procured and close your eyes. Your smile grows when you feel Sans snuggle closer to you and wrap an arm around your waist.

Such an intimate position would normally make you blush, but you’re too tired to care. All you want to do is sleep the rest of the day away. A happy sigh escapes your lips as you finally succumb to your exhaustion and fall asleep.

Several hours later, you awake to the sound of the door slamming open and Papyrus’ boisterous voice. “SANS! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL DAY, YOU LAZYBONES?! YOU WEREN’T SKIPPING WORK AGAIN, WERE YOU?!”

A fond smile forms on your lips when a feeling of deja vu washes over you. This reminds you of how you were introduced to Papyrus the first time you were in Undertale. Like now, you and Sans had fallen asleep on the couch after saving Frisk from the glitch. That seems like so long ago despite it only probably being a few days in this world.

Speaking of the lazy skeleton, when you look down, you witness Sans beginning to rouse from his slumber. He sleepily rubs at his eye socket as he tries to get his bearings.

It takes him a few seconds, but the short skeleton soon realizes what kind of position he’s currently in. You grin in amusement as you watch his face turn a dark blue.

While the option of teasing him is tempting, you decide to have mercy on Sans and release your grip on him so that the two of you can sit up on the couch. You quickly rise to your feet and turn to face Papyrus whose expression grows excited once he notices you. “Papyrus! I came to visit you guys. Sans was just keeping me company ‘til you got home from work, so please don’t be too hard on him.”

Before you can even blink, you find yourself lifted into Papyrus’ arms and pulled into a tight embrace. You giggle when he excitedly twirls you around. When he comes to a stop, you wrap your arms around his neck and hug him. “It’s good to see you too, Pap.”

The taller skeleton beams at you. “I MISSED YOU A LOT, Y/N! NOT AS MUCH AS YOU MISSED ME OF COURSE, BUT STILL A GREAT DEAL!”

An orange blush covers his cheekbones when you kiss his cheek. “That’s true. I definitely missed you the most, Pap. I’ve been looking forward to that sleepover.”

His smile grows at your words. “THAT’S RIGHT! NOW THAT YOU’RE HERE, WE CAN FINALLY HAVE OUR FIRST SLEEPOVER! I WORKED HARD NIGHT AND DAY TO MAKE SURE IT WAS PERFECTLY PLANNED!”
You nuzzle his neck. “I’m sure that you did a great job, Papyrus, but honestly, as long as I get to spend time with you, I know that I’ll have fun no matter what we do.”

The orange glow on his cheekbones turns a shade darker which makes you grin. Papyrus gently sets you back on the ground and puts his hands on his hips. “E-EVEN SO! I WILL NOT ALLOW OUR FIRST SLEEPOVER TO BE ANYTHING BUT PERFECT! FIRST, I’LL START OFF BY PREPARING A DELICIOUS BATCH OF FRIENDSHIP SPAGHETTI. IT’S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU LAST HAD SOME, SO I’M SURE THAT YOU’VE MISSED IT!”

You give him a hopeful glance. “Do I get to cook with you again, Oh Amazing Chef?”

He grins broadly as he nods. “OF COURSE! COOKING TOGETHER IS AN IMPORTANT FRIENDSHIP RITUAL! WE CANNOT SKIP SUCH A VITAL STEP IF WE ARE TO HAVE THE BEST SLEEPOVER EVER!”

His response makes you inwardly sigh with relief. While you adore Papyrus, you really don’t want to try his normal spaghetti. You’ve read way too many stories of what happened to people who did.

That’s when Sans decides to join the conversation. With his easygoing grin in place, he ambles over to the two of you. “sounds great, bro. i’ll leave her to you while i go run a quick errand. i’ll try not to be gone for too long.”

Papyrus tilts his head curiously. “AN ERRAND? WHAT ON EARTH COULD YOU NEED TO DO AT THIS TIME OF DAY? YOU’RE NOT PLANNING ON SNEAKING OVER TO GRILLBY’S FOR MORE OF THAT GREASY FOOD, ARE YOU?”

The suspicious look the younger skeleton gives his brother makes you giggle. Sans shakes his head as he grins. “nah, nothing like that, pap. i was just gonna check on the kid real quick and make sure that they’re all settled at the mtt resort for the night.”

You watch as Papyrus’ face brightens at his brother’s words. “OH! I SEE! HERE I THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE TRYING TO SNEAK IN JUNK FOOD WHEN YOU’RE ACTUALLY GOING TO HELP OUR OTHER HUMAN FRIEND. I’M SORRY FOR DOUBTING YOU, BROTHER. I AM HAPPY TO HEAR THAT YOU’RE GOING TO CHECK ON THEM. WHILE IT’S REASSURING TO TALK TO THEM ON THE PHONE, I KNOW THAT I’LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU GO SEE THEM.”

His brother’s face softens, and you notice that his grin shrinks as well. You wonder how much Sans told his brother about their Frisk. Papyrus said that Sans told him about your first adventure here and how the two of you saved Frisk. But, did Sans go into details about the kid’s powers? Did he tell his brother about all the pain that he’s gone through? You honestly doubt it.

While you understand his need to protect his brother, you really wish Sans would open up to Papyrus more. If Papyrus is like Blue, then he probably knows more than he lets on.

“don’t worry, bro. i’ll make sure that they’re taken care of. i’ll tell them that you’re thinking about them. that’ll definitely make their day.”

Papyrus beams as he does his heroic pose. “OF COURSE, IT WILL! THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD BE BETTER WOULD BE A PLATE OF MY AMAZING SPAGHETTI. UNFORTUNATELY, IT HASN’T BEEN MADE YET, AND I DON’T WANT TO MAKE YOU LATE IF THE HUMAN IS WAITING FOR YOU.”

The shorter skeleton nods as he shoves his hands into his hoodie pockets. “that’s true. maybe next
He then gives you a wink. “I’ll see ya later, buddy. You and paps have a good time while I’m gone.”

With that, Sans teleports and vanishes from sight, leaving you alone with his younger brother. Considering he brought up the MTT Resort, that must mean he’s meeting Frisk for the date like in the game. Oh, boy. You hope that he doesn’t make the poor kid cry like he does in fanfiction.

Deciding not to focus on that particular thought, you turn your attention to the tall skeleton. “Alright, Chef Pap. Ready to make some spaghetti?”

A large grin forms on his face as he nods. “OF COURSE! I AM ALWAYS READY TO MAKE SPAGHETTI!”

When he heads for the kitchen, you follow after him with a grin. His cheerfulness is so infectious. You don’t know how anyone can be anything but happy around Papyrus. You’re really glad that you came to Undertale. You’ll have to thank Ink later for his smart suggestion.

After recent events, this is just what you needed to loosen up. You’re looking forward to what Papyrus has planned for this special sleepover.

This time around the cooking process goes a lot smoother. Apparently, Papyrus remembered the majority of what you taught him the last time you cooked together. This only cements your belief that he could be a good cook if given the proper guidance. You have to remember to tell Sans about your idea of getting his brother a cookbook.

After you both finish eating, you and Papyrus quickly clean up after yourselves and move toward the living room so the real sleepover fun can begin. The tall skeleton catches you by surprise when he suddenly gasps. “I ALMOST FORGOT! WE CANNOT BEGIN THE SLEEPOVER UNTIL WE’RE IN OUR PAJAMAS! I CANNOT BELIEVE I ALMOST SKIPPED SUCH A VITAL STEP!”

His reaction reminds you of Blue’s back in his world. Like they always say, great minds think alike. You giggle in amusement. “Sorry, Pap, but I didn’t bring any pajamas. But, I can wear these clothes since they’ll be comfortable to sleep in. These aren’t dirty like the ones that are in your laundry room now.”

“SO, THAT’S WHERE THEY ARE! I ADMIT THAT I WAS CURIOUS WHY YOU WERE BACK IN YOUR ORIGINAL CLOTHES.” Papyrus tilts his head curiously. “BUT, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU’LL BE ALRIGHT SLEEPING IN THOSE CLOTHES?”

You nod your head as you smile. “Yep. These are fine. Although, I think I would like to take a quick shower if that’s alright with you.”

He beams at you. “OF COURSE YOU CAN! MY CLEVER MIND ACTUALLY FORESAW THIS POSSIBILITY, SO I MADE SURE TO BUY HAIR CLEANING SUPPLIES FOR OUR BATHROOM! I EVEN GOT A HAIRBRUSH AND HAIR DRYER! I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!”


The tall skeleton returns the embrace, and when you pull back, you see a faint orange glow on his
cheekbones. “NOTHING BUT THE BEST TREATMENT FOR MY SPECIAL FRIEND! I WANTED TO MAKE SURE THAT YOUR STAY HERE WAS PERFECT!”

Your heart melts at his words. What a total sweetheart. Just when you think it’s not possible to adore him more than you already do, he does something sweet like this. Smiling, you release your grip on him and motion for him to lean down.

When he does, you gently place a hand on one side of his face while you move to kiss his other cheekbone. His face turns a bright orange at your actions. Your smile grows at the sight of his flustered expression. “Thank you, Pap. While I’m grateful for everything that you’ve done, just having you here with me is the best present. I couldn’t ask for anything better than that.”

The way his entire skull turns orange makes you giggle. Once you release his face, Papyrus quickly pulls back and averts his eye-lights. His gaze roams the area as he tries to look at anything other than you. “O-OF COURSE, I ALREADY KNEW THAT! NOTHING IS MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THE COMPANY OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

Realizing his blush isn’t going away anytime soon, the tall skeleton makes his escape. “I’LL BE IN MY ROOM CHANGING INTO MY PAJAMAS IF YOU NEED ME! THE BATHROOM IS ON THE NEXT FLOOR. LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!”

Faster than a speeding bullet, Papyrus vacates the room and runs up the stairs. Within seconds, you hear his bedroom door slam shut behind him.

Giggling, you head for the stairs and make your way to the next floor. A part of you is tempted to check on the cute skeleton, but you decide it would be better to give him a little space. You don’t want to tease him too much even if his reactions are adorable.

When you enter the bathroom, you’re not surprised to see that it’s exactly like the one in Underswap except of course, like the kitchen, everything is on the opposite wall. After you turn on the water, you start looking through the cabinet under the sink. You’re relieved to find a bottle of shampoo along with a bar of soap. You’re pleased to find that both have a nice cinnamon scent. Unlike your last shower, you make sure not to stay there for too long since you don’t want to make Papyrus wait a long time. It doesn’t take you long to dry off and get dressed after you finish your shower. Then, you pull out the hair dryer you saw earlier under the sink.

While you appreciate getting the chance to use a hair dryer, you hate how it always takes so long to dry your hair. You hope that you don’t end up making the skeleton wait too long.

You can’t help but sigh happily when you run the hairbrush through your messy locks. *It’s amazing what we normally take for granted. It feels like forever since I last brushed my hair. I definitely owe Pap another hug for this.*

Once your hair is taken care of, you put everything away and exit the bathroom. When you return to the living room, you find Papyrus setting up several puzzles on the floor in front of the couch.

Instead of his usual body armor, the tall skeleton is now wearing a long sleeve pajama top with matching black pants. What makes you giggle is the picture of Mettaton’s face on his top. Talk about a dedicated fan. Of course, the robot would have clothes with his face on them. You don’t know why you’re surprised.

His face brightens when he catches sight of you. “THERE YOU ARE! PERFECT TIMING, Y/N! EVERYTHING IS READY FOR THE NEXT STAGE OF OUR SLEEPOVER! ACCORDING
TO THE ANIME I’VE SEEN, THERE ALWAYS NEEDS TO BE A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT AT SLEEPOVERS. THAT’S WHY I MADE SOME PUZZLES. I CAN’T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE ENTERTAINING THAN PUZZLES!

Grinning, you move to sit on the floor by the puzzles, and he quickly follows suit. For the next few hours, the two of you work on the puzzles Papyrus set up. While you’re far from a puzzle expert, with enough time, you’re able to figure how to solve them and end up having a good time. Of course, seeing the skeleton’s excited face plays a large role in that.

After the puzzles are done, Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “HMM. NOW THAT THE PUZZLES ARE COMPLETE, WE SHOULD PROCEED TO THE NEXT STAGE. ACCORDING TO MY RESEARCH THAT WOULD BE…”

You tilt your head curiously when he pauses. “Would be what, Pap?”

The skeleton scratches his head. “WELL, AT THIS POINT OF THE SLEEPOVER, THE ANIME CHARACTERS WOULD BE STYLING EACH OTHER’S HAIR, BUT SINCE I DO NOT HAVE ANY, I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO PROCEED.”

His response makes you laugh. Sounds like Papyrus watched one of those typical shoujo animes where the heroine and her friends have a sleepover. “Pap, you don’t have to do a sleepover exactly like what you’ve seen on TV. This is about doing stuff that you like and enjoy. It doesn’t matter what we do as long as we’re having fun.”

He relaxes at your words. “I SEE! THAT IS GOOD TO KNOW! ALTHOUGH, I ADMIT THAT WATCHING THOSE CHARACTERS STYLE EACH OTHER’S HAIR DID LOOK LIKE FUN. OH WELL! THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER FUN THINGS THAT WE CAN DO. IS THERE ANYTHING THAT YOU’RE INTERESTED IN DOING, Y/N?”

It sounds like Papyrus was actually looking forward to playing with your hair. Thinking back on it, Stretch did seem to really enjoy running his fingers through it. Maybe that’s something all the Papyri have in common.

An idea comes to mind that makes you grin. “Yep! First, I’m gonna need you to move back so that your back is against the couch and be sure to stretch out your legs.”

Despite his apparent confusion, the tall skeleton follows your instructions without complaint. Once he’s situated, you crawl over to him and move to sit in between his legs with your body facing the TV. “Alright. We’re all set.”

“SET FOR WHAT?”

You lean back against his chest so that you can look up at him. You grin at the faint blush across his cheekbones. “You wanted to style my hair, right? I was just moving into a more comfortable position. Even if there’s no hair for me to play with, that doesn’t mean you can’t do anything with mine. I love having people play with my hair. You can do whatever you want with it. We can even turn on the MTT channel if you want to watch Mettaton while you do it.”

Your breath comes out in a wheeze when he wraps his arms around you to give you a tight hug. “THAT’S A WONDERFUL IDEA, Y/N! NOTHING IS BETTER THAN WATCHING METTATON! I PROMISE THAT YOUR HAIR WILL BE THE ENVY OF EVERYONE ONCE I AM DONE WITH IT!”

It’s not long after he releases you that you feel him card his fingers through your hair. As expected,
your eyelids begin to droop after a few minutes pass with him playing with your locks. He was so excited to style your hair that he forgot about turning on the TV, so you reach for the remote to do it for him. Luckily, the MTT channel was the last thing you and Sans watched before you both fell asleep, so you don’t have to bother with channel surfing to find it.

About half an hour later, Sans returns from his little outing via teleport. He chuckles in amusement when he sees the two of you. “guess the party is in full swing over hair. is it too late for me to join?”

“BROTHER, THAT WAS AWFUL! YOU MAY JOIN US, BUT NO MORE PUNS! PUNS ARE NOT ALLOWED AT THIS SLEEPOVER!”

When the shorter skeleton moves closer to your position on the floor, a mischievous grin forms on your face. Before he can react, you grab his hand as soon as you can reach him and yank him into your lap.

Sans’ face turns a bright blue when you wrap your arms around him and pull him closer to your chest. Grinning, you rest your chin on his shoulder and affectionately rub your cheek against his. “Welcome back, Sans. You came just in time. Having my hair played with always makes me sleepy. Now, I have somebody to cuddle with while Pap is busy.”

He ducks his head in an attempt to hide his flustered expression to no avail. There’s no way he can hide such a bright blush when you’re so close. It’s like a light from a neon sign. “g-glad i can be of service, buddy.”

The hands in your hair haven’t faltered so either Papyrus hasn’t noticed your actions, or he’s too busy to care. “GOOD IDEA, Y/N. SANS LOVES CUDDLING. NOW, EVERYONE WILL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING THAT THEY LIKE AT THIS SLEEPOVER.”

Just when you think it isn’t possible for Sans to blush any harder, he decides to prove you wrong. His whole skull is a dark blue now. Looks like his brother’s words embarrassed him.

For several minutes, Sans remains silent, obviously too flustered to speak. You’re probably not helping matters when you occasionally squeeze him or nuzzle his face. After a while, however, you feel him relax into your hold and lean back against you.

You have to bite back a giggle when you hear him start to snore. Either your cuddles put him to sleep, or his outing with Frisk wore him out. You feel yourself start to nod off as Papyrus continues to style your hair. If you had to guess, you think he’s trying to braid it. That’s what it feels like anyway.

Right when you’re about to fall asleep, the taller skeleton releases your hair and cheers excitedly. “I HAVE DONE IT! I HAVE COMPLETED THE FAMOUS HAIR BRAID! DESPITE HOW DIFFICULT THE TECHNIQUES APPEARED IN THE ANIME, I WAS ABLE TO SUCCESSFULLY MASTER IT! AFTER ALL, NOTHING IS TOO DIFFICULT FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

While his exclamation successfully roused you from your drowsy stupor, it apparently had no effect on Sans since he still appears to be out cold. You lean back against Papyrus’ chest and give him a warm smile. “Good job, Pap. I knew you could do it.”

He beams proudly at the praise, but when he notices his brother fast asleep, the younger skeleton sighs. “I GUESS I SHOULDN’T BE TOO SURPRISED. MY BROTHER ISN’T THE TYPE TO STAY UP LATE FOR FUN ACTIVITIES. I GUESS I SHOULD PUT HIM TO BED SINCE
THERE’S NO POINT IN WAKING HIM.”

It’s at that moment that you unsuccessfully attempt to cover a yawn. Of course, the perceptive skeleton doesn’t miss this. “IT LOOKS LIKE IT’S BEDTIME FOR BOTH OF YOU. I USUALLY STAY UP LONGER SINCE I DON’T REQUIRE A LARGE AMOUNT OF SLEEP LIKE SANS. HOWEVER, I KNOW THAT IN SLEEPOVERS EVERYONE USUALLY GOES TO SLEEP AROUND THE SAME TIME.”

A frown forms on your face. “If you want to stay up longer, we can, Papyrus. I’m not that tired. I did take a nap with Sans earlier, so I should be okay for a little longer.”

Papyrus shakes his head. “NO, IT’S ALRIGHT. I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A VERY BUSY SCHEDULE WHAT WITH SAVING MULTIPLE UNIVERSES AND ALL, SO I SHOULDN’T KEEP YOU UP ALL NIGHT. I’M FINE WITH GOING TO BED NOW.”

To prove his point, the tall skeleton scoops both you and Sans up into his arms and rises to his feet. Despite carrying two fully grown adults, his steps don’t falter at all as he heads for the stairs and makes his way to the bedrooms.

First, Papyrus stops at his brother’s room to drop him off. He places you back on the ground, and you watch as he lays Sans on the bed and tucks him in. The cute scene makes you smile.

Once Sans is taken care of, the younger skeleton grabs your hand and escorts you to his room. The interior looks exactly like it does in the game. There’s a computer in the far right corner and a skull and crossbones flag on the back wall. On the left side of the room, there’s a table covered in multiple action figures, and there’s also a bookcase on the back wall next to a door. Of course, the most eye-catching part of the room is the race car bed that’s to your immediate left as soon as you walk inside.

Because of your drowsiness, you had followed Papyrus without question, but now that you’re in his room, the sleepiness is replaced with shock. Could he be implying that he wants you to sleep in his room? Fighting back a blush, you decide to question him. “Um, Pap? Did you bring me to your room because you wanted me to sleep here?”

He nods his head. “THAT’S RIGHT! UNFORTUNATELY, WE DO NOT HAVE A GUEST BEDROOM, SO THE ONLY OTHER PLACE TO SLEEP BESIDES OUR TWO BEDROOMS WOULD BE THE COUCH. HOWEVER, I WOULD NEVER ALLOW A FRIEND OF MINE TO SLEEP ON THE COUCH! NOT WHEN YOU CAN SLEEP IN MY AWESOME RACE CAR BED INSTEAD!”

While you’re touched by this thoughtfulness, the idea of sharing a bed with a guy makes you nervous. Of course, you completely trust him; you know that Papyrus would never do anything inappropriate to you while you sleep. You just can’t help but feel embarrassed since you’ve never done something like this before. Sure, you slept in the same space as the guys at the Underwap house, but that was on the couch. That’s way less intimate than sharing a bed with someone.

“Are you sure, Pap? I feel bad making you share your bed. Will there be enough room?”

Papyrus gives you a reassuring grin. “DO NOT WORRY! THERE IS MORE THAN ENOUGH ROOM FOR YOU, Y/N. THERE IS NO NEED TO FEEL BAD. I AM MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHARE SINCE YOU ARE A VERY DEAR FRIEND.”

Your expression softens at his words. Smiling, you give him a big hug. “Thank you, Papyrus. You truly are an amazing friend. I’m lucky to have you.”
He beams at the praise. After you release him, the two of you head for the bed. Papyrus gets under
the covers first and holds them for you so that you can join him. You feel your body relax when
you see the faint blush on his cheekbones. “WHILE THERE’S ENOUGH ROOM FOR US TO
FIT, WE WILL BY LYING PRETTY CLOSE TOGETHER. I HOPE YOU DO NOT MIND
THAT. SINCE YOU APPEARED COMFORTABLE WITH CUDDLING MY BROTHER, I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NOT MIND DOING IT WITH ME AS WELL. SINCE WE’LL
ALREADY BE SO CLOSE OF COURSE.”

Grinning, you move under the covers and wrap your arms around him. You nuzzle your face
against his pajama-clad chest. “I’d love to cuddle with you, Pap. Thank you for the offer.”

He sighs in relief before reaching over to turn off the lamp on his nightstand. Then, the skeleton
returns the embrace and pulls you closer. You’re relieved to find that it’s not as awkward as you
originally feared it would be. It’s actually the opposite. You feel extremely comfortable in his
arms. Well, Papyrus does seem to have that special ability; it’s hard to be uncomfortable around
such a warm person.

“Y/N, Can I Ask You A Question?”

The low tone in his voice surprises you. You’ve never heard Papyrus speak so quietly before. “Of
course, Papyrus. What is it?”

Because it’s so dark, you’re having a hard time making out his expression, but you think he’s
frowning. “Did Something Happen After We Last Saw Each Other? It Looked Like You Had Been
Crying Earlier. I Didn’t Want To Ruin The Mood Of The Sleepover, So I Avoided Bringing It Up.
However, I Haven’t Been Able To Stop Thinking About It. Could You Tell Me What Happened?
I’d Like To Help If I Can.”

At first, you feel embarrassed that he noticed. You should’ve washed your face earlier. The
embarrassment is quickly replaced with gratitude when you realize that he’s been worried about
you all this time. You want to tell him, but a part of you is hesitant since you don’t think he should
hear about such awful worlds. However, you do understand that he’s a grown adult, and he
wouldn’t appreciate being babied. Papyrus is a lot tougher than most people give him credit for.

After several minutes of mental debate, you make your decision. “To answer your question, yes, I
did run into some trouble—right before I came here actually. I’ll tell you the story if you want to
hear it, but I have to warn you that it’s gonna be pretty unpleasant. The world I went to wasn’t a
very good one.”

His arms tightly squeeze you. “That’s Alright, Y/N. I Want To Know. I Don’t Want To Be The
Only One Out Of The Loop. After Everything That Happened In That One World, I Made Sure
That Sans Told Me Everything. He Was Reluctant, But Eventually, He Gave In To My Persistence.
I Do Not Want To Be The Only One That’s Protected.”

You had wondered if Sans had come clean to his brother about the resets after everything that
happened in Swapfell. You had assumed that he’d find a way out of telling his brother, but it looks
like he was no match for Papyrus. You’re honestly glad. Like you told the Underswap brothers, it’s
better to share your burdens rather than trying to hide them in order to protect the people you care
about.

Not wanting to dismiss his strong feelings, you start telling him about the Handplates and Gaster
Blaster AUs and how the four worlds merged together. You made sure to leave out no detail even
what happened to you. After all, he deserves to hear everything that his brother did. You don’t
want to hide anything from your friend.
As soon as you finish, Papyrus brings you into a crushing embrace which knocks the breath right out of you. Thankfully, when you desperately pat on his back, he loosens his grip enough so that you can breathe.

When you look up, you’re surprised to see bright, orange-tinted tears streaming down his face. Worried, you move your hands to cup his cheeks. “Pap? Are you okay? Please don’t cry. I promise I’m alright.”

He shakes his head. “I’m Sorry You Had To Go Through Something Like That On Your Own, Y/N. You Didn’t Deserve That. I Wish That I Had Been There To Protect You.”

You move your body upwards a few inches so that you can be face-to-face with him. With a gentle smile, you rest your forehead against his as you continue to stroke his cheekbones. “Even if you weren’t with me then, you’re here with me now, and that’s all that matters to me. I was feeling pretty low after everything that had happened, but coming here really cheered me up. Thank you, Papyrus, for being there for me.”

His only response is to hug you tighter. After a few seconds, his tears begin to ebb, and you work to wipe them away with your thumbs. Once you’re done, you kiss his forehead which makes him flush.

Then, you move back to your original position and snuggle against his chest. Your face grows warm when you feel him press his teeth against the top of your head as he makes a “Mwah” sound. “I’m Glad That You’re Alright, Y/N. I Would’ve Been Very Sad If You Had Been Killed Or Gravely Injured. I Hope Nothing Like That Ever Happens Again. If You Ever Need Help, You Can Always Come To Me And Sans. We’ll Do Whatever We Can Because You Are Our Important Friend.”

Tears spring to your eyes at his words. Quickly blinking them away, you move to nuzzle his chest. “I will, Pap. I know that I can always come to you guys if I need help. Thank you. I’m glad that I got you guys to rely on.”

“We’ll Always Be There For You, Y/N, No Matter What.”

A warm smile forms on your face as you close your eyes. “I know, Pap. Just like I’ll always be there for you two if you ever need me. That’s what friends are for.”

The combination of his warm embrace and the soft thrum of magic in his chest starts to lull you to sleep. Within seconds, your body goes slack, and you fall asleep in his arms.

When you wake the next morning, you’re surprised to find yourself still in Papyrus’ embrace. Since he’s normally an early riser, you had expected to wake up and find him already up and about.

What really shocks you is the fact that there’s another set of arms wrapped around your waist. When you look over your shoulder, you see Sans cuddled up against your back fast asleep. How long has he been here? Better yet, how did he manage to cram himself inside this bed that barely fits you and Papyrus?

Despite your desperate need to laugh, you manage to hold it in since you don’t want to wake the brothers. Seeing their cute sleeping expressions brings a warm smile to your face.

*Papyrus was right. That was the best sleepover. Hopefully, there will be more of those to come.*
Y'all I have some awesome fan art that I can't wait for you to see. XD First, I wanna say thank you to all the amazing artists that have drawn art for me. I can't even begin to describe how much it means to me to receive art from y'all. I'm so grateful. Thank you so much! <3 <3

I have two awesome pics from the amazing mileslarks/rougethelilshit (I didn't know if I should refer to your main blog or art blog so I just did both lol). The first pic is of the Reader and Fell Gaster, and the other has other scenes related to the babybones arc ^^ You can see them by clicking here and here.

The fantastic arceal-doodles drew a super cute, angsty pic of Ink from Chapter 18. Love ya, Arci! <3 You can see it by clicking here

The awesome ariespageofbreath drew an amazing pic of the scene with the Reader and the Void from the last chapter. I seriously loved how you drew the Void. It looks so cool XD You can see it by clicking here

After everything the Reader went through, I thought she deserved a nice break. I hope y'all enjoyed it too ;)

Also, I started another event on Tumblr to celebrate me reaching 200 followers. This time you can send in asks to the guys that have appeared in The Glitch and asked them questions such as what they were feeling during a particular moment in the story. I've already answered several questions already, so I totally recommend you check out my Tumblr since there's a chance that any questions you have might have been answered. And if not, please feel free to send me an ask! ^^

I hope y'all weren't too disappointed that the Reader didn't ask for the guys' clothes to wear as pajamas. Considering how embarrassed she got in Underswap, she decided to not do that this go around haha Also, if you're worried about her original clothes, she’ll wash those too after they all wake up. XD

I'm super excited about the next chapter. I've been waiting quite a while to post it. Can y'all guess what world the Reader will be going to next? XD
Underchrome

Chapter Notes

This chapter was beta-read by the wonderful Costumebleh. I appreciate you looking over this insanely long chapter haha XD

Also, y'all remember me stating at the beginning of this fic that none of these AUs belong to me? Well, this chapter is a little different. I'm sure the chapter title caught your eye, and those who don't follow me on Tumblr are probably wondering what the hell is Underchrome lol To answer your question, it's an AU that I created. I'm looking forward to seeing what y'all think of it! ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once again, you’re back in the Doodle Sphere following after Ink who’s found another AU for you to visit. He hasn’t mentioned which one it is yet, so you’re really curious to see where you’ll be going.

After a few minutes of walking, you arrive at your destination. Before you is a black door with white vertical stripes. As expected, the colors are faded which means this world is infected by the glitch. The door frame is a metallic grey, but what catches your attention is the white doorknob that’s shaped like an inverted heart. This is the first time you’ve seen a door with a doorknob that’s not circular.

You tilt your head curiously. “So, where exactly does this lead, Ink? What AU is this?”

When he pauses, you’re worried that the scatterbrained artist actually forgot. Fortunately, after a few minutes, he snaps his fingers in realization. “I remember now! This leads to Underchrome.”

Underchrome? You’ve never heard of that AU before. Are you actually about to visit a world that you know nothing about? So far, you’ve traveled to worlds you know a great deal about because of their popularity. You had always wondered if you’d ever get sent to world that you were unfamiliar with.

You stare at the door with renewed interest. “I’ve never heard of Underchrome before. What’s this world like?”

Ink fiddles with his scarf. “This is one of the few AUs where the monsters weren’t stuck Underground. The monsters and humans never went to war. Instead, an agreement was made to give the monsters their own body of land, so they basically have their own country. I was never really interested in this AU since nothing really exciting ever happens in this world.”

You roll your eyes. Of course, he’d consider a nice, peaceful world like that boring. “So, if you say nothing ever happens, does that mean there are no resets? Is there even a Frisk in this world?”

He nods his head. “There’s a Frisk, but they don’t have the power to reset. It’s not really needed since the monsters don’t have a grudge against the humans. The king and queen never lost their son, so everything is peaceful there.”
A frown forms on your face. “So, that means this world will be easier to corrupt for the glitch. With no resets to undo its work, the glitch can easily destroy this world.”

Ink grins brightly. “That’s where you come in. The state of the world isn’t as bad as the Gaster Brothers, so it shouldn’t be dangerous for you to enter. If you stay there long enough, the world should be alright.”

Before you head for the door, another question comes to mind. “What are the Sans and Papyrus of this world like? Since the world is so peaceful, they must be happy here, right? They don’t have to worry about being stuck Underground or having to deal with resets.”

The artist’s grin fades at your question. He scratches his head as he looks away. “Well, you’re right about the Papyrus. He’s like what you’d expect considering the situation. However, regarding Chrome, happy would be the last word that I’d use to describe him.”

Chrome? Is that the nickname for the Sans of this world? How come the Papyrus doesn’t have one? Has Ink only met one of the brothers?

Your brows furrow in confusion. “How come? Did something happen to this Sans?”

When Ink goes silent, you realize how personal your question was. Who are you to ask about someone else’s past like that when you don’t even know them? It couldn’t be helped that you knew about the others you’ve met since you read so much about them in your world. In this case, however, you know next to nothing about this Sans. The right thing to do would be to find out by actually getting to know the skeleton and learning the good old fashioned way.

You decide to change your question before Ink can respond. “What’s this Sans like then? Is he similar to Comic or Red?”

Ink shrugs his shoulders. “Kinda? But, not really. He’s way more reserved than those two. He only jokes around to keep his brother from worrying. Normally, he’s super withdrawn and never leaves his room like a hermit. Bitter and depressed would be good words to describe him.”

A worried frown forms on your face. What in the world happened to Chrome that would turn him into a hermit? What could cause him to be so depressed when he’s not dealing with resets and he still has his brother?

Well, the only way you’ll find out is if you meet him yourself. There’s no point in speculating. Besides, you should hurry before the glitch does more damage to Underchrome.

Determined, you march toward the door and twist the doorknob to open it. Before you walk through, you look over your shoulder and give the artist a grin. “Well, let’s hope he doesn’t mind a little company for a while. Wish me luck, Ink.”

Ink gives you a thumbs up as he smiles. “Good luck!”

With that, you walk through the doorway and enter a new world. When you arrive, you’re surprised to find yourself in the middle of a large forest.

For some reason, this scenery makes you feel uncomfortable. It’s quite dark in these woods. When you look up, you see that the foliage of the tall trees are so close together that it prevents any sunlight from coming through. Of course, you have no idea whether or not it’s even daytime here. It could be midnight for all you know.

Everywhere you look, all you see is trees and other forms of greenery. Because of the poor lighting,
everything looks dark and sinister like something dangerous could jump out at any moment. After a few minutes of surveying the area, you finally figure out why this place seems so eerie.

No matter how hard you strain your ears, you can’t hear any sounds of life. If there are any animals in this forest, they must be ninjas because you haven’t seen or heard anything even remotely sounding like a living creature. The only noise your ears catch is the sound of the leaves rustling every now and then because of the wind. What kind of forest doesn’t have any animals?

Deciding you really don’t want to stay here any longer than necessary, you start walking in a random direction and hope that it’ll lead you out of these creepy woods.

A few minutes into your journey, you hear an unfamiliar rustling sound behind you which makes you whip around in fear. You don’t see anything there, but that does not make you feel the least bit relieved.

Thoroughly creeped out, you increase your pace and start looking around as you move. You hear the noise again but still don’t see anything.

Ah, screw it.

You take off into a sprint not caring if it encourages your pursuer to chase you. You know something strange is going on here, and you do not plan on sticking around to find out what.

The rustling sound is back and louder than ever. You don’t even bother looking behind you to try and find the source of the noise. You just focus on increasing the distance between you and whatever the hell it is that’s behind you.

Several minutes later, you enter a small clearing inside the forest. Realizing you need a break, you look for a place to hide. Unfortunately, all you see around you is trees and small bushes on the outskirts of the clearing.

Instead of heading back into the forest, you move toward the center of the clearing because something there catches your eye. Because of the distance, you can’t quite make out what you’re looking at from your current position.

Once you’re closer, you realize it’s a thicket in the shape of a dome. The structure is made of gnarled, black branches. You find there’s only one entrance which makes you curious. It reminds you of an igloo. Could this be someone’s house? Considering its size, a person could easily fit inside.

While this structure does seem suspicious considering its location, you decide to take your chances after you hear the eerie rustling sound again. Because the entrance is so low to the ground, you have to crawl on your knees to enter the weird tree igloo.

Fortunately, you only have to crawl for a few seconds before the ceiling opens up. Then, you rise to your feet. You mentally cross out the idea of this being a house when you realize there’s nothing resembling furniture inside. You don’t see anything that would suggest someone else has even been here.

When your gaze reaches the middle of the room, you freeze in shock. Your eyes widen in surprise at the sight before you.

There’s a familiar looking skeleton wrapped up in vines that are making him hang from the ceiling. In addition, there are several tree branches protruding from the walls surrounding him from all sides. Every part of his body is either held by a vine or a branch. He’s completely trapped.
Your heart drops at the sight. Sans.

This Sans is wearing a black pullover hoodie, black shorts with white stripes down the sides, and black sneakers. Because his hood is up, you’re not able to see his face very well, but you know without a doubt who he is.

Not wanting to waste another second, you run straight for the skeleton. Once you get to the center of the room, you realize that you’ll have to climb in order to reach him because he’s so high off the ground. “Sans! Can you hear me?! Please say something!”

When there’s no response, you immediately start climbing the branches surrounding him. Not long after you start your ascent, you notice movement out of the corner of your eye. When you turn your head to look, your eyes widen in shock.

You can only watch dumbstruck as more branches come out of the walls and make their way toward you. This makes you increase your pace. “Sans! Please wake up! Sans!”

As you’re moving to avoid the attacking branches, you hear a voice so despondent it makes your heart hurt just listening to it. “what’s the point? papyrus is gone. i have nothin’ now. there’s no point in livin’ anymore.”

A hiss escapes your lips when a branch wraps tightly around your wrist. After several minutes of struggling, you break free and knock the branch away. Another branch shoots past you from behind scraping your back.

Despite this, you don’t falter as you climb. “So, you’re just gonna give up?! Just like that?! Papyrus wouldn’t want that! Besides, there’s still a way to save him! You can’t give up now!”

“you can’t bring back the dead. everyone who enters this forest disappears and never returns. if only i had been able to stop him, then he would’ve survived. i’m so useless.”

You blink away the tears that well up. You don’t know if they’re because of his words or the pain of your new wounds. The moving branches are definitely slowing you down, but you’re slowly but surely getting closer to him. “It’s not your fault, Sans! Your world is infected by a glitch that’s trying to destroy it! I’ve helped worlds like this one! So, I can help yours too! Just hang in there for a little longer!”

He scoffs at your words. “all these years, that’s all i’ve been doin’, and i’m tired of it. i’m tired of livin’ like this. what’s the point?”

Gritting your teeth, you keep pushing yourself forward ignoring the pain caused by the incessant branches. It feels like hours have passed before you finally make it to Sans. The skeleton keeps his head down not even bothering to look at you.

Scowling, you grab him by his collar and pull until he’s eye-to-eye with you. The sudden movement makes him open his eyes in surprise.

You narrow your eyes as you lean in close. “I don’t know what happened to you in the past, but I am not gonna just sit back and watch you give up like this. You can’t give up. Papyrus still needs you! He’s not gone for good. I will save this world and bring everyone back. Then, you won’t be alone. So, don’t you dare say that you’re tired of living. I don’t care what you say. I am not letting you die on my watch!”

His eye-lights get impossibly wide as he stares at you. You expect another pessimistic rebuttal, but it never comes. He appears too stunned to speak. Sans is looking at you like he can’t believe what
he’s seeing.

This confuses you. Is your appearance that strange? Since he lives on the Surface, this can’t be his first time meeting a human, right?

Deciding to put that question away for later, you release your grip on his collar and start working on removing the vines wrapped around him. You wince when you feel thorns dig into your skin. However, you refuse to relent. You pull away the vines around his neck before working on the ones covering his arms.

After a few minutes pass, Sans finally manages to find his voice. “h-how?”

How what? How did you get here? How did you know his name? In the end, you decide to start by telling him how you found him. “I found this weird tree igloo and decided to check it out. I wanted to hide from whatever was chasing me in the woods. If you’re wondering how I got to your world, that’s a bit of a long story. We should probably save that for after we get you out of here.”

Just as you finish removing more of the vines, you feel something latch onto you. Looking down, you see a tree branch wrapped around your waist.

When you feel it start to tug on you, you try to grab onto something, but it’s too late. You share a horrified look with Sans before you’re ripped away from him and thrown across the room.

A scream rips through your throat as you sail through the air. Unfortunately, that’s all you can do in this situation. You clench your eyes shut and hope that the landing won’t be as painful as you’re expecting it to be.

Surprisingly, the pain never comes. Instead, your flight is brought to an abrupt halt when your body is caught by a pair of arms.

Your eyes shoot open in shock once you realize that you’re being cradled against a warm chest. Looking up, you see Sans staring at you with a worried expression.

You quickly notice his left eye socket is strobing with bright, blue magic and that there’s a Gaster Blaster floating right behind him. When you look back toward the center of the room, you gape at the sight.

Instead of several tree branches and vines, all you see now is the charred remains of the greenery and some scorch marks covering the ground. The skeleton must’ve used his Gaster Blaster to free himself and take care of the attacking tree limbs.

“are you okay?”

When you return your gaze to Sans, you see him watching you with obvious concern. His eye socket is still glowing because he’s using his magic to keep you both in the air. He hasn’t dismissed his Gaster Blaster yet either which makes you wonder if he plans on using it against the tree branches if they decide to attack again.

You give him a shaky smile. “Yeah, I’m alright thanks to you. Thank you, Sans.”

A faint, blue blush crosses his cheekbones as he averts his gaze. “don’t thank me. this only happened ‘cause you were tryin’ to help me.”

Frowning, you place a hand on his cheek and gently guide his gaze back to you. His blush darkens as he stares at you in surprise. “It’s not your fault, Sans. You didn’t ask me for help. I did it
because I wanted to. Just like how you saved me even though you didn’t have to.”

Sans surprises you when he leans into your touch. You had expected him to pull away since he hardly knows you. Instead, however, his grip on you tightens, and you’re pulled closer to his chest. You dimly notice how soft the fabric of his hoodie is as your cheek brushes against it.

Before you can question his unusual behavior, you are distracted by a familiar rustling sound. When you look for the source, you witness several branches moving straight toward you. Your hand on Sans’ face moves to grab onto his hoodie. “Sans, I think we need to get out of here.”

“Way ahead of ya.”

Sans turns to face the nearby wall and fires his Gaster Blaster at it. The blast creates a large hole which the skeleton immediately flies through using his magic. The hole starts to close up shortly after it was made, but luckily, he is able to get through before the wall repairs itself.

He deactivates his magic and dismisses his Gaster Blaster once he reaches the ground. You then feel a familiar shifting sensation signaling the two of you being teleported.

When you open your eyes, you’re surprised to see that you’re both still in the creepy forest. You look up at him with confusion. “Why are we still in the forest? Shouldn’t we try to get out of here? You know, before the trees try to kill us?”

A scowl forms on his face as he surveys the area. “Believe me, I would if I could, but my teleports don’t work right in this place. I can teleport to other parts of the forest, but I can’t actually teleport outside of it. No matter what I try, it never works.”

Your brows furrow as you ponder his words. That’s strange. What the hell is going on here? What is with this strange place? “What is this place, Sans? This can’t be a normal forest.”

Sans shrugs his shoulders. “Beats me. It used to be just a normal forest, but it suddenly changed. It actually started growing. There are a lot of wooded areas in this part of the country, but the forest near where I live is nowhere this big. Every couple of days, it would expand and get closer to the city. The royal guard was sent in to investigate after several people disappeared inside these woods, but no one ever returned. When Undyne didn’t come back, my bro went in after her despite me warnin’ him not to.”

He ducks his head low. “He snuck out while I was asleep. I can’t believe I was so stupid. Of course, he wouldn’t give in so easily. I should’ve known better when he told me he’d stay away.”

The melancholy tone in his voice and the look of pure misery on his face makes your heart clench painfully. You hate seeing him like this. Without hesitation, you wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. He stiffens in surprise at the contact.

“You didn’t do anything wrong, Sans. You did everything you could. You know that Papyrus would’ve found a way to sneak away no matter what you did to stop him. Papyrus is super loyal to his friends. If one is in danger, of course he’ll go after them despite the risk it might bring to him. There’s no way to stop him when he’s that determined.”

Instead of replying, Sans just clings tighter to you and buries his face against your neck. The two of you remain like that for a while with you occasionally rubbing his upper back.

Finally, after some time passes, he pulls back, and you follow his example so that you can see his face. While he doesn’t appear as gloomy as before, his expression is far from cheerful. He looks so tired. You don’t know how it’s possible for the skeleton to have bags under his eyes, but he’s got
some really heavy ones.

Without thinking, you cup his cheek and gently rub your thumb under his eye. His breath hitches as his eye-lights grow large.

Realizing what you just did, you immediately pull away and duck your head to hide the blush that you feel on your cheeks. “S-Sorry. I wasn’t thinking. I didn’t mean to invade your personal space like that. I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable.”

“who are you?”

You look up when you hear the mystified tone in his voice. He’s looking at you like you’re from another planet. His expression is a mixture of wonder, disbelief, and hope? You’re not sure about that last one. You can’t think of anything that you’ve done that would make him feel hopeful all of sudden.

Deciding that an introduction is in order, you tell him about yourself. “I’m Y/N. I’m from another universe. I accidentally fell out of mine and have been stuck travelling to others ever since. But, not just any worlds. I’ve been going to worlds infected by a glitch that basically acts like a virus that aims to destroy each place it infects. That’s why I’m here in your world. I have a feeling the glitch is behind this crazy forest. In order to save everyone, we’ll have to stop the glitch from spreading.”

His dumbstruck expression makes you giggle. He then jolts like he’s been shocked before abruptly looking away with a blush on his face.

You’re confused by his actions, but instead of questioning him, you choose to continue your explanation. You tell him about your world and the others places you’ve visited. You go into more details about the glitch and what you’ve seen it do in other worlds. You also explain your role in all of this and how you’re able to help save the infected worlds.

The whole time Sans just gapes as he stares with wide eye-lights. However, when you bring up what happened to your soul in the Void, his eye-lights narrow and his grip on you tightens which surprises you. “did you just say that your soul shattered?”

Caught off guard by the anger in his voice, all you can do is nod nervously. “Y-Yeah, but I’m okay now. Ink and the Void were able to combine their magic to heal my soul. It acts just like a normal soul. Well, if you ignore the whole AU jumping part.”

He clenches his teeth so tightly you can actually hear it. After a few seconds, he slowly releases a breath. “so, you’re tellin’ me that you almost died? that you’re only alive by pure luck?”

Your face softens once you realize what has gotten him so upset. Considering that you hardly know him, you didn’t expect him to get so angry about you almost dying. While his concern surprises you, you do feel touched.

Once again, you find yourself hugging the skeleton tightly. You nuzzle your face against his neck as you squeeze him reassuringly. “Yes, but I’m alright now. There’s no point in dwelling on things that happened in the past. What’s done is done. But, I appreciate you getting angry on my behalf. You’re really kind. Thank you, Sans.”

Sans brings you as close as he can while he rests his head against your shoulder. After a few minutes of silence, he speaks. “can i see it?”

You blink in surprise not expecting such a request. When you pull back, you find that you can’t say no to the pleading look on his face. Of course, you hadn’t planned on refusing him anyway since
you had no problems showing him. This won’t be the first time you’ve shown someone your soul, and you doubt it will be your last.

When you nod, his magic activates, and the skeletons uses it to pull out your soul. You feel that familiar tugging sensation before the black heart makes its appearance.

Instead of the expected shock, all you can see is awe in his expression. While one of his arms continues to hold you, he raises the other so that he can reach for your soul. When his fingers brush against the heart, your body shivers at his touch.

Sans immediately freezes before looking down at you with a worried frown. “Sorry. Did I hurt you?”

You shake your head. “No, it didn’t hurt. It just caught me by surprise. That’s the first time someone besides me has tried to touch my soul.”

He pulls his hand back. “Sorry. I should’ve known better than to touch it without askin’ if it was okay first.”

The skeleton jerks in surprise when you grab his hand. Before he can question you, you bring his hand back to your soul and rest your hand over his. You know that touching souls is a really personal thing, but for some reason, you don’t mind if Sans does it. Somehow, it feels right.

“It’s fine. I don’t mind if you touch it. I trust you.”

His shocked expression softens at your words. The arm around you gives you a warm squeeze before he redirects his attention to your soul.

The way he gently rubs your soul with his thumb makes your body tremble. His touch gives you a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. You’re so distracted by his ministrations that you only catch part of what he says next.

“Beautiful.”

You stare at him in confusion. “Huh?”

When he looks at you, your breath hitches at his fond expression. For the first time since meeting him, you witness the corners of his mouth move upwards. “Your soul. It’s beautiful.”

A dark blush grows across your cheeks. You’ve gotten a lot of comments on your soul but never a compliment like that. You can’t decide whether you should be happy or embarrassed. In the end, you choose both. You smile shyly before burying your face into his chest. “T-thank you. No one has ever said that to me before.”

You feel him return your soul to your body before he uses both arms to hug you tightly. “Just statin’ a fact, babe.”

The endearment makes you whip your head up in surprise. For some reason, Sans looks equally stunned, making you wonder if the word came out accidentally. Now, you’re both blushing from embarrassment.

That’s when you realize that he still hasn’t set you down. You’ve been in his arms this whole time but never thought to question him about it. Considering how lazy most Sanses are, you’re surprised that he hasn’t put you down yet. Isn’t carrying you like this tiring?
“Hey, Sans? You don’t have to keep carrying me, you know. I can walk. I’m sure I must be heavy.”

The way his blush darkens makes you wonder if he’s just now aware of the fact that he’s still holding you. Did he really not notice? Well, you can’t really talk since you didn’t realize until now either.

Sans slowly lowers you to your feet and pulls away so you can stand on your own. If you didn’t know any better, you’d say he was reluctant to let you go. But, surely you’re mistaken?

You cross your arms as you look around awkwardly. Considering he’s not saying anything, it looks like it’ll be up to you to start the next conversation. “So, how are we supposed to get out of here? If you can’t teleport, then that means we have to walk, but which direction? No matter which way I look, everything looks the same. I can’t tell if one direction leads me away or just further in.”

The skeleton shrugs as he shoves his hands into his hoodie pocket. “dunno. there’s a reason no one ever leaves here. once you’re inside, you can’t tell where you are, and soon enough you can’t even tell which way you’re headin’.”

A defeated sigh passes your lips. “So, that means the only way we’re getting out of here is by pure luck. Unless, you can use your magic to go up past the tree tops?”

He shakes his head in response. “nope. won’t work. the trees will attack if anyone tries goin’ up that high.”

You rub a tired hand down your face. “Guess we’ll be walking then. Any particular direction you wanna try?”

When all he does is shrug his shoulders again, you sigh before picking a random direction and heading that way. You briefly worry that Sans won’t come with you, but when you hear his footsteps follow behind you, you smile in relief.

For a while, the two of you walk in silence. You’re quickly realizing that this particular Sans isn’t the talkative type. You get the feeling that he only speaks when addressed and only when a head shake or shoulder shrug isn’t a good enough response. Oh boy, this will be fun.

Eventually, you slow your pace enough so that you can walk alongside each other. When you give him a side glance, you are surprised to see his gaze directed toward you. As soon as he notices that you’re looking at him, he immediately averts his eye-lights.

However, he doesn’t stay like that for long. Shortly after you look away, you feel his eyes on you again. This time when you try to sneak a peek at him, you witness him repeatedly looking toward and away from you. It’s like he can’t decide whether or not he wants to stare at you which honestly confuses you.

Maybe he’s just shy? I didn’t get that impression from him earlier, but maybe now that things have calmed down he has reverted to his normal behavior. It doesn’t help that we’re in a really weird situation. Maybe he’d be willing to talk if I started asking him questions.

You unconsciously clench your fists as you work up the nerve to start the conversation. However, you’re quickly distracted from your thoughts when you feel a sharp pain that makes you wince. You pull your hands out of your hoodie pocket and take in the sight of all the small cuts caused by you pulling on those vines earlier. A few of them are bleeding now, but thankfully, none of the wounds are very large or deep.
“let me see.”

The sound of Sans’ voice right beside you makes you jump in surprise. When you turn toward him, you find that his gaze is directed at your hands. You make a confused sound which causes him to sigh.

He pulls his hands out of his hoodie pocket and uses them to gently grab yours. A frown forms on his face once he sees how bad your hands look.

Your brows furrow in confusion when the skeleton activates his magic and his left eye socket strobes a bright green. Your bewilderment quickly morphs into embarrassment when he gently presses his teeth against your hands and kisses them.

Before you can question his strange actions, you freeze in shock at the sight of your wounds disappearing. A green glow briefly surrounds your hands, and by the time it fades, you’re completely healed. In addition to that, all the aches and pains throughout your body have vanished as well.

His eyes return to normal as he pulls his face away from your hands. A dark blush lights up his face when he sees your awestruck expression. He immediately averts his eye-lights in embarrassment. “it’s not much, but i did learn some healin’ magic after my bro joined the royal guard. i can’t do much for him, but i wanted to at least be able to heal him if he ever came home injured.”

Your face softens at the admission. While this Sans is quite different from the ones you’ve met so far, having a strong love for his brother is definitely one commonality he shares with them.

Feeling grateful, you gently squeeze his hands that are still holding yours and reach up to kiss him on the cheek. You smile at his flustered expression. “Thank you, Sans. The pain is completely gone now. Papyrus is lucky to have such a kind big brother.”

His blush increases tenfold as he tries to look anywhere but at you. After he releases your hands, he takes a few steps back and returns his hands to his hoodie pocket. Because of his hood, it’s hard to see his expression when he ducks his head.

Maybe you went a little too far. Kissing him despite only knowing him for a short while. He obviously looks uncomfortable now.

You nervously play with your sleeves as you avert your eyes. “I’m sorry. That was rude of me. Doing stuff like that when we’ve only just met. I tend to be affectionate toward my friends and will do stuff like that without thinking. But, I won’t do it again. I promise.”

“no!”

His shout makes you jump in surprise. When you bring your gaze back to him, you notice the desperate look he’s sending you. His eye-lights are wide, and one of his arms is stretched out towards you. He looks like he wants to say something, but after several seconds, he abruptly turns away and puts his hand back into his pocket.

Silence ensues as you continue to stare at the skeleton with wide eyes. You hadn’t expected a reaction like that from him. You wonder what came over him.

*I thought I was making him uncomfortable with the affectionate gestures, but maybe it’s the opposite? Maybe he really is shy and actually likes the affection. He just doesn’t outwardly show that he likes it.*
Rather than question his behavior, you approach Sans and put a hand on his shoulder. He jerks at the contact and looks at you in surprise. You smile warmly. “If you don’t want me to stop, then I won’t. All I want is for you to be comfortable around me. I don’t want to do anything that would upset you and make you dislike me.”

His next words are said so quietly you barely catch them. “that’s not possible.”

Before you can come up with a response, Sans abruptly turns and starts walking toward the direction you picked earlier. Not wanting to be left behind, you quickly follow after him. In the back of your mind, you wonder about the meaning of his words.

As you’re walking, your foot catches on something that causes you to trip. You squeak in surprise and attempt to bring your hands up to cushion the fall. However, a strong arm wraps around your waist and stops your descent.

When you look up, you see Sans’ face hovering a few inches above your own which causes you to blush a bright red. Instead of immediately releasing you like you expect, he pulls you close to his chest and intently studies your face.

Your hands come to rest against his chest and unconsciously clutch the fabric of his hoodie. The longer he stares at you, the redder your face gets. Despite your embarrassment, you can’t bring yourself to pull away. His gaze has you completely captivated.

Sans cups your cheek and gently rubs your skin with his thumb. You involuntarily shiver at his touch. In response, the arm around your waist tightens and pulls you even closer. He stares at you amazed. “are you really-”

The skeleton suddenly cuts himself off and shakes his head. His face momentarily softens when he looks at you before he slowly releases you. The hand on your face moves to grab onto one of your hands which surprises you. He averts his eye-lights as a faint blush crosses his cheekbones.

“this way you don’t have to worry about fallin’.”

A warm grin forms on your face. You give his hand a gentle squeeze. “Thank you, Sans.”

He shyly nods before pulling you alongside him and resuming his walk. It’s as you’re walking beside him that you finally realize that he’s taller than all of the other Sanses you’ve come across. If you don’t count G, this Sans would be the tallest one that you’ve met. He’s around your height, just a few inches taller.

It’s a little strange being around a tall Sans. You’re so used to them all being shorter than you. You wonder why this Sans is different. Better eating habits? You mentally snort. Somehow, that seems highly unlikely.

You realize that you don’t know very much about this Sans. For the most part, all the information you have is what you got from Ink. This Sans doesn’t really talk much about himself unless it’s related to his brother. You wonder if he’d be willing to talk with you or if it’s still too soon for that.

Curious despite yourself, you squeeze his hand to get his attention. When his eye-lights drift toward you, you give him a smile. “Sorry if I’m being too nosy, but I was wondering if you’d be willing to tell me a little about yourself. This is the first AU that I’ve visited that I know nothing about. I’d like to get to know you if that’s alright with you.”

Sans stares at you shocked before quickly looking away. He ducks his head in order to hide his face. “there’s not a lot to really tell. i’m not a very interestin’ guy. that’s my bro. i’m pretty
ordinary in comparison.”

You frown at his response. “I highly doubt that. Even if it is true, I still want to learn more about you. Like, do you have any hobbies?”

The skeleton shrugs his shoulders. “I play video games. I don’t really like to go out a lot, so instead, I stay in my room and play games all day. It’s either that or I sleep. Borin’, right?”

A delighted grin forms on your face as you quickly shake your head. “Of course not! That’s awesome! I love video games! There’s one in my world called Mario Kart that I’ve loved since I was a kid. There are several versions of it because the company keeps making a game for each new console that comes out. It’s a racing game, and it’s a lot of fun. Do you have anything like that here in your world?”

The stupefied look he gives you makes you want to laugh. He apparently didn’t expect that sort of reaction from you. After a few seconds, he finally responds. “Yeah, we do. I’ve played a lot of racing games including that one.”

Your face brightens as you excitedly cling to his arm. “Really? Who’s your favorite racer? I’ve always picked Princess Peach. Double Dash has always been my favorite version of Mario Kart because I get to race with Peach and Daisy. That probably sounds like a pretty typical choice for a girl, but I always liked beating everybody as the princesses. They’re awesome and totally kick ass.”

Sans snorts which makes your eyes widen in surprise. This is the first time you’ve ever heard him come close to laughing. You can’t help but feel really happy that you drew out such a reaction from him.

“T don’t really pick favorites. I just go with whatever racer seems the easiest to maneuver like Yoshi. My bro likes that game and always picks Mario ’cause he’s the star. When he does that, I’ll pick Luigi, so I’ve played him a lot too.”

The mental image of the two skeletons playing as Mario and Luigi makes you want to squeal from the cuteness. You settle for hugging his arm tightly. “That’s so adorable! I would love to see that!”

When he goes silent, you look up to see him wearing a forlorn expression. Realization dawns your features, and you quickly give him a reassuring squeeze. “We’ll save him, Sans. I promise. There’s still time. We just need to get rid of the glitch, and all the damage it has done will be reversed.”

Sans doesn’t appear convinced, but he nods anyway. After that, the two of you go silent as you continue to trek through the woods. No matter how much you walk, it doesn’t feel like you’re any closer to escaping this creepy forest.

When you hear a familiar rustling sound, you unconsciously cling to Sans’ arm as you survey your surroundings. His grip on your hand tightens which brings your gaze back to him. He’s studying the area with narrowed eye-lights.

You feel something brush against your ankle which makes you shriek. Before you can even turn to look, Sans pulls you to his chest and teleports a few yards away from your last position.

You feel something brush against your ankle which makes you shriek. Before you can even turn to look, Sans pulls you to his chest and teleports a few yards away from your last position.

The way his arms wrap around you protectively helps you calm down. Somehow, you feel completely safe in his embrace like nothing can hurt you as long as you remain in his arms.

Burying your face into his chest, you clutch the fabric of his hoodie tightly. “D-Did you see what touched me? It wasn’t just my imagination, right?”
Sans holds you close. His body is incredibly tense like a stretched rubber band ready to snap at any moment. “no, i saw somethin’ too. i think it was a tree root or a really low branch. looks like these damn trees aren’t done with us yet.”

Being trapped in a creepy forest is one thing, but being trapped in a creepy forest that wants to kill you? Talk about horrible luck. “What are we gonna do? We’re completely surrounded. If all these trees attack us at once, we’re toast.”

A growl reverberates in his chest which startles you. He strengthens his grip on you. “easy. i blast them all to kingdom come if they attack. i’m not lettin’ anythin’ touch you.”

While his words warm your heart, you can’t help but be astonished by his sudden protectiveness. Although, now that you think about it, maybe you shouldn’t be so shocked. Since he first saved you, Sans has continually been looking after you. He even got mad when he heard about your soul shattering. You wonder what caused him to become so protective of you despite only knowing you for a short time.

Before you can ponder about this further, the skeleton abruptly teleports just barely dodging the attacking tree branches. He wastes no time in pulling you into a bridal carry. His eye strobesc brightly with blue magic as he summons a Gaster Blaster.

When more limbs head your way, Sans completely obliterates them with a single shot from his Gaster Blaster. You wrap your arms around his neck and cling tightly as he moves from place to place firing at all of the approaching tree branches.

This continues for some time which worries you. How long can this Sans last in a fight before he wears out? Does he only have 1 HP too?

Fortunately, the fight eventually comes to an end when the branches stop attacking. By the looks of it, the forest has decided to give up on this battle, but you can’t feel too assured since this doesn’t change the fact that you’re still trapped here.

Once he realizes the fight is over, Sans quickly teleports from one spot to another until he’s a long distance away from the battlefield. When he finally comes to a stop, you notice the large amount of sweat covering his forehead. He looks exhausted.

Concerned, you pull your sleeve over your hand and use the fabric to wipe his forehead. He startles at the contact, but you don’t pull away until you’re done. You then give him a worried look. “Are you alright, Sans? You didn’t push yourself too hard, did you? Do you need a break?”

Sans just stares dumbly for a few seconds. You squeak in surprise when he abruptly sits down with you in his lap and hides his face against your neck. You feel yourself flush when he clutches you tighter. “S-Sans?”

He sighs as he nuzzles your neck. “i’m okay. just give me a few minutes. then, we can keep movin’.”

You give his neck a gentle squeeze. “Take all the time you need, Sans. Your health is more important than how fast we get out of here. You obviously used a lot of magic earlier. There’s nothing wrong with taking a little break.”

“How are you even real?”

His question catches you off guard. What does he mean by that? Before you can question him, the skeleton sighs into your neck; his breath hits your skin which makes you shiver.
In the end, you can’t bring yourself to speak because of how flustered you feel. You know that you’re an affectionate person, but when Sans does these gestures so suddenly, it surprises you. You get the impression that he’s not the affectionate type, yet he has no qualms about being so close to you like this. You wonder why.

After some time passes, Sans finally pulls away from your neck. He averts his eye-lights in embarrassment. “thanks. i feel better now. sorry about doin’ that so suddenly. is your neck sore now?”

You shyly duck your head. “No, it’s alright. I’m just glad that you’re okay. If you ever need to stop and rest, just let me know, okay?”

That’s when you remember that you still haven’t thanked him for earlier. Fighting back your blush, you hug his neck tightly. “i won’t let anythin’ happen to you, y/n. i promise.”

When you hear him say your name, you heart skips a beat. That’s the first time he’s ever said it. You can’t hide the happy smile that forms on your face.

A few minutes later, the two of you get back to your feet and start walking in what you hope is the right direction. You kind of lost track of where you were going thanks to all the craziness from before.

Sans doesn’t hesitate to grab your hand as the two of you walk together which makes you really happy. It’s really comforting having him so close and being able to touch him like this.

Your little trek continues undisturbed for quite a while which honestly worries you. There’s no way the forest is done with you considering you don’t appear to be anywhere near the exit. It must be waiting for the right moment to strike.

The thought makes you unconsciously tighten your grip on the skeleton’s hand. In response, he gives your hand a reassuring squeeze which helps you relax.

After what feels like hours, you both arrive at another small clearing. You feel the hairs on the back of your arms rise as a chill runs down your back. Instantly, you can tell that something is very wrong with this area.

Sans pulls you close and releases his grip on your hand in favor of wrapping that arm around your waist. His eye-lights narrow as he studies the clearing with obvious suspicion. “stay close to me, y/n. this place is bad news.”

You nod in agreement as you raise a hand to clutch the front of his hoodie. It’s as you’re surveying your surroundings that something in the middle of the clearing catches your eye. Your eyes widen at the sight of a giant sequoia tree.

What makes your breath falter is the color of the tree. Its bark is pure white just like its leaves. Considering everything that you’ve been through on this adventure, a tree being a strange color shouldn’t surprise you. However, it’s not just that. Every now and then, the appearance of the tree flickers. When you strain your eyes, you notice that parts of the sequoia appear pixelated.

There’s no doubt in your mind. You just found the source of the glitch.
When you turn back toward Sans, you see him staring at the tree with wide eye-lights. Realizing that there’s no time to waste, you move to gain his attention. “Sans, we need to go over there. That tree is the source of the glitch. If we’re gonna save your world, I need to get closer to it. I’ll probably need to touch it so that the Void’s magic can directly affect it.”

Sans doesn’t seem thrilled about approaching the sequoia, but thankfully, he doesn’t argue with you. Instead, the skeleton holds you close and promptly teleports. When the two of you reappear, you’re only a few feet away from the large tree.

Unfortunately, that’s when your luck runs out. As soon as you both appear in front of the tree, branches from all over shoot straight for you.

The skeleton tightens his grip on you as he activates his magic and summons three Gaster Blasters. He wastes no time in attacking the malicious limbs. However, no matter how many he destroys, more branches keep coming.

Realizing that he’ll tire out before the trees cease their attacks, you decide to take a different course of action. “Sans, I need you to cover me. The only way we’re getting out of this alive is if I get rid of the glitch. To do that, I need to touch the tree. I’ll need your help to get that far. Will you help me?”

“dammit.” He pulls you close as he curses. “there’s really no other option, is there? fine, i’ll do it. you better be extra careful, though. if it gets dangerous, you come right back to me, okay?”

Your face grows hot when he presses his teeth against your forehead in a kiss. The soft look he gives you takes your breath away. “i can’t lose you, y/n. not after i just found you.”

With that, he releases his grip on you and turns his attention to the fight before him. Your mind is buzzing with endless questions, but you know that this isn’t the time for that.

After you shake your head to clear your mind, you turn around and sprint toward the giant sequoia. “You better be careful too, Sans! Don’t you dare lose!”

Because you’re too far away, you miss the next words he whispers. “heh, if you say that, now i really can’t lose. no way can i afford to look bad in front of you. it’s scary how easily you can affect me, babe, and you don’t even realize it. what a dangerous girl.”

The branches try to go after you as you move closer to the giant tree, but Sans doesn’t let them get anywhere near you. He blasts everything that approaches, allowing you to reach the sequoia unhindered.

Once you arrive, you waste no time in reaching out to touch the white bark. For a moment, you marvel at the smoothness of the wood, but the sounds of the battle behind you help you get back on track.

Closing your eyes, you rest both hands against the tree and concentrate. “Please stop the glitch. Please save this world. Give Sans his brother back and return everything to normal.”

A familiar tugging sensation lets you know that the Void has pulled out your soul. However, when you reopen your eyes, you see that despite how much it’s glowing the tree appears unchanged.

You hear a cry of pain behind you that makes your blood go cold. When you look over your shoulder, you see Sans suspended mid-air by branches wrapped tightly around him. “Sans!”

He must’ve run out of magic. Your previous break must’ve not been enough to replenish his
energy.

Panicking, you start to desperately bang your fists against the tree. “Please do something! Anything!”

You scream when a branch latches onto you and pulls you into the air. You then hear Sans weakly cry out your name.

When you look at him, you realize with dread that you can barely see the skeleton behind the many tree limbs wrapped around him. If you don’t do something soon, he’ll die. You can’t let that happen!

You reach for your soul that continues to hover before you and hold on tight. “Please save him! Don’t let him die! Take all my determination! Do whatever it takes! Just please save him!”

At first, nothing happens which makes your heart plummet. However, seconds later, the brightness of your soul intensifies to the point where you have to look away or risk hurting your eyes. It reminds you of what happened in G and Aster’s world. You hope that this means that things will turn out alright like they did back then.

Like last time, your energy level depletes until you can no longer keep your eyes open because of the overwhelming feeling of exhaustion. Sans yelling your name is the last thing you hear before you black out.

“wake up. please wake up. i told you, didn’t i? i can’t afford to lose you. i’ve waited my whole life to meet you. you can’t leave me now. not after i finally found you. i’ll do anythin’. just please wake up.”

You feel your awareness slowly return as you regain consciousness. You hate that the first thing you hear is such a despondent voice.

Wanting to comfort him, you fight to open your eyes. It’s a struggle, but your persistence eventually wins out. As your vision clears, you dimly notice that your cheeks are wet. Have you been crying?

When you look at the face hovering above you, you quickly realize that the wetness isn’t from your tears but his. You raise a trembling hand to Sans’ face and try to wipe away the blue tear tracks with your thumb. “S-Sans.”

His eyes shoot open at your touch and the sound of his name. When he sees your worried stare, more blue tears pour out of his eye sockets.

Sans places a hand over the one on his face and pulls you closer to his chest. He leans down to rest his forehead against yours. “thank asgore. you’re alright. you were so still. no matter what i tried, my healin’ magic wasn’t havin’ any effect. i didn’t think you’d ever wake up again.”

More tears fall onto your skin. “i was so scared. after all these years, i thought i’d never get to meet you, and then you suddenly appear out of nowhere. i couldn’t believe it at first, but there’s no doubt in my mind now. the way my soul is shakin’ now from relief is proof. you’re the one, y/n.”

You honestly have no idea what he’s talking about. His words confuse you, but rather than question him, you figure it’s best for him go about this at his own pace.

Instead, you just cup his cheeks with your hands and try to catch his tears. “I’m sorry for scaring
you, Sans. I didn’t realize that things were so bad in your world. Otherwise, I would’ve warned you. When worlds reach a certain state, just the Void’s magic isn’t enough to save them. The Void needs to use my determination and energy in order to overpower the glitch. I know that sounds worrying, but I promise I’m alright. I’m just tired now. A trip to the Void should replenish the magic my soul lost. Then, I’ll be good as new.”

His tears finally begin to ebb which relieves you. Sans slowly pulls his face away from yours but continues to keep a tight grip on you. He frowns in obvious displeasure. “you’ll really be okay? you’re not just sayin’ that to make me feel better?”

For some reason, his question makes you giggle. You gently pat his cheekbone. “I promise. This isn’t the first time this has happened.”

The skeleton sighs as his shoulders sag with relief. “you know, that doesn’t really make me feel better.”

After you pull your hands away, you take in your surroundings from your position in Sans’ lap. You’re still in the forest, but the creepy atmosphere is no longer present. There’s even sunlight peeking through the treetops now. You also notice that the giant sequoia is no longer white but a healthy green.

You’re so relieved. It looks like the glitch was successfully eliminated. “I’m so glad. The glitch is gone. I bet Papyrus is back at home waiting for you, Sans.”

He snorts as he shakes his head. “are you kiddin’? he’s probably at work. if everythin’ regardin’ the glitch is erased like everyone’s memories, my bro is probably nowhere near home. he’s a workaholic. i’d say somethin’ to him about it, but his job makes him so damn happy so i don’t feel like it’s right for me to complain.”

His response makes you laugh. That’s just like Papyrus. Always such a hard worker. “I’m happy for him then. He totally deserves it.”

Sans’ expression softens as he looks down at you. He cups your cheek and gently rubs your skin with his thumb. You unconsciously lean into his touch as you close your eyes. You don’t know why, but there’s something about his touch that completely relaxes you.

You hear his breath suddenly hitch, but before you can reopen your eyes to check on him, you feel your body being teleported.

When you open your eyes, you’re surprised to find yourself inside of a dimly lit room. The only source of light is the blue screen of a wide screen TV. From what you can make out, the area is a complete mess with clothes and trash all over the floor. There’s a bookcase right by the TV which appears to be holding several video games.

Before you can examine your new surroundings further, you’re pulled backwards onto a super soft bed. The sudden movement makes you squeak in surprise.

Looking up, you see Sans watching you with a small grin on his face. Now, the two of you are strewn out across the bed with his arms wrapped tightly around you and both your legs tangled together. He has you pulled flush against his body.

A dark blush forms on your face as you realize how intimate this new position is. “S-Sans?”

He starts to card his fingers through your hair which causes your body to slowly relax. His touch is so gentle. “you’re tired, right? i figured gettin’ you to lie down for a while was the best thing to do.
while your body rests, i can give you a proper explanation.”

You tilt your head curiously. You have an idea about what he’s referring to, but you feel it’s better to ask anyway just in case. “An explanation?”

The skeleton nods as he plays with your hair. “you’re curious, right? you were probably wonderin’ why i’m so different compared to the others sanses. even if you weren’t, what i said after you woke up definitely had to have made you curious.”

His ministrations make you sigh happily. You cling to his hoodie and snuggle close to his chest. “I do want to know more about you, but I don’t want to make you tell me something if it makes you uncomfortable. You don’t have to explain anything if you don’t want to, Sans.”

A hand on your chin brings your gaze to meet his. His tender expression makes your breath catch. “you could ask me to do about damn near anythin’, and i would, babe. i’ll tell you anythin’ you wanna know.”

The endearment along with the pure affection in his voice makes your face redden. You feel your heart skip a beat under his sincere gaze.

It takes you a few seconds to find your voice. There is something you’ve been wanting to ask for some time now. “Why are you so nice to me? I don’t mean to sound ungrateful. I just don’t understand how you could be like this to someone you just met. You went out of your way to protect me in the forest, and you’re always so kind and gentle with me. It makes me really happy, but it’s also really confusing. Why do I feel like there’s more to your actions than just what’s on the surface?”

When he smiles, your blush intensifies; it feels like a hoard of butterflies have come to live in your stomach. Sans is not helping matters when he moves his face closer to yours. “you’re right, babe. if you want the short explanation, it’s because you’re my most important person.”

_That doesn’t explain anything!_

Your face feels like it’s on fire. The skeleton moves the hand that’s in your hair to cup your cheek. Despite the coolness of his hand, the heat of your cheeks doesn’t wane at all. If anything, his touch only makes you feel warmer.

When you finally reply, your voice comes out as a weak whisper. “W-What if I want the long explanation?”

Sans grins at your response. He pulls back so that he can nuzzle your hair. The way his teeth brush against your head as he kisses you makes you shiver. “i told ya, didn’t i? anythin’ for you, babe.”

His chest shakes as he chuckles when you shyly bury your face into his hoodie. His hand returns to your hair, and he starts carding his fingers through the strands. “what a dilemma. i hate not gettin’ to see your cute face, but i love havin’ you so close to me. i don’t know which is better.”

Your voice comes out as a muffled whine as you hide your face. “Sans!”

“i really love how my name sounds when you say it.” He sighs. “well, i guess the best place to start would be to explain what sets my world apart from the ones you’ve been to. here all monsters are born colorblind. it’s not ’til they meet the eyes of their soulmate that they’re able to see in color.”

You pull away and look up at him with wide eyes. Soulmates exist in this world?
“all my life, i’ve lived in a monochrome world. despite livin’ for so long, i never met my soulmate. one day, my bro recommended visitin’ gerson. he’s the oldest livin’ monster, and he tells soulmate fortunes. i didn’t see the harm, so i went.”

His arms around you tighten. “but, i didn’t get the fortune i was hopin’ for. he told me that my soulmate wasn’t in this world. i gotta tell ya, there’s nothin’ more painful than hearin’ that your soulmate died before you could even meet them.”

Your eyes begin to water as your heart clenches painfully. Now, you understand. No wonder this Sans is so despondent. He never got to know his soulmate--his other half. You don’t blame him for being so dispirited. After hearing that, now it makes sense why he wanted to die after he thought he lost Papyrus for good. He really believed that he had nothing left. Why would he want to live in a world that took away his soulmate and his brother?

“but, ya know what? it turns out that i just misunderstood gerson’s words all this time. when he said they’re not in this world, he meant that literally. he didn’t mean that they were dead. they were just in a completely different universe.”

Shocked, your body goes completely still at his words. The skeleton gently grabs your chin and moves your gaze to meet his again. His tender expression makes your heart race. “imagine my surprise when i meet this girl from another world who brings color into my world for the first time in my life.”

You’re so stunned that you forget to breathe. Your eyes grow impossibly wide at the implications of his words. You’re his soulmate? But, how could something like that even be possible? In all your readings, you’ve never heard of someone having a transdimensional soulmate.

Sans leans in close, wearing a concerned expression. “y/n?”

That’s when you remember to breathe. You gasp for air as you cling tightly to the skeleton. Not wanting to worry him further, you open your mouth to reassure him. “I-I’m alright. Sorry. I was just a little surprised.”

He frowns as he moves his hand to cup your cheek. “sorry for dumpin’ all this on you at once. i know it’s probably pretty overwhelmin’, especially since we haven’t known each other for very long. but, i had to tell you before you left. i know i would’ve regretted it for the rest of my life if i kept quiet about this.”

You hug him tightly as you lean against the hand on your face. “No, I understand. I’m glad you told me, but why didn’t you say anything before now? Were you worried about how I’d react?”

Sans shakes his head as he strokes your cheek. “not really. it was more because i was just so shocked by this sudden turn of events. plus, despite meetin’ my eyes, you appeared unaffected. so, i wondered if you really were my soulmate. but, when i saw your soul, i finally understood why the soul bond wasn’t affectin’ you. it’s gotta be because of all the stress your soul has been put through. the fact that it shattered and was practically remade must’ve affected the soul bond. that’s the only explanation i can come up with.”

His words make you reflect on all your past interactions with the skeleton. All the times you wanted to be overly affectionate with him. The way his touch always relaxed you. How being in his arms always made you feel safe. That was because of the soul bond, wasn’t it? You were unconsciously reacting to it.

You catch him by surprise when you reach up to cup his cheek. A warm smile forms on your face
as you caress his face. “I understand now. That’s why I feel so comfortable around you, right? Why I feel so happy when you smile at me or laugh. Why I always feel so safe in your arms. Why I feel that nothing can hurt me as long as I stay with you. Right?”

A dark blush covers his cheekbones, but what catches your attention the most is the happy grin that forms on his face. He presses his teeth against your palm in a kiss before leaning down and kissing your forehead. “damn. you really know how to make a guy’s soul soar, don’t ya, babe?”

You flush at his affectionate gestures. Your hand feels all tingly now after being kissed. Embarrassed, you quickly withdraw your hand and move to hide your face against his chest.

His hand on your face prevents you from moving, however. He lifts your chin to make you look at him. The smirk you see makes your stomach do flips. “not so fast, babe. if you do that, i can’t look at your beautiful face anymore, and that’d be such a waste.”

Sans pulls you closer and leans down to kiss your cheek, his mouth brushing against the corner of your lips. You can feel the thrum of his magic as his teeth softly press against your skin. You fear your face will melt under his touch considering how hot you now feel.

When he pulls back, the skeleton gently rubs his knuckles against your cheek. “while i want nothing more than to claim those lips for myself, i know that i shouldn’t rush things. normally, i’d take my time, but just the thought of you suddenly disappearing makes me want to dote on you as much as i can.”

Touched, you cup his face with your hands and bring it down so you can kiss both of his cheeks. You feel his body quiver under your ministrations as he hugs you tighter.

You’re pleased to see his dark blue blush when you pull away. You then nuzzle his cheek as you smile brightly. “This won’t be the last time we meet. I promise I’ll come back. I want to learn everything I can about my soulmate. Just a few hours isn’t enough to satisfy me.”

His breath hitches at your words. You shiver when he plants a kiss against your neck. “please come back. i’ll wait however long it takes. just make sure to come back, alright? i’ve waited my whole life to meet you, and i really don’t want to spend the rest of it without you.”

You swallow the lump in your throat before wrapping your arms around his neck in a hug. “I’ll come back to you. I promise.”

And, you fully intend to keep that promise--no matter what.

Somehow, you actually feel your soul pulse in response to your newfound determination. This makes you grin broadly.

*Heh, I guess you could say that the promise of seeing my soulmate again fills me with determination.*

Chapter End Notes

Y’all! I’ve got more amazing fanart to show you!! I’m so lucky to have such awesome readers. Thank y’all so much!!! ^-^  

Ariespageofbreath drew two pics from Chapter 19. One is a super cool pic of the...
Reader in the Gaster Bros' world when she's trying to save it while the other is my fav scene where the brothers kiss the Reader on the cheek XD You can see them by clicking [here](#) and [here](#).

Hope87210 drew a super adorable pic of the scene from the last chapter where Papyrus is braiding the Reader's hair while she's hugging Sans. You can see it by clicking [here](#).

Rougeblix drew a pic of the Reader looking super freakin cute. XD You can see it by clicking [here](#).

Also, I showed this chapter to my friend robindaspoopy on Tumblr a while back. When I sent in an art palette request for Chrome, she surprised me with art of scenes from this chapter. Both pics look amazing <3 You can see them by clicking [here](#).

I also posted another sneak peek of a future scene to celebrate me reaching 250 followers on Tumblr. However, I will not reveal the identities of the Sans and Papyrus in the sneak peek. You'll have to wait and see in the fic which AU they are from ;) A lot of people thought the scene was from this chapter, but it's actually a little after this one XD You can see it by clicking [here](#).

If y'all were wondering about the moment at the tree, the Reader was talking to the Void like how she did in the Gaster Bros' world. And, the reason they were at the forest when everything reset was because the Void basically took those two briefly out of the world when it reset and then just dropped them right back in the forest where they were last. This way Chrome wouldn't lose his memories of what happened ^^

Regarding the soulmate subject, I left it up to your interpretation whether or not they're romantic or platonic soulmates. Like, I don't want y'all to think he's the end game pairing now because he's her soulmate. I don't wanna force my AU on y'all ^w^ Of course, if y'all want me to write romantic shenanigans for y'all in the future with Chrome, I'll definitely do so XD I'll still have a tag for this pairing since a lot of fluff does happen in this chapter haha

Also, for those of you disappointed that you didn't get to see Nickel, the Papyrus of this world, do not worry. I will write a bonus chapter where she'll meet him the next time she visits. I actually wrote this chapter back around New Year's when I still didn't have a design for Nickel, so that's the major reason he wasn't in this chapter ^w^ I suck at coming up with outfits haha It took me forever to decide on his XD If you wanna learn more about Nickel, you can see the post I made about him by clicking [here](#).

So, what did y'all think of Underchrome? Did you like Chrome? I'd love to hear your thoughts! I really hope you enjoyed the chapter! ^-^
Chapter Notes

The amazing Costumebleh beta-read this chapter. Thank you for all your help! ^_^

I just wanna say thank y’all for all the sweet comments you left. I never received so many comments on a chapter before so I was completely blown away XD I’m so glad y’all like Chrome! I look forward to sharing more content with him in the future :)

Hope y’all enjoy the chapter! ^^

Thankfully, the Void seemed to understand the significance of that particular world, so you were able to spend a few more hours in Underchrome before being teleported to a new AU. You hated how heartbroken Chrome looked as you were vanishing, but regrettably, there was nothing you could do besides promise that you’d return.

When you regain consciousness, you find yourself crashing to the ground after the teleportation process completes. Fortunately, you only fall a few feet, so landing on the hard cement only leaves your body feeling sore instead of broken like it would’ve been if you had fallen from a much greater height.

Once you gather your bearings, you realize that you’re at the entrance of a dark alley located in between two large, nondescript buildings. Your nose crinkles in disgust from the smell of the nearby dumpster. The ground is positively filthy, covered in trash and grime. You waste no time in rising to your feet, especially since you can barely make out what’s around you. While there is some light coming into the alley, it’s still pretty dark which makes you believe that the time of day in this world is some time in the evening.

Before you can examine your surroundings further, the sound of a gunshot makes you freeze. Ever so slowly, you turn toward the entrance of the alley which appears to empty out into the nearby street.

Despite your extreme reluctance and the warning alarms blaring in your mind, you move closer to the entrance so that you can peer around the corner. Your instincts are screaming for you to run the other way. It’s never a good idea to move toward the sounds of gunshots. You’ve always criticized people on TV for doing that, and now here you are doing the exact same thing.

The Void always drops me off at a place near where the Sans or Papyrus of that world are. I can’t just run off without investigating this area first. I need to make sure that they’re not around here and not in trouble. Then, I can hightail it out of here.

Your eyes widen as you witness what’s happening on the street. There are several humans in dark suits holding guns aimed toward the opposite end of the street. Behind them is a large, black van with blown out tires which you assume belongs to them. Looks like a getaway gone wrong.

What really surprises you is the individuals facing the large group of men. Standing there are two skeletons that you’ve become very familiar with during your little adventure. This is your first time
seeing them in outfits like those, however.

Rather than the expected hoodie, this Sans is wearing a red dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a black vest, a black tie, black slacks, and black dress shoes. It’s hard for you to fully make out his expression because of the black fedora perched on his skull. However, you can definitely see the amused grin on his face.

Instead of battle armor, this Papyrus’ outfit consists of a red long-sleeved shirt, a black tie, black suspenders, black dress pants, and shoes similar to Sans. His trademark grin is in place as he holds a magic bone in each hand.

There’s something else that differentiates these guys from the Undertale brothers. Despite their charming grins, you can tell just by looking at them how dangerous those two are. They are not to be underestimated. Their postures practically scream power and control. Even though the two are outnumbered, they don’t seem the least bit concerned. They have complete confidence in their abilities to fight.

Considering the lack of artillery in their possession, that must mean that one of the humans is responsible for the shot that you heard earlier. Right as you return your attention to them, the group of humans decides to act. All at once, they raise their weapons and fire at the skeletons.

A horrified gasp escapes your lips before you can stop it. However, you quickly realize that your fear is unwarranted as you witness the reactions of the two monsters.

Before the bullets can hit their mark, Papyrus summons a large bone shield to protect himself and his brother. Sans’ left eye socket strobes brightly with blue magic as he throws bone attacks at the startled humans who quickly scramble for cover.

All you can do is gape as you watch both sides exchange one attack after another. The skeletons look completely at ease while the humans’ movements become more and more frantic as the fight continues.

When there’s a lull in the shooting, Papyrus takes advantage by dashing toward the humans and attacking them head on with the bones still in his hands. His brother, on the other hand, seems more content to hang back and use long distance attacks rather than initiate any hand-to-hand combat.

For a while, you watch with awe as the brothers work seamlessly together to handle their obviously outmatched opponents. Your eyes are constantly moving across the area as you try to take in everything that’s happening.

It’s as you’re gawking that you catch some suspicious movement around the black van. You didn’t notice earlier, but there appears to be a lone human hiding behind the vehicle. There’s definitely a gun in his hand, but for some reason, you haven’t seen him fire it. Considering his rigid posture, it looks as if he’s waiting for something.

Your eyes widen with realization once you take in his position in relation to a certain skeleton. As Papyrus continues to fight with the humans around him, he’s unknowingly getting closer to the human in hiding.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, you look around in hopes of finding a way to solve this problem. You can’t risk just shouting out your discovery. You might do more harm than good that way. You need to think of a way to stop that human from shooting.
When your eyes fall on a nearby trash can, an idea comes to mind—a completely crazy and reckless idea, but an idea nonetheless. Quickly, you grab the garbage lid and look for the shooter.

During the brief time that your eyes had left the mob fight, Papyrus has gotten closer to the hidden shooter. Now, the human has his gun raised and aimed at the tall skeleton.

Without hesitation, you fling the metal lid like a frisbee at the human and hope that it’ll hit its mark. You know that this is a straight up gamble. You’ve never had the best aim for these kinds of things, but all you can do is hope that for once in your life you’ll get lucky.

You watch in amazement as the lid actually makes contact with your target’s head. His gun accidentally goes off as he collapses, but thankfully, the bullet doesn’t manage to hit anyone. You find yourself falling to your knees from the pure relief that washes over you. Somehow, your crazy plan had actually worked.

Before you can even consider celebrating, a heavy gaze lands on you which makes you freeze. Goosebumps travel up and down your arms as a chill runs down your spine.

As you swallow the sudden lump in your throat, you slowly turn your head toward the source of your sudden discomfort. There you see Sans staring straight at you from his current position on the street. Looks like your actions didn’t go as unnoticed as you had hoped.

It feels like his eyes are taking you apart piece by piece as he analyzes you. Despite him being the skeleton, it’s like you’re the one that’s see-through. You don’t think it’s possible to hide anything from that searing gaze.

Even though you know that it’s pointless to hide now, you quickly pull yourself further into the alley. Rather than stand, you simply move to sit with your back against the nearby building and bring your legs up so that you can wrap your arms around them and rest your head on your knees. Your body is still trembling from being on the receiving end of that piercing glare.

Thankfully, he doesn’t immediately come after you since the fight is still going on. You could run, but what’s the point? It’s not like you want to stay away from them. Rather, you’re probably going to need their help if this world really is infected by glitch like you suspect.

But, will they listen to me? This world has to be either Mobtale or Mafiatale. I’m no expert, so I was never able to tell the difference between the two. Either way, it doesn’t matter. These guys are essentially as dangerous as the Underfell and Swapfell guys are when trapped Underground. I can’t be careless with them. One wrong move and I’m toast. I know that they’re not bad guys, but if they see me as a threat, they’re not gonna go easy on me like Comic and Captain. I need a plan, but what? What can I do to prove that I’m not their enemy?

You’re so distracted by your racing thoughts that you don’t notice the sounds of the fight coming to a halt or the approaching footsteps entering the alley.

“ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN? YOU’RE NOT HURT, ARE YOU?”

The sudden voice makes you squeak in surprise. When you raise your head, you see the skeleton brothers standing before you. There’s a concerned frown on Papyrus’ face while Sans is wearing his trademark grin. It does not escape your notice that the way they’re positioned makes it impossible for you to escape.

After taking a deep breath to calm yourself, you give the tall skeleton a smile. “I’m alright. Sorry for worrying you.”
While Sans raises a brow ridge at your response, his brother grins in relief. “I AM MOST
RELIEVED TO HEAR THAT. I WOULD HATE FOR YOU TO BE INJURED AFTER YOU
WENT OUT OF YOUR WAY TO ASSIST ME.”

His grin grows when he sees your surprised expression. “NOTHING ESCAPES MY
IMPECCABLE EYESIGHT! UNFORTUNATELY, I DIDN’T NOTICE THAT LONE
SHOOTER AS QUICKLY AS I USUALLY WOULD SINCE I WAS MORE FOCUSED ON MY
OTHER OPPONENTS. SANS LEFT ME TO DO ALL THE HARD WORK AS PER USUAL.”

Sans lifts up the rim of his fedora with his thumb as he grins. “Sorry, bro. tibia honest, i just always
get so amazed by your skills that i end up just sitting back to watch the show.”

You fight back a giggle as the younger brother groans in dismay. “NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR
PUNS, SANS!”

Having noticed your amusement, Sans gives you a wink. “Don’t be so sternum, bro. i was hoping
that if i said something humerus that the lady here would cheer up.”

This time you’re unable to contain your laughter, especially after seeing the taller skeleton’s
offended expression. He angrily huffs at his snickering brother. “LOOK AT WHAT YOU’VE
DONE NOW, BROTHER. YOU’RE BEING A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE POOR HUMAN.”

After you successfully rein in your mirth, Papyrus offers you his hand which you gratefully take.
Once you’re on your feet, the younger brother doesn’t release your hand like you expect. Instead,
he surprises you by doing a little bow with his other arm pressed against his chest. “THANK YOU
FOR YOUR HELP EARLIER, HUMAN. WHILE I AM SURE THAT I WOULD’VE BEEN
ABLE TO HANDLE WHATEVER THE HUMAN PLANNED FOR ME WITH MY AMAZING
REFLEXES, I AM GRATEFUL THAT YOU WERE WILLING TO GO OUT OF YOUR WAY
TO ASSIST ME. YOU HAVE IMPECCABLE AIM.”

A dark blush floods your cheeks at his sincere praise. Curse your weakness for gentlemen. “I-it
was nothing, really. Honestly, my aim isn’t usually that good, so i was really worried that my plan
wouldn’t work. i’m glad that i got lucky. and, i’m sorry if i wasn’t supposed to interrupt. i didn’t
consider that you had already noticed him. my body kinda moved on its own once i realized what
he was trying to do.”

Papyrus beams at you as he gently squeezes your hand. “NONSENSE! THERE’S NO NEED TO
BE SO HUMBLE, HUMAN. YOU SHOULD GIVE YOURSELF MORE CREDIT. JUST PURE
LUCK WOULDN’T ALLOW SOMEONE TO THROW A TRASH CAN LID FROM THIS
DISTANCE AND HIT THEIR TARGET STRAIGHT ON THE HEAD. THERE WAS
OBVIOUSLY SOME SKILL INVOLVED!”

While you’re grateful for the praise, you can’t help but feel embarrassed. It really was pure luck.
It’s not like you were actually aiming for the guy’s head. You honestly didn’t care where you hit
him as long as you were able to stop him from shooting.

Before you can respond, Sans, who had remained silent during your exchange with Papyrus,
decides to join the conversation. “you did good, kid. didn’t expect you to join in like ya did, but
you really helped us out. that attack of yours caught those humans completely off guard. it made
them think there were more enemies for them besides the two of us. made finishing them off
easier. thanks.”

You honestly don’t know how to feel about that. While you’re glad that you were able to help
them, you can’t say that you’re too ecstatic about playing a role in those men’s likely demise.
“Umm..Glad I could be of help?”

The shorter skeleton chuckles at your uncertain tone. You watch as he brings the lid of his hat down enough that you can only make out his left eye-light. Once again his sharp gaze is boring into you, and you have to fight off the urge to shiver.

“So, now that that’s done. how about you tell us what you were doing in this alley? this ain’t exactly the safest place for young ladies to be hanging out at, you know.”

You nervously swallow as you wonder about his reaction. Will he believe you? Would he give you the chance to show your soul to prove your sincerity? Dozens of questions buzz through your mind as you try to decide how to best answer his question.

When you look toward Papyrus, you see that he has released your hand and is now patiently waiting for your response. While you don’t find his gaze as intimidating as his brother’s, there’s a firmness to it as well. Neither of these guys are going to go easy on you if they find you a threat.

Closing your eyes, you take a few seconds to collect yourself before reopening them. Both skeletons appear surprised by the big grin that forms on your face. “Have you guys ever wondered about the existence of other universes? Have you ever considered the possibility that you’re not the only Sans and Papyrus in existence?”

The two stiffen when you mention both their names, but you don’t falter. “I’m actually not from this universe, and this isn’t the only other one that I’ve visited. You two aren’t the first skeletons that I’ve met either. I’ve met several versions of you guys during my travels.”

While Sans’ expression is skeptical, you can tell that you’ve grabbed Papyrus’ interest. Maybe he can sense your sincerity even without looking at your soul. “I’m telling the truth, but if you don’t believe me, I understand. If you want, you can take out my soul and look at it while I explain things. That’s what I’ve done in the past. After all, you won’t be the first skeletons to be suspicious of me.”

Sans tips his hat up so that he can stare at you with both of his wide eye-lights. “you’re completely serious. you just witnessed firsthand what we can do, and you’re actually willing to let us take a peek at your soul. i don’t know if i should call you brave or insane.”

His response makes you snicker. “And, that’s not the first time one of you guys has said that to me either. I know it’s crazy, but it’s pretty much the best way to assure you that I’m telling the truth.”

Before the shorter skeleton can reply, Papyrus intervenes. “BE THAT AS IT MAY. I CANNOT ALLOW SOMETHING AS PERSONAL AS SOUL BEARING TO TAKE PLACE IN A DINGY ALLEY! NO MATTER WHAT MY OCCUPATION MAY BE, I AM A SKELETON OF THE HIGHEST CALIBER! IF WE ARE GOING TO CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION, IT WILL BE SOMEWHERE MORE APPROPRIATE! I WILL NOT INTERROGATE A LADY IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!”

Your expression softens as a warm smile forms on your face. “You’re the coolest, Papyrus. Such a gentleman.”

His cheekbones flush a light orange at your words while his brother chuckles. The older skeleton gives you another searching look before nodding. “you got a point, bro. no reason to have this talk right here. it would probably be best to get away from here anyway thanks to the fight.”

In a blink, you find yourself standing in front of an unfamiliar, nondescript building. You didn’t
even notice Sans grab you until he had already teleported you. When you give him a mystified look, he just winks in response.

Upon closer inspection, you realize thanks to the sign on the building that this must be the Grillby’s of this world. You feel a thrill of excitement at the prospect of getting to meet the fire monster. This will be your first time getting to meet a Grillby despite having visited several worlds now.

It seems that your eagerness is obvious considering the way Sans’ grin grows. “that excited to see grillbz? you a big fan of his?”

“I’ve never actually gotten the chance to meet a Grillby, so this will be my first time getting to see him in person.” You grin mischievously. “From what I’ve heard, he’s one hot bartender.”

Papyrus makes a choked noise while his brother freezes with his hand hovering above the doorknob of the entrance. The grin Sans gives you when he turns to look at you is so large it could easily rival the Cheshire Cat’s. You also notice a distinct challenging glint in his eye sockets.

“SANS, NO!”

Unfortunately for Papyrus, his warning is ignored. “oh yeah. grillby is real hot stuff. He’s got a warm personality that you just gotta lava.”

“NOOOO!”

While you and the shorter skeleton snicker loudly, Papyrus groans as if the puns actually caused him physical pain. With a huff, he marches past his bowled over brother to enter the bar by himself.

His exaggerated exit only makes you want to laugh louder. It takes the two of you several minutes to compose yourselves. Once Sans calms down, he opens the door and motions for you to enter. “ladies first.”

Grinning, you move to walk past him but stop briefly in front of him to whisper your next words. “You know, I really a-door seeing Papyrus’ reactions to puns. I never get tired of them. They put a real pap in my step.”

Sans lets out a startled laugh. It’s obvious that you caught him off guard judging by the widening of his eye-lights and how he seems to let go of his professional mask, just for a second. Shaking his head, the grinning skeleton places a gentle hand on your back to guide you through the door before immediately following after you.

Rather than remove his hand after the two of you enter the building, Sans lets his hand rest at your back as the two of you walk toward the bar where Papyrus is sitting. The first thing you notice when you enter the establishment is the drastic change in temperature. It’s several degrees warmer in the bar compared to outside—no doubt thanks to a certain fiery bartender. You can also hear the jukebox playing a catchy jazz tune which several patrons are dancing to off to the side away from the bar.

When your gaze comes to rest on him after examining the area, Sans winks at you. “not bad, kid. it’s not often that i come across someone who appreciates my special brand of humor. usually, i get under their skin if i tell too many puns.”

You giggle as you approach the bar. “I’ve befriended several pun lovers during my journey, so I’ve gotten quite accustomed to puns. To be honest, I find them quite sans-ational.”
His grin grows, especially after you wave your hand toward your hoodie. “nice. and, where’d you get something like that? another of those worlds you visited?”

Nodding, you take a seat beside Papyrus at the bar while Sans moves to sit on the other side of you. A large grin forms on your face when you imagine the reaction that the taller skeleton will have to your answer. “That’s right. But, it wasn’t a Sans that gave me this. I actually got this from the Papyrus of that world. There are two worlds that I’ve visited where Papyrus is the older, pun-loving brother while Sans is the energetic younger brother who can’t stand them. Pretty funny, right?”

You laugh at the horrified look on Papyrus’ face. Yeah, you definitely saw that coming. “WHAT?! THAT’S IMPOSSIBLE! NO WAY COULD A COUNTERPART OF SOMEONE AS AMAZING AS ME ENJOY BAD PUNS LIKE MY BROTHER!”

Sans raises a brow ridge at you. “out of everything you’ve said so far, that might be the craziest thing you’ve said yet, kid.”

Giggling, you pat the taller skeleton’s arm in a consoling manner. “Sorry, but it’s true. Don’t worry, Papyrus. The majority of the pun lovers is of the Sans persuasion, so most of your counterparts have the same views as you on that particular subject.”

Papyrus sighs wearily as he shakes his head. “WHILE I APPRECIATE YOUR ATTEMPT TO COMFORT ME, HUMAN, THAT DOES NOT REALLY HELP ME FEEL BETTER. OH WELL, I GUESS THERE’S NO POINT IN DWELLING ON IT.”

It’s at that point that you feel an intense wave of heat wash over you. When you pull your gaze away from Papyrus to face the bar, your eyes widen with wonder.

Standing before you is the very monster that you’ve been looking forward to meeting. Unlike his Undertale counterpart, this Grillby’s bright flames are a beautiful shade of blue that reminds you of the sky. The mesmerizing color is completely captivating.

His outfit consists of a white collared shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, a red tie, dark blue suspenders, and navy slacks. He’s wearing a pair of dark rimmed glasses through which you can see the white flames which you suspect act as his eyes. You can just barely make out what looks like a scar across his right eye. You have no idea how it’s possible for a flame monster to receive scars, but there’s definitely a thin line of dark blue that cuts across that eye.

Despite knowing how impolite it is to stare, you can’t pull your awestruck eyes away from him. His flames are so.. “Pretty.”

Both skeletons make a choked noise while Grillby’s face turns a darker shade of blue around where his cheeks would be.

The realization that you actually said that word out loud makes you freeze in horror. It doesn’t take long for a dark flush to consume your face which you quickly move to hide by pressing your face against the bar.

I can’t believe I actually just said that. I called the monster made of flame pretty. Not just any monster either. It had to be the one that probably has loads of mob connections. Oh man. I’ve done it now. Would pretty be considered an insult to these types of guys? I mean, normal guys don’t even like being called that. What if he thinks I was making fun of him? Please just let the earth swallow me up now. Void, please come take me away before I make an even bigger fool of myself.
You have to bite back a groan when you hear Sans start to chuckle at your expense. At least, Papyrus isn’t laughing. Although, judging by the sound of rattling that you hear coming from your other side, you think that he’s fighting to hold his amusement in.

A warm hand on your head startles you. The heat is similar to what it feels like when you have a hot shower with the heat turned up just without the wetness. It feels...really nice.

Slowly, you raise your head to see the owner of the hand. There’s a slight upturn to the white line that must be his mouth. You find it hard to believe that this monster has anything to do with the mafia considering how soft his expression is now. Grillby gives your head a final pat before pulling back his hand. “Thank you.”

His voice is so deep and smooth; you have to fight off the sudden urge to shiver. There’s also a slight crackling tone to it that reminds you of fireplaces and bonfires. The tone is so warm; it completely envelops you like how the heat of a fireplace warms up a room.

You can’t believe that you actually got to hear the soft spoken monster actually speak--during your first time meeting him, no less! You can’t fight the broad grin that forms on your face. “You’re welcome! And, um, sorry about the random compliment. I know guys don’t really like to be called pretty especially by girls, but it kinda slipped out. I mean, your flames are a really lovely color. It’s such a nice shade of blue. Ah, sorry, that’s probably not making things better for myself.”

Grillby surprises you when he chuckles softly. You notice that there’s more crackling in his tone when he laughs. Unsurprisingly, his laugh sounds just as nice as his normal speaking voice. You can’t help but relax at the sound of it.

Out of the corner of your eye, you see Sans lean against the bar while grinning broadly. “See, grillbz? I told ya that you were hot stuff. all the ladies are carrying a torch for ya.”

Papyrus groans loudly in displeasure. “SANS, YOU’VE ALREADY USED ONE OF THOSE TODAY!”

His brother scratches his head. “Did i? oops. talk about a boneheaded move.”

“SANS!”

Giggling, you direct your gaze back to Grillby and see him huff in amusement. You watch as he pulls out a bottle of ketchup and places it in front of Sans before setting a glass of water in front of Papyrus. Since when did he have those ready? You have a feeling that the brothers come here often enough that Grillby can tell what they want without them even having to order.

When he tilts his head questioningly in your direction, you realize that he wants to know your drink order. “Could I please have a regular soda?”

Your intention was to only order a drink like the skeletons, but fate seems to have other plans for you. It’s at that moment that your stomach growls loudly in protest. Now, that you think about it, it has been a while since you last ate.

Face burning with embarrassment, you return to your previous position with your face against the bar. Now, all three monsters are chuckling at your expense.

Completely mortified, you bring your arms up to cover your head as if that’ll help to hide you from sight. Please, Void, take me away. Put me out of my misery. My time has come.

Sans gently nudges you with his elbow. “Looks like she could use more than just a soda. how about
a burger and fries for the lady, grillbz? I’ll take care of the bill.”

You don’t hear Grillby reply, but for a brief moment, that warm hand returns to your head to lightly ruffle your hair. That seems to help ease the tension in your body.

After you move your arms, you peer up to see that small smile back on the fire monster’s face. He removes his hand and then heads for the kitchen to prepare your order.

Once the bartender is out of sight, Papyrus shakes his head with a huff. “Even though you say that you’ll pay the bill, you just intend to put it on that infernal tab of yours. I do not know why Grillby continues to allow you to do so when it must be extremely high at this point.”

Sans takes a long swig of his ketchup. “It’s ‘cause we’re such good buds. Grillby knows that he doesn’t need to keep tabs on me. He knows my word is good.”

While the pun makes you laugh, it only seems to cause his brother pain judging by his groaning. “Please no more, brother. We came here to hear the human speak not to listen to your awful puns.”

Nodding, the shorter skeleton grins at you. You know what that grin means. “Pap’s right. Okay, kid. Tell us more about that crazy story of yours. I’m all ears.”

“SANS!”

You bury your face against your arms on the bar and do your best to smother the giggles that want to escape. Unfortunately, your shaking shoulders are a dead giveaway to your amusement.

A sudden increase in heat in the area behind the bar alerts you of Grillby’s return. As you sit back in your seat, the bartender sets down a plate with your order along with your drink. You mouth waters at the delicious sight before you.

Excited beyond measure at the chance of eating such delightful food again, you beam happily at the fire monster. “Thank you, Grillby!

His flames makes a pleased crackling sound in response to your gratitude. Too focused on your food, you fail to notice the looks of surprise on the skeletons’ faces or the way their expressions begin to soften as they watch you.

Since Grillby hasn’t moved away yet, you take that as a sign that he wants to hear your opinion on his food. You reach for the burger and take a big bite. You make a happy sound as your taste buds dance with joy. Damn. It’s just as good as the one in Undertale. There’s a slight difference in taste which you assume means that the fire monster may use a different recipe compared to his Undertale counterpart. Either way, it tastes phenomenal.

After you swallow, you give Grillby a large smile. “I may not have visited any other places around here, but I can easily say that this food is the best in town, bar none.”

The corners of his mouth grow upwards as the fire monster chuckles at your review. Sans is snickering loudly at your side, trying not to pound his fist against the bar as he laughs.

Papyrus groans in dismay, but you can tell that he’s trying not to smile. “Come on, Papyrus. You liked that one. You’re smiling.”

“I KNOW, AND I HATE IT.”
That only makes his brother laugh louder. Giggling, you plop a fry in your mouth and hum in pleasure at the delicious taste. “You’re amazing, Grillby. Thank you for the food.”

Grillby surprises you when he does a slight bow with his left arm held against his chest. His flames flare a tad brighter. “My pleasure, dear.”

With that, he straightens up and heads for the patrons waving him down at the other end of the bar. Rather than focus on his lovely voice and the effect it has on you, you return your attention to the amazing meal before you. The brothers really put you in a tight spot. How are you supposed to explain things when you can’t bring yourself to stop eating this delicious food?

As if reading your thoughts, Sans chuckles and bumps his shoulder against yours. “you can finish eating first, kid. i think grillbz would have my skull if i stopped you from enjoying your meal. you’ve made quite the impression on him. haven’t seen him that chatty with a customer in a long time.”

Despite the fact that Grillby only spoke to you two times, you know what Sans says is true. From what you’ve seen in the video game, the fire monster rarely if ever speaks. So, it really is amazing that you managed to get two sentences out of him considering the circumstances.

Papyrus slaps you hard on the back, making you almost choke on the fries in your mouth. “SANS IS RIGHT. GRILLBY HARDLY EVER TALKS TO NEW PEOPLE. IT’S VERY IMPRESSIVE THAT YOU MANAGED TO GARNER HIS ATTENTION IN SUCH A SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME. I THINK THAT SPEAKS VOLUMES IN REGARDS TO YOUR CHARACTER. DON’T YOU AGREE, BROTHER?”

His brother nods after taking another swig of his ketchup. “yep. that’s one reason why i brought you here, kid. besides the option of using the private meeting room in the back, i also wanted him to meet ya. grillbz is a great judge in character. i wanted to see how he reacted to ya. just didn’t expect him to end up liking ya that much.”

Rather than reply, you choose to take another bite of your burger while you attempt to will away the blush that you feel on your cheeks. By the time you finally swallow, you feel calm enough to respond. “That makes sense. Grillby’s probably gotten really good at reading people over his time as a bartender. I’m glad that I somehow managed to pass the test although I didn’t really do anything to warrant his approval.”

Because your focus remains on your food, you miss the look that the brothers share over your hunched form. Luckily, this time when Papyrus pats you on the back it’s with much less force. “WHILE IT MAY NOT BE AS OBVIOUS TO YOU, IT’S AS PLAIN AS DAY TO SOMEONE WITH OBSERVATIONAL SKILLS AS KEEN AS MINE. UNLIKE MOST HUMANS I COME ACROSS, YOU HAVE A GENUINENESS TO YOU THAT’S HARD TO IGNORE. MOST HUMANS DO NOT REALIZE HOW EASY THEY ARE TO READ BECAUSE OF THEIR SOULS. YOU, HOWEVER, HAVEN’T TRIED ONCE TO HIDE ANYTHING FROM US. ALL OF YOUR FEELINGS ARE PURE AND HONEST. I FIND YOU TO BE VERY REFRESHING CONSIDERING WHAT WE DEAL WITH ON A DAY-TO-DAY BASIS.”

When you look up at him, you see a warm grin on the taller skeleton’s face. Your face grows hot under his kind gaze. Thankfully, Sans decides to speak next so you don’t have to immediately reply. “pap’s right. while it was obvious that you were nervous around us at first, it wasn’t ‘cause you were hiding anything. you were just scared about how we’d react to your situation, right?”

At your nod, the older brother continues. “figured as much after talking with ya. that’s why i decided to bring ya to grillby. if he approved, then i figured we could skip the whole soul bearing
thing and go ahead with the explanation. At this point, I don’t see the need to see your soul when
you’re already so easy to read without it even on display.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. You’re that easy to read? Really? This is your first time hearing this.
You then pause. Wait a minute. No, it’s not. G and Aster basically said the same thing when I told
them my story. They didn’t ask to see my soul because they said they’d know if I was telling the
truth or not. I just assumed that they were good at picking out liars like Stretch. Is it really that
easy to tell if my words are true? The first four worlds I went to weren’t convinced until I showed
my soul. Although, I guess it can’t really be helped considering their situations. Three of those
worlds involved the monsters being trapped Underground thanks to humans. While the Underfell
brothers were on the Surface when I got there, they were still having problems with humans so I
can understand why they’d be so suspicious of me.

You sigh after finishing off the rest of your burger. Then, you turn to raise an eyebrow at the
shorter skeleton. “I didn’t realize I was that easy to read. You can’t like read my mind, right?
‘Cause I gotta admit that’d be a little freaky if you don’t mind me saying so.”

Sans snorts in amusement as he shakes his head. “nah. we can’t actually read your thoughts. it’s
just easy for us to tell if you’re lying or not. the feelings behind your words are just easier to
understand compared to most humans. basically, we’re just telling ya that we can tell that you’re an
honest kid. unlike most people, you actually have no problem with telling the truth. that’s all.”

His brothers nods in agreement. “THAT’S RIGHT. WHILE I AM A SKELETON OF MANY
TALENTS, MIND READING IS NOT ONE OF THEM. OF COURSE, I’VE NEVER HAD AN
INTEREST IN SUCH A SKILL. I WOULD NEVER APPROVE OF SUCH AN INVASION OF
PRIVACY. FEAR NOT, HUMAN. WE WILL NEVER DO SOMETHING SO
UNDERHANDED.”

As your shoulders relax, a familiar grin forms on the older skeleton’s face. “right. besides, we
don’t have the brains for it.”

A giggle passes your lips while Papyrus groans in protest. You sit up straight in your seat after
finishing off the rest of your fries and drink. “Good to know. Although, I think you should give
yourselves more credit, Sans. With sharp minds like yours, you guys are far from being
numbskulls.

Now, it’s Papyrus who has his face pressed against the bar as he makes a distressed noise. His
brother, on the other hand, is grinning broadly as he chuckles. “yeah, i’m definitely starting to like
you now. anyone with such good taste in humor is okay in my book.”

All his brother does his shake his skull which causes a scraping sound as his cheekbones rub
against the wood of the bar. Giggling, you reach up to gently pat him on the head. “Sorry, Papyrus.
I’ll be good now. I won’t tell any puns during my explanation.”

He turns to give you a doubtful look. “DO YOU PROMISE? I CAN NEVER TRUST MY
BROTHER TO STOP, SO I’M WARY OF BELIEVING YOU.”

You pat his back reassuringly as you nod. “Yep. I would never break a promise to you, Papyrus.”

After a few seconds, Papyrus moves to sit back up. “VERY WELL, HUMAN. I SHALL TRUST
YOU. PLEASE DO NOT FOLLOW IN MY BROTHER’S FOOTSTEPS.”

Sans just chuckles in response. “don’t worry, bro. she’s telling the truth. i can feel it in my bones.”
“SANS!”

It’s a struggle to keep from laughing, but somehow, you manage to do so. Once the two calm down, you smile at them. “I guess the first thing I should tell you is my name. I’m Y/N. It’s a pleasure to meet you both.”

Papyrus beams at you after doing a slight bow in his seat while his brother tips his hat at you and winks. “IT’S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AS WELL, Y/N!”

“same here, kid.”

With a wide grin, you begin telling them your story including your adventures in the worlds that you’ve visited. You explain the power of resets that the children in those AUs have and how that relates to the mysterious glitch that has been infecting all of the worlds you visit. You end your story by describing your unique soul and the circumstances that led to its current state.

After you finish, you sigh in relief, glad to be done with your tale. Thankfully, you didn’t have to go into full details about all the worlds that you travelled to, or you’d probably be here all night.

An increase in the temperature signals the return of Grillby. When you look up, you see him set down another glass of soda which makes your face brighten. All that talking had made you thirsty.

As you reach for the beverage, you give the bartender a large grin. “Thank you, Grillby! You’re the best!”

Like before, there’s a slight upturn of the corners of his mouth as he nods at you. He takes away your empty plate and gives both skeletons a refill before heading for the kitchen.

While you’re enjoying your drink, you move your gaze to observe the brothers. Sans is taking a suspiciously long sip of his ketchup while Papyrus rubs his chin in contemplation.

Once your thirst is quenched, you gently bump your arm against the taller skeleton’s, who jolts in surprise. “What’s up, Pap? Got a question? If I did a bad job with explaining something, you can tell me. It won’t hurt my feelings.”

He shakes his head. “OH NO, THAT’S NOT IT AT ALL. YOU DID A FINE JOB EXPLAINING, Y/N. I WAS MERELY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW OUR WORLD FITS INTO ALL OF THIS. IF YOU ARE HERE, THAT MEANS OUR WORLD IS INFECTED BY THIS STRANGE GLITCH, CORRECT? SINCE WE DO NOT HAVE A CHILD BY THE NAME OF FRISK OR CHARA, DOES THAT MEAN OUR WORLD WILL BE EASIER TO CORRUPT SINCE NO ONE HAS THE POWER TO RESET?”

*Leave it to Papyrus to ask all the hard questions. Wait a minute.*

Your brows furrow. “Wait. You said that you don’t know anyone by the name of Frisk or Chara. That can’t be right. I know there’s more than one AU with this type of setting, but they all have a kid with one of those names. I’ve never heard of a mob or mafia AU that doesn’t have one.”

A frown forms on the taller skeleton’s face, but before he can respond, his brother speaks. “hold on, pap. i think we do know a frisk. we just call them by a different name. can you describe them to me, kid?”

Nodding, you give the two a brief description of the child that you’ve gotten to see twice during your travels. Papyrus’ eye-lights widen in shock. “THAT SOUNDS JUST LIKE LITTLE PUP!”
Now, your eyes are as wide as his. “This is the world with Little Pup? Then, that means that this must be the AU called Mobtale.”

Sans scratches his head after briefly removing his hat. “so, you know about them then? i figured that’s who you were talking about, but i had to be sure just in case. so, if they’re this world’s frisk, does that mean that they have the same powers as those other kids? ‘cause i’ve never experienced a reset before, since you said my other counterparts notice when resets happen, i’m sure i would too if they did.”

You run a hand through your hair as you ponder his question. “I honestly don’t know. As far as I know, Little Pup doesn’t have that ability since I’ve never read about them using it. But, I can’t say for certain.”

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “THEN, IS THERE A CHANCE THAT THE GLITCH WILL TARGET LITTLE PUP IN THE CASE THAT IT MISTAKENLY SEES THE CHILD AS A THREAT? OR, SINCE LITTLE PUP HAS NEVER RESET, DO YOU THINK IT WILL LEAVE THEM ALONE?”

You frown at his question. What will the glitch do? Will it ignore Little Pup since the child hasn’t done anything, or will it try to kill the child just in case? A chill runs down your spine at the thought.

It seems that Sans is thinking along the same lines as you, considering the way his eye sockets grow dark. In a blink, he’s gone leaving you at the bar with Papyrus who’s now staring worriedly at his brother’s empty seat.

Several minutes pass in a tense silence, neither of you willing to break it. The longer Sans remains gone, the more anxious you feel. Judging by the way Papyrus is nervously tapping his fingers against the bar, you assume that he feels the same way.

Finally, after what feels like hours, Sans reappears wearing a tense frown. His body posture is completely rigid as he stands before the two of you. The dark look in his gaze makes you involuntarily shiver.

That reaction is nothing in comparison to when he finally speaks. Your heart drops and your blood runs cold from just a few words.

“little pup’s missing.”

Chapter End Notes

I mentioned in the original author's notes for this chapter that I couldn't post links to the fanart I received because I had no Internet at home. Thankfully, I can use my computer at work to add the links, so this is the edited version of the author's notes. I received so much beautiful fan art for the last chapter, and it's a tragedy for y'all not to see it. To all you lovely artists, thank y’all so much! I love all of y’all so much! <3 <3

Modambrosia drew an awesome pic of Chrome which you can see here.

Ariespageofbreath drew an super cool pic of Chrome and wrote two amazing one
shots of the last chapter in Chrome’s POV along with a fluffy drabble of Chrome/Gli-chan. You can see them by clicking here, here, here and here.

The shyshifter drew an adorable pic of Chrome. You can see it by clicking here.

45h341 drew a super cool pic of the Reader's soul and of the scene with Chrome wrapped up in branches. You can see them by clicking here and here.

Vickitt drew two adorable pics of Chrome and the Reader together. You can see them by clicking here and here.

My amazing friend Orange drew a pic of Chrome looking absolutely adorable. You can see it by clicking here.

Lunarshrimp drew an adorable pic of Gli-chan and Chrome. You can see it by clicking here.

My lovely friend Hope87210 who loves to spoil me with her amazing art drew some pics of Chrome with one including Nickel and one with the Reader. You can see them by clicking here, here, here and here.

The adorable Bluechocowitz drew some illegally cute doodles of Chrome. You can see them by clicking here.

Hikarulawackerman drew an awesome pic of Chrome. You can see it by clicking here.

Calore-mare drew an adorable pic of the Reader. You can see it by clicking here.

Dragonrose00 drew a gorgeous pic of Chrome holding the Reader's soul. You can see it by clicking here.

Gomartz drew a super cute pic of Chrome with a very suitable name tag XD You can see it by clicking here.

Rougeblix drew a really cool pic of Chrome. You can see it by clicking here.

You’ll have to wait till the next chapter to see what happened to Little Pup ;) I hope y’all enjoyed the chapter! ^_^
Rather than panic, Papyrus calmly rises from his seat and turns so that he’s completely facing his brother. There’s an edge to his voice that you’ve never heard until now. **“WERE THERE ANY SIGNS OF FORCED ENTRY? A RANSOM NOTE?”**

Sans shakes his head as he grips the rim of his fedora tightly. **“no, nothing. there was nothing showing that someone had been there. everything was still locked like we left it. nothing was out of place either. everything is still there except for the kid. it’s like they just vanished out of thin air.”**

His words make you pause. That sounds awfully familiar. Your eyes then widen in realization. Quickly, you jump out your seat and turn to face the brothers. **“Guys, it’s gotta be the glitch. It has the ability to teleport people. I’ve seen it do that before. It must’ve realized that the only way to put Little Pup in danger was to get them out of your home. That means it really does plan on targeting them.”**

Both skeletons stiffen at your declaration. Immediately, their expressions harden as their eye-lights narrow. You have to fight off the urge to shiver as you can feel a wave of anger washing over you, emanating from the skeletons. It’s obvious how the brothers feel about this situation.

After aiming a quick nod toward Grillby, Sans grabs your hand and starts heading for the exit with his brother right behind you. You wave goodbye to the bartender right before you leave through the door.

It’s darker now outside than it was before you entered Grillby’s. The three of you must’ve spent more time inside the bar than you originally thought. A chilly breeze blows by reminding you of how grateful you are for your warm clothes. **“So, what’s the plan? Little Pup could literally be anywhere. In the other worlds, the glitch went after the kids during their boss fights, but Little Pup doesn’t have to do those in your world. Considering this setting, I imagine just about anywhere could be dangerous for a child.”**

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. **“UNFORTUNATELY, YOU ARE CORRECT. THERE ARE SEVERAL PLACES THAT I WOULD CONSIDER HAZARDOUS FOR A CHILD. HOWEVER, THAT DOES NOT NECESSARILY MEAN THE GLITCH WILL ACT RANDOMLY HERE. IT’S POSSIBLE IT MAY DELIVER LITTLE PUP TO AN AREA THAT WOULD BE SPECIFICALLY DANGEROUS FOR THEM.”**

Your brows furrow in confusion while Sans just rubs a tired hand down his face. **“pap’s right. you gotta remember who we are. there are plenty of people that would love to hurt us. although i’d like”**
to say that no one actually knows about the kid, i know that i’m not perfect. it’s possible that some of our enemies know about them and would jump at the chance to hurt them to get back at us.”

You swallow, nerves making your hands shake. They make an excellent point. Of course, they’d have enemies willing to do anything to hurt them. The best way to do that would be to go after Little Pup. No way would they pass up the opportunity to cause some harm to the brothers if the kid was to suddenly drop into their laps. The thought makes your stomach churn uncomfortably.

“So, what do we do? I’m doubting there’s more than just one group that has issues with you. How do we figure out where Little Pup ended up? They could be anywhere.”

Papyrus scratches his head. “UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO IS TRY EVERYWHERE THAT WE CAN THINK OF. SINCE OUR WORLD IS DIFFERENT FROM THE ONES YOU’VE VISITED, IT’S HARDER TO PREDICT THE GLITCH’S ACTIONS HERE.”

His brother nods his head. “we’ll just have to try all the hangouts we know of. if we have no luck there, we’ll just have to get creative and search other likely areas.”

For some reason, Sans then gives you an analytical look before sighing. You have a feeling you won’t like what he plans on saying next. “while i appreciate you wanting to help us, it would be better for you to stay here with grillby. the places where we’ll be going will be way too dangerous for you. you’d be much safer here especially since grillbz likes you so much.”

The corners of your lips dip downwards as you frown. You know that he’s right. In places like that, you’d just be a burden. However, you don’t want to just wait on the sidelines while a kid’s life is in danger. There’s gotta be something that you can do to help.

That’s when an idea comes to mind. Crossing your arms, you give the shorter skeleton a determined look. “If you guys are gonna search the hideouts, then I’ll take the streets. There is a slight possibility that Little Pup is somewhere lost in the city. What if they managed to run away from wherever the glitch put them? Considering the situation, we can’t risk not covering all of our bases.”

Both skeletons appear surprised by your suggestion. Their expressions then become conflicted. They obviously see the reason behind your idea, but not to the point that they’re completely comfortable with it.

Papyrus frowns worriedly. “WHILE I THINK YOU DO MAKE A GOOD POINT, I CAN’T SAY I’M COMFORTABLE WITH THE IDEA OF A YOUNG LADY ROAMING THE CITY SO LATE AT NIGHT. YOU COULD END UP IN JUST AS MUCH DANGER AS LITTLE PUP. DO YOU KNOW ANY SELF DEFENSE?”

You shake your head. “Not really, but I can’t just sit back and do nothing! I know you’re right. I know that my idea is a bit risky, but what if the kid really is out there on the streets all on their own? If there’s even the slightest chance that they are, then I gotta help. Please let me help.”

Sans sighs as he pinches the area above his nasal cavity. “it’s not like we can really force you to stay if you’re that determined. besides, it’s true that me and pap can only cover so much ground on our own. another set of eyes would help.”

Sans sighs, seemingly resigning himself to the scenario set up. “just don’t be reckless, kid. don’t go down any suspicious alleys or areas with poor lighting. stick to the streets as much as you can.”
Before you can respond, Papyrus raises his arm and summons a bone that’s about as long as half of your arm. He surprises you when he holds it out to you. “IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO DO THIS, THEN PLEASE TAKE THIS. NORMALLY, I’M THE ONLY ONE TO USE MY BONE ATTACKS, BUT I AM CAPABLE OF MAKING THEM FOR OTHERS. I WANT YOU TO USE THIS FOR SELF DEFENSE IF YOU GET INTO TROUBLE. BUT, ONLY IF RUNNING ISN’T AN OPTION! I DON’T WANT YOU TO PUT YOURSELF IN ANY UNNECESSARY DANGER.”

He then gives you a very pointed stare, probably thinking of your previous instance of reckless behavior. “IF THE OPTION TO RUN IS AVAILABLE, PLEASE TAKE IT. LET FIGHTING BE YOUR LAST RESORT SINCE YOU ARE NOT EXPERIENCED IN IT. SINCE IT IS MADE FROM MY MAGIC, THE BONE IS OBVIOUSLY STRONG, BUT IT CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH IN THE HANDS OF AN INEXPERIENCED FIGHTER.”

Nodding, you graciously accept the bone and stash it in your hoodie pocket. Somehow, despite its length, it manages to fit there without awkwardly sticking out. Hooray for apparently magical pockets.

Then, you move to wrap your arms around the taller skeleton’s waist which surprises him. “Thank you, Papyrus. I appreciate you looking after me. I promise that I’ll be careful. I won’t try to take any unnecessary risks. I’ll do my best to stay safe.”

He brings his arms up to wrap around you and gives you a gentle squeeze. “YOU ARE A KIND HUMAN, Y/N. I WOULD HATE FOR YOU TO GET INJURED ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU ARE GOING TO SUCH GREAT LENGTHS FOR US.”

When you pull away from him, you smile brightly. “Even if we haven’t known each other very long, I already see you guys as friends, so of course, I’ll help. Plus, there’s no way I can sit back when I know there’s an innocent kid in danger.”

Sans moves to stand beside Papyrus and reaches to grab onto his brother’s arm. Before he teleports them away, he grins at you. “never thought i’d like a human other than little pup, but you’re starting to change my mind. thanks, kid. be sure to take care of yourself, okay? we’ll try to check up on you when we get the chance.”

You give him a thumbs-up. “Don’t worry about me. I’ll be alright. Make sure you both take care of yourselves. Don’t be too reckless.”

The younger skeleton puffs up his chest. “OF COURSE! I’M NEVER RECKLESS! I AM TOO COOL FOR THAT!”

His brother nods in agreement. “that’s right, bro. the coolest. don’t worry about us, kid. we’ll see you later.”

“SEE YOU SOON!”

With that, the skeletons disappear leaving you standing alone in front of Grillby’s. You can’t help but feel a pang of loneliness in your chest in the wake of their absence.

Since you were preoccupied with the brothers when you first arrived, you never got the chance to examine the surrounding area. Now that you can, you see a long road in front of the bar with several buildings you can’t quite make out because of the darkness.

Nothing really grabs your attention as your gaze sweeps around the area. Deciding that you need to
hurry, you pick a random direction and start following the road, making sure to keep close to lights spread out along the street.

Your gaze is constantly on the move as you look everywhere you think a child could possibly hide. When you pass by alleys, you hover at the entrances and call out for Little Pup rather than enter. Unfortunately, after over an hour of walking, you haven’t found any signs of the kid.

Undeterred, you keep moving while doing your best to avoid the stares aimed your way by the more unsavory looking people still on the street. So far, no one has approached you, but you’re not naive enough to think that it’ll last. You refuse to let your guard down in an area like this.

Thankfully, you don’t appear to be in the slums of the city, so there’s less risk of you running into trouble. Still, any area can be dangerous, so you make sure to be extra careful in every place you check.

It’s as you’re walking past a nondescript bar that a pair of drunk humans stagger outside. You give the men a wide berth, but unfortunately, that doesn’t help you to avoid their notice.

Grimacing, you do your best to avoid their cat-calling. When you hear footsteps behind you, you simply increase your pace rather than try to interact with them.

“What’s the rush, sweetheart? Got some place you need to be?”

“It’s dangerous for a lady to be out on her own late at night. How about you let us walk you home?” One of them lets out a lecherous laugh as they approach.

When a large hand suddenly grabs your elbow, your reaction is instantaneous. Scowling, you spin and fling out your leg to kick the man in the shin as hard as you can, causing him to yelp in pain. As soon as he releases you, you take off in a sprint down the street. As you run, you hear angry shouting and loud footsteps chasing after you, making you increase your speed.

Hopefully taking advantage of their inebriation and lack of balance as well as coordination, you make several turns and move around as many obstacles as you can. The drunkards curse loudly when they run into an empty food cart on the sidewalk that you jumped over in your haste.

While they’re distracted, you make a few more turns into various unknown side streets before running into a nearby alley. Despite your reluctance, you move to hide behind the large dumpster that you see.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, you crouch down low and hope that you successfully threw them off your trail. Faintly, you can hear their yelling in the distance, but it doesn’t appear to be heading your way.

When several minutes pass with you remaining undiscovered, you release a sigh of relief. Looks like you managed to get rid of them after all.

Just as you’re moving to stand, a rustling sound further into the alley makes you freeze. Turning your head in that direction, you try to find the source of the sound, but it’s difficult because of the lack of light.

*I don’t see anything. Maybe it was just a cat or the wind.*

You’re about to leave when your ears catch a scared whimper. Your eyes widen at the sound. That’s definitely not the wind.
Slowly, you make your way toward the source of the voice, doing your best to appear as non-threatening as possible. At the back of the alley, you find several smaller trash cans lined up against the walls, and behind one of those, you see a familiar child.

Little Pup?!

The kid looks exactly like Frisk with the short bobbed hair and squinted eyes. The only difference is the clothes. Instead of a striped sweater, this child is wearing a cute white and blue sailor outfit, though it is currently scruffed and stained with grime. They also appear a few years younger than the other versions that you’ve met. You seriously doubt that this kid is more than eight years old.

Your expression softens as you take in their trembling, curled up form. The poor child looks so frightened. Who knows what they’ve been put through since they disappeared.

When you speak, you try to keep the tone of your voice as soft as possible. “Hey there. Are you Little Pup? Sans and Papyrus have been looking for you. Since they didn’t know where you were, I told them that I’d help them look. Are you alright, sweetie?”

Little Pup jolts at your words and looks up at you with surprise. “Sans? Pap?”

Smiling, you nod your head as you kneel down. “That’s right, sugar. I just met them not too long ago and became friends with them. I know they care a great deal about you and are worried sick about you. They’re not with me now because they went to other areas to look for you. We decided to split up to cover more ground. How about I help you reunite with them? Would that be okay with you?”

Several minutes pass as Little Pup just stares at you, obviously trying to decide if you can be trusted. All you can do is smile and hope that they can sense your sincerity. You really don’t want to force them to come with you, but you definitely can’t just leave them here.

After some time passes, the child slowly nods which makes your smile grow. You hold a hand out toward them, and they only hesitate for a few seconds before grabbing it.

You give their hand a warm squeeze before rising to your feet and helping them to stand. “Alright. Let’s go find those skeletons. They said they’d come check on me in a while, so I’m hoping they’ll find us rather than us find them. Considering where they may be, I think for now we should head back to Grillby’s. I don’t know if they’ve taken you there before, but it’s a restaurant that Sans really enjoys. We were just there, so I think I can find my way back there.”

With that, you exit the alley with the child in hand. Thankfully, the coast is clear, so you shouldn’t have to worry about those drunkards anymore.

Since you had been searching for the kid for quite a while, it’ll take some time to get back to the bar. You just hope you can get there before it closes. Considering how kind he was to you earlier, you’re confident that Grillby would be willing to let you and Little Pup stay there until the brothers arrive, especially if you tell him how important the child is to his best customer.

As expected, Little Pup doesn’t say a word as you walk. You remember them not being a very talkative child, so the silence doesn’t really bother you. However, you would like to get to know the kid more rather than just stay quiet the whole trip back.

So, you decide to just do all the talking. You tell the child various things about yourself including your likes and dislikes. When you ask them questions, you make sure that the questions can be answered with just a simple yes or no so they only have to nod or shake their head.
Thankfully, as time passes, Little Pup grows less tense around you as they realize that you truly do have their best intentions in mind. You feel super proud of yourself when you eventually manage to get a smile out of them.

While you’re walking, you somehow manage to figure out what exactly happened to Little Pup despite them not saying any actual words. From what you can understand, they have no idea how they got outside of their home since they never tried to leave. Then, they had the bad luck to run into some suspicious men that wanted the kid to go somewhere with them. Rather than obey, Little Pup ran for it and somehow managed to lose their pursuers.

This continues for an hour with you luckily not running into any other unsavory people. By the time you had found the kid and started walking back to Grillby’s, the streets had pretty much cleared out. Every now and then, you’d run across someone who was obviously on their way home from a local bar, but thankfully, no one ever attempted to approach the two of you.

Unfortunately, your luck doesn’t last forever. Your body tenses when you hear the sound of tires screeching behind you. Your eyes widen when you look behind you to see a dark van heading straight toward you.

Without hesitation, you scoop the surprised Little Pup into your arms and make a break for it. When you come up to an intersection, you take a last minute hard right, and you hear the car zoom past as it tries to hit the breaks.

Realizing that it’s too dangerous to remain on the main streets, you start ducking into alleyways and streets too small for the car to fit. You know that traveling through these areas is dangerous, but you don’t have a choice. That car is obviously after you judging from its increase in speed once it turned onto the road you were on.

That’s gotta be the group that went after Little Pup. They obviously haven’t given up looking for the kid. The question is: how the hell am I supposed to lose them? Ugh. Where are Sans and Papyrus? Right now would be the perfect time to check up on me.

Sadly, it seems no skeletons will be coming to your rescue anytime soon, so you’re on your own for now. After several minutes of running, you hide in the shadows of an alley so you can catch your breath. When you noticing how much Little Pup is trembling, you give them a reassuring squeeze. “It’s alright, Little Pup. I won’t let those guys hurt you. I’m gonna make sure you get home to Sans and Pap, okay?”

The child nods their head which makes you smile. You give them another hug before turning to leave the alley. Once you see that the coast is clear, you quickly move toward what you hope is the right way to Grillby’s. You’ve always had a pretty good sense of direction, but all these twists and turns are making it hard to gather your bearings. Being chased by criminals isn’t really helping the situation either.

Thankfully, you’ve managed to throw your pursuers off your trail by staying off the main streets. There have been a couple of close calls when changing paths, but each time you just barely got away by taking another alley. You really hope that you’re close to Grillby’s now; you don’t think you can take much more of this non-stop running.

Finally, after what feels like forever, you run out onto a very familiar street. Your shoulders sag with relief when you see the bar in the distance. You give Little Pup an encouraging smile. “Almost there, Little Pup. Then, we’ll be safe.”

Of course, things can never be that easy for you. Shortly after you find the street, a familiar vehicle
tears out into the open only a few yards in front of you, effectively blocking the path to Grillby’s.

Rather than remain in the car, four men immediately exit the vehicle and move toward you. At the sight of their gun holsters, you pause. Should you run? What if they start shooting? All it’ll take is one good shot, and you’re done for. You can’t let that happen; you have to protect Little Pup.

Thanks to the streetlights, you can faintly make out the men’s appearances. They’re all wearing dark suits similar to the men that the skeletons fought when you first ran into them.

The one man with glasses takes a step toward you as he smirks. “Hello, young lady. You’ve given us quite the chase. I admit that was rather impressive. I’d hate to hurt such a clever gal, so be a dear and hand over the child, will you? They’re with us.”

A scowl forms on your face as you clutch the trembling child closer. “Yeah, right. It’s easy to see that you have no good intentions toward this kid. There’s no way I’d just hand them over.”

As you’re talking, the other men move to surround you, keeping you in the center of their little circle. The bespectacled man frowns in annoyance. “I think you misunderstood me. That was not a request. If you wish to see another day, I’d recommend doing as I say.”

When one of the men reaches for the child, you react by stepping back and raising one leg to kick out, aiming for that sore spot between the brute’s legs. With a groan, he collapses to the ground, clutching the injured area. Looks like he didn’t expect you to retaliate. He let his guard down. Idiot.

The cocking of a gun makes you freeze. When you turn your head to catch where the sound came from, you see the bespectacled man aiming his gun toward you. “Enough fooling around. Hand over the child. Now!”

You don’t move, just glaring at him while clutching Little Pup closer. That’s when the other men around you choose to act, knowing you can’t act anymore without risking a bullet in your gut.

You wince in pain when one roughly grabs you by the hair and pulls.

When another reaches for Little Pup, you lash out with another kick, half-managing to clip him in the stomach. Cursing and clutching his middle, he smacks you hard in the face making your head crack to the side, the hold on your hair a vice that doesn’t help as you gasp in pain.

While you’re distracted, your attacker moves to grab the child, successfully pulling them away despite them clutching their hands in your shirt, trying as hard as any 8-year old could to keep their grip on you.

Before you can try and react, the man behind, his hand still twisting your hair to keep you still, knocks you to the ground with a shove and a knee in your back. When you try to push yourself up with your arms, he keeps you down with one well-placed boot on your back.

You can faintly hear Little Pup’s distressed noises moving further away. They’re taking the kid away, probably stowing them in the car to abscond with them. Your mind starts to panic. What do I do?! If this keeps up, they’re gonna kill me and get away with the kid! I’ve gotta do something, but what?! How am I supposed to fight back like this?!

The bespectacled man lets out a laugh, a twisted self-satisfied sound, in amusement at your situation. “I shall let my two friends here take care of the rest. You will learn it’s not wise to mess with us.”
As he turns away, the man you had first kicked finally recovers from the blow you dealt him. Scowling, he stumbles over to shove his friend off you and then yanks you up by your collar. You’re then heftily shoved against a nearby wall, the goon’s hands at your neck.

When his hands on your neck tighten, you realize that his aim is to strangle you.

During your jostling, something jams into your stomach. You wince as you remember what you stashed in your hoodie pocket.

Just as the large, meaty hands wrapped around your neck tighten up and force the last bits of life out of you, you reach the hand not busy preventing your incoming doom into your hoodie pocket and grab the bone you got from Papyrus. Muscles straining with effort and lack of air you summon the last strength from your body to pull out the bone and swing it right at your attacker’s face.

He immediately lets go of your neck in his surprise and stumbles backwards from the blow. You similarly crumble to the ground, trying to gasp for more air than your throat will permit. The last goon left, seemingly stunned by the sudden appearance of a weapon in your hands, takes a step forward, and its only on unsteady legs you manage to dodge the punch aimed your way.

Rather than focus on those two, you try and move toward the car to go after the man holding Little Pup. He’s having a hard time trying to force the kid into the vehicle, and it gives you the extra seconds you need to reach the car. As you manage to catch the man unawares, you swing your bone-bat as hard as you can against the back of his skull.

You hear a loud crack as you clock him a good one and his knees buckle beneath him, but pay him no mind further than knowing that he isn’t getting up anytime soon.

Quickly, you gather the child into your arms, panting and shaking with exhaustion and adrenaline.

Then, you hear somebody clear their throat behind you.

Chest heaving, your body spent and sight flickering with black spots, you raise the bone-bat with a trembling arm up and into what you hope is a threatening stance.

There’s a dark scowl on the bespectacled man’s face as he glares at you with his gun aimed right at you. Realizing that you can’t fight your way out of this, you decide that the best course of action right now would be to buy time.

You wish so desperately that the skeletons are on the way to come check on you.

Hugging Little Pup close to your chest, you glare at the gunman. “What do you hope to accomplish by doing this? Revenge? Do you think killing this kid will get you what you want? Do you really think that things will end just like that? If you do, you’re wrong. That won’t scare the skeletons off. It’ll do the exact opposite. That’ll just piss them off. Have you ever seen an angry skeleton? It’s not a pretty sight. Anyone who pisses off those guys is in for a really bad time.”

He responds by pulling the trigger. You go completely still as the bullet streaks past your cheek only just barely missing you. Little Pup whimpers in fear while you try to fight back the nausea and the urge to let your legs give in.

The bespectacled man smirks at your reaction. “What we do is no business of yours, girl. Those skeletons have been a thorn in our sides for long enough. We’ve been waiting for some time to exact our revenge. Just recently we found out about that child. Imagine our surprise when the kid suddenly appears before us, basically falling into our lap. Of course, we’d take advantage of such an opportunity. We’re not afraid of those monstrosities. When they come for us, we’ll be ready and
will finally rid the city of them once and for all. I refuse to let a foolish girl ruin things for us.”

This time he aims the gun right at you. You can tell that he has no intention of missing with his next shot. Mind racing, you try to think of a plan to no avail. If you try to move, he’ll still shoot, and you risk the chance of him hitting Little Pup. You can’t let that happen! But, what else can you do?!

You don’t want to die.

Right as the bespectacled man’s finger twitches to pull the trigger, it happens. A blue buzzing glow surrounds the man before he’s abruptly slammed into the ground, causing the gun to fly out of his hand.

You almost collapse as the tension seeps from your body when two familiar skeletons appear before you. Both imposing forms effectively blocking you and Little Pup from the other men’s view.

Since their backs are to you, you can’t see their faces, but in the gloom of the evening shade, you can make out the light of the magic strobing from their eye sockets.

With perfect teamwork, the brothers move to take care of your human attackers. Sans, the true powerhouse you know, uses his magic to hold them down before they can even reach for their guns while Papyrus summons heavy bone attacks to knock them out.

Despite the bespectacled man’s previous confidence, his group doesn’t last more than a few seconds against the skeletons. Of course, the brothers’ anger probably played a large role in their easy victory. It’s easy to tell from their tense postures and their overwhelming killer intent how they feel about these humans.

However, when the fight subsides, only leaving a tense silence broken occasionally by Little Pup’s sobs, you can tell that none of the men are actually dead. An anomaly as far as you remember. Maybe they don’t want to kill in front of Little Pup? They may be planning on sending the two of you away before finishing these guys off.

When the skeletons turn towards you, you see their clothes are as immaculate as ever—not a drop of blood in sight which shows just how skillful they are. Considering their deep frowns, they obviously aren’t pleased with your ruffled up appearance. You’re pretty sure that your left cheek is swollen from where that one guy hit you earlier considering how much it hurts now that the action is over. Your throat also feels bruised from being almost strangled to death.

Before you can reassure them, Little Pup speaks up as they stretch their arms out toward the brothers. “Sans! Pap!”

Within seconds, Papyrus has the child in his arms and is hugging them tightly. “LITTLE PUP! I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WE WERE SO WORRIED! ARE YOU HURT ANYWHERE?!”

While his brother fusses over the kid, Sans approaches you with a worried frown. “you alright there, kid? looks like you had a pretty rough time ‘til we got here. i’ll have pap check out your cheek and throat when we get home. you hurt anywhere else?”

You shake your head as you give him a tired smile. “Just all kinds of sore. Besides that, I’m okay. You guys came just in the nick of time.”

The shorter skeleton grins at you. “well, after checking a skele-ton of places, we decided it would be good to check up on you. since you still had pap’s bone in hand, it was easy to track you through
his magic. I’m glad we came looking for ya when we did.”

“Sans!”

Both of you turn toward the sound of the voice and see Little Pup reaching out for the older brother. Obviously, they want more than one skeleton hug after what they’ve been through. You can’t blame the kid. They deserve all the hugs that they want after all that craziness.

Your expression softens as you watch the skeletons dote on the child. It’s obvious how much they care for Little Pup. You’re glad that you were able to help them reunite with the kid.

The sound of screeching tires alerts your group of the presence of another vehicle. You watch with wide eyes as several human mobsters hang outside of the windows with their guns aimed your away.

Papyrus immediately responds by summoning a bone shield to protect the four of you. While he hugs Little Pup close, Sans uses his magic to stop the black van in its tracks by going after the driver.

Because you’re so focused on the new arrivals, you fail to notice the rousing of the one man by the car behind you that you had clobbered with Pap’s bone earlier to save Little Pup. All the warning you get is the sound of the cocking of a gun before a shot rings out. Before you can even think to move, something pierces your back.

Agony. As if somebody took a cattle prod and pressed it through your spine.

Shot. You were just shot.

In a blink, you find yourself plastered against the hard concrete below. When did you get there? You don’t remember falling. When you try to get up, nothing works; all you feel is a deep excruciating pain that travels up and down your body. You can barely manage the energy to keep your eyes open.

An uncomfortable feeling in your chest makes you cough, and an unfamiliar substance with a metallic taste fills your mouth and dribbles past your lips. Faintly, you can make out the sounds of shouting and gunshots. You think that you hear someone crying by your side. Although, you can’t be sure due to the grogginess of your mind, making it increasingly harder for you to concentrate.

Darkness begins to creep into your vision slowly, like the streetlights are dimmed one at a time. Spotty shadows increasing and eventually blocking everything from view. Your eyelids begin to close as a wave of lethargy washes over you.

In the back of your mind, you know that falling asleep right now isn’t a good idea. You need to stay awake, but no matter how hard you try, you can’t fight off the heaviness that is weighing your body down.

Right as your consciousness starts to fade, you hear a voice that’s close enough that you can make out the one word they scream. “Y/N!”

Then, the darkness claims you, and everything fades to black.

Chapter End Notes
I have more lovely fanart to show y'all! I can't get over how kind my readers are to me. Y'all are seriously the best ^-^ Also, in case y'all haven't seen it since I edited it, I went back and added links to all the fanart I got after Chapter 25. All the links are in the notes at the end of Chapter 26. I totally recommend you check them out! :)

Munritter drew a pic of the Reader admiring that smooth Grillby from last chapter. He's really too hot to handle XD You can see it by clicking here.

Calore-mare drew two super cute pics of the Reader. We get to see her cute happy face and her heartbreaking crying face. You can see them by clicking here and here.

Costumebleh drew an awesome pic of the Reader in a tarot card design. I think The World suits her very well ^^ You can see it by clicking here.

Ariespageofbreath drew a fantastic pic with scenes of previous chapters including the Reader carrying Blue, the Reader wearing Red's coat, the Reader snuggling with Captain, and the Reader smooching Comic. You can see it by clicking here.

Also, for those of you not on Tumblr, I, thanks to some brilliant ideas from anons and my followers, created an AU that we call Actortale. It came to be when one anon asked what if The Glitch was actually just a TV show where the skeles and Reader were just actors. After receiving several good ideas about the AU, I created headcanons for what the guys would be like off set and how this story would happen. The awesome Shadowandblack is actually writing a fic with this plot so I totally recommend you check it out. ^^ You can see it by clicking here.

So, who was surprised by the ending? Y'all didn't think I was done giving the Reader a hard time, did you? XD Unfortunately, you'll have to wait till next week to see what happens next. I hope y'all will be looking forward to it ;)
This chapter was beta-read by the awesome Costumbleh. Thanks again! ^-^  
I see that cliffhanger I left y'all last chapter really left you on the edge of your seats XD  
Now, y'all finally get to see what happened to our poor Reader. Hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You died.

A real life mobster actually shot you in the back and killed you. You remember coughing up blood after collapsing to the ground along with the immense pain that consumed your body before you finally lost consciousness.

You knew as your mind was fading that you were dying. You were losing too much blood too fast. There was no way that you could’ve gotten help in time, especially since the skeletons were preoccupied with the new batch of mobsters that had arrived.

The only good thing about how quickly you passed out was that you didn’t have time to feel scared. Everything happened so fast; you didn’t even have the chance to think about how terrified you were about dying. Your brain was too muddled from the pain and blood loss to form any coherent thoughts at the time.

To reiterate, you died after being shot by the mobster that you clubbed with the bone Papyrus gave you. There’s no doubt in your mind that you were impossible to save.

So, how are you still alive?

Wide eyed, you take in your current position as a wave of deja vu washes over you. Instead of being sprawled out on the ground in a pool of your own blood, you’re standing in front of the black van with one of your hands shakily holding up the bone from Papyrus while your other arm is wrapped tightly around Little Pup.

In front of you is the bespectacled mobster with his gun aimed at you. Two of his men are farther behind him while the other man is knocked out on the ground a few feet to your right.

There can only be one explanation for this. The world must have reset which means…

You give the child in your arms an astonished look. The only person who could possibly reset would be Little Pup since Ink had told you before that it would be impossible for you to survive a second reset.

So, they do have the ability after all?

Little Pup has their arms wrapped tightly around your neck as tears stream down their cheeks. Your expression softens at the sight. It’s very likely that they remember what happened to you before they reset. The thought makes your chest clench painfully. You hate that the poor kid had to witness something so traumatic.
Realizing that you have been silent for too long, you open your mouth to stall for time like you did last time but soon discover that it’s unnecessary. Before the words can leave your mouth, all four mobsters begin to glow a bright blue before being unceremoniously slammed to the ground.

In the case of the unconscious mobster, he actually levitates for a few seconds before being dropped like his companions. The smacking sound he makes when he hits the pavement is particularly loud in comparison to the others.

That’s when Sans and Papyrus come into view wearing dark expressions. As soon as the humans are taken care of, the shorter skeleton immediately heads over to you and gently grabs your arms.

His gaze quickly assesses you for damage. Before you can reassure him that you’re fine, Sans surprises you when he suddenly teleports the three of you away from the soon-to-be battlefield.

Your eyes widen in surprise when you find yourself in a house that resembles the one the Undertale brothers live in. It’s almost exactly the same with just a few minor changes in decor here and there.

“y/n.”

At the sound of your name, your gaze snaps toward Sans who’s wearing a deep frown. “stay here with little pup, okay? pap and i will take care of those guys. there’s no need for you two to be there. i should’ve done this as soon as i found you last time. i was careless.”

There’s an unspoken apology in his words which you immediately notice. With a shake of your head, you reach over to gently squeeze his shoulder. “It’s not your fault, Sans. You couldn’t have known. The guy who shot me was the one I attacked. Obviously, I didn’t do a good enough job knocking him out. I don’t blame you guys.”

Sans shakes his head. Rather than reply, he simply squeezes your hand with one of his own before teleporting back to his brother.

With a sigh, you move your gaze downwards and see Little Pup still tightly clinging to you. Their tears began to ebb at the arrival of the skeletons, so thankfully, the poor child is no longer crying.

You make a quick trip to the bathroom located upstairs so that you can clean the kid’s face. After checking them for injuries and finding none that needs attention, you carry Little Pup back downstairs and move to sit on the couch. You relax against the soft cushions with a sigh of relief.

Since Little Pup still hasn’t relinquished their grip on you, you choose to let them stay in your lap rather than try to set them down beside you. While one arm hugs them close, you raise your other hand and gently card your fingers through their hair.

A part of you wants to question the child to see if they really were behind the reset while the other part thinks you shouldn’t push the topic considering what they just went through. Sure, Little Pup may not have known you for very long, but seeing someone die right in front of you would be traumatic for any kid regardless of who the person was.

As you were dying, you remember hearing the sound of someone crying. That must’ve been Little Pup. The poor kid had to sit and watch as you bled out on the ground with no hope of survival.

Just thinking of what happened makes your chest clench uncomfortably. Your eyes begin to water as you remember the agonizing pain that coursed throughout your whole body and how everything slowly went dark despite how much you struggled to stay awake.
Not liking the direction where your thoughts are heading, you clench your teeth and quickly shake your head to dismiss the painful memories. You wince as your actions cause both your injured cheek and neck to throb in pain.

While the reset did undo the damage from the gunshot, you still have the injuries you received from those goons before you got shot. Your left cheek is definitely swollen but thankfully not to the point where you can’t see out of that eye. Your throat is also incredibly sore to the point it hurts to swallow. Hopefully, Papyrus can heal you when he gets back.

Of course, when you think of your injuries, you are reminded of how you got them in the first place. A shiver travels down your spine as you remember the agony of being strangled and the fear you felt as you came so close to dying at that man’s hands.

Realizing your thoughts are going back into unwanted territory, you take several shallow breaths, mindful of your injured throat, to calm yourself as you blink away the unshed tears. With as much energy as you can muster, you shove those unpleasant memories to the back of your mind. You know that they won’t stay there forever, but doing this should help buy you some time. This is not the time to get lost in your dark thoughts.

“Y/N?”

The sound of your name makes you jolt in surprise. When you look down, you see Little Pup looking up at you with a small frown.

Your eyes widen. Did they just say my name?

Little Pup tilts their head curiously when you don’t respond. “Y/N?”

A goofy grin forms on your face before you can even think to stop it. You move to hug the child with both of your arms. “You said my name! I can’t believe it! This is my first time hearing you say something besides Sans and Pap.”

You then pause. Wait a minute. Something seems off about what I just said. Is this really the first time I heard them say my name?

That’s when a memory of someone screaming your name before you died comes to mind. Come to think of it, that voice did sound awfully young.

Your eyes grow large as you stare at the child in shock. “Right before I passed out, I heard someone scream my name. That was you, wasn’t it, Little Pup?”

Little Pup tightens their grip on your hoodie as they nod. At the sight of their sad expression, you pull them closer to you as you hug them tighter. “I’m so sorry you had to see that, Little Pup. I know it must’ve been really scary. No child should have to see something like that.”

A gentle smile forms on your face. “Crying over someone you just met, you really are a kind child.”

The child shakes their head adamantly before pointing at their face. At first, you stare at them with confusion. Finally, after you take in their now guilty expression, you realize what they’re trying to tell you.

Immediately, you move to cup their cheeks and lean your face closer to theirs. “It’s not your fault, sweetie. You did nothing wrong—absolutely nothing. Those bad men were at fault for attacking you. I got hurt because of them. Please don’t blame yourself. You’re a victim in this as much as I
am. I promise I don’t blame you, and neither do Sans and Papyrus.”

Tears start to stream down their cheeks at your words which you move to wipe away with your thumbs. You smile softly. “You’re a good kid, Little Pup. Sans and Papyrus are very lucky to have you.”

Little Pup shakes their head rapidly. “Sans! Pap!”

It takes you a few minutes to decipher the message behind the words. When you do, your smile grows. “Oh, I see. You think you’re the lucky one to have Sans and Pap, right?”

At their nod, you give them another hug. “You really are a sweetheart, Little Pup. Sans and Pap would be very happy to hear that you feel that way.”

An idea comes to mind that makes you grin. “I know. How about I teach you how to show them how much you like them? There’s something special you can do that wouldn’t even require you to say anything. Would you like to learn how to do it?”

The kid smiles as they quickly nod their head. You give them a warm squeeze after seeing their cute expression. “Okay. The best way to teach you would be to show you by example. Pay close attention.”

You lean down to kiss their forehead. When you pull back, you have to bite back a squeal at their cute, amazed expression. “That’s called a kiss. It’s a sign of affection. You do that to people you like. If you ever wanna show Sans and Paps how much you love them, just give them a little kiss on the cheek, and they’ll get the message. I promise if you do you’ll make them super happy.”

Little Pup nods their head to show their understanding. Then, their expression turns thoughtful as they look at you. After a few seconds, the child reaches up to kiss your cheek. When they pull away, you see a happy smile on their face. “Y/N!”

When Little Pup smiles at you, the air around them begins to sparkle. It reminds you of Blue’s and Captain’s beaming smiles. Their happy expression is seriously way too cute.

With a squeal, you hug the kid to your chest. You feel like your heart will explode at any minute from all that cuteness. “You’re so cute, Little Pup! What a good kid! Sans and Pap will be so happy if you do that for them. Oh man, that’ll have Papyrus grinning for hours. I’d love to see Sans’ reaction.”

“my reaction to what?”

You squeak and nearly fall off the couch because of your surprise. When you and Little Pup peer over the back of the couch, you see the skeleton brothers standing there. The child beams happily. “Sans! Pap!”

Papyrus pulls the kid into his arms and twirls them around. “IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, LITTLE PUP! WE WERE SO WORRIED! I’M SORRY THAT WE MADE YOU WAIT FOR US. EVERYTHING IS ALL TAKEN CARE OF NOW.”

Sans watches the two with a fond grin. “yeah, those guys no longer have a bone to pick with us.” “SANS!”

Giggling, you give the skeletons a once over. As you do, you realize that there’s not a single drop of blood on either of them, and their clothes don’t appear the slightest bit ruffled. You know that
there was no way that they’d let those men go after everything they did. So, either the brothers are just that good at their jobs, or they somehow snuck inside to change clothes before coming to check on you and the child.

The shorter skeleton tilts his head as he grins at you. “so, what have you been teaching the kid while we were gone? you were looking pretty excited when we came in.”

With a cheeky grin, you turn your attention to Little Pup who’s still being held by Papyrus. “Little Pup, why don’t you show Papyrus what I taught you?”

Little Pup smiles at you as they nod before turning their head to look at the curious skeleton holding them. When they motion for him to move closer, the taller brother leans his head down closer to theirs. Once they can reach him, Little Pup gives the surprised skeleton a kiss on his cheekbone.

You can’t help but laugh at the way his whole face turns orange. Soon, Little Pup’s giggles join yours as they take in the gobsomacked expressions on both brothers’ faces.

Papyrus only remains still for a few seconds before he starts spinning the child around in circles. “I GOT A KISS FROM LITTLE PUP! WHAT A MOMENTOUS OCCASION! I AM SO HAPPY I COULD CRY! THANK YOU, LITTLE PUP!”

His reaction does not disappoint. You knew that the affectionate gesture would make the younger skeleton happy. You grin mischievously when you look over at Sans, who’s also wearing a very pleased expression. “Hey, Little Pup, I think you forgot somebody.”

At your words, Papyrus comes to a sudden stop. Both he and the child tilt their heads curiously before following your gaze which is still on Sans, who is now starting to look flustered by all the attention. It doesn’t take the duo long to figure out who you’re talking about. “THAT’S RIGHT! I’M SURE SANS WOULD LOVE TO HAVE A KISS FROM YOU, LITTLE PUP!”

“h-hold on, pap. you don’t have to-”

He’s cut off by Little Pup who stretches their arms toward him. “Sans!”

With a surprisingly smug grin, Papyrus gently drops the child into his older brother’s arms. Immediately, Little Pup reaches up to kiss his cheekbone which causes Sans to turn a bright blue.

Aw, talk about adorable. All it takes is a little kiss from the kid to get the mobster flustered. Both you and Papyrus snicker at his embarrassed expression.

Despite his embarrassment, Sans never tries to put the child down instead just letting them continue to hug him. After a few minutes pass, he gives you an assessing look before moving his gaze to his brother. “hey, pap, maybe you should take little pup upstairs for a bath. i’m sure they could use one considering how dirty their clothes are.”

Papyrus moves to take the child from his brother. “YOU’RE RIGHT! THERE’S NO TELLING WHERE ALL THEY HAVE BEEN SINCE THEY DISAPPEARED. COME ALONG, LITTLE PUP. THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL PREPARE THE BEST BUBBLE BATH YOU HAVE EVER HAD!”

Little Pup claps their hands excitedly as the two of them head for the stairs. As soon as they’re out of sight, Sans heads for the couch and takes a seat beside you. He throws his hat onto the coffee table in front of the couch and rubs a tired hand down his face as he slumps against the cushions. “how you holding up, pal? don’t bother saying you’re alright. you got shot. there’s no way that
you’re fine.”

You follow his example and slump against the cushions. “Honestly? I don’t know how to feel. I’ve kinda pushed everything to the back of my mind for now. I know that’s not a smart thing to do, but I’m too exhausted to worry about that hellish experience right now. Once I’ve gotten some rest, I’ll properly address the matter. So, for right now, I am okay. I’m more worried about Little Pup and how traumatized they are by seeing me die. I hate they had to see that.”

Sans gives you a searching look before finally sighing. “Alright, fair enough. no reason to push the matter now as long as you know not to ignore it forever. it’s one thing if it happens to someone like me who experiences stuff like that often. a lady like you shouldn’t have to experience dying, and I hate that the kid had to see it too. pap and i will keep a close eye on them for a while to make sure they’re alright.”

He starts to nervously sweat. “While i’d hate to tell her, i’ll ask tori for help too if it’s necessary.”

Smiling, you gently nudge his shoulder with yours. “You’re a good guardian, Sans. You and Pap both. I know Little Pup will be alright as long as they have you two.”

The skeleton blushes a light blue at your words. He scratches his head as he averts his eye-lights. “Well, you’re right about Pap. He’s the best. He takes good care of the kid.”

A yawn escapes your lips. Looks like all the recent events are catching up to you. After all that running and fighting, you’re exhausted. It’s a wonder that you’re still awake after all that. “You’re both great, Sans. You both take care of Little Pup in your own special ways.”

Your tired complexion does not escape Sans’ notice. His expression softens as he watches you tiredly rub your eyes. “You look bone tired, buddy. How about you get some sleep? Considering how late it is, all of us should be in bed.”

Before you can respond, Sans makes his move. In a blink, you find yourself laying across the couch, leaning against Sans’ chest with your legs lying in between his. How’d that happen? Your brain must be more tired than you thought if you can’t even properly process changing positions like this.

A dark blush covers your cheeks when you look up to see Sans grinning at you. “While I figured you’d offer the couch to me since I didn’t see a guest room upstairs, I didn’t think that you’d stay down here as well. Wouldn’t you be more comfortable in your own bed rather than on the couch with a human sleeping on top of you?”

His grin grows as he wraps his arms around your waist. “Nah. I don’t really feel like moving. Besides, this is pretty comfy. I might actually like this more than my bed. You don’t mind sharing the couch, right?”

You sigh at his words as you try to fight back your blush. “As long as you don’t snore, I don’t have a problem with this arrangement.”

He chuckles at your response. “Nose problem there. I’m a quiet sleeper. I promise.”

Giggling, you let your uninjured cheek rest against his chest and wrap your arms around him to make yourself more comfortable. Unfortunately, because you closed your eyes, you miss the dark blush that grows across his cheekbones when you hug him.

A happy noise passes your lips when you feel him card his fingers through your hair. It doesn’t take long for your body to completely relax under his gentle ministrations.
His chest vibrates under your cheek as he chuckles. “you’re just like a cat. being so happy about getting your hair played with. maybe i should call you kitten. it kinda fits considering how protective you were of the kid earlier. we may not have come in time to see your fight, but i saw that fierce expression of yours when you were holding the kid. just like a mama cat protecting her kids.”

You sleepily grumble after releasing another yawn. “Kitten hardly sounds fierce. And, what’s up with you wanting to name humans after animals? Are you secretly a big animal lover?”

He snorts at your response. “not really. besides, pap was the one to name the kid not me. he came up with their name after seeing the dog tags they were wearing, and the name just stuck.”

Since you had read the comics, you already knew all that; you just couldn’t resist making a remark about his choice in nicknames. You honestly have no problem with being called kitten. It’s definitely better than being called kid.

Sans continues to run his fingers through your hair which makes you increasingly drowsy. Just as you drift off to sleep, you barely catch the next words that he whispers. “honestly, i just figured a cute girl deserved a cute nickname.”

You fall asleep with a warm feeling in your chest.

When you wake, you are surprised to find yourself no longer resting against Sans’ chest. As you blink away the drowsiness, you see Sans stretched out on the other end of the couch with Little Pup cuddled up against his chest as the two sleep. You have to bite back the urge to coo at the adorable sight.

“Are You Awake, Y/N?”

The sudden whisper makes you jolt in surprise. When you look up, you see Papyrus looking down at you. Noticing how close you are to him, you finally take in your current position and flush a bright red.

Now, you’re sitting in the taller skeleton’s lap with your body leaning against his chest and his arms looped around your waist. How in the world did you get into this position? Better yet, what are Papyrus and Little Pup doing on the couch? Shouldn’t they be in their own beds?

Realizing that you still haven’t replied, you shyly nod your head. “Yeah, I’m awake, Pap. I’m a little confused, though. What are you and Little Pup doing down here? I thought you’d prefer a bed over a cramped couch.”

Papyrus softly sighs. “That Had Been The Plan. However, Little Pup Wanted To Sleep Down Here With The Two Of You. I Couldn’t Bring Myself To Tell Them No, Considering The Kind Of Night They Just Had.”

Aw, that’s adorable. I can’t really blame the kid. They probably wanted to sleep close to both brothers because it would make them feel safer.

Still, that does not explain how you ended up in the younger skeleton’s lap. While you are very curious, you’re too embarrassed to actually ask. You hope that you didn’t do something in your sleep like literally crawl into his lap. That would be super embarrassing.

“How Do Your Cheek And Neck Feel?”
Your brows furrow in confusion as you try to make sense of his question. After a few seconds, your eyes widen in realization. Oh, yeah! I forgot about my injuries. I was so exhausted that I completely ignored all the aches and pains from dealing with those mobsters.

As you reach up to touch your cheek, you’re surprised to find that it doesn’t hurt at all. It feels completely normal. Come to think of it, your body doesn’t feel nearly as sore as it did before you fell asleep.

When you see Papyrus’ proud grin, you can’t help but grin in return. “You used healing magic on me, didn’t you? Thank you. I feel a lot better than I did before I went to sleep.”

He puffs up his chest. “Of Course! No Way Could I Leave A Lady Injured, Especially Since You Got Injured Protecting Little Pup.”

Papyrus gently ruffles your hair. “I Just Wish I Could Do More To Repay You. It’s Thanks To You That Little Pup Is Safe Now.”

Your cheeks turn pink as you take in his kind expression. You quickly move to wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. “I don’t deserve all the credit. It’s thanks to you and Sans that we made it out of there safely. Thank you for protecting us, Pap.”

He immediately returns the hug and pulls you closer. “Unfortunately, We Did Not Protect You As Well As We Should Have. While I Regretfully Cannot Remember What Happened Before The Reset, I Did Feel The Deja Vu That You Told Us About. While My Brother Was Reluctant To Tell Me What Happened, I Made Sure That He Did After Everything Was Over. I Am So Sorry, Y/N. I Failed To Protect You. Even Though I Was By Your Side, I Was Unable To Stop You From Dying. I Hope That You Can Forgive Us For Playing A Role In Your Death.”

You start shaking your head even before he finishes speaking. You squeeze him tighter as you bury your face against the collar of his shirt. “You’re wrong. None of you did anything wrong. It was nobody’s fault except the shooter’s. You and Sans were preoccupied with the other mobsters that arrived. Of course, you wouldn’t think to check on the shooter that I thought I knocked out. You focused on the immediate threat like you should’ve. There was no way for you to know that the shooter would wake up right then while we were all distracted. It was just really bad luck on our part.”

His grip on you strengthens as he rests his head on your shoulder. You can’t help but shiver when his breath hits your skin. “You Are Too Kind, Y/N. I Am Grateful That You Came To This World. Even Though You May Disagree, We Are In Your Debt. If You Are Ever In Need, You Can Always Come To Us. You Will Always Be Welcome Here.”

Tears prick the corners of your eyes at the pure gratitude in his voice. You affectionately nuzzle his neck as you give him another warm squeeze. “Thank you, Papyrus. That means a lot to me. I’m glad I was able to meet all of you. I don’t feel an ounce of regret about coming here. I’m just relieved that everything worked out. The glitch shouldn’t give you guys any more trouble now.”

It’s at that moment a yawn escapes your lips. Looks like you’re still a little tired from last night’s events. You wonder what time it is now. It’s hard for you to tell since it’s still dark inside the house thanks to the thick curtains they have at every window.

Papyrus softly chuckles as he lifts his head. “You Can Go Back To Sleep If You’re Still Tired, Y/N. It’s Not Too Late In The Morning. While I Usually Prefer To Have Everyone Up By This Time, I Know Last Night’s Events Wore Everyone Out. So, This Time I’ll Forgive Sans’ Infectious Laziness.”
With a giggle, you move your arms to wrap around his chest instead of his neck and let your cheek rest against his collarbone. “You’re the coolest, Pap. Thank you. I know you don’t need a lot of sleep yourself, but I hope that you make sure to get enough rest. You’ll still be awesome even if you’re a little lazy for a day.”

When you affectionately nuzzle his chest, a bright orange blush floods his cheekbones which you unfortunately miss. A sweet aroma fills your nostrils when your cheek brushes against the soft fabric of his shirt. You can’t help but smile at the familiar smell of cinnamon which reminds you of the shampoo Captain bought for you back in his world. Maybe certain Papyri are fond of that particular scent.

It fits since they’re all a bunch of cinnamon rolls deep down. Well, most of them anyway.

It’s not long after your body relaxes against his that you start to fall asleep. Right as you succumb to the drowsiness, you feel something press against the top of your head and hear a softly whispered “Mwah”.

The corners of your lips tug upwards at the sound. It’s hard to believe these brothers are some of the most dangerous skeletons in the multiverse considering how kind they’ve been to you. As you ponder this, your thoughts begin to drift as you slowly ease into another peaceful slumber.

The next time you wake your head is on an actual pillow rather than a skeleton. As you slowly become more aware of your surroundings, you discover that you’re not the only one on the couch. When you look down at your feet, you see them propped on a sleeping Sans’ lap.

Papyrus and Little Pup are nowhere in sight, but judging by the sounds coming from the kitchen area, you’re guessing that they’re preparing breakfast or lunch depending on what time of day it is now. Maybe you’ll get lucky, and Mobtale Papyrus will be one of the few Papyri that knows how to cook.

Surely, Toriel must’ve given him some lessons once she realized these guys were taking care of the kid. No way would she risk the kid’s health by letting them eat bad cooking all the time.

Slowly, you move to sit up and pull your feet out of the sleeping skeleton’s lap to set them on the floor. Unsurprisingly, Sans begins to stir as soon as you move.

With a yawn, the skeleton directs his gaze toward you. Seeing your sheepish expression, he grins in amusement. “morning, kitten. don’t worry about waking me up. i only got to sleep in this long ‘cause you were still out. i gave pap the excuse that someone needed to keep an eye on ya, so he let me stay.”

You snort as you roll your eyes. “Right. And, you’re so good at observation that you can do it with your eyes closed.”

His grin grows at the pun. “how’d you know i was gonna use that one? it’s like you can see right through me.”

A giggle escapes your lips with more to follow as he starts to reel off more puns. After several minutes of constant puns, a loud groan cuts Sans off before he can continue to dish out more.

“SANS! IT’S TOO EARLY FOR YOUR BAD PUNS!”

When you turn toward the sound of the voice, you see Papyrus standing in the kitchen doorway with his hands on his hips. In addition to his regular clothes, he’s wearing a black apron with the words “World’s Best Chef” in big, red letters. Behind him is Little Pup who is now wearing a
white and red colored sailor suit which looks just as adorable as yesterday’s clothes.

The child’s expression brightens when they see that you’re awake. You’re caught somewhat off guard when Little Pup runs over to jump into your lap. “Y/N!”

Your heart melts at the cute smile they aim at you. Without hesitation, you give the kid a warm hug. “Good morning, Little Pup. Did you sleep well?”

They nod their head happily. Since your attention is focused on the child, you miss the way the brothers’ expressions soften and the peculiar look they get in their eye sockets as they watch you interact with Little Pup.

Shortly after that, everyone is herded into the kitchen for what appears to be a breakfast that was prepared by Papyrus with Little Pup as his assistant chef. The taller skeleton really chose to go all out since you see an assortment of breakfast foods set up on the table. What really makes you smile is the fact that nothing appears burnt; everything you see looks completely normal.

Once everyone is situated and has a plate prepared, you quickly find out that the food tastes as good as it looks. Looks like Mobtale Papyrus is a good cook after all. Whether it’s natural talent or because of an outside influence, you have no idea, but honestly, it doesn’t really matter to you in the long run. You’re happy as long as you can eat food that’s edible and won’t risk killing your stomach.

It’s as you’re eating that you remember something important. “Oh yeah. I never asked you guys about nicknames. I always give every Sans and Papyrus I meet a nickname, so I won’t get confused when multiple versions of you get brought up. Is there a nickname you guys would like to be called by, or can I give you one?”

While Sans just shrugs his shoulders, Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “I’VE NEVER HAD A NICKNAME BESIDES PAP AND PAPS, SO NOTHING REALLY COMES TO MIND. I’VE NEVER HEARD MY BROTHER CALLED BY ONE EITHER, SO IT MIGHT BE BEST FOR YOU TO COME UP WITH ONE, Y/N, SINCE YOU HAVE BEEN DOING THAT FOR ALL OF OUR OTHER COUNTERPARTS.”

I was afraid he’d say that. Mobtale is one of the AUs that doesn’t have set nicknames for the guys. I’ve seen several nicknames used for them, but I don’t know if they’d really fit since they’re all gun related and these two don’t even use guns. I guess I’ll just have to get creative.

You nod your head as you try to think of old mobster movies in your world and all the famous yet weird nicknames you’ve heard for mobsters. After several minutes of mental debate, you finally come up with two that you like. “Okay, bear with me here. In my world, old school mobsters were given all kinds of crazy nicknames, so I figured I’d take a page from their book. How about Lucky for Papyrus and Bones for Sans?”

Sans abruptly snorts at your suggestion. A large grin then quickly forms on his face. “short and sweet. i like the way you think, kitten. no bones about it.”

With a loud groan, his brother shakes his head in dismay. “I DON’T KNOW IF I CONSIDER MYSELF TOO “LUCKY” CONSIDERING HOW MANY PUNS I’VE HAD TO LISTEN TO THIS MORNING. HOWEVER, I WILL GRACEFULLY ACCEPT THE NICKNAME SINCE IT DOES HAVE A NICE RING TO IT.”

Satisfied with a job well done, you go back to enjoying your delicious meal. Thankfully, Little Pup was too preoccupied with their plate to pay any attention to the conversation.
Rather than sit in between the brothers like you expected them to do, the kid chose to sit in between you and Papyrus. It seems that Little Pup has gotten quite attached to you over the short time you’ve known them.

When you look over at them, you see bits of egg and syrup stuck on the child’s face. Grinning, you grab a napkin and move to gently wipe Little Pup’s face clean. “Hold still, sweetie. Looks like some of your breakfast didn’t make it into your mouth.

Once they’re all clean, you pull away, and the kid gives you a happy smile which you return. Like before, you’re too preoccupied with the child to notice the strange expressions on the skeletons’ faces.

Not long after that, everyone finishes their breakfast. You move to help Papyrus with cleaning up while Sans takes Little Pup to the living room to watch TV.

Before you can get to work, however, you hear Sans hesitantly call out to you. “hey, kitten? i think you might need to see this.”

Curious, you and Papyrus share a look before you both head into the living room to see what has the older brother out of sorts. Your eyes widen in surprise when you see what looks like one of Ink’s portals hovering behind the couch.

Soon after you lay eyes on it, a familiar head pops through the portal. When he catches sight of you, Ink grins brightly. “There you are, Y/N! I was wondering where you went off to. I wasn’t expecting the Void to take you somewhere after Underchrome, so it took me a while to find you. By the looks of things, the glitch is gone from this world, so it’s safe for you to leave now. You ready to go?”

All you can do is stare. “Uhh..yeah. Just give me a few minutes, okay?”

The artist pulls his hand through the portal to give you a thumbs-up. “Sure thing. I’ll just wait over here on my end and keep the portal open. Just come through once everything’s taken care of.”

With that, Ink disappears back through the portal leaving you with two bewildered skeletons and one very confused human child. After a few seconds, Sans scratches his head with a sigh. “well, now i think i can say i’ve seen everything.”

Papyrus tilts his head curiously. “THAT WAS ONE OF MY BROTHER’S COUNTERPARTS, CORRECT? HE DIDN’T SEEM TO ACT AT ALL LIKE SANS.”

You chuckle at his observation. “Yeah, there are a couple of Sanses that are like that. Not every Sans acts in a similar manner. The same can be said with every Papyrus.”

Sans shrugs his shoulders. “well, considering how each world is different in their own way, i guess it’s not that surprising.”

A frown forms on his face as he turns to look at you. “guess your visit here has come to a end, huh? too bad. we were just starting to get used to having you around.”

Your expression softens as you smile. “I’m sorry I couldn’t spend more time with you guys. I’ll try to come back to visit if I can.”

Realizing that you’re leaving, Little Pup rushes to latch onto your legs, wearing a sad frown. “Y/N?”
Immediately, you reach down to pick the child up and give them a warm hug. “Sorry, Little Pup. I have to go. I’m not actually from around here. I’m trying to find my way home. I promise I’ll try to come visit you, okay? I’ll be counting on you to keep an eye on Sans and Papyrus. Make sure they stay out of trouble.”

Sans chuckles at your words while his brother makes an offended sound. Little Pup nods their head in agreement as they return your hug.

After you set the child back down, you turn toward Papyrus when you hear him loudly clear his non-existent throat. Once he has your attention, his posture straightens as he reaches for your hand which makes you tilt your head curiously.

“SINCE I AM A GENTLEMAN, I MADE SURE TO DO THE PROPER RESEARCH IN REGARDS TO LEARNING THE CORRECT METHODS OF SHOWING APPRECIATION TO A LADY. I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU KNEW HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE FOR EVERYTHING YOU’VE DONE TO HELP US.”

Before you can reply, Papyrus leans down to press his teeth against the knuckles of your hand, making a loud “MWAH” sound. While the sound effect makes you smile in amusement, you can’t stop the dark blush that rises to your cheeks at his affectionate gesture.

That’s when Sans casually saunters over to you and grabs your other hand. Without preamble, he follows his brother’s example and kisses the back of your hand.

Noticing the way your blush darkens, the shorter skeleton winks at you after he pulls his mouth away. “didn’t want your other hand feeling left out. besides, i figured i should show my appreciation too. thanks a lot, kitten. we owe ya one.”

Thankfully, Little Pup chooses this moment to intervene. When they stretch their arms up towards you, you automatically move to pick them up. Before you can question them, the child kisses your cheek and then gives you a bright smile. “Y/N!”

If your eyes could turn into hearts, that’s exactly what they would be doing now. With a squeal, you hug the child tightly and affectionately rub your cheek against theirs. “You’re so cute, Little Pup!”

Too focused on the child, you miss the whispered conversation between the brothers.

“looks like the kid beat us this time, bro.”

“Little Pup Is A Formidable Opponent. I Obviously Taught Them Well. I Will Let Them Have The Victory This Time, But Next Time, I Will Be The One Receiving The Hug Of Adoration!”

“that’s the spirit, pap.”

After you finally calm down, you give Little Pup a quick peck on the forehead and then return them to the floor. Then, you walk over to the distracted skeletons and give them each a hug, catching them both by surprise.

You smile warmly at them. “Thanks for everything, guys. I’m glad I got to meet you. Even though it wasn’t long, I enjoyed the time I spent with you. I hope I’ll get to see you again soon. Take care of yourselves, okay?”

Matching grins form on the brothers’ faces. Papyrus picks you up and gives you a quick twirl before setting you back down. “OF COURSE! WE ARE ALWAYS IN TOP SHAPE! WE WILL
Sans nods his head as he winks. “come around anytime, kitten. we’d love to have ya.”

Once you all say your goodbyes, you wave at the trio before walking through the portal. On the other side, you find Ink waiting for you in the Doodle Sphere.

Within seconds, he’s in front of you, looking you over with his hands on your arms. At your confused look, the artist sighs. “A reset happened, right? I didn’t witness what happened, but I could tell that time rewinded while you were there. I didn’t know the Frisk of that world could reset.”

Ink gives you a beseeching look. “It was them, right? Please tell me that it wasn’t you.”

Once you realize that he’s worried about you, you quickly move to comfort him by pulling him into a hug which he immediately reciprocates. “It wasn’t me, Ink. They did it apparently for the first time since the Sans of that world had never experienced a reset up until that point.”

His shoulders slump with relief. “Good. If you had pulled another crazy stunt, I was gonna scold you like crazy and probably snitch on you to the others so they could get mad at you too.”

You roll your eyes at his words. After a few seconds pass, you pull away from the skeleton. “Good to know for future reference. So, is there a place I need to be now? Or, can I make another visit?”

Ink rubs his chin thoughtfully. “I’ll need to check over the doors again to see if one has gotten infected while I haven’t been looking. In the meantime, you can go see the others. Who’s next on the list? Underfell? Swapfell? Or, did you already visit those guys again? I can’t remember.”

A giggle escapes your lips as you shake your head. “So far, Underswap and Undertale are the only places I’ve been to twice, so next on the list is Underfell. I wanna see how Red and Edge are doing. It feels like it’s been a while since I last saw them.”

He shrugs his shoulders. “Yeah, it’s kinda hard to keep track of time when you’re dimension hopping. They all have their own timeframes and all. Days for you could be weeks or months for them.”

Several minutes later, the two of you arrive at the door to Underfell. Before Ink leaves to check on the other doors, he gives you a bright grin. “I’ll come get you once I finish over here. Or, if I get caught up in something again, the Void will teleport you like before. In the meantime, have a nice time and get some rest.”

With a smile, you reach out to grab his hand before he can get too far, making him tilt his head in confusion. A bright, rainbow-colored blush spreads across his cheekbones when you lean down to kiss him on the cheek.

When you pull away, your smile grows at the spectacle. “Thanks for everything, Ink. I know you’re doing a lot more than you let on, and I just wanted to let you know that all of your hard work is appreciated. I’m very proud to have you as a friend.”

In response to your words, the colors painted across his face grow darker from his embarrassment. You gently squeeze his hand as you smile before finally releasing your grip on him. “I’ll see you later, Ink. Take care of yourself, okay?”

With a wave, you open the door and enter the world of Underfell. Right after the door closes behind you, Ink hides his face and mumbles into his scarf.
“I don’t usually care what others think about me, but when you say something like that, I get real happy all of a sudden. I wonder why. I feel like if I get to have you smiling at me like that then all my efforts are worth it. If it means getting to see that smile again, I want to work even harder. How strange. Just when I think I’ve got my feelings figured out, you bring out new ones in me. Is this a special power of yours? Or, something else?”

Chapter End Notes

I was lucky enough to win the special prize in Bluechocowitz's art raffle, and she drew this amazing pick of Chrome from the scene where the Reader wakes up in his arms after the reset. As expected of Blue, the art is absolutely gorgeous. You can see it by clicking here.

Vickitt made an awesome AMV for The Glitch using fan art for the story. You can click here for the post with the Youtube link along with the list of all the lovely artists. I totally recommend you check it out. ^-^

I also posted a UT Papyrus/Reader oneshot Friday for the other half of my BROTP Orange's birthday<3 If y'all want some good Pap smooches, I recommend you check it out ;)

A lot of y'all were wondering if Little Pup could reset. In Nyublackneko's UT Mob, Little Pup never reset, but since I'm kinda using my own variation of this AU, I decided to include resets in the AU. That was the first time Little Pup reset since they never knew they could do so. If you're wondering if the kid can now do so at will, I'd say no right now since they did it this time as a spur of the moment kinda deal. In this AU, it would take something really big to make them want to reset.

Also, if you were wondering, since I don't recall ever seeing Little Pup say much more than the skeletons' names in the comic, I decided to stick with that in this fic. So, for the most part, Little Pup doesn't speak unless it's to say the skeletons' names. I like to think once they grow comfortable with someone that they'll then start saying their name like how they did with the Reader.

We see the Reader's bad habit come up again this chapter. She's really bad about putting off facing her negative emotions. She's the type to bury everything deep down till it all bursts out like after her reset in Swapfell. You'll see how she handles those emotions next chapter.

And it looks like Ink is still dealing with all these new emotions. Slowly but surely he's learning. It'll take him a while though to get everything figured out. Don't worry, the Reader will spend more time with him in the near future ;)

With the Mobtale arc over, it's time to visit the Underfell boys. Did y'all enjoy the arc? I hope you enjoyed all the fluffy moments this chapter ^_^
Despite knowing that you needed a break and some alone time after everything you went through in Mobtale, you still chose to visit Underfell. You really wanted to see how your friends there were doing.

Besides, it’s not like you’re an emotional wreck at the moment. Maybe you can put off addressing those feelings you shoved to the back of your mind to a later time like after you finish your visit. Thinking of how you died is honestly the last thing you want to do right now.

After you walk through the door, you find yourself in a living room very similar to the Undertale house. The only exceptions being that the color scheme is much darker and everything has an edgier look. Well, you figure that’s to be expected of a place like Underfell.

Seconds after you arrive, Papyrus strides through what you assume to be the kitchen doorway and freezes as soon as his eye-lights fall on you. You smile in amusement when he points at you.

“YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!”

With a pout, you approach the tall skeleton. “Aw, what kind of greeting is that, Papyrus? Didn’t you miss me? I missed you, so I came to visit.”

His face glows a bright red at your words which makes your smile grow. He averts his eye-lights as he crosses his arms. “O-OF COURSE YOU MISSED ME! WHO WOULDN’T WANT TO BASK IN MY AMAZING PRESENCE? STILL, YOUR TIMING IS AWFUL. I’M ON MY WAY TO WORK NOW, AND I HAVE NO TIME TO SPARE FOR YOU. YOU’LL HAVE TO GO WAKE UP MY LAZY BROTHER IF YOU WANT SOME COMPANY.”

Your disappointment is obvious as a frown forms on your face. Talk about bad timing. Well, if you’re lucky, you’ll get to stick around long enough that you can spend time with Papyrus after he gets home from work.

Papyrus narrows his eye-lights when your expression suddenly brightens. You grin cheerfully as you outstretch your arms toward him. “Can I still get a hug then? Since I can’t spend the day with the Great and Terrible Papyrus, you could at least give me a hug to tide me over, right?”

He splutters as his face turns a darker shade of red. You can’t help but be amused as Papyrus marches past you at an incredibly fast pace and heads for the door. “N-NOT A CHANCE, HUMAN! I HAVE TO GO TO WORK NOW! I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU AND YOUR UNNECESSARY HUGS!”
With that, the taller skeleton opens the front door and exits the house, slamming the front door loudly behind him. A giggle passes your lips. *What a tsundere. Maybe I can sneak a hug when he lets his guard down later on today.*

Now that you’re on your own, you have to decide what to do with yourself. Papyrus said that his brother was upstairs asleep. You could go wake Sans up, but you don’t know how the older skeleton would react to that.

What if you make him mad? Or, what if he has sleeping problems like some of his counterparts? You’d rather not disturb him if he’s really tired.

That’s why you decide to take a seat on the couch rather than go look for Sans. You can keep yourself entertained for a few hours watching TV.

“My,”

Right as you turn on the TV with the remote, you hear that sound and jump in surprise. Your eyes widen when you turn to see that you’re not the only occupant on the couch now.

On the other end of the couch, you see a white Persian cat with bright blue eyes and incredibly soft-looking fur. Its fur reminds you of clouds; it’s that fluffy.

You gape at the cat. *No way. Could this be Doomfanger? I’ve read fanfics where the Underfell brothers had a cat, but I wasn’t expecting it to look like this! I mean, Papyrus named it Doomfanger! This cat looks nowhere near as intimidating as its name!*

The feline silently watches you for a few minutes before slowly approaching you. When it comes to a stop on the cushion beside you, you give it a gentle smile. “Hey there, kitty. Are you Doomfanger? I’m a friend of Papyrus and Sans. I hope you don’t mind me hanging out here at your home for a while.”

“My,”

Slowly, you reach out to pet the cat. Even though there’s a strong chance it won’t be friendly considering what you’ve read about it, you can’t resist trying to pet its fluffy fur.

Surprisingly, Doomfanger doesn’t try to bat your hand away. It sniffs at your hand for a few seconds before moving to rub its head against your hand.

A happy noise escapes your lips when you make contact with its super soft fur. It doesn’t just look like a cloud; it feels just as soft as one too.

You move your hand to scratch under its chin, and the cat happily purrs in response. A large grin forms on your face as you pet the cat. “Who’s a good kitty? You are! You’re such a pretty kitty, Doomy. Papyrus obviously takes good care of you. Your coat is gorgeous.”

“My!”

Somehow, you can’t help but feel that the cat agreed with you just now. Your grin grows at the thought. Considering how pampered Doomfanger looks, it’s obvious that Papyrus spoils the hell out of this cat.

Doomfanger moves to curl up on your lap as you continue to shower the cat with affection. This goes on for a while since you find petting the feline to be very relaxing and enjoyable.
Because your attention was so focused on the cat, you hadn’t been paying attention to what was playing on TV. That’s why you’re completely caught off guard by the sudden sound of a loud gunshot.

The cat yowls when you jump in your seat and disturb its position on your lap--almost knocking it completely off the couch. Doomfanger quickly runs off, but you’re too busy panicking to pay the cat any mind.

Another gunshot goes off, and your eyes snap to the TV screen just in time to see a character collapse after being shot. By the looks of it, it’s some kind of old mobster movie that’s playing.

Heart thudding rapidly in your chest, you quickly reach for the remote and turn off the TV once you can get your trembling fingers to cooperate. A silence envelops the room once the power button is pushed.

Unfortunately, even though the TV is off now, you can’t stop shaking. What’s worse is the heat building up behind your eyes as you feel them begin to water with unshed tears. No matter how hard you try to blink them away, more just come in their place.

After several minutes of pointless struggling, you lose the battle, and the tears begin to stream down your cheeks. Your trembling increases as you fruitlessly attempt to wipe away the tears.

You finally give up after a while and decide to just let things run their course. You kick off your shoes and pull up your legs so you can wrap your arms around your knees. You hide your face against your knees in hopes of muffling the sounds of your crying. You really don’t want Sans to wake up and see you like this.

Despite your best efforts to push them back, the memories of that night in Mobtale continue to play in your mind without ceasing. All you can think about now is how scared you had been and the pure agony of the bullet tearing through your body; you can almost taste the metallic flavor on your tongue from when you coughed up blood.

The more your mind dwells on the memories, the more your shaking increases. A whimper escapes your lips as you press your face harder against your knees and tighten your grip on your legs.

Then, something suddenly drops on your shoulders, making you jolt in surprise and successfully dragging you away from your awful memories. When you look up, you blink away the tears to see Sans sitting beside you on the couch, watching you with a concerned frown.

How long has he been there? You didn’t even notice his arrival. When you see the fur of his coat out of the corner of your eye, you realize that it was his coat that had been dropped on your shoulders.

Quickly, you move your hands to scrub away the tears. You didn’t want Sans to see you like this; that’s why you tried to be as quiet as possible to avoid gaining his attention.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard you try to stop crying, you can’t, and the tears just keep coming. Then, you feel a pair of arms wrap around you and pull you into a warm chest.

Sans uses one of his hands to gently cup the back of your head while his other arm wraps around your waist. He gives you a strong squeeze as he holds you close. “Just let it out, doll. No use tryin’ to fight it. You can lean on me.”

Your eyes well up with more tears at his kind gesture. Realizing that there’s no point in keeping it
down, you wrap your arms around the skeleton and let his sweater soak up your tears as you bury your face against his chest.

For a while, the two of you remain like that with Sans holding you tightly while you sob and hug him as hard as you can with your trembling arms. Then, after some time passes, you feel a familiar shifting sensation, and your body is moved from its place on the couch to what appears to be a bed.

It takes you a few seconds to blink away your tears after you pull away from his chest. When you do, you notice how dark the room is. You can’t really make anything out since there are no light sources besides the meager light streaming from the half-open door, but you figure this must be the older skeleton’s room.

He grins sheepishly when you give him a confused look. “i’m not tryin’ anythin’, dollface, i swear. i just figured we should take this somewhere more private just in case anyone comes by. besides, this is much *bed*-ter than the couch, right?”

Well, he’s not wrong. Your back was beginning to feel sore from staying in a crouched position for so long. Now, you’re able to stretch out as you rest on your side. The skeleton’s arms are still comfortably wrapped around you, keeping you close to him.

You give him a weak smile. “Yeah, this is a lot better. Thanks, Sans, for everything.”

Sans’ grin slips into a frown as he reaches to wipe away the tears still clinging to your cheeks. “that sad look doesn’t suit your pretty face, doll. what happened? and, don’t say nothin’ ‘cause i won’t believe ya. the last time i saw you cry like this was after you reset. i know you ain’t the type to cry over just anythin’. so, spill.”

At first, you hesitate because you know that he won’t like what he’ll hear. Still, you feel like you owe him an explanation considering he did just find you bawling your eyes out on his living room couch.

Noticing your hesitation, Sans leans closer as he cups your cheek. The concerned look he gives you makes your chest clench tightly. “come on, dollface. you can tell me. it’s obviously tearin’ you up. don’t keep all of that locked up. you don’t deserve that.”

In the end, you decide to comply since you realize he only wants to help you, and you probably do need to talk about it to someone. So, you start telling him about the world of Mobtale and everything that happened there from your arrival to discovering that Little Pup was missing.

He watches you attentively as you explain how you ended up searching for the child on your own and how you were chased by some men who wanted to harm the kid. Just as you get to the part where Bones and Lucky arrived to save you and Little Pup, your voice trails off, and you go silent which makes Sans raise a brow ridge.

“What.”

The skeleton goes completely still at your words. You wince when his grip on you tightens, but before you can ask him to ease up, his response makes you freeze.

“w h a t.”
A shiver runs down your spine at the amount of fury in that one word. When you look up, you see that his eye sockets have gone completely dark with his red eye-lights nowhere to be seen.

Oh, great. It’s the scary face that most of the Sanses do when pissed. I knew he’d get mad but not this much. I guess I should be happy that he cares that much about me to get so angry on my behalf.

With a sigh, you rest your forehead against his chest and explain what happened. You tell him about the mobster you supposedly knocked out who shot you after the other mobsters arrived. Then, you reveal that Little Pup did have the power to reset, so they were able to save you from dying.

“That’s why I’m still alive. This is just a guess, but I think Little Pup got so upset that they unconsciously tapped into their ability to reset despite never having used it up until that point. They just wanted to fix things and save me. As a result, time rewinded, and I was saved before the shooter could get me again.”

Thankfully, you didn’t break into tears again as you told the rest of the story. Sans’ anger in an odd way helped ground you. You were so busy trying to help calm him down that you didn’t have the urge to cry.

When you look up, you see the dark scowl on the skeleton’s face. At least, his eye-lights are back, so he doesn’t look as pissed. He looks down at you when you give him a reassuring squeeze. “I’m alright, Sans. Everything that happened just hit me all at once since I put off addressing my feelings on the matter. I’m sorry for being like this while I’m visiting you guys. Dealing with me like this is probably the last thing you wanna do.”

His frown deepens at your words. Your face grows warm when he cups one of your cheeks and tenderly strokes your skin with his thumb. “don’t apologize, dollface. while i don’t like seein’ ya cry, i’d rather deal with your tears than havin’ you suffer on your own. i’m glad you came here rather than deal with it by yourself. comfortin’ people ain’t really my thing, but i’m willin’ to try for ya, doll. if anythin’, i can listen to ya.”

Touched, you smile warmly at him before nuzzling his chest. “Thank you, Sans. You’re better at comforting than you think. Honestly, I’m really glad that I didn’t have to deal with this on my own. I really appreciate you being here for me like this. Just having you here makes a world of a difference.”

Sans tightens his grip on you and pulls you closer as he rests his head against yours. “anytime, doll, anytime.”

With you ear pressed against his chest, you can hear the buzzing of his magic which you find to be incredibly soothing. The more you listen to it, the more you find yourself melting into his embrace as you relax.

That’s when the skeleton starts shifting as if reaching for something. Before you can question him, you feel him drape something over your back.

Something fluffy brushes against your cheek, and you quickly realize that he had been reaching for his jacket. It must’ve slipped off at some point after he teleported you to his room.

In addition to his comforting arms, you now have his jacket providing you with a pleasant warmth that completely envelops you. Despite your best efforts, you can’t fight the heaviness of your eyelids, and you soon find yourself succumbing to your body’s insistent demand for rest.
Right as you’re falling asleep, you feel Sans rest his chin on your head as he gives you a warm squeeze. “sweet dreams, doll.”

You had been worried about dealing with your unpleasant memories in your dreams, but thankfully, your worries turn out to be unfounded. You fall asleep in Sans’ comforting embrace and have nothing but pleasant dreams.

A few hours later, you wake and find yourself still in Sans’ arms. You can’t help but feel embarrassed about what transpired earlier. You ended up crying on Sans after he found you mid-breakdown. Still, in the end, you are grateful that he was there for you. You probably would’ve broken down further if he hadn’t intervened.

When you look up, you notice that Sans is fast asleep. He must’ve followed your example and went to sleep some time after you did.

Now, you have a new dilemma. Do you wake him up, or stay here until he wakes up? You could try to sneak away, but you doubt you’d be real successful in that endeavour. Considering how nicely he treated you, you’d rather not wake the skeleton.

The decision is made for you when you hear the sound of the front door slamming open and a familiar loud yell. “THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS HAS RETURNED! SANS, YOU BETTER NOT STILL BE IN BED! YOU LAZYBONES!”

Just like that, Sans is awake, looking around blearily as if wondering where he is. Then, he looks down and sees you watching him in amusement. A large smirk forms on his face. “mornin’, dollface. sleep well? i sure did. we gotta do this again sometime. how about tonight?”

You snort as a blush covers your cheeks. “Nice try, hotshot. If I’m staying the night, I’m taking the couch.”

His smirk grows. “so, ya think you’ll be stickin’ around then? good. i should have plenty of time to convince ya to come visit my room again. i did tell ya i’d show ya around the last time i saw ya.”

Before you can retort, Papyrus yells for his brother again which makes the older skeleton sigh in disappointment. “the only downside of livin’ with my bro. one-on-one time is pretty much impossible when he’s at home.”

When he releases his grip on you, you pull away with a giggle. “What? It’s harder to get someone to jump your bones when he’s around?”

Sans momentarily freezes and stares at you with wide eye-lights before snorting loudly. “that was good, doll. you really tickled my funny bone with that one.”

Still giggling, you head for the door with the older skeleton following close behind. “Being around all you pun lovers has really influenced me. I never told this many puns before this whole adventure started.”

The shorter skeleton slings on his jacket as he walks with you toward the staircase. “well, that’s one good thing that came out of your crazy situation. of course, meeting me was the best thing, right?”

You roll your eyes when he grins at you. Right as you reach the top of the stairs, you lean down to kiss his cheek. A dark blush covers his cheekbones when you smile at him. “That’s definitely one of the perks of this crazy trip I’m on.”
He remains frozen in place for a few seconds while you head down the stairs. A few seconds later, he follows after you wearing a big grin.

As the two of you walk into the living room, you find Papyrus standing there waiting with his hands on his hips. “ABOUT TIME, YOU LAZYBONES! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO GET YOU MYSELF! WHAT WERE YOU TWO EVEN DOING UP THERE?”

Sans shrugs his shoulders as he grins. “dollface looked a little worn out from her travelin’ so i convinced her to take a nap. just bein’ a good host like you always say, boss.”

Papyrus rolls his eye-lights before directing his full focus on you. His eye-lights narrow which makes you nervous. You had wiped your face as you were heading downstairs; he can’t tell that you had been crying, right?

Instead of commenting on your appearance like you expect, the taller skeleton just crosses his arms with a huff. “OF COURSE, YOU WOULD SUCCUMB TO HIS LAZY INFLUENCE. OBVIOUSLY, AN INTERVENTION NEEDS TO DONE BEFORE IT’S TOO LATE.”

An amused grin matching Sans’ forms on your face. “An intervention?”

Nodding, Papyrus marches toward the kitchen. “YES, YOU OBVIOUSLY NEED TO SPEND SOME TIME AWAY FROM MY BROTHER. COME ALONG, HUMAN. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO WITNESS MY AMAZING COOKING SKILLS FIRSTHAND.”

When he enters the kitchen, you nervously turn toward Sans and question him as quietly as you can. “Please tell me that he learned to cook while living on the Surface. I’ve helped Blue and Captain Fantastic, but I don’t think I’d have much luck with advising your brother.”

He chuckles in amusement, giving you a broad grin. “don’t worry, dollface. tori and the kid made sure that he learned how to cook after we got up here. tibia honest, his food is pretty damn good now.”

Your shoulders slump in relief. Thank goodness. You weren’t looking forward to lasagna filled with glass like you’ve read about in fanfiction.

With a smile, you head into the kitchen to watch the great chef in action. Right before you enter, you look over your shoulder and see Sans moving toward the couch. Looks like he’ll be hanging out there while his brother is cooking dinner.

Surprisingly enough, your time cooking with Papyrus ends up being one of your least stressful cooking endeavors. You are so grateful that Toriel and Frisk helped convince Papyrus that glass does not belong in food.

You find yourself watching with wonder as he masterfully handles the ingredients while he prepares his self-proclaimed world famous lasagna. Not once does anything catch on fire, and you never see him add any unnecessary ingredients like vinegar or glass.

Like the other skeletal chefs, Papyrus is also wearing a special apron. In his case, it’s a black apron with the phrase “Fear The Cook” in bold red print.

Too bad he doesn’t have an apron like Blue’s. I would’ve loved to fluster him using that as an excuse. Oh well.

After placing the dish in the oven that’s actually set at a reasonable temperature, Papyrus looks toward you, wearing a haughty smirk. Before he can say anything, however, the tall skeleton
freezes and narrows his eye-lights at you. “WHAT’S THAT LOOK FOR, HUMAN?”

Amused, you tilt your head and grin at him. “Aw, come on, Papyrus. I’m sure this isn’t your first time having someone gaze at you in amazement. I was really impressed with your cooking skills, so I couldn’t help but stare at you.”

A dark blush covers his cheekbones as he immediately averts his eye-lights. “O-OF COURSE, THIS ISN’T MY FIRST TIME! THIS HAPPENS ON A DAILY BASIS ACTUALLY! I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN’T UP TO SOMETHING! I KNOW BETTER THAN TO LET MY GUARD DOWN AROUND YOU!”

You snicker at his response. Then, a mischievous grin forms on your face. “Hey, Papyrus, you said earlier I couldn’t get a hug ‘cause you were on your way to work. Since you’re home, does that mean I can have it now?”

His blush darkens considerably. Before you can move closer to him, Papyrus abruptly points at the table. “RATHER THAN FOOLING AROUND, YOU SHOULD MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND TAKE CARE OF PUTTING UP THE REMAINING GROCERIES! DON’T THINK YOU’LL GET TO TASTE MY WORLD FAMOUS LASAGNA WITHOUT HAVING TO DO ANY WORK!”

While you’re disappointed by his dismissal, you do think he makes a good point. Since you didn’t help with the food, you might as well help elsewhere.

After you walk over to the table, you start to sift through the grocery bags and first take out everything that needs to be refrigerated. Once all that is put away, you work on taking all the non-perishables to the right cabinets which Papyrus thankfully points to.

One particular object you pull out makes you pause in confusion. In your hand is a little box of cute-looking chocolates. You wonder who those could be for; you never considered either of the Underfell brothers as big candy lovers.

With a wide grin, you wave the box in the air to gain the taller skeleton’s attention. “I never took you as a fan of sweets, Papyrus. That’s pretty adorable.”

Blushing, Papyrus aims a dark scowl your way. “THOSE ARE NOT FOR ME!”

You tilt your head curiously. “So, they’re for Sans? I never thought of him as a sweets lover. Aw, did you buy your big bro some chocolates to show how much you love him?”

His scowl deepens as he gives you an annoyed look. “OF COURSE NOT! SANS HATES SWEETS LIKE THOSE! OBVIOUSLY, THE CASHIER MISTAKENLY ADDED THOSE TO MY BAG BECAUSE OF THEIR INEPTITUDE! I WOULD NEVER BUY SOMETHING SO DISGUSTING!”

Well, there goes your chance of getting to tease the brothers. At least, you got to have a little fun with it. “So, what are you gonna do with them? You’re not gonna just throw them away, are you?”

Papyrus crosses his arms, and for some reason, begins to blush. “NORMALLY, I WOULD, BUT I GUESS I’LL ALLOW YOU TO KEEP THEM SINCE THAT WOULD BE BETTER THAN JUST WASTING MY MONEY BY THROWING IT AWAY. BE GRATEFUL FOR MY GENEROSITY, HUMAN!”

You can’t help but smile at the tsundere. It’s so cute how easily he gets flustered. “Thank you, Papyrus. I promise to treasure this wonderful gift.”
His posture relaxes slightly when you thank him, and his blush darkens. The taller skeleton abruptly turns away. “ENOUGH DAWDLING! THERE ARE STILL SOME GROCERIES LEFT ON THE TABLE!”

Giggling, you go back to your assignment and finish putting all the groceries where they’re supposed to be. Once you’re done, you open the chocolate box and pull out one to eat. You smile when the rich, creamy taste hits your tastebuds. This is definitely the good chocolate not the typical store brand you’d normally see near the register. How in the world did such expensive chocolate get accidentally mixed in with his groceries?

When you look back toward Papyrus, you see him watching you with interest, but as soon as he notices your gaze, he immediately looks away in embarrassment. This makes you tilt your head in confusion. What was that all about?

Before you can question him, you’re distracted by the reappearance of Doomfanger. You haven’t seen the cat since your breakdown on the couch. Thankfully, the feline doesn’t seem to be carrying a grudge since it moves to rub against your legs.

With a smile, you crouch down so you can pet the cat. Doomfanger starts to purr when you scratch under its chin. “Hey, Doomy, you cute kitty. Did you come here for some dinner of your own?”

“Meow!”

You giggle at the response. “I’ll take that as a ‘yes’.”

Not wanting to bother Papyrus while he’s cooking, you decide to feed his pet for him. However, when you move to stand, you find him gawking at you with wide eye-lights. You tilt your head curiously. “Papyrus? What’s wrong?”

Papyrus dramatically points at you. “HOW ON EARTH DID YOU WIN DOOMFANGER’S FAVOR⁉️ SHE ONLY LIKES THOSE WITH UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, NAMELY ME! I’VE NEVER SEEN HER TREAT A STRANGER SO NICELY! WHAT KIND OF MAGIC DID YOU USE⁉️”

His question makes you snort in amusement. “I can’t do magic, Papyrus. I’m not sure why Doomy likes me, but I figure she must’ve been lonely with you gone. Maybe she just wanted some company?”

He frowns in contemplation as he crosses his arms. “SO, SHE NEEDED SOMEONE TO OCCUPY MY ROLE WHILE I WAS AT WORK. STILL, IN REGARDS TO STRENGTH, SANS IS MUCH SUPERIOR TO YOU, YET SHE DOES NOT SEEM TO LIKE HIM VERY MUCH. SO, NOT JUST STRENGTH IS REQUIRED TO MEET HER APPROVAL?”

Amused, you nod your head. “Don’t forget, Papyrus, you also have a charming personality. So, I’m sure that’s also an important factor.”

A dark blush floods his cheekbones at you words. The tall skeleton quickly averts his eye-lights. “WELL, MY BROTHER’S PERSONALITY DOES LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING ALL OF THOSE AWFUL PUNS OF HIS. I GUESS I CAN UNDERSTAND DOOMFANGER CHOOSING YOU OVER HIM.”

Could it be? A backhanded compliment from the Terrible Papyrus?

You grin at him. “Sans has a good personality, but cats can tell if someone doesn’t like them. So, it might just be that Sans isn’t really a cat person. Some people are like that. I personally like dogs
Papyrus harrumphs as he turns his head away from you. “NO ANIMAL CAN COMPARE TO DOOMFANGER. HER STRENGTH AND FEROCITY ARE LEAGUES ABOVE EVERYONE ELSE!”

Sounds like someone is a very proud pet owner—not that you’re surprised. It’s obvious considering how well taken care of Doomfanger is.

When you ask him if you can feed the cat, the skeleton briefly hesitates before agreeing. Yeah, he’s definitely a protective owner alright.

While you take care of Doomfanger, Papyrus focuses on the remaining preparations for the lasagna. After you finish your chore, he assigns you the task of cleaning the table and counters.

With a sigh, you comply and work to clean the kitchen area. Since he is letting you stick around and eat with them, this is the least you could do.

Right as you finish cleaning, Papyrus takes out the lasagna which smells absolutely divine. Your mouth begins to water when the delicious aroma reaches your nose.

You quickly move to set the table while he brings the finished dish to the table. Once everything is situated, the tall skeleton calls for his brother. “SANS, YOU LAZYBONES! IF YOU DON’T HURRY, YOU WON’T GET ANY OF MY DELICIOUS LASAGNA!”

In a blink, Sans appears right beside you, making you jump in surprise. He grins broadly. “i’m here, boss. i wouldn’t miss eatin’ your lasagna. it’s im-pasta-ble to resist.”

“SANS!”

A giggle escapes your lips as you watch the exchange between the brothers. No matter what world you’re in, you never get tired of these antics.

Dinner ends up being a quiet affair. The only disruptions being from Papyrus who would yell whenever his brother makes a food-related pun. It takes you a little while to finish your meal because of all the laughing you do.

Without any prompting, you move to help Papyrus clean up after everyone finishes their meal. At his surprised look, you give him a grin which makes him blush and quickly look away.

Once cleanup is done, you and the brothers end up on the couch watching a Mettaton special on TV. Looks like the robot idol still has his TV show on the Surface.

It’s less violent than you expected, but you figure that’s because of the new potential audience. It wouldn’t be good if humans saw all the crazy stuff the robot was willing to do in the Underground. The monsters don’t want to be seen as dangerous to the humans after all.

You’re delighted when Doomfanger plops down on your lap and rubs her head against your chest. You try to ignore the jealous looks aimed your way by Papyrus as you stroke the feline’s soft fur.

Sans leans more against the armrest in an attempt to get as far away as possible from the cat. Guess he really isn’t much of a cat person after all.

Several hours pass as the three of you watch what appears to be a Mettaton marathon much to Papyrus’ delight. Well, only two of you are really watching the show now since Sans drifted off
after the first hour.

It’s only when the older brother starts snoring that Papyrus decides to take action. Rather than wake his brother like you expect, the taller skeleton simply picks Sans up and carries his brother upstairs, most likely to put him to bed.

_Aw, that’s so sweet. These brothers are too cute._

Rather than remain in your lap, Doomfanger chooses to follow after the brothers as they head upstairs. You wonder if the cat sleeps in one of their rooms or if she has a special area of her own. Considering how pampered she is, you wouldn’t be surprised.

When the younger brother comes back a few minutes later, you begin to wonder about your sleeping arrangements for the night. _No way am I staying in Sans’ room. He’d be way too cocky about it. And, there’s no way that Papyrus would want me anywhere near his room. Guess that means I really am sleeping on the couch._

You jump in surprise when Papyrus suddenly speaks. “WHAT HAPPENED?”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “Huh? What do you mean?”

He releases a deep sigh and then brings his eye-lights to rest on you. You can’t help but squirm under his sharp, intense gaze. “WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? AFTER I LEFT, YOU CRIED. DID YOU THINK I WOULDN’T NOTICE? NOTHING ESCAPES MY IMPECCABLE EYESIGHT. EVEN BEFORE I LEFT, I COULD TELL SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU. OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING HAPPENED BEFORE YOU ARRIVED HERE.”

All you can do is stare wide-eyed at the skeleton. He noticed something was wrong right after you arrived? You were that obvious?

Once again, you are shown just how observant each Papyrus is. They are not to be underestimated no matter which world they inhabit.

With a sigh, you rub a tired hand down your face. “You’re right. Something did happen to me in the last world I visited. I had a less than pleasant experience there not long before I left. I didn’t address my feelings properly like I should’ve so I ended up having a little breakdown some time after you left. Sans helped me get through it, though, so I’m doing better now. Sorry for worrying you, Papyrus.”

His eye-lights narrow. “WHAT A VAGUE RESPONSE. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH WITHHOLDING THE PERTINENT DETAILS, YOU ARE EXTREMELY FOOLISH. I WANT TO HEAR EVERYTHING, HUMAN.”

You blink in surprise. You didn’t expect him to be that interested in what happened. That’s why you didn’t go into any details about what transpired in Mobtale. You can’t help but feel a little happy that he wants to know more about what happened to you.

Realizing that you don’t really have any other options, you comply with his demand and tell him all about what happened in Mobtale. You make sure to leave nothing out—not even the part where you got shot.

Thankfully, retelling the events doesn’t bring tears to your eyes like you had feared. Instead, it just causes your chest to clench uncomfortably.

Throughout your story, your gaze remains on your hands since you can’t bring yourself to meet his
eyes. After you finally finish, you look up at Papyrus and see the dark scowl on his face.

His hands are clenched tightly at his knees while he glares at nothing in particular. It’s obvious how displeased he is by your story. His posture is completely tense like he’s ready to snap at any moment.

Touched by the fact that he’s so angry on your behalf, you scooch closer until you’re sitting right beside him. Then, you wrap your arms around him which makes him stiffen. “I’m alright now, Papyrus. Thank you for worrying about me. Your concern means a lot to me.”

Not wanting to make him uncomfortable, you give him a quick squeeze before moving to release him. You’re surprised when his arms suddenly wrap around you and pull you to his chest.

It’s obvious how unfamiliar the skeleton is with hugging. He’s still completely stiff, and his grip is painfully tight. Still, all that doesn’t really matter to you. Just the fact that he’s trying means the world to you.

Smiling, you hug him as tight as you can and nuzzle your face against his chest. While the hug isn’t as soft as his brother’s, you like how safe you feel in his arms; it gives you the feeling that as long as he wants you there then no one can ever pry you away from him.

Gradually, his body relaxes and the tightness of his grip eases as he continues to hug you. When he starts to shift uncomfortably after several minutes pass, you release him and give him a warm smile which makes him blush. “Thank you, Papyrus. I’m glad I was finally able to get my hug from you.”

Embarrassed, Papyrus scoffs as he averts his eye-lights. “YOU’RE EXTREMELY PERSISTENT. WHILE IT’S ANNOYING, I HAVE TO RESPECT YOUR TENACITY, SO I’VE ALLOWED YOU ONE HUG AS A REWARD. JUST DON’T EXPECT THIS TO BE A NORMAL OCCURRENCE!”

Giggling, you nod your head as you make yourself comfortable beside him. You could move back to your original spot, but you enjoy sitting close to the skeleton. “You say that now, but one day you’ll be wanting a hug every time I come over ‘cause you’re just so happy to see me. Just you wait.”

He splutters as his blush darkens. “LIKE HELL I WILL! I WOULD NEVER STOOP SO LOW AS TO ACTUALLY ASK FOR A HUG FROM YOU! DON’T GET COCKY, HUMAN!”

While you’d love to continue teasing him, you decide to have mercy on Papyrus and not push the subject further. Instead, the two of you return to watching Mettaton on TV. By the looks of it, the robot is now performing one of his biggest hit songs.

Despite the heavy metal beat blaring from the TV, you find yourself getting progressively sleepy the longer you watch the show. As you start to nod off, your head comes to rest against the skeleton’s arm as your body slumps.

When Papyrus goes stiff, you realize what you just did and mutter an apology as you try to move away. However, he stops you from pulling completely away. Instead, Papyrus has you lower your body until your head comes to rest in his lap.

You sleepily blink as you look up at the now blushing skeleton. Due to the darkness of the room, you can easily see his bright red cheekbones which highlight the small scowl on his face. “GO TO SLEEP, HUMAN. YOUR BODY IS INCREDIBLY WEAK UNLIKE MINE AND REQUIRE
MUCH MORE REST. I WISH TO WATCH MORE OF THE METTATON MARATHON, SO I INTEND ON REMAINING HERE FOR A WHILE LONGER. I AM IN A GENEROUS MOOD TODAY, SO I WILL ALLOW YOU TO USE MY LAP AS A PILLOW. JUST THIS ONCE!”

A happy smile forms on your face as your eyes slowly close. “Thank you, Papyrus. You’re the best.”

With a content sigh, you nuzzle the pillow that was placed under your head. Just as you begin to fall asleep, you feel his fingers start to card through your hair. Because you don’t want him to stop his ministrations, you keep your eyes closed since you figure he’ll cease once you catch him in the act.

Shortly after he starts playing with your hair, you fall asleep, and just like when you napped with Sans, your slumber goes undisturbed with you only having peaceful dreams.

Early the next morning, you wake up to find yourself still in Papyrus’ lap with him fast asleep and his fingers still threaded into your hair. You quickly realize that the reason you feel so warm is because there’s a blanket on top of you now.

You also feel something under your legs which makes you look toward the other end of the couch. There you see Sans fast asleep with your legs comfortably stretched across his lap. He must’ve snuck in after you went to sleep.

As you take in the sight of both brothers fast asleep, you can’t help but grin fondly. You lower your head back to the pillow and close your eyes. Getting a few more hours of sleep won’t hurt, especially since your hosts are still out cold.

A content smile forms on your face as your body relaxes. When you arrived back in Underfell, you had been worried about coming so soon after your near death experience since you never properly dealt with your feelings regarding that incident.

However, now you’re really glad that you came. While what happened can never be erased from your memory, you’re at least now able to handle the memories without being overwhelmed.

From now on, whenever you think back on what happened, you’ll also remember the Underfell brothers and how kindly they treated you when they comforted you. These precious memories will stay with you forever.

You’re sure of that.

Chapter End Notes

I have more amazing fanart to show y'all! XD

The brilliant hope87210 drew this absolutely adorable picture of the Reader with Little Pup that you just gotta see. You can see it by clicking here.

The awesome 45h341 drew this really cool picture of Ink when he appears looking for the Reader in Mobtale. You can see it by clicking here.

The amazing rainbow-sin-queen drew the Reader in her original outfit and what she’s wearing now. There's also a great pic of the Reader with Blue and Captain which is set
after Chapter 16. You can see it by clicking [here].

The lovely yurithemonsteryt drew two super cute pictures of the Reader and her black soul. You can see it by clicking [here] and [here].

Ariespageofbreath wrote the rest of the Underchrome chapter in Chrome's POV. It's amazing, and I highly recommend it! You can read the final two parts by clicking [here] and [here].

Thank y'all so much! Y'all are all amazing! <3 <3 <3

In case y'all were wondering where the groceries came from, Papyrus went shopping on his way home and brought the groceries into the kitchen before returning to the living room to wait for the Reader and Sans.

So as expected, the Reader learned the hard way that she shouldn't put off addressing her feelings. Still, in the end, it worked out since Sans and Papyrus were able to help her. It's not like the memories are gone for good of course. The same can be said about everything else she's gone through. No doubt those memories will come up in nightmares in the future most likely after this story ends since I can see myself writing oneshots on this subject.

Also, after like 20 chapters, Doomfanger finally makes her appearance. I know during the Underfell arc someone asked about the cat. I'm sorry to make you wait so long XD I haven't seen one common design for the cat, so I decided to pick the prettiest fluffiest cat I could cause the idea of Edge having one of those is too freakin good haha

I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! I'm very eager to see what y'all thought of the brothers' different comforting methods. Were you surprised to see the soft sides of these tough guys? XD

Also, a new AU will appear next chapter! Can you guess who the Reader will meet next? ^_^
Dancetale Pt 1

Chapter Notes

This chapter has not been beta-read, but I hope y’all will still be able to enjoy it! ^-^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a delightful breakfast with the Underfell brothers, your body starts disappearing like it usually does when you teleport. It catches you by surprise since you had expected Ink to pick you up like he’s done in the past.

In a blink, you go from standing in the brothers’ kitchen saying your goodbyes to appearing somewhere else mid-air. With a yelp, your body begins to rapidly plummet toward the ground.

Thankfully, your descent is stopped by a pair of arms that catch you before you can hit the ground. A wave of deja vu washes over you as you remember this scenario happening with G back in the Void.

When you look to see who caught you, your eyes meet the eye-lights of a very familiar-looking skeleton. Considering the blue hoodie and short stature, this is, without a doubt, a Sans.

What makes him stand out is the hood pulled over his head. If it wasn’t for the blue color of his hoodie, you would’ve thought you were being held by Chrome.

A deep frown forms on your face when you take in his worn out appearance. While you’re used to seeing Sanses looking tired, the weariness in this skeleton’s expression is on par with the one Chrome wore back in the forest when your soulmate thought he had lost everything important to him.

This is a Sans who has obviously dealt with a lot of resets. However, that’s not all there is to his expression. No, there’s also a deep sense of desperation which makes your chest clench uncomfortably.

That’s when you look past his head and take in your surroundings. It’s a yellow-hued room with several mosaic windows and Greek pillars on both sides. Your heart drops once you realize what this place is.

The Last Corridor.

“judging from your expression, i guess you know where you are, huh?”

You jolt in surprise when Sans finally speaks. Rather than look at you with suspicion like you expect him to do, the skeleton just calmly studies you like your sudden appearance is perfectly normal.

He gently sets you down on the tiled floor and then pulls back so that there’s some space between you. The skeleton leans back on his heels as he casually shoves his hands into his hoodie pocket. “i’ve been wondering when you’d get here. you’re y/n, right?”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “I am, but how did you know that? We’ve never met, right?”
A small grin forms on his face as he shakes his head. “nah. we’ve never met. i just know about you from a guy called ink. he said you’d be coming around soon to deal with this glitch problem i’ve been having.”

Both of your brows rise as you stare at him in shock. Ink has been telling other worlds about you coming to help? Well, I guess I shouldn’t be too surprised. That’s actually a good idea. Rather than have every skeleton I meet be initially suspicious of me, it would definitely be better if he went ahead to tell them I’d be coming. I wonder how many other AUs he’s told about me.

You tilt your head curiously. “How much did Ink tell you? I’m wondering if there’s anything left for me to explain.”

Sans shrugs his shoulders. “enough to get the pointe. you’re traveling to multiple worlds and have the ability to stop this so-called glitch that’s infecting them and causing all these constant resets. tibia honest, that’s all i really care about right now. i’m getting real tired of this same old song and dance.”

When he mentions the word dance, you remember what other AU has a Sans who occasionally wears his hood up and who also wears sneakers like the ones this Sans is wearing. Curious, you try to confirm your suspicions. “Sans, is dancing a big part of your world? Like, that’s how monsters battle?”

As he shifts his weight from one foot to another, he nods his head, giving you an analytical look. “yep. i’m guessing there’s not too many other worlds like that?”

You shake your head. “Not really. So, that means this world is Dancetale. And, since you’re here in the Last Corridor, that means the kid has almost finished their journey. You mentioned resets. Are they constantly resetting here?”

Sans rubs a tired hand down his face as his shoulders slump. “yeah. they’ve killed pretty much everyone in the underground on their way here. no matter how many times i try to stop them, they just keep resetting.”

Taking in your horrified look, he sighs wearily. “it’s probably not that surprising to hear. i mean, why wouldn’t they reset after dying? it’s the fact that the resets keep happening even when i don’t want to kill them that bothers me.”

Your brows furrow. “You don’t want to kill them?”

The skeleton averts his eye-lights. “not if it means i have to continue living through this hell. i want to get back at them for what they did to pap, but i don’t know if there’s anything i can do now. i’ve lost count of how many times they’ve reset. all i know is that it’s happened enough times that i can actually remember previous times i’ve battled them. it’s all running together now.”

His words make your chest clench painfully. He’s given up. He’s gone through so many resets that he doesn’t see the point in fighting anymore. He just wants this all to end, but it won’t—not until the glitch is stopped.

A deep frown forms on your face as your hands turn into fists. I have to do something. I have to stop Chara and somehow get Frisk back in control. Considering what happened in Underswap, there’s a strong chance that Chara is behind this genocide route. So, I need to help Frisk and make them reset back to the beginning. That’s the only choice we have.

Determined, you place your hands on Sans’ shoulders and squeeze them tightly, making the
skeleton jolt in surprise. His eye-lights widen when his gaze meets yours. “Sans, I’m gonna stop this for good, okay? And, I don’t mean just the glitch. I’m gonna get the kid to reset to the beginning. So, please hang in there for a little longer. Don’t lose hope.”

After you release him, he rolls his shoulders with a sigh. “I don’t know, kid. That might work in other worlds, but things are a little different here. When it comes to communicating, we typically rely on dance, especially for something as big as this. Considering how many times they’ve died and reset, I think we’re past the point of just talking things out. You can’t reason with someone that determined.”

Before you can respond, the sound of approaching footsteps makes you both freeze. Immediately, you turn to face the opposite end of the corridor.

A few seconds later, a familiar child comes into view. They look exactly like Undertale Frisk except they’re wearing a pink tutu and ballet shoes. Their eyes are also open, revealing bright red orbs filled with malice.

They appear surprised by your presence which you decide to take advantage of. You move toward the child, ignoring the skeleton’s warnings.

When you come to a stop a few feet in front of them, they look you over with narrowed eyes. “Who the hell are you?”

Looks like somebody needs to learn some manners.

You give them an unimpressed look. “I’m Y/N. You’re Chara, right?”

At your question, the child stiffens and instantly moves into a defensive position. They glare at you suspiciously. “How do you know my name?”

Your gaze briefly drifts to the sharp knife in their hand before returning to their face. “To make a long story short, I’ve traveled to several worlds like this one. I know a lot about you and Frisk. You were the first human to fall and were adopted by the king and queen. Due to an unfortunate turn of events, you died, and now, you’re possessing the body of Frisk who is the latest human child to fall into the Underground.”

A scowl forms on their face. “You’ve got to be lying. What kind of idiot would be so upfront with someone they just met? This has to be some kind of bluff.”

Shrugging, you raise an eyebrow. “You don’t have to believe me. However, that doesn’t change the fact that I know you’re possessing Frisk.”

When Chara doesn’t immediately respond, you continue. “Anyway, that’s not important. What is important is you stopping all these resets. Give Frisk their body back, Chara. This will never end if you keep trying to get past Sans.”

Their scowl deepens as they glare at you. “Like hell, I’ll listen to you! If I give back control to them, they’ll undo all my hard work. I’m almost at the end. I’m not gonna stop when I’m so close!”

Irritated, you return their glare. “Chara, no matter how many times you try, the outcome won’t be any different! This world is infected by a glitch that targets whoever has the power to reset, meaning you. It won’t stop trying to kill you until it succeeds. You can’t reset forever!”

Suddenly, the song Megalo Strike Back starts blaring, making you jump in surprise. After a few
seconds of looking around with no luck of finding the music source, you notice that your heart has suddenly started pounding rapidly in your chest.

_Wait a minute. It’s not my heart that’s pounding. This feels different somehow. It’s almost like my chest is buzzing. Is this coming from my soul? Could it be that this music is coming from Chara’s soul, and somehow, my soul picked up that frequency? Is that how things work in this world?_

That’s when you’re abruptly pulled out of your thoughts by an alarmed voice. “Hey, watch out!”

You hear Sans’ warning, but it’s too late. Cold metal digs into your skin as it slashes across your stomach. Groaning, you stagger backwards a few feet, clutching the deep slash in your skin in a weak attempt to stem the blood flow.

Chara grins malevolently as they balance on one of their feet while holding up their knife which now has a dark red sheen. “If you’re gonna get in my way, then I’ll kill you too. If you really do know who I am, then you know how much I hate humans. I have no problem with taking you out.”

With a grimace, you open your mouth to reply. However, you’re cut off by several blasts of blue magic careening past you and hitting the child straight on.

Dimly, you notice that Megalovania is now playing at a volume that surpasses the other song. You only have time to look over your shoulder to see a scowling Sans with one of his Gaster Blasters hovering behind him.

Then, everything resets.

Once again, you find yourself in mid-air before falling toward the floor below. Thankfully, Sans moves to catch you like last time.

Considering the way he’s looking you over, it seems he clearly remembers what happened before the latest reset. A wave of disappointment washes over you once you realize how awfully you failed. Even though you had sounded so confident about stopping Chara, they totally blindsided you. How pathetic.

Ashamed, you can’t bring your eyes to meet the skeleton’s. “I’m sorry, Sans. Even though I said I’d help you, I messed up. I let Chara get the better of me, and you had to save me.”

After he sets you down, Sans surprises you by gently grabbing your chin and directing your gaze toward him. Your eyes widen when you see his soft expression. “You don’t need to apologize to me, kid. Hell, considering what just happened, I should be the one apologizing. I should’ve stepped in sooner before you got hurt.”

You grab the hand holding your chin with both of yours and squeeze it tightly. “You didn’t do anything wrong, Sans. You let me try to handle things my way even though I’m sure everything I was saying sounded completely insane. I appreciate you letting me take the lead. I just hate that I failed you.”

His cheekbones turn a bright blue when you lean your face closer to his. “But, I won’t give up. I may have messed up before, but I won’t let them get the jump on me like that again. I’m willing to try however many times it takes to convince them. I won’t let you continue to suffer like this, Sans.”

He stares at you with wide eye-lights. Realizing that you’re invading his personal space, you immediately pull away and release his hand while trying to fight off the blush you’re sure is now covering your cheeks.
Sans surprises you when he starts chuckling. Then, he gives you a grin that’s a lot less forced compared to the one he made when you first met. “you’re really something, kid. you just got stabbed, yet you’re still determined to keep trying. you definitely have more guts than me.”

The giggles erupt and pass your lips before you can stop them. You notice how his body relaxes marginally at the sound of your laughter.

Sans tilts his head as he studies you. “so, the kid’s possessed by an angry dead human? don’t see that everyday.”

With a sigh, you give him a brief explanation about Chara and how they’re the one to blame for the genocide routes. “The fact that you can see their red eyes is the big giveaway since Frisk always has theirs closed. Right now, it looks like Chara has full control of the kid’s body. The only way we’re gonna be able to stop all this is by helping Frisk regain control. Then, we can ask them to do a true reset and go back to the very beginning when they fall into the Ruins.”

He raises a brow ridge. “and, how do you plan on doing that? they’ve reset so many times i’ve lost count. if dying that many times doesn’t do anything, what will?”

Your chest clenches painfully at his words. You remember him saying something along those lines earlier. Just how many resets has this poor guy gone through for him to actually lose track?

Shaking your head, you try to focus on the task at hand. “As long as Chara is determined enough to stay in control, I don’t think Frisk has any say in the matter. We need to do something to weaken Chara enough so Frisk can overpower them. Unfortunately, I don’t know how to do that.”

For several seconds, Sans just holds your gaze as if believing that staring long enough will help him understand why you trust in a method that’s so different from what he’s used to. Finally, he releases a weary sigh. “well, at this point, all we can do is try since i’ve already tried every other option, including giving up, without much success.”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “You said something like that before. You gave up trying to kill them, right? Then, how do they keep dying?”

Just as he’s about to reply, the familiar sound of footsteps grabs both of your attention. Your heart begins to thud rapidly in your chest as you turn to face Chara.

There’s a malicious grin on their face as they watch you. “Looks like I get to play with you some more.”

Their eyes narrow when their gaze falls on Sans. “That was quite the cheap shot, you know. Interfering in something that doesn’t concern you, talk about no manners.”

For some reason, their grin suddenly grows. “I know! How about I take care of this lady first, Sansy? Then, we can have some real fun.”

Sans immediately slides into a protective stance in front of you. The child laughs in response. “I knew it! Looks like you haven’t lost everything yet, Sansy. If I really want to make you suffer, I’ll have to kill her first.”

The skeleton’s posture stiffens, and suddenly, Megalovania starts to play loudly. Before he can activate his magic, you grab his shoulder. “Wait, Sans! Killing them won’t solve anything! They’ll just reset again!”

At your words, the music abruptly cuts off. Then, his shoulders slump. “I know that, but what else
can we do, kid?”

You give his shoulder a warm squeeze before leaning down to whisper your next words so only he can hear them. “Can you use your magic to catch them? I want to try talking with them again in hopes of reaching Frisk. However, as long as they can move, it’ll be too dangerous.”

Before he can respond, Chara decides that they’ve had enough standing around. The sound of Megalo Strike Back is the only warning you get before the fallen child takes action.

Their movements are quick and fluid which isn’t too surprising considering the world you’re now in. They’re not the only fast one, however.

In a flash, Sans wraps an arm around your waist and lifts you into the air as he quickly pivots in order to put some distance between the two of you and the child. At the same moment, he creates a bone shield to block their charge, but they easily glide around it, angling their body in a way only an experienced dancer can.

As soon as he releases you, the skeleton summons several bone attacks and launches them at the child. While this successfully deters them, it’s unable to actually stop them. Chara dodges the attacks with such poise you can’t help but feel slightly amazed.

When dodging, you notice that Chara will often outstretch their arms either toward their sides or above their head as they leap around the bone attacks. Sometimes the child’s moves appear more structured when they leap into the air as compared to when they remain on the floor.

That’s when you realize that their mid-air moves remind of you of ballet while the other techniques are more reminiscent of modern dance. Oh yeah. Even when Chara is in control, Frisk can somehow add their ballet into their dance style as a way of rebelling against Chara. I forgot about that. Well, at least that means Frisk is still in there fighting.

While Chara is moving all around the area, Sans continues to remain in front of you as a form of protection. However, you can hardly describe him as being idle. He often slides his feet as he attacks with an occasional handstand to shift his balance to follow after the kid with his bone attacks.

This continues for some time with Sans throwing attacks at the kid which are swiftly avoided. You’ve noticed that the background music has now changed to something with a modern hip hop beat. What catches your interest is how the song will change depending on how the battle goes. If Sans seems to have the upper hand, then the hip hop beat overpowers the modern style music with the opposite happening when Chara has the advantage.

Another thing you’ve noticed during this battle is the appearance of the glitch. Occasionally, the ground near Chara will appear pixelated similar to how the ground in Hotland looked when the glitch tried to trip Frisk in Undertale. However, unlike Undertale Frisk, Chara is able to successfully avoid all of the glitched-out areas.

Right as the fallen child gets within range to land an attack, Sans does an abrupt handstand, and when he kicks out his legs, a Gaster Blaster appears and shoots at the kid.

You watch in amazement as Chara manages to successfully cartwheel across the floor in order to avoid the attack. They perform another well-executed jump with outstretched legs after he fires another blast at them.

Confused, you turn toward the skeleton. “Wait, Sans! What about the plan?! If you hit them with
your Gaster Blaster, you risk killing them!”

“unfortunately, i can’t really do anything now, kid. it’s got complete control.”

Wide-eyed, you watch as Sans’ appearance begins to glitch like Error’s. It doesn’t take you long to figure out the meaning behind his words. The glitch somehow got control of him. But, how?! I didn’t know it could do something like this!

Realizing you need to do something, you turn your attention to the fallen child. “Chara! The glitch has control of Sans now! If you keep this up, you will die! Just do a true reset already! Or, this will never end! Do you really want to keep dying like this?!”

Chara scowls as they avoid another attack. “I’m not giving up after coming this far! If I reset, that goody-two-shoes will take over! Who knows when I’ll get control again?”

As he leans back on his heels, Sans stretches out his arms and flicks a wrist which summons his other two Gaster Blasters. He then starts using all three of them to attack the fallen child. It’s progressively getting harder for Chara to dodge his attacks and remain unscathed.

Because they’re so focused on dodging the blasts, Chara forgets about something else they need to watch out for. After several minutes of dancing around Sans’ attacks, the kid’s foot makes contact with one of the pixelated spots on the ground, causing them to trip and lose grip of their knife.

When you see Sans aim his Gaster Blasters at the fallen child, you immediately take action. With a surprising swiftness, you tackle Chara out of the way, resulting in the two of you rolling across the floor for several seconds before finally coming to a stop.

Chara stares at you with wide eyes as you hover above them. “W-why? Why would you do that? I wanted to kill you!”

You shrug your shoulders. “That doesn’t mean I want to hurt you. All I want is for you to reset, so everything can be undone. Chara, this glitch won’t stop trying to kill you unless you do a true reset. I know you want to remain in control, but is it really worth continuously dying? Are you really okay with things continuing like this?”

Before they can give you an answer, Sans’ panicked yell grabs your attention. “kid, what are you doing?! if you don’t stay behind me, you’ll get attacked too! i told you i can’t control my attacks now!”

Quickly, you move to sit up just in time to see the three Gaster Blasters aimed your way. Right as the blasters fire at you, you feel yourself suddenly pushed out of the way.

Your eyes widen when you look toward the child and see squinted eyes instead of red ones.

Frisk?

They smile at you right before the blasts make contact with their body.

And, another reset occurs.

Like last time, after time rewinds, you find yourself falling into Sans’ open arms. What’s different this time is the tightness of his grip as he holds you. “that was way too reckless, kid. are you trying to get yourself killed?”

While it’s obvious that he’s upset, you think that anger is directed more toward himself than you--
no doubt he feels bad about almost killing you. Your face softens as you take in his haggard appearance.

This Sans really has been through a lot. Not only has he lost his brother and friends, he is also stuck fighting a homicidal child in a constant loop. He even has to deal with losing control of his body because of the glitch.

You wrap your arms around his neck and hug him tightly. “I’m sorry, Sans. I didn’t mean to scare you like that. I was just trying to help. I knew that killing Chara wouldn’t solve anything, so my body moved before I could stop it. I’m sorry you have to keep going through this. You don’t deserve any of this.”

His posture initially stiffens at the contact but gradually begins to relax. Sans surprises you when he hugs you close. “Sure I do. I didn’t do anything to prevent this. I just stayed back and watched as they killed everyone, even my own brother. What kind of sick bastard does that?”

At his words, you immediately pull back so you can face him. You catch him off guard when you suddenly cup his cheeks with your hands and lean close. “It’s not like you wanted this to happen. You were just fulfilling your role as the judge. It’s a crappy job that you were unfortunately stuck with. You had to watch them throughout their journey to see what they would do because that was your responsibility as the judge.”

You rest your forehead against his as your imploring eyes meet his wide eye-lights. “Please don’t blame yourself, Sans. I know you didn’t want to just sit back and watch things play out. I know how much you love your brother—how you’d do anything to protect him. Someone as kind as you doesn’t deserve to suffer like this. You deserve much better. That’s why I’ll do everything I can to put an end to this once and for all.”

There’s a slight trembling in his hands as he clutches you tightly. “You don’t even know me. All you’ve met is my counterparts. Just because we’re technically the same person doesn’t mean I’m just like them.”

Smiling, you move your arms to hug his neck again while your forehead continues to press against his. “Even so, you’re still Sans the skeleton. Despite how different each world I visit is, I have yet to meet a Sans that isn’t good at heart. Some might be rough around the edges, but they’re all good guys. They all love their brothers dearly and are willing to do anything to keep them safe. I know you’re no different. Anyone who treasures their brother that much can’t be a bad person in my book.”

His breath hitches at your words. Then, Sans slowly sets you back on your feet. Rather than release you, he keeps you close so that your chest is pressed against his with his arms wrapped snugly around your waist.

Sans takes a step back and pulls you along with him. It’s hardly a dance move, but it’s definitely not just a simple shifting of feet. There’s definitely more to this possibly unconscious movement.

You can feel your soul thrumming in your chest as your gaze meets his. The sheer emotion in those eye-lights is so powerful it nearly takes your breath away. “Please help me bring Papyrus back. I don’t care what I have to do. I just want my brother back.”

Tears spring to your eyes when you hear the desolate tone of his voice. You tightly hug his neck. “Of course. I won’t stop trying until I get them to reset back to the beginning.”

At your words, Sans relaxes but doesn’t immediately pull away. The two of you stay like that for
several minutes.

Then, you remember what happened right before the reset. “Sans? Did you see what happened before the reset? The kid pushed me out of the way of the attack. I’m pretty sure Frisk was in control at that moment. I didn’t see Chara’s red eyes.”

The skeleton releases his hold on you and stares at you in surprise. “I saw them push you away, but I didn’t notice their expression change. Are you sure it was Frisk?”

You nod your head. “They even smiled at me before they got hit. Besides, why would Chara care about saving me?”

Sans sighs wearily, shifting his weight from one foot to another. “Good point. So, that means there really is a chance of helping them get back control from Chara?”

A determined smile forms on your face. “I think so. We just have to find someway to immobilize Chara. Then, I’ll try to see if I can bring Frisk back again. Maybe I can do whatever happened last time that caused Frisk to temporarily gain control.”

He rolls his neck as he shoves his hands into his hoodie pockets. “Still doesn’t change the fact that I’ll eventually lose control thanks to the glitch. That happens whenever the fight goes on for too long. Apparently, the glitch gets impatient, so it takes over to finish things off quickly.”

You cross your arms as you ponder this new information. “Well, if it happens when you fight, then you’ll just have to not fight then.”

Sans raises a brow ridge at you. “I don’t think that’s gonna help us when the kid starts attacking.”

Chuckling, you wrap an arm around his shoulders. “Rather than use your magic to attack, how about you use it to help me incapacitate them instead? You can hold them down with your gravity magic, right?”

He gives you an amused look. “Yeah, if I can catch them. They’re pretty damn fast if you haven’t already noticed.”

Grinning, you give his shoulders a squeeze. “Well, if push comes to shove, you can always use your magic to throw me at them. Bet that’ll surprise them.”

Sans abruptly snorts at your suggestion. “Oh yeah. They’ll really have a ball then.”

A giggle escapes your lips at the pun. Before you can respond, you pause at the sound of footsteps. Unlike the previous times, the child is running instead of walking.

Chara quickly comes into view, wearing a fierce scowl. Instead of stopping, the kid continues to run straight for the two of you while brandishing their knife.

Immediately, Sans slides in front of you, and with a flick of his wrists, uses his magic to push the fallen child backwards. Thankfully, he only uses his gravity magic instead of his blasters or bone attacks. This time you witness the kid’s soul turning blue after it pops out of their chest.

Unfortunately, that doesn’t slow them down as much as you’d like. Chara rises to their feet and glares hatefully at the two of you. “You may have helped Frisk gain control for a little while last time, but I won’t let it happen again! I will kill both of you and reach Asgore!”
Once again, you hear modern hip hop music blaring from all sides. This time the tempo seems a bit faster as Chara attempts to get close enough for an attack.

Every time they charge toward him, Sans knocks them back with his magic, yet they persistently keep trying to approach him. Somehow, they manage to avoid all of the pixelated areas on the floor set up by the glitch.

After several minutes pass with no change from either side, the skeleton abruptly summons his Gaster Blasters with another handstand like last time. Wide-eyed, you watch with horror as the glitch takes control of Sans again.

Unfortunately, there’s nothing you can do to stop him because Chara is too far away for you to reach. All you can do is watch with dread as the amount of attacks fired at the kid increases.

Like last time, the glitch manages to trip them after they’re get distracted by the Gaster Blasters. Then, the blasts finally make contact with their target, and time rewinds once again.

Despite your best efforts, this same scenario happens several more times. No matter what you and Sans try, you both fail to subdue the child before the skeleton loses control. The glitch always interferes before you can make any progress.

It’s after three more resets occur that you and Sans finally come up with a plan that you hope will succeed. If it doesn’t, you fear that nothing will work.

Chara dashes into the Last Corridor and pauses when they only see Sans. They narrow their eyes suspiciously. “Where’d she go?”

Left eye strobing, Sans rolls his shoulders in a shrug. “I told her to swing out of here. decided it was too dangerous for her to stick around.”

He then smirks. “what? miss her already?”

Sneering, Chara raises their knife as Megalo Strike Back begins to play. “Typical human. Escaping when things get too tough. She can’t run forever. Eventually, I’ll catch up to her. Then, I’ll kill her like I will you.”

The skeleton’s expression hardens as he glares threateningly. As he spreads out his stance, he uses his magic to turn their soul blue and bring the kid to their knees. “if you try to hurt her, you’re in for a bad time.”

As Megalovania begins to blare loud enough to drown out Chara’s theme song, a large grin suddenly appears on Sans’ face. “oh, by the way, get dunked on, kid.”

Before Chara can figure out the sudden change in his demeanor, you fall right on top of the child from your position above them. They yell in protest as you use your body to keep them pressed against the floor.

They are so caught off guard by the sudden attack that they accidentally release their grip on the knife. Sans immediately takes advantage of this by using his magic to send it flying toward the other side of the room as far away from the kid as possible.

Despite their desperate struggles, you have the advantage of possessing a larger, adult body so it’s not hard to hold Chara down. You grin as you restrain their arms with your hands. “Hey, Chara, did you miss me? I wanted to surprise you, so I asked Sans to hold me in the air with his magic. People don’t typically expect attacks from above when indoors after all.”
The fallen child continues to thrash about as they scream. “Let go of me, dammit! You won’t get away with this!”

Sans approaches the two of you, wearing a smirk. “I think we already have. The jig is up, kid. Your little killing spree is ending here.”

Chara snorts derisively. “How so? Just because you caught me doesn’t mean everything is over. You want a true reset, right? Well, you ain’t getting one from me, and I sure as hell ain’t letting Frisk regain control again. What are you gonna do? If you kill me, I’ll just keep coming back. You could imprison me, but we all know that won’t do a damn thing.”

They smirk at the skeleton. “Face it. You’re screwed. Your stupid brother ain’t coming back, and neither is anyone else.”

His expression fills with fury as he glares at the kid. Before he can act, you choose to intervene. Quickly, you turn the fallen child over so you can face them. They appear surprised by the anger in your eyes. “I’ve had enough of this, Chara. Quit acting like a spoiled child trying to get their way. Give up. You’ve lost. You can’t fight while you’re subdued and without your little knife. Even if you could, we both know what will happen if you fight Sans again. What’s the point in continuing all this? You have nothing to gain.”

A scowl forms on their face as they glare at you. “This beats being stuck in their head watching them befriend everyone like an idiot. Even after getting attacked by nearly every monster in the Underground, Frisk is still nice to them! It’s so stupid! Monsters and humans, I hate them all! I want to kill every last one! But, I can’t if Frisk remains in control. They’re so stubborn; it takes forever to regain control over them. I’m tired of waiting around for my revenge!”

That’s when you realize that there’s no point in trying to reason with Chara. They’re literally hanging on using pure spite. All they care about is revenge.

Judging by Sans’ dark expression, it seems that he has come to the same conclusion as you. Looks like bringing Frisk back really is the only way to solve this problem.

*But, how? Chara is pretty damn stubborn. They won’t give up their control without a fight. Still, Frisk did briefly regain control to save me that one time. So, there has to be a way to bring them out. We just need to figure out how.*

Sans scowls when the fallen child begins screaming threats at both of you. “Is there any way we can just shut them up? I know killing them won’t help, but what about knocking them out? It’ll give us more time to think of a new plan.”

An idea comes to mind when you hear his suggestion. If you knock them out, would both children fall unconscious? Or, would just Chara be knocked out?

*Guess there’s only one way to find out. Hope this works.*

Unfortunately, with your hands occupied, there’s not a lot of options. So, you do the only thing you can think of.

You rear your head back and headbutt Chara as hard as you can. A pained groan escapes your lips when your forehead makes contact with theirs.

Yeah, this definitely wasn’t one of your brightest ideas.
“kid, what the hell?! what part of what i just said translated to bash your head against theirs?!”

When you pull back, you see that the kid’s eyes are now closed. Since they’re not saying anything, you wonder if you actually knocked them out.

You grin sheepishly at the skeleton. “Sorry, I thought you had a good idea, so I wanted to try something. Unfortunately, since my hands were full, my head was the only thing I could use.”

Sans rubs a tired hand down his face. “and, i thought i was the bonehead.”

The sound of a soft giggle catches both of you by surprise. When you look down, you see the child smiling up at you with closed eyes.

Your eyes widen in shock. “Frisk?”

They nod their head. “Yes. Thanks to you, I was able to regain control. That headbutt of yours was strong enough to stun Chara long enough that I could push them back. Thank you.”

While this could be Chara trying to trick you into letting your guard down, you highly doubt it. You don’t think Chara could make their voice or expression look that calm and happy. You can tell that there’s genuine gratitude in the kid’s voice.

That’s why you immediately move off the kid and help them to sit up beside you on the floor. “Your head’s probably gonna be pounding for a while after my crazy stunt. Sorry about that. I couldn’t think of anything else to do.”

Frisk shakes their head with a wince. “It’s fine. I’ll take having a headache over being held captive in my own body. I’m really grateful to you and Sans for helping me. I thought I’d never get free after all those resets.”

Sans’ gaze travels across their form as he scrutinizes the child. “so, you gonna fix all this then? if you really didn’t want to hurt anyone, then you want to undo it all, right?”

The kid frowns sadly as they look up at the skeleton. After a few seconds, their face hardens with resolve. “I’ll reset back to the beginning. I won’t let everything end like this. And, I won’t let Chara hurt anyone again. I’ll protect my friends this time.”

You and Sans watch as Frisk raises a hand toward the space in front of them. You figure that’s where their reset button is.

Right before their hand pushes down, the child grins at you. “Thank you again. I hope next time we meet it’ll be under better circumstances.”

A grin forms on your face to match theirs. “I’m looking forward to it.”

With that, their hand moves downwards, and everything resets.

Chapter End Notes

I have some awesome fanart to show y'all! To all the amazing artists who have blessed me with their gorgeous art, thank you so much!! I love y'all so much!! ^_^
Hope87210 drew an adorable picture of the Reader with Doomfanger. I love that cat XD You can see it by clicking here.

45h341 drew an awesome picture of the couch cuddling scene with the Reader and the UF bros from last chapter. You can see it by clicking here.

PartOfMeThatFangirls drew the Reader who looks absolutely adorable. You can see it by clicking here.

Yurithemonsteryt drew one of the scenes with Edge and the Reader from last chapter. It is super cute! You can see it by clicking here.

Well, that was quite the action packed chapter, huh? XD I'm not the best at fight scenes so I'm worried that this chapter wasn't very good. Incorporating dance moves was difficult ^^' I'm actually a big fan of Dancetale, but I don't know a lot about dancing. I had to do a lot of dance research for this arc lol I apologize if the dancing wasn't very good >_<

Regarding the Megalo Strike Back reference, I have seen some people refer to it as Chara's unofficial theme song, so I decided to make that DT Chara's song that plays whenever they battle. It's quite catchy haha

So, what do you think will happen next chapter? Do you think they stopped Chara for good? Will there be fluff next chapter or more angst? XD
After time rewinds, you find yourself once again falling from mid-air. This time, however, rather than get caught by Sans, you drop into a snowbank.

Confused, you check out your surroundings as you sit up. You quickly realize where you are when you see the door to the Ruins a few feet to your right.

When you begin to shiver, you move to stand and quickly swipe off the snow clinging to your clothes. You tilt your head as you consider your current situation.

Okay, so obviously time reset. It definitely wasn’t just a load since I’m not back at the Last Corridor. But, why am I all the way near the Ruins? Is it because at this point in time I wasn’t actually here in this world? Did I just get thrown here? Am I even still in Dancetale?

That last thought makes you frown. You sure hope that you haven’t changed worlds. You wanted to make sure that Sans and Papyrus were alright before leaving. Plus, you would’ve really liked a chance to spend more time with them without having to worry about the glitch.

With a sigh, you decide to follow the pathway to Sans’ sentry station. There’s a strong chance that the skeleton will be there. That is if he isn’t with his brother which is likely considering what happened in the last run. Of course, that is assuming this world is Dancetale.

About ten minutes later, you arrive at the station and find it empty much to your disappointment. Now, what do you do? Wait for him or Papyrus to come by? You’re worried about running into other monsters if you try to head for town. No way would they mistake you for a monster considering your size and appearance.

Before you can decide on a new course of action, a relieved voice calls out to you. “y/n!”

You swiftly turn around and see Sans standing there with a big grin on his face. Your shoulders slump with relief. While his hood is down now, there’s no doubt that this is Dancetale Sans. You don’t know any other Sanses who wear blue hoodies and sneakers.

Grinning, you tackle the skeleton with a hug. You giggle when Sans catches you with a twirl. “Sans! It worked! We did it!”

He chuckles as he returns the hug with a fierceness that surprises you. “it’s all thanks to you. i thought that hell was never gonna end, yet you somehow managed to pull off a miracle. thank you, y/n.”

The pure gratitude in his voice makes your heart swell. In response, you tighten your grip on him and bury your face against his neck. “It wasn’t just me. I couldn’t have done it without you, Sans. It was a team effort.”

A few minutes later, the two of you pull away from each other, wearing matching grins. You tilt
your head curiously. “How’d you know I was here? Even I don’t know how I got here.”

He shrugs his shoulders. “After I found Pap and checked on him, I decided to see if you were still around. I wondered where you’d go since you weren’t here at this point in time. I figured starting here outside the ruins was the best place since this is near the beginning of the kid’s journey. I’m just glad you didn’t end up in the ruins with them.”

You scratch your head. “So, you think I just got thrown here ‘cause this is where everything begins once every human leaves the Ruins? I was honestly worried that I somehow ended up in another world.”

Sans frowns as he considers your words. “This is just a guess, but it’s possible you somehow got temporarily thrown out of our world by the reset and then put back in. That teleporting you do is caused by void magic, right? I could sense it when you first arrived. Maybe the void is behind you coming back although I can’t say I understand how.”

His words make your eyes widen in surprise. That actually makes a lot of sense. The Void is what brought you to Dancetale to begin with. If the reset kicked you out, then maybe the Void sent you back so you could see how everything turned out.

Realizing you have a lot to share with Sans, you quickly explain your situation in regards to your soul and the Void. By the time you finish, the skeleton is staring at you with wide eye-lights. “The void is actually sentient? You gotta be kidding me.”

All you can do is shrug your shoulders. “Yeah, it surprised a lot of us when we heard that. But, it’s true. Can’t say I completely understand it, but I’ve personally seen it in action. So, there’s no denying it.”

Before he can respond, you hear a boisterous voice calling from the distance. “SANS! YOU HAVEN’T RECALIBRATED YOUR PUZZLES LIKE I ASKED YOU TO, YOU LAZYBONES!”

The grin on Sans’ face grows fond while your expression softens. Looks like you’ll be meeting the Papyrus of this world sooner than you expected.

You freeze once you realize the implications of this. Wait. Doesn’t this mean there’s a chance he’ll challenge me, and I’ll have to dance with him? I don’t know how to dance any Latin dances! Hell, I don’t know any professional dances! What do I do?!

Panicked, you grab the surprised skeleton’s arm. “Sans! I don’t know any dances! What if Papyrus challenges me?! I’m gonna look like an idiot!”

He stares at you for a few seconds before abruptly snorting. When you glare at him, Sans just smiles. “Don’t worry about it, champ. I’ll tell Pap you’re a friend. Then, you won’t have anything to worry about.”

At his words, your shoulders slump in relief. Then, you realize he just called you by an unfamiliar nickname. “Champ?”

Sans nods as he grins. “Yep. That was one killer headbutt. You’re definitely a fighter. I thought champ suited you.”

Your eyes narrow suspiciously. “Why do I feel like you’re just making fun of me for that little headbutt stunt?”
His grin only grows in response. The skeleton neither confirms nor denies your suspicions which aggravates you greatly.

That’s when Papyrus arrives on the scene. Instead of battle armor, this tall skeleton is wearing a white Latin dance shirt with a red rose in his left breast pocket, brown pressed pants, and tap-dancing shoes.

As soon as his gaze falls on you, Papyrus freezes in shock. You have to fight off the urge to giggle at the sight of his amazed expression. “SANS! IS THAT A HUMAN?!”

Sans winks at you before turning to grin at his brother. “what do ya know? i think you’re right, bro. looks like you found one.”

His brother’s face brightens exponentially. “WOWIE! I HAVE FINALLY FOUND A HUMAN! OF COURSE, THIS IS TO BE EXPECTED OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS! NOW, ALL THAT’S LEFT TO DO IS CAPTURE HER AND DELIVER HER TO UNDYNE! THEN, I CAN JOIN THE ROYAL GUARD AND BE SHOWERED IN KISSES EVERY DAY!”

Damn. He’s too cute. Why are all the skeletons with Papyrus personalities so adorable?

The older skeleton scratches his head. “hey, bro? i know you’re excited about capturing a human, but do you think we could let this one slide? i actually owe y/n here for helping me out with something. i’d rather not have to turn her in. besides, she was really looking forward to hanging out with you. right, champ?”

With a smile, you nod your head. “That’s right. I’ve heard all about the Great Papyrus, so I’ve been looking forward to meeting you. I hope we can become good friends.”

At your words, the younger brother’s face flushes a bright orange. “I-I SEE! IT LOOKS LIKE MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME! OF COURSE, THAT DOESN’T SURPRISE ME! WHO WOULDN’T WANT TO BEFRIEND THE GREAT PAPYRUS?!”

Sans smiles as he shoves his hands into his pockets. “you’re the coolest, bro. snow one would pass up the opportunity to hang out with you.”

“SANS!”

A giggle passes your lips as the taller skeleton groans at the pun. In response, Sans’ smile grows. Thankfully, instead of reeling out more puns, the older brother decides to suggest a change in location. “hey, pap, how about we show her our house? there she can share all the fun stories she has. she’s been on quite the adventure from what i’ve heard.”

Papyrus’ expression grows excited. Then, he suddenly coughs into his hand and tries to go for a more nonchalant look. “I SEE THE HUMAN AND I HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN I ORIGINALY THOUGHT. WE’LL HAVE TO COMARE STORIES TO SEE WHO HAS GONE ON THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES!”

You give him a warm smile. “That sounds like a great idea, Papyrus. I’d love to hear your stories.”

Grinning, Sans reaches to grab you and his ecstatic brother. There’s a familiar shifting sensation, and then you find yourself in the brothers’ home. From what you can tell, it looks exactly like the Undertale skeletons’ house.

Without preamble, the older skeleton plops down on the couch and slouches against the cushions. Considering recent events, you can’t blame the poor guy for being tired.
While Papyrus shakes his head in disapproval, he doesn’t actually verbally scold his brother which surprises you. Maybe he can tell that Sans’ lethargy isn’t just from his usual laziness?

“IT LOOKS LIKE WE’LL BE EXCHANGING STORIES ON THE COUCH. I WOULD HATE FOR MY BROTHER TO MISS OUT ON THE EXCITEMENT. IT MIGHT ACTUALLY HELP HIM STAY AWAKE.”

You can’t help but laugh at the taller skeleton’s comment. When he moves toward the couch, you follow after him and take a seat in between the brothers. Thankfully, Sans hasn’t actually fallen asleep yet. Who knows how long that’ll last, though.

Papyrus grins brightly at you. “SINCE YOU ARE OUR GUEST, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO GO FIRST!”

With a grin, you thank him before beginning your tale. The first thing you explain is how you’re from another world which catches the younger brother completely off guard. Soon, both skeletons are gaping at you as you explain how their worlds are based off a video game from your world.

Since you’ve been through a lot, you decide to stick with telling them about your soul and your first adventure in Undertale. Papyrus is amazed when you tell him that dance doesn’t have as vital a role in that world as it does in theirs. Of course, you also tell him about the glitch since that’s the reason you’re on this journey.

As expected of a Papyrus, it doesn’t take the younger skeleton long to put two and two together. “SO, IF I AM UNDERSTANDING YOU CORRECTLY, WHICH I SURE I AM, EACH WORLD YOU TRAVEL TO IS INFECTED BY THIS GLITCH. SO, THAT MEANS OUR WORLD IS TOO?”

His brother stiffens beside you while you inwardly sigh. You don’t know why Sans is surprised. Of course, Papyrus would come to this conclusion considering how clever he and his counterparts are. Sans should’ve known this would’ve happened after he suggested that you tell Papyrus about your travels.

Considering what he just went through, Sans really should tell Papyrus everything. He shouldn’t keep all this to himself. It’s not healthy. If this Papyrus is like his counterparts, it’s likely he has some idea about the resets. It would be better to explain everything to him rather than just keep him in the dark.

Despite knowing how Sans would react to your response, you answer Papyrus’ question truthfully. “That’s right, Papyrus. However, at this point, I don’t think you have to worry about the glitch anymore. We’ve already dealt with it for the most part. As long as I stay here for a little while, then the Void’s magic should take care of the rest.”

The taller skeleton tilts his head curiously. “WHEN YOU SAY ‘WE’, YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT YOU AND SANS, CORRECT? HOW EXACTLY DID YOU STOP THE GLITCH? BY THE SOUNDS OF IT, YOU WENT THROUGH QUITE A LOT IN UNDERTALE TO STOP IT WHEN YOU WERE THERE.”

Sans slumps further into the couch, trying to hide from his brother’s gaze. “Yeah, i helped her out, but i don’t think that story is nearly as interesting as all of yours, bro. you sure you don’t wanna tell her about all your awesome training stories?”

The younger skeleton narrows his eye-lights at his brother. “I FEEL LIKE YOU ARE HIDING SOMETHING, SANS. I THOUGHT YOUR BEHAVIOR EARLIER TODAY WAS STRANGE
SINCE YOU WOKE UP ON YOUR OWN AND HUGGED ME AS SOON AS YOU SAW ME. OF COURSE, WHO WOULDN’T WANT TO HUG THE GREAT PAPYRUS? THAT’S WHY I DECIDED NOT TO THINK TOO MUCH OF IT. HOWEVER, I SEE THERE WAS MORE TO IT LIKE I ORIGINALY BELIEVED.”

You watch Sans’ face pale at his brother’s words. There’s a slight trembling in his hands now which worries you.

Before he can make another excuse, you grab his hand, startling him. When Sans looks up at you, you smile at him. “It’s okay, Sans. You can tell Papyrus. Honestly, I think it would be better for you if you do. You shouldn’t keep all that bottled up. Let him help you. He’s just worried about you.”

A concerned frown forms on Papyrus’ face. “SOMETHING IS OBVIOUSLY BOTHERING YOU, SANS. PLEASE LET ME HELP. I HATE WHEN YOU KEEP EVERYTHING TO YOURSELF.”

After a few seconds, the grip on your hand suddenly tightens, and then Sans moves to sit up. “Alright, pap. no way can i turn you down when you ask me like that. wanna lend me a hand with the explanation, champ?”

Nodding your head, you give his hand another squeeze. “Sure thing, Sans.”

So, the two of you take turns explaining what happened in the Last Corridor. Thanks to your earlier story, Papyrus knows about resets now, so he quickly realizes how dire the situation of constant resets was.

While you handle the events that transpired after you arrived, Sans tells his brother about his role as judge and about everything that happened once the fallen child left the Ruins. He hesitates for a few minutes before finally revealing what happened to Papyrus during the last run.

By the end of the explanation, Papyrus has gone completely silent. There’s a deep frown on his face as he stares at the two of you. Sans’ grip on your hand is almost painful it’s so tight. It seems Sans is worried about how Papyrus will react now that he knows his older brother didn’t try to stop the kid from killing him.

The two of you are caught off guard when Papyrus suddenly pulls you both into a tight hug. Sans immediately latches onto his brother, and you’re quick to follow his example.

“YOU BOTH HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT. IT PAINS ME TO HEAR ABOUT ALL THE SUFFERING YOU WENT THROUGH, SANS. I AM VERY PROUD OF YOU TWO FOR HELPING THE LITTLE HUMAN REGAIN CONTROL. WHILE IT’S TRUE THEY DID BAD THINGS, IT’S ALSO TRUE THAT THEY COULDN’T HELP IT BECAUSE OF THE OTHER LITTLE HUMAN POSSESSING THEM. I HATE THAT SUCH A KIND CHILD HAD TO GO THROUGH SUCH HORDORS.”

His words make you pause. It almost sounds like he actually knows who Frisk is. Curious, you question the tall skeleton. “Papyrus, do you remember who Frisk is? Do you remember resets?”

Sans goes completely still beside you after hearing your question. When you look up, you see Papyrus’ contemplative expression. “I DO NOT REMEMBER ANY EVENTS BEFORE THE RESET, BUT I HAVE HAD DREAMS ABOUT DANCING WITH A SMALL HUMAN WHO WAS NAMED FRISK. I ALSO CAN VAGUELY RECALL OTHER SHORT MEMORIES LIKE COOKING MY FAMOUS SPAGHETTI WITH THEM.”
You hear Sans sigh in relief—no doubt he’s glad that his brother doesn’t have a full recollection of the previous genocide run. Still, if his memories are similar to Blue’s, then there’s a chance that poor Papyrus has had dreams about dying too. You decide that’s a problem best left for the brothers to handle after you’re gone.

After a few minutes pass, Papyrus finally releases his grip on the two of you, and you both move back to your original spots on the couch. Then, a bright smile forms on the taller skeleton’s face. “NOW, IT IS MY TURN TO TELL STORIES ABOUT ALL MY AMAZING EXPLOITS! PREPARE YOURSELF, HUMAN!”

With a grin, you nod your head and listen as Papyrus tells you about his training with Undyne and all the trials he has faced in order to one day enter the Royal Guard. While it’s obvious some parts are exaggerated, you think his stories are way more enjoyable than yours. It’s probably because he’s that good of a storyteller.

A little while after the younger skeleton begins his storytelling, you feel a heavy weight drop onto your shoulder. When you take a peek, you see a sleeping Sans slumped against you. His face is the epitome of relaxed—a stark contrast to his expression in the Last Corridor. The sight brings a fond smile to your face.

Papyrus continues to reel out tale after tale about all his many accomplishments. If he’s noticed his brother’s current state, he hasn’t pointed it out; however, considering how observant the younger skeleton is, you highly doubt that Papyrus has overlooked what Sans is doing now.

*Guess he’s gonna give Sans a break after hearing everything that happened. Papyrus is such a good brother.*

Rather than move the sleeping skeleton, you lean your head slightly against his while still facing Papyrus. Your hand roams for a few seconds before finally finding one of Sans’. You grasp it tightly and give it a warm squeeze as you relax against him.

A few hours pass as you listen to Papyrus enthusiastically recount his many adventures with Sans occasionally squeezing your hand in his sleep. Every so often, you feel your heart swell with affection due to the brothers’ actions whether it be Sans snuggling closer or Papyrus’ lively gestures as he speaks.

Despite how much time has passed, Sans is still fast asleep by the time his brother finishes talking. Sighing, the younger skeleton shakes his head. “THAT LAZYBONES. OH WELL, I GUESS I CAN ALLOW IT THIS ONCE. HUMAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME IN THE KITCHEN? I CAN MAKE YOU A BATCH OF MY WORLD FAMOUS SPAGHETTI! NO DOUBT WATCHING ME COOK WOULD BE MUCH MORE EXCITING THAN ACTING AS MY BROTHER’S PILLOW.”

Giggling, you nod your head in agreement. “That sounds like fun, Papyrus. While I don’t mind being a pillow, I think Sans would be more comfortable if he had the whole couch to himself.”

*Plus, I’m scared of leaving you in a kitchen alone since there’s a strong chance your cooking is similar to Captain Fantastic’s.*

You keep those thoughts to yourself as you slowly pull away from the sleeping skeleton. Thankfully, because he’s sleeping so deeply, Sans doesn’t wake when you move to sit up.

Once you and Papyrus make sure the older brother is comfortable on the couch, the two of you head for the kitchen which unsurprisingly looks exactly like the one in Undertale. There’s even
similar scorch marks in certain areas of the kitchen.

The only difference you see is that there’s a small boombox on the kitchen counter. Noticing your curious look, Papyrus beams at you. “AH! ARE YOU A FAN OF MUSIC AS WELL, HUMAN? I ALWAYS LIKE TO LISTEN TO MUSIC WHEN I COOK. UNDYNE ALWAYS TELLS ME THAT PASSION IS IMPORTANT IN COOKING, AND NOTHING GETS ME MORE PASSIONATE THAN DANCING!”

An amused smile forms on your face. “So, you dance while cooking? That’s great, Pap. That’s like having dinner and a show.”

As he preens from your praise, a faint orange blush covers his cheekbones. “YES! NOT MANY PEOPLE CAN DANCE AND COOK AT THE SAME TIME, BUT I AM A SKELETON OF MANY TALENTS. SO, IT’S EASY FOR ME!”

It’s as he starts gathering his ingredients that you remember something important. “Oh, Pap? Can I cook with you? While I’d love to just watch you, I think cooking together would be even more fun.”

He looks absolutely thrilled at the suggestion. “OF COURSE, HUMAN! I LOVE COOKING WITH FRIENDS! I ALWAYS HAVE LOTS OF FUN COOKING WITH UNDYNE!”

Grinning, you move to help him set everything up in order to start cooking. “Great! And, you can call me by my name if you want, Papyrus, now that we’re friends.”

Just when you thought his expression couldn’t get any more cheerful, Papyrus proves you wrong. He’s practically sparkling now. “Y/N THEN! I LOOK FORWARD TO MAKING DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI WITH YOU!”

He then moves over to the boombox to turn it on, and within seconds, a catchy song begins to play. While you’re no expert when it comes to latin music, you think it’s salsa music that’s now playing.

For a few seconds, all you can do is watch amazed as Papyrus glides across the floor with impressive footwork that moves so fast you can barely catch it all. It’s when he moves to crank the heat on the oven to an unnecessarily high temperature that you finally remember what you’re here for.

You sidle up beside him and reach for the knob after he pulls his hand away. “Hey, Pap? I know Undyne taught you that the hotter the temperature is the better the meal, but how about we try another method? I can show you how humans cook, and then you can compare the two methods to see what you like. Chefs do stuff like comparing methods often, right?”

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “THAT IS RIGHT. A TRUE CHEF WOULD TRY TO EXPERIENCE ALL THE WAYS OF COOKING TO SEE WHAT THEY LIKE BEST.”

His expression brightens. “ALRIGHT, Y/N! LET US TRY THIS SPECIAL HUMAN COOKING TECHNIQUE!”

With a warm smile, you nod and begin teaching him like you did with Captain Fantastic. As expected, with a bit of guidance, the skeleton is highly competent in the kitchen. This Papyrus is even more amazing considering he’s doing everything while consistently moving to the beat of the music.

After some time passes, all the initial preparations are taken care of. All that’s left to do is wait for everything to cook. At that moment, Papyrus surprises you when he does a slight bow and extends
a hand toward you with a charming smile.

Your eyes widen in realization. He’s asking you to dance. Oh no, what do you do?! You don’t want to hurt his feelings by rejecting him, but you also don’t want to make a fool of yourself. What if you accidentally step on his shoes? That would be so embarrassing!

“Um, Papyrus? I don’t know anything about latin dancing or really any dancing for that matter. I don’t think I’d be a very good dance partner.”

He frowns as he rises from his bow. “NONSENSE! ANY DANCE PARTNER OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS A GOOD ONE! BESIDES, IT’S NOT ABOUT SKILL OR EXPERIENCE! WHAT MATTERS MOST IS PUTTING YOUR SOUL INTO YOUR MOVEMENTS!”

Papyrus holds his hand out to you again. “JUST TRUST ME. EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE! I BELIEVE IN YOU, Y/N!”

Aw, man, he just had to go and say something sweet like that. No way can I say no now. Well, all I can do is hope I don’t mess this up too badly.

After doing a little curtsy, you reach for his hand which he grasps tightly while his other hand comes to rest at your waist and pulls you close. A blush colors your cheeks at the close proximity.

Naturally, Papyrus takes the lead since you have absolutely no idea what you’re doing. When he takes a step toward you, you automatically move to take a step back without thinking. Likewise, when he moves back, you take a step forward. Apparently, while you may not have a clue, it looks like your body somehow does.

Dimly, you’re aware of a different type of latin dance song playing in the background. You’re almost positive it’s not from the boombox this time. Is this the theme music that plays whenever Papyrus dances?

You have no idea how, but somehow, you’re able to match each of his moves. Your moves are far from perfect, but you’re definitely not doing as bad as you feared.

All the while your heart is thudding rapidly in your chest. At least, you think it’s your heart. There’s a pleasant, warm feeling in your chest that you think might be coming from your soul. Could this be the result of soul resonation?

Papyrus grins at your look of wonder. “SEE? YOU’RE DOING JUST FINE, Y/N! YOU SHOULD HAVE MORE CONFIDENCE!”

Before you can reply, he moves to your side and manages to pull you behind and then around him in a flurry of movements that you have no idea how you followed.

You stare wide-eyed at his large grin. “How am I doing this? I don’t know any of these moves!”

Apparently, your dumbfounded expression is amusing because the skeleton starts to laugh. “I BELIEVE IT’S BECAUSE YOUR SOUL WAS ABLE TO RESONATE WITH MINE. QUITE QUICKLY I MIGHT ADD. BASICALLY, THINK OF THIS AS YOUR SOUL GUIDING YOUR BODY AS IT LEARNS FROM MINE.”

With a large grin, Papyrus proceeds to quickly twirl you before reclaiming your free hand again. You can’t help but giggle at the action.

This seems to encourage the skeleton to perform more advanced stunts that always leave your heart
pounding. As the song comes to an end, Papyrus dips your body low and grins proudly.

“WELL DONE, Y/N! THAT WAS A WONDERFUL DANCE! AS EXPECTED OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS’ DANCE PARTNER!”

His words make you blush in embarrassment. It feels weird to take praise for something you really didn’t have any control over, yet it does make you happy all the same.

Taking advantage of his hunched over position, you lean up so you can kiss his cheekbone which turns a bright orange in response. “Thank you, Papyrus. I’m glad I had such a great teacher.”

Flustered, he quickly pulls you back to your feet and releases your hands. The skeleton averts his eye-lights as he awkwardly coughs into his fist. “O-OF COURSE! NO ONE IS BETTER AT TEACHING THAN THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

“That’s right, bro. You’re the best.”

Caught off guard by the unexpected speaker, you jump in surprise and turn to see Sans standing there in the doorway, wearing his trademark grin. You feel your face grow hot when his gaze falls on you. How long has he been there?! Did he see us dancing? AHHH, THAT’S SO EMBARRASSING!

Embarrassed, you turn away and focus your attention on the food. By the looks of it, everything should be ready to go.

While you and Papyrus finish the last of the cooking preparations, the taller skeleton addresses his brother. “I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU’D WAKE UP, LAZYBONES! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO WAKE YOU UP MYSELF!”

Sans chuckles as he heads for the refrigerator. Unsurprisingly, he pulls out a bottle of ketchup after he opens the door. “A delicious smell woke me up. I followed it, and it led me here.”

Were those dance puns? While you’re far from being an expert when it comes to dancing, you have heard terminology like following and leading used in reference to dancing.

Considering the way Papyrus is now groaning, you think your observation is correct. “THAT WAS AWFUL, SANS!”

His brother just grins in response as he takes a seat at the table. “Aw, I thought for sure I’d tickle your funny bone this time, bro.”

“SANS!”

Giggling, you start setting the table while the disgruntled chef brings the food to the table. Then, you both join Sans at the table and dig into your meal which, thankfully, tastes as delicious as the other meals you helped prepare in the other worlds.

It’s as you’re eating that you’re reminded of the fact that you haven’t given these skeletons a nickname yet. After you swallow another bite of spaghetti, you address the brothers. “Hey, guys? I just remembered I haven’t asked you two about nicknames yet. I usually give each Sans and Papyrus I meet one in order to avoid confusion.”

Papyrus beams at you excitedly. “A NICKNAME?!! THAT SOUNDS WONDERFUL! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CALL ME, Y/N?!”

His brother takes a swig of his ketchup. “You can call me whatever you want, champ.”
Since you haven’t seen a lot of nicknames for the Dancetale brothers, you’ll have to be creative with their names. You figure something related to their dance styles would be the best choice.

After a few minutes of pondering, you finally come up with some nicknames you like. “How about Tango for Pap and Remix for Sans? Those sound cool, right?”

The taller skeleton nods his head rapidly while his brother chuckles in amusement. “Fine with me.”

“YES! I LOVE HOW YOU TOOK MY DANCE STYLE INTO CONSIDERATION! I THINK THAT IS A GREAT NICKNAME!”

After you all finish eating and cleaning up, the three of you head for the living room and come to an abrupt halt as soon as you step inside the room. A wave of deja vu washes over you at the sight of a portal hovering behind the couch.

Before anyone can comment, Ink’s head pops through the portal and swerves to look around the room. His head stops when his gaze falls on you, and then a bright grin forms on his face. “There you are, Y/N! I’ve been looking for you! I didn’t know the Void took you away from Underfell until I went by to pick you up. Man, were the Underfell guys pissed when I got there.”

You can’t help but sigh at his words. That honestly doesn’t surprise you one bit. Of course, Red and Edge were pissed. You had disappeared so suddenly, and Ink showing up without knowing where you were probably didn’t help the situation at all. “I bet. Well, we took care of the glitch over here, so I guess it’s safe for me to leave. I’ll be over there in a few minutes, okay?”

Ink nods his head. “Alright! Don’t take too long! I’ve got a surprise for you!”

With that, he disappears behind the portal, leaving you feeling a mixture of confused and intrigued. Now, whatever could he be talking about?

When you turn toward the Dancetale brothers, your heart clenches at the disappointed look on Papyrus’ face. “YOU’RE LEAVING ALREADY? I WAS HOPING WE COULD EXCHANGE MORE STORIES AND WORK ON SOME OF MY AMAZING PUZZLES.”

You immediately wrap your arms around the taller skeleton and hug him tightly. “I’m sorry, Pap. I wish I could stay longer. I’ll try to come by to visit if I can. Then, you can show me all of your awesome puzzles.”

He quickly returns the embrace and gives you a strong squeeze. Because of the close proximity, you can smell the lingering aroma of the spaghetti you prepared together on his shirt. You can even detect the sweet aroma of the rose in his pocket which surprises you since you didn’t know that it was actually a real flower.

“I WILL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT VISIT, Y/N! EVEN THOUGH OUR TIME TOGETHER WAS SHORT, I HAD A LOT OF FUN. I HOPE WE CAN DANCE AGAIN SOON!”

A dark blush floods your cheeks as you remember the dance. While it had been a lot of fun, you can’t help but feel embarrassed whenever you think about it.

When you turn toward the older brother, you see Sans studying you closely. Before you can question him, he grins at you and reaches for your hand.

Your blush darkens considerably when Sans bows and presses his teeth against the back of your hand in a kiss. He winks at you. “It was a pleasure having you around, champ. Hope to see you
again some time.”

Despite how flustered you feel, that doesn’t stop you from wrapping your arms around the surprised skeleton’s neck. “I’m glad I got to meet you, Sans. While those first few hours were hectic, I enjoyed spending time with you. I hope I can visit again soon.”

As he blushes at your words, you lean close to whisper your next words. “Maybe if I’m lucky, the next time I visit I’ll get to see you dancing outside of a battle. That’s something I’d definitely love to see.”

Before you can completely pull away, Sans uses his arm around your waist to pull you down while his other arm hooks under your leg, causing you to dip. You blush hard when you feel his chest press against yours.

He smirks at your wide-eyed, flustered expression. “I don’t dance anymore. Well, that’s what I’d usually say, but I might can make an exception for you, champ.”

Thankfully, he doesn’t keep you in that position for very long. If he had, you think your heart would have pounded right out of your chest, considering how hard it was beating after he dipped you.

Before you can calm down enough to respond, Papyrus intervenes by gently grabbing your hand and using it to twirl you. “YOU’RE VERY SNEAKY, BROTHER! TRYING TO GET THE LAST MOVE LIKE THAT!”

“heh, oops. sorry, bro.”

When you come to a stop, Papyrus brings your hand down and kisses it like his brother had a few moments ago. Your face feels like it’s on fire now.

The taller skeleton gives you a charming smile as he releases your hand. “I LOOK FORWARD TO HEARING MORE OF YOUR ADVENTURES, Y/N. OF COURSE, I’LL HAVE PLENTY MORE TO SHARE BY YOUR NEXT VISIT.”

You smile warmly at the brothers. “I can’t wait. Until then, take care of yourselves, you two.”

Papyrus puffs up his chest. “OF COURSE! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS IN TIP TOP CONDITION! AND, BECAUSE I AM SUCH A GOOD BROTHER, I WILL MAKE SURE SANS IS TOO!”

Sans grins fondly. “you’re the coolest, bro.”

He then winks at you. “don’t worry about us, champ. thanks to this twist of fate you caused, i have a good feeling about this run.”

“SANS!”

With a giggle, you give them each another hug and say your goodbyes before heading for the portal. After a final wave, you leave Dancetale and enter the Doodle Sphere.

It doesn’t take you long to find Ink since he’s only a few feet away from the portal, but you find yourself pausing at the sight of another skeleton standing beside the artist.

The new skeleton appears to be a few inches shorter than Ink. He’s wearing a golden circlet on his head, a withered coat that’s a light yellow with tips of cyan, a black top with matching pants
underneath, and a cyan colored belt. On the belt you see a buckle with the initials 'DS' which are
gold in color. On his hands and feet, you see yellow gloves and boots. The shorter skeleton is also
wearing a golden scarf that’s tied up with a circular badge that has a white star in the center.

All you can do is gape once you realize who’s standing before you. Ink snickers at your reaction
while the other skeleton smiles warmly as his golden star-shaped eye-lights twinkle in amusement.

“Hello, my name is Dream. It’s a pleasure to finally meet you, Y/N.”

Chapter End Notes

For those of you who don't know, I just recently got over 400 followers on Tumblr.
Can you believe it? XD I decided to hold a fic raffle to celebrate, so if you're following
me and want to enter, just check my art raffle tag. Like and reblog the raffle post if
you want a chance to win a prize! ^-^

So, the chapter ended up being fluffy after all. Was my ominous question from the
previous author's notes able to fool you? XD

I know y'all were curious about where the Reader would end up after the true reset.
Technically, Sans' theory wasn't wrong, but what they don't know is that the Void
basically teleported the Reader outside of Dancetale while the reset occurred and then
dropped her back so its magic could check to make sure nothing was left of the glitch.

Regarding Sans remembering who she was despite the reset, Sans kept his memories
of that run for the most part just because of how traumatizing everything was and how
unusual that run was. It makes since for some runs to all run together cause they're so
similar, but that run was unlike any other because of the glitch and the Reader, so
those memories stuck with him.

And, if y'all were wondering why Sans suggested exchanging stories when he
should've known that the topic of the glitch would've been brought up, the poor dude
was suffering from a major case of mental exhaustion. Sure, his health was fine
because of the reset, but since he remembered so much, he was completely worn out.
So, he wasn't really thinking too clearly when he made that suggestion. He just wanted
the Reader and Pap to become friends so he said the first thing that came to mind lol

I hope the dance scene wasn't too random. I just wanted to have the Reader dance with
one of the skeles, and I thought Pap would totally be the type to want to randomly start
dancing in the kitchen while waiting for the food to cook. It's a great way to kill time
haha

So, were y'all surprised by that ending? Bet you weren't expecting the appearance of
another AU protector XD Next chapter, the Reader gets to spend some time with Ink
and Dream. I hope you'll look forward to it! ^-^

Also, I decided to use Dream’s new design for this fic. Originally, I had him in his first
outfit, but I figured nowadays everyone is used to his new outfit. I did my best to
describe it accurately ^^’
After you take a few seconds to get over your shock, you give the shorter skeleton a smile. “It’s nice to meet you too, Dream. I can honestly say that I was not expecting this when Ink said he had a surprise for me.”

Ink winks at you. “I’m the best at surprises! You never know what I’ll do next!”

His companion releases a small sigh. “That’s not always a good thing, Ink.”

The exasperated look on Dream’s face makes you giggle. As you approach the duo, you begin to wonder about the reason for the shorter skeleton’s appearance. “So, what brings you to the Doodle Sphere, Dream? I’ve been here a couple of times now, and this is my first time seeing someone besides Ink here.”

Instead of getting a response from Dream, it’s Ink who answers your inquiry. “I brought him here! He’s actually been helping me deal with the glitch and helping me keep it from reaching AUs that haven’t been infected yet.”

His words make you tilt your head curiously. “How exactly are you stopping the glitch from reaching new worlds? Do you actually know how it gets to them?”

This time Dream is the one to respond. “While we’re still unsure as to how it all started, we do know that the source of the glitch is actually in the Void. Of course, we’re not saying that the Void is behind this. For some reason, there’s an area of the Void that’s completely white and that seems to be where the glitch is coming from.”

Your brows furrow in confusion. “So, the glitch is actually in the Void? But, I thought the Void was capable of eliminating the glitch? Shouldn’t it be able to use its magic to get rid of any traces of the glitch that’s there in its territory?”

Ink shrugs his shoulders. “Theoretically, yes. However, from what we’ve seen, the Void can’t do anything about this particular area. We figure the glitch is just too strong at this point, so the Void can’t do anything at the moment. Also,...”

Also?

The artist sighs before reluctantly meeting your gaze. “From what I can tell, the area infected by the glitch is also the place where I found the door to your world. I think some time after I left to look for you after you disappeared the glitch got a hold of that world and decided to basically make that its headquarters since the Void can’t enter infected AUs. Somehow, it managed to infect the area of the Void surrounding that door. That’s why it looks like it does now.”
Your eyes widen with horror at his words. *My world is infected too? Then, does that mean it’s probably already destroyed? Everyone I know and love is gone?*

A wave of despair washes over you at the news. All this time you had been working toward the goal of finding your way back home after every world was saved. But, now after all this time, you discover that your plan was doomed to fail from the start?

Suddenly, your anguish becomes muted. While you can technically still feel those negative emotions, you find that they’re not as oppressive as they were originally. For a few seconds, you’re confused by this abrupt change in emotions, but then you remember that one of Dream’s abilities involves suppressing negative emotions.

When you look toward the shorter skeleton with wide eyes, Dream averts his gaze guiltily. There’s a slight frown on his face as he clasps his hands tightly together in front of him.

Your expression softens. *That’s right. He doesn’t have any control of his ability. It’s not like he purposely tries to manipulate people’s emotions. It’s not his fault.*

Not liking the sad look on his face, you approach Dream and gently grab his chin in order to guide his gaze back to yours. His starry eye-lights widen in surprise at the gesture and your warm smile. “It’s fine, Dream. I know you can’t control how you affect people’s emotions. I’m not mad. I promise.”

Since you don’t want to make him uncomfortable, you quickly release his chin and move back a little so that you’re not crowding him. All Dream does is silently gape as if not expecting such a response regarding his powers.

Ink grins in amusement. Then, his expression suddenly turns mischievous. “Oh, I just remembered! There are some AUs I need to check over. I completely forgot about them. While I’m gone, how about you let Dream show you around, Y/N? He’s been here enough times to know where everything is.”

Dream snaps out of his reverie and gives his partner a perplexed look. “Wait. Ink, what are you—”

Before he can finish his question, Ink takes off in a sprint after giving you a quick wave. Within seconds, the artist is gone, leaving you alone with a very confused Dream.

*Looks like this sudden change in plans totally caught Dream off guard. I hope Ink doesn’t do this to the poor guy often. Although, it wouldn’t surprise me if he does.*

Amused, you grin at the skeleton beside you. “Well, guess it’s just us now. While I wouldn’t mind exploring this place a bit, I won’t force you to join me, Dream. I’m sure you have a busy schedule of your own.”

With a sigh, Dream shakes his head before giving you a small smile. “No, it’s alright. There’s nothing I have to do right now. Lately, all I’ve been doing is helping Ink with the glitch. Since things will likely be calm for a little while, it should be fine if I stay here with you.”

As the two of you begin walking down a random path, you decide to question him about his previous words. “You said things will be calm for a while. What did you mean by that?”

The skeleton scratches his head. “This is all just our theories based on what we’ve observed, but we believe that the glitch calms down for a while after every world you save. By that I mean, after a world gets cleansed of the glitch, the glitch waits a little while before trying to infect a new AU.”
You rub your chin thoughtfully. “Huh. So, does the source of the glitch actually get weaker every time it loses its grip on an AU?”

Dream shrugs his shoulders. “It’s hard to say since it hasn’t stopped trying to infect worlds, but at the very least, it does get momentarily hindered when worlds are saved.”

After a few minutes of walking, the two of you end up in a forested area full of tall trees and lush greenery. Thankfully, you can still see the lovely starry sky past the foliage of the trees.

Your eyes wander around the beautiful scenery as you continue down the path. “So, how exactly have you and Ink been stopping the glitch? Does it actually have a physical form that you can fight off?”

The skeleton fiddles with the clasp of his cape. “The glitch has access to the AUs similar to how the Void used to. The glitch can make portals which it’ll use as access points to inject the glitch virus. Ink and I have been basically guarding those portals and working to close them before they can get infected.”

He sighs wearily. “Unfortunately, we’re not able to stop all the worlds from getting infected since it’ll try to open multiple portals at once. That’s why you’ve had to save so many AUs. I’m sorry, Y/N.”

His apology makes you frown. Quickly, you reach for one of his hands and give it a warm squeeze, making Dream’s eye-lights widen in surprise. “You don’t have to apologize when you haven’t done anything wrong, Dream. You and Ink have been working hard to stop the glitch. You’re only two guys. Of course, you can’t handle everything. There’s no reason to put all the blame on your shoulders. You’re trying your best, and I’m grateful for that.”

A bright yellow blush covers his cheekbones when you smile at him. “Thank you for all your hard work, Dream. I appreciate all that you’ve done to help the multiverse. I know that what you and Ink do is pretty much a thankless job, so let me be the one to show you the gratitude you deserve.”

Flustered, Dream averts his eye-lights, trying to look at anything but you. “There’s no need to thank me, really.”

Grinning, you squeeze his hand again before pulling on it to continue your walk after your momentary pause. His blush darkens to a golden color once he realizes you intend to hold his hand during the rest of your stroll.

For a while, you both remain silent as you amble down the path just enjoying the scenery and each other’s company. Then, you remember Ink’s earlier words about the door to your world. “Hey, Dream? Do you think the door to my world is gone now? If it’s been infected for a while now, then the glitch probably destroyed it, right? I mean, the power of resets doesn’t exist in my world like it does in most of the other AUs.”

When you turn to look at him, you see a deep frown on Dream’s face. “I’m not sure. Personally, I think it wouldn’t destroy your world since that door is what gave the glitch something to tether to in the Void. The glitch seems to be somewhat sentient like the Void, so I think it’s smart enough to know not to destroy its anchor.”

His words make you sigh in relief. He makes a good point. If being rooted in your world keeps it from being eradicated by the Void, why would the glitch destroy it? Surely, it’d wait until it finished with all the other worlds first.
You give the skeleton a grateful smile. “Thank you, Dream. That makes me feel better about the situation. While I’m all for being optimistic, I don’t want to be completely unrealistic. At least, thinking this way gives me some hope that my world is okay.”

Dream squeezes your hand reassuringly as he smiles warmly. “Don’t worry, Y/N. Everything will work out in the end as long as you don’t lose hope. Just stay positive. Ink and I will do whatever we can to help you get back home.”

The remaining tension in your shoulders eases at his words. Now, a warm, fuzzy feeling is taking root in your chest. You’re grateful to have good guys like Dream and Ink looking out for you.

That’s when the two of you arrive at the top of a hill that overlooks a large part of the Doodle Sphere. At the top is one large tree with an impressive amount of extended branches perfect for climbing.

Rather than climb the tree, you decide to sit down and lean back against the tree trunk. When you pat the ground beside you invitingly, Dream moves to take a seat beside you.

From your viewpoint, you can see several floating islands with doors ranging from a multitude of colors with a variety of patterns. There are so many doors you can’t even begin to imagine actually counting them all. You can also see more of the forested areas along with some plain grassy stretches of land. While it’s hard to tell for sure, it looks like the Doodle Sphere is quite the spacious place.

Realizing that you don’t know a lot about Dream besides his background, you decide to question him in order to get to know him better. “Hey, Dream? What kind of hobbies do you have? You don’t have to answer if that’s too personal. I just wanted to get to know you a little better.”

Dream tilts his head as he thinks over your question. “I don’t mind you asking, but to be honest, I don’t really have any hobbies. I guess you could say I just don’t have the time for one.”

Well, that makes sense now that I think about it. He’s basically always running from his brother. It’s not like he’s got a lot of free time.

You stretch your arms as you think of another question. “Okay, that make sense. Then, what about your favorite things? Like, favorite color, type of weather, food?”

He scratches his head. “I never really thought about those things before. I pretty much like all the colors of the rainbow. I guess I prefer sunny weather over rainy weather since people are usually happier when the sun’s out. Food wise, I like everything.”

His response makes you frown. While there’s nothing wrong with not having favorites, for some reason, his answers give you a weird feeling, particularly that one about the weather. He said he liked sunny weather because that’s what makes other people happy. It’s almost like other people’s feelings matter more to him than his own.

Despite knowing how personal this next question is, you can’t stop the words from flowing out. “Dream, when was the last time you did something for yourself—something to make you happy?”

At your question, the skeleton freezes for several seconds before a shaky smile forms on his face. “What do you mean? I’m always the happiest when I’m making others happy. So, I’m happy all the time.”

It’s obvious he’s lying—at least partly. While you have no doubt that helping others does make Dream happy, you can’t believe that he’s happy all the time. It’s admirable to want to always help
others, but he should make time to also take care of his own wants and needs as well.

You place a hand on his shoulder, and his nervous gaze rises to meet yours. “Dream, you do know it’s okay to not always be happy, right? You don’t have to always be positive. It’s normal to get upset about things every now and then.”

Dream immediately averts his eye-lights as he clenches his hands into fists in his lap. “I know, but I’m not like most people. I was created differently. I’m the embodiment of all the good emotions people feel, so it’s normal for me to always be cheerful.”

With a frown, you shift closer to him and try to catch his gaze with your own. “Even so, you’re more than just an embodiment of emotions, Dream. You’re an actual person. You live, breathe, and eat. It’s impossible for a person to always be happy. Everyone goes through ups and downs. Considering what you have to deal with, I highly doubt that you don’t have any down moments.”

He flinches at your words but refrains from answering, choosing instead to just stare at his lap. It takes several minutes for the skeleton to finally reply. “Even if you are right, does it really matter? What’s the point in me admitting something like that? It’ll just cause more trouble. I just want to make others happy. As long as I can accomplish that, I’ll be fine in the long run.”

Your frown grows at his response. Before he can react, you tighten your grip on his shoulder and use your other hand to grab ahold of his chin.

Dream stares at you with wide, starry eyes as you guide his gaze to meet yours. Your eyes narrow as you lean in close. “Of course, it matters! Your feelings are just as important as everyone else’s, Dream. Don’t ever think of yourself as lesser than anyone else. I don’t care what your role is.”

At his look of surprise, your face softens. “All I care about is the fact that I see someone who’s hurting but doesn’t have anyone to help because he won’t ask for it. It’s okay to ask for help. It’s okay to complain about your crappy situation and all the burdensome responsibilities that have been put on your shoulders. You can get mad; you can get sad. You don’t always have to be happy. You’re the only one who doesn’t think it’s okay, Dream.”

He starts shaking his head even before you finish speaking. “It’s not that bad. A lot of people have much worse.”

Before he can finish, you cut him off by cupping both of his cheeks which immediately shuts him up. A bright yellow blush covers his face. If this situation wasn’t so grave, you’d admire how cute he looks right now.

Instead, your expression remains serious as you hold his surprised gaze. “Dream, your brother basically turned into evil incarnate. He’s trying to kill you, so he can take the last golden apple for himself. You’re basically living on the run in order to prevent him from getting it. You can’t even stay in one place for a long time because there’s a chance he’ll catch up to you, and you don’t want him to hurt anyone to get to you.”

The skeleton begins to tremble which makes your expression soften. You gently stroke his cheekbones with your thumbs. “You don’t even have a home to go to now. You’re stuck traveling alone where you can occasionally hang out with others like Ink. But, because you’re too kind and don’t want anyone to get hurt, you keep everyone at a distance. While I understand why you’re doing all this, it’s still not good for you, Dream. You’ll burn out eventually if you keep this up. You can’t handle all of this alone. It’s too much for one person.”

“What else can I do?!”
Your eyes widen at the sight of his angry, teary gaze. For the first time since you met him, you see actual anger and frustration on Dream’s face.

The skeleton quickly pulls away from you. “Like you just said, I don’t have anyone! I’m all alone now! No world, no brother, no friends. Who else can I turn to?! If I get close to anyone, I risk Nightmare coming and killing them! It’s already happened too many times! I can’t handle dealing with that guilt and grief anymore! All I can do is pretend I’m alright and hope that eventually I will be! That’s all I can do!”

He gasps in surprise when you suddenly pull him into a tight hug. One of your arms wraps around his back while the other hand supports his head and guides it to your chest. You rest your head against his as you hold him close. “Not anymore. I can’t do much to improve your situation, but I can be your friend. You’re not alone, Dream.”

Dream does a full body shudder before clinging onto you tightly with both of his arms. You can feel a growing wetness on your chest as the skeleton cries into your hoodie.

This continues for some time. All the while, Dream remains silent aside from the random sob or hiccup every now and then. You gently rub his back in an attempt to comfort him as he cries.

Eventually, his crying dies down, and everything goes quiet. You expect Dream to pull away. Instead, however, his body completely slumps against yours, surprising you.

When you move to check on him, you’re relieved and slightly exasperated by the sight of the skeleton fast asleep in your arms. *Looks like my heartbeat knocked out another one. I’ve got quite the record now. Too bad I can’t use this as my own special attack. That would be so useful although it’d be tough to pull on all the tall skeletons.*

With an amused smile, you rearrange Dream’s body so that he’s stretched out with his head in your lap like you did with Ink back in the Void. You pull your sleeve over your hand and use the material to gently wipe off the golden tears still clinging to his face.

Once you finish, you lean back against the tree and start lightly stroking his head with your hand. Unlike Ink, Dream doesn’t remain in the same sleeping position for very long. After a few minutes, he turns on his side so that he’s facing you.

You can’t help but quietly coo when he buries his face in your stomach and wraps his arms around your waist, treating you like his stuffed animal. He’s seriously being way too adorable right now.

“Aw, man, now I really wish I owned a camera!”

The sudden voice makes you jolt in surprise. Quickly, you look down to check on Dream and are relieved to see him still fast asleep.

When your gaze moves upwards, you see Ink grinning at you. Your eyes narrow once they fall on him. “Way to scare the hell out of me, Ink. Don’t sneak up on me like that!”

All he does in response is grin cheekily before moving to sit beside you. “It’s not my fault you weren’t paying attention to your surroundings.”

You roll your eyes but decide not to argue with him further. Instead, you choose to question his sudden appearance. “So, are you all done with checking the worlds out? Did you come to get me ‘cause there’s a world I need to visit?”

Ink shakes his head as he moves to lean against the tree. “Nah, everything is calm for now.
Besides, I only ran off because I wanted to see what would happen if I left you two alone.”

Your brows rise at his words. “What on earth for?”

The artist smiles in amusement. “I wanted to see how the two of you would get along. I’ve seen what happens after you meet our other counterparts and their brothers. I was curious if you’d have the same effect on someone closed off like Dream. By the looks of things, I’d say you do.”

Annoyed, you wrap your arm around his neck and put him into a light chokehold, making him wince. “Nothing’s wrong with being curious, but don’t go treating me like some sort of science experiment. Or, Dream for that matter. You can’t just do as you please with other people without their consent, Ink.”

After a few seconds, you release Ink who pouts as he rearranges his scarf. He averts his eye-lights. “It’s not like I did anything bad. Nobody got hurt. In the end, everything worked out for the better since Dream finally found someone to unload on.”

With a sigh, you put your arm around his shoulders and pull the petulant skeleton against your side. He childishly whines when you lightly knock your head against his. “I know you didn’t do anything bad. In the end, like you said, this was for the best for Dream. Still, you can’t go around doing whatever you want just to satisfy your curiosity. You need to be more respectful of other people’s feelings, Ink.”

After a few more minutes of pouting, Ink finally relaxes against you and mumbles an apology. In response, you kiss his forehead, making him blush. You don’t really understand how someone can have a rainbow-colored blush, but you gotta admit it does look really pretty.

Since the artist doesn’t seem interested in starting a new conversation, you decide to take the lead. “How are you doing, Ink? While it doesn’t feel like it’s been a long time, I haven’t seen you since I went back to Underfell. You’re not pushing yourself too hard dealing with the glitch, are you?”

Ink looks up at you with surprise. “I’m fine. I’m not pushing myself. I mean, I don’t really get tired since time works differently in the Doodle Sphere and the Void. While I’ve probably been dealing with the glitch for awhile, it doesn’t actually feel like I have.”

Frowning, you give him a concerned once over. “When’s the last time you got some sleep?”

He just shrugs his shoulders. “I dunno. Probably when I took that nap on you. Can’t remember for sure, though.”

Your frown grows at his words. Looks like you’ll need to take action. “Well, that’s what you’ll be doing now. I’m not going anywhere until you get at least a nap in. If you resist, I’ll just make you listen to my heartbeat. That’ll knock you out.”

His eye-lights widen in surprise before he quickly shakes his head. “I don’t want to go to sleep right now. If I do, then I can’t—”

When he abruptly cuts himself off, you give the artist a curious look. “Can’t what, Ink?”

A light blush covers his cheekbones as he averts his gaze and mutters his next words. “I can’t hang out with you. If I sleep, then I’ll waste the time I get to be with you. I don’t get to see you much, so I only get so much time with you in between your AU visits.”

Your heart clenches at the sad tone in his voice. In response, you hug the artist close, using the arm still wrapped around his shoulders. “I’m sorry, Ink. I didn’t realize that I wasn’t spending enough
time with you. Since you’ve been busy taking care of the glitch and looking after the worlds, I
didn’t think I should spend too much time here and risk bothering you.”

Ink rapidly shakes his head as he hugs your side. “You’re never a bother! I really like when I get to
see you, but I just figured you’re happier going to visit the AUs you’ve already been to so I don’t
ever bother to ask you to stay here. Even though I want to. Even though it hurts to see you go.”

His last words are mumbled, so you’re just barely able to catch them. Once you do, you can
practically feel your heart breaking inside your chest. How could you be so clueless? While there’s
nothing wrong with visiting the others, you should’ve made time to hang out with Ink too. He’s just
as important to you as everyone else.

Taking care not to nudge the still sleeping Dream, you wrap both of your arms around Ink and
hug him tightly. “I’m sorry, Ink. If I had known you felt that way, I would’ve spent more time here
with you. You’re just as important to me as everyone else. I promise.”

Ink stares at you wide-eyed for several seconds before grinning brightly. His grip tightens as he
hugs you as hard as he can. “I’m still trying to figure out all these emotions I can feel now, but the
one I’m feeling now is definitely happiness. I’ve felt it a lot being around you since we became
friends, so I’ve become really familiar with it.”

You have to bite back the urge to squeal because that is seriously one of the cutest things you’ve
ever heard. With a large smile, you affectionately nuzzle his neck as you bury your face in his
scarf. “I feel the same way, Ink. I’m happy that I got the chance to spend more time with you. I’ll
definitely make sure this happens more often.”

After several minutes pass with no reply from the artist, you slowly pull back enough to see his
face and are amused to see Ink fast asleep. Guess he heard your heartbeat and got knocked out
again.

Since your lap is still taken, you just let Ink lean against your side while you keep one arm
wrapped around his shoulders. You let your head rest against his which is now propped against
your shoulder.

With two surprisingly warm bodies pressed against yours, you find yourself getting a little drowsy.
The more time passes, the heavier your eyelids feel.

Finally, after about ten minutes of fighting the lethargy, your eyes fall shut, and you join the two
AU protectors in dreamland.

You all end up waking up about the same time, so you, thankfully, don’t miss out on seeing their
reactions. Ink doesn’t get embarrassed this time instead just grinning cheekily at you after yawning.

Dream, on the other hand, is a completely different case. Once he realizes the kind of position he’s
in, the smaller skeleton jolts out of your lap in a matter of seconds.

A bright yellow blush covers Dream’s cheekbones as he tries to look at anything but you. Of
course, Ink can’t resist teasing his companion for this which only makes the blushing worse.

Taking pity on the poor flustered skeleton, you decide to intervene on his behalf. “Enough of that,
Ink. You did the same thing--twice. So, you really can’t talk.”

The artist just shrugs his shoulders. “At least, I didn’t treat you like a teddy bear. Who knew Dream
was such a cuddler?”
Dream whines in embarrassment as he buries his face in his hands in an attempt to hide his flustered expression. While you really want to call him cute, you refrain since you know that won’t help the poor guy.

Instead, you choose to distract Ink by telling him about what happened in Dancetale. As expected, it works like a charm. The artist completely forgets about teasing Dream in favor of excitedly listening to your story. Despite all the adventures he goes through on a daily basis, it looks like Ink can’t resist a good story.

Meanwhile, Dream slumps in relief on the other side of you, obviously glad to not be the center of attention anymore. His shoulder presses against your side as he listens to you talk.

After you finish, Ink starts telling you about what he and Dream have been doing in the Void with his companion chiming in every now and then with his own input. While you have no idea how time works in the Doodle Sphere, it feels like at least a few hours have passed since the three of you started talking.

By the time the conversation dies down, all three of you are wearing pleased grins, having enjoyed the time spent together a great deal. Unfortunately, all good things must eventually come to an end.

Since a good bit of time has passed since they last checked on the glitch, the skeletons need to go back to the Void to see about its current status. While you’re sad that they have to go, you understand. It’s probably best for you to move on to your next visit.

As the three of you start walking toward the doors, Ink and Dream choose to escort you to your next destination. The artist tilts his head curiously. “So, where to next, Y/N? I can’t remember where you went last. Was it Underfell or Underswap?”

While Dream sighs in exasperation, you giggle at Ink’s forgetfulness. “The last one was Underfell, Ink. Before that was Undertale, and Underswap was the first revisit. Now, I wanna go to Swapfell since I haven’t seen Black and Pup in a while.”

Ink shakes his head. “I think you’re the only one who’d actually look forward to seeing those two, especially that Black. What an attitude.”

The other skeleton frowns in disapproval. “That’s not nice, Ink. Black’s not that bad. Deep down, he’s a good guy. He can’t help his environment.”

You nod in agreement. “Dream’s right. Black’s a good guy. You just gotta take the time to get to know him. Because of that craziness with the Amalgamates and Error, I didn’t really get the chance to spend a lot of time with him or Pup. So, I’m looking forward to doing that with this visit.”

That’s when the three of you come to a stop below one of the floating islands. Like in previous times, Ink uses his magic to bring you and him up to the island while Dream follows using his own.

There you see a purple door with a black door frame. Similar to the Underfell door, it’s just one solid color rather than patterned with several.

Realizing it’s time to part ways, you turn to face the skeletons. When your eyes fall on him, Dream smiles warmly at you. “I’m glad I finally got the chance to meet you, Y/N. I enjoyed spending time with you. I hope you’ll take care of yourself during the rest of your travels. I’ll be rooting for you!”

Then, a bright yellow blush floods his cheekbones. “And, thank you for your help earlier. I do feel
a little better after talking to you.”

Smiling, you hug the surprised skeleton and kiss Dream’s cheek, making his blush darken. “I’m glad I got to meet you too, Dream. And, I’m happy that I could help you. Anytime you need someone to talk to, you can always come to me. I may not be able to fix your problem, but I can lend a sympathetic ear.”

When you pull away, you see a small, happy smile on his face that appears angelic thanks to the golden light from his blush highlighting it. “Thank you. I might take you up on that offer.”

After giving him another smile, you turn toward Ink and see him clutching his chest with a frown. It reminds you of when he did that after the Gaster Brothers left for their world.

Concerned, you approach the artist. “Ink, are you okay?”

Ink blinks in surprise before quickly shaking his head. The hand at his chest falls as he gives you a bright grin. “Sure! Never better!”

Frowning, you pull the artist into a hug and rest your face against his scarf. “If something’s wrong, you can tell me, Ink. I don’t want you to suffer by yourself.”

As you whisper those words, his body relaxes against yours. He wraps his arms around you to return the hug. His voice is especially quiet when he responds. “I’m alright. Still trying to figure out all these emotions. If it gets really bad, I’ll tell you, okay? I promise.”

With a nod, you give Ink another squeeze before releasing your grip on him. Then, you take a step back so you can smile at both skeletons. “I had fun, guys. Hopefully, we can do this again sometime soon. Until then, take care of yourselves, okay?”

Both of them nod as they smile at you. Then, after exchanging goodbyes, you turn toward the door and enter the world of Swapfell with a large grin on your face.

*Let’s see how the Swapfell boys are doing. I hope they’re in the mood for visitors!*  

Chapter End Notes

So, the Reader gets some answers that only raise more questions. Looks like y'all will have to wait a while longer to see what's behind this mysterious glitch ;)

Seeing so many people excited about Dream made me both excited and nervous. I had a lot of fun writing him, but I was also worried about his characterization. I really hope he was in character ^^'

I owe a special thanks to cracking_the_mind, the author of the awesome story Eight Skulls One Migraine. That was the first time I read a story that had the Dream/Reader pairing, and it made me wanna give it a try since I thought his character was real cute. The author was kind enough to tell me more about Dream and his personality since I really didn't know much haha After I was told that he'd be the type to keep all his struggles to himself, the idea of the Reader meeting him and giving him someone to unload on came to mind. I just felt that the poor sweetheart needed someone to be there for him and take care of him like how he often does for others.
Unfortunately, I didn't give as much spotlight to Ink in this chapter, but we got to see more about his feelings for the Reader. Don't worry, I have a chapter planned where she gets to spend one-on-one time with him in the future. I really enjoyed writing it XD

Next chapter, we get to see the Swapfell brothers. Y'all better prepare yourselves. It's my longest chapter yet. Over 14,000 words! I recommend reading it when you have a lot of free time haha I can't wait to post it. There's gonna be so much fluff! ^-^
After you walk through the door, you arrive in a house that reminds you of the ones in Underswap and Underfell. It has the same layout as the Underswap house but with an edgier color scheme like the one in Underfell. The major difference that you notice is there’s more purple than red in this home compared to the one in Underfell.

As you look around, you quickly realize that you are the only one in the living room. Is everyone out for the day?

When your eyes drift toward the windows, you freeze in shock. Quickly, you move toward the front door and open it with gusto. A large grin forms on your face when you realize that this house isn’t in Snowdin.

No, while this area is wooded like the snowy town, there’s one big difference between this location and Snowdin. Here you can see a dazzling blue sky and the sun glowing brightly from its place above.

They’re on the Surface! Chara did it! They saved the monsters!

That’s when you hear a cold voice behind you, successfully killing the happy atmosphere. “WHO GOES THERE? YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE TRESPASSING INSIDE THE HOME OF THE MALEVOLENT SANS!”

Immediately, you turn around to face the speaker and witness Sans’ expression go from irritated to shocked in a matter of seconds. You pout at him. “Aw, Sans, you’re breaking my heart. You don’t remember me? It hasn’t been that long since we last saw each other, has it?”

An embarrassed scowl forms on his face. “OF COURSE, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! JUST BECAUSE I KNOW YOU DOESN’T MEAN IT’S ALRIGHT FOR YOU TO BREAK INTO MY HOUSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?”

You move to close the front door and turn back to face the annoyed skeleton. “I’m here to visit, of course. I promised I’d come see you, remember?”

For a few seconds, he just stares at you with surprise before the scowl returns to his face. “I DIDN’T THINK YOU WERE ACTUALLY SERIOUS. DON’T YOU HAVE OTHER WORLDS TO BOTHER?”

Rather than get upset, you approach the skeleton with a sly smile on your face. “But, Sans, those worlds don’t have you. I wanted to see you ‘cause I missed you. Is that really so bad?”
Sans flushes a dark purple at your words. He averts his eye-lights as he crosses his arms. “O-OF COURSE, I ALREADY KNEW THAT! WHO WOULDN’T WANT TO SEE ME? EVERYONE ELSE PALES IN COMPARISON AFTER ALL!”

Now that he’s distracted, you decide to make your move. In a flash, you have your arms around the startled skeleton, and you pull him into a warm embrace.

His blush darkens considerably when you rub your cheek against his as you hug him close. “That’s right. There may be several Sanses, but there’s only one you. Unfortunately, so much crazy stuff happened the last time I was here so I didn’t get the chance to spend any time with you or Papyrus. I wanted to make up for that with this visit.”

You can’t help but be surprised by the way his body relaxes in your hold. Maybe he trusts you more than you originally thought?

When you pull back, you make sure to keep your face close to his so you can have an up close view of his cute flustered expression. In addition to his dark purple cheeks, Sans is staring at you with incredibly wide eye-lights and an expression that’s a mixture of surprise and amazement.

A warm smile forms on your face which appears to make the skeleton blush harder. “You don’t mind if I stay here a little while, do you, Sans? I promise I won’t cause any trouble. I just want to hang out with you. Is that okay?”

For a while, he just gapes at you in shock, but eventually, the blushing skeleton nods his head all the while looking at anything but you. “F-FINE. I CANNOT BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO BASK IN MY AMAZING PRESENCE. PEOPLE FLOCKING TO ME ON A DAILY BASIS IS ONE OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF BEING SO POPULAR. THERE’S NO POINT IN COMPLAINING ABOUT IT. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO STAY HERE FOR THE DAY.”

Pleased, you kiss his cheekbone before finally releasing your grip on the embarrassed skeleton. “Thank you, Sans. I appreciate your hospitality.”

You watch in amusement as Sans screeches in surprise and jumps back while one of his hands moves to touch the cheekbone you kissed. Now, practically his whole skull is purple. “D-DON’T THINK YOU CAN STAY HERE FREE OF CHARGE! I’LL BE PUTTING YOU TO GOOD USE!”

He jabs a finger toward the staircase “FIRST, GO WAKE UP MY LAZY EXCUSE OF A BROTHER! IN THE MEANTIME, I’LL BE GATHERING THE SUPPLIES WE’LL NEED FOR CLEANING THE HOUSE!”

In a flash, Sans disappears, running into the kitchen at a such a speed he looks like a blur of purple. You can’t help but giggle at his cute reaction.

Rather than chase after him, you decide to give him a little time to cool down since you did fluster him a good bit. In your defense, his embarrassed expression is too cute to resist.

As you head for the stairs to fetch Papyrus, you ponder Sans’ last words. *Did he say he was getting stuff to clean the house? So, I’m stuck on cleaning duty?*

The thought makes you sigh. *Oh well, a little cleaning won’t hurt. That’s basically what I did in Underfell. What’s up with the edgy boys being such clean freaks?*

Since there are only a few rooms on the second floor, it doesn’t take you long to find the older brother’s room. It helps that you remember where the bathroom in Underswap was and that Sans’
Not wanting to risk upsetting the likely still sleeping skeleton, you knock on the door to announce your presence. “Hey, Papyrus? It’s Y/N. I came for a visit, and Sans sent me to get you. I think he wants you to help clean. Are you awake?”

A few seconds pass without a response. You knock again but still don’t hear so much as a peep from the other side.

When you check the doorknob, you realize that the door is unlocked. After a few seconds of deliberation, you decide to enter the room. You did knock so it’s not like you didn’t give him any warning. Besides, you’d rather not go back to Sans empty-handed and risk upsetting him.

The first thing you notice when you enter the room is how dark it is. It’s only because of the light coming from the hallway that you’re able to make out what’s inside. By the looks of it, Papyrus got some thick curtains for his window to block out the sunlight that’d normally come through.

As you venture further inside, you realize the room isn’t as messy as you expected. There are a few things here and there scattered across the floor but not so much that it prevents you from moving across the room. You figure that must be because of Sans’ influence.

When you finally reach the bed, you are unsurprised to see the wad of sheets rolled up at the end of the bed and the blanket haphazardly strewn across the floor and the edge of the bed. Lying there in the center of the mattress with his back to you is Papyrus who appears to be sound asleep.

A part of you just wants to leave him alone since you know he probably has sleeping issues like the other Sans personalities. However, you didn’t come all this way just to give up. Besides, if you don’t do it, Sans will. At least, you can wake him up in a calmer manner.

You reach for his shoulder to gently shake him but are caught off guard when a bony hand suddenly grabs your wrist. Before you can react, you feel yourself pulled toward the bed. It all happens so fast you have no time to brace yourself to stop your fall.

One minute you’re standing, and the next, you’re lying on top of a smirking skeleton with his arms wrapped firmly around you, keeping you in place. A dark blush covers your cheeks at the close proximity which only makes his smirk grow. “hey, darlin, good to see ya. glad you remembered my offer from last time.”

His expression is incredibly smug as he pulls you closer. “comin’ here so fast, you’re pretty eager, ain’t ya?”

Your face feels as hot as a furnace now. Completely flustered by his actions, it takes you a few seconds to actually respond. “I-I’m only here to wake you up. Sans sent me. It sounds like he wants to clean the house today.”

Unfortunately, your words don’t appear to dissuade him from continuing to flirt with you. Rather than pull away, the skeleton brings his face closer to yours much to your embarrassment. “ya don’t say. well, i don’t think m’lord will mind if we’re a few minutes late. he’ll probably take a while gatherin’ all the cleanin’ supplies. how about we do somethin’ together to pass the time?”

That suggestive tone in his voice makes your blush deepen. Realizing you have no way to escape this predicament, you bury your face in his chest with a whine. “Papyrus! Stop teasing me! What if Sans gets tired of waiting and sees us like this when he comes up here to look for us?”

His smirk looks positively devilish now. “we can ask him to join in. i wouldn’t wanna leave my bro
You make a choked noise as your blush darkens considerably. Papyrus chuckles at your reaction, gently moving a hand up and down your back with a surprising tenderness.

Then, to your dismay, his hand moves to your head and starts playing with your hair. Despite your best efforts, your body starts to relax under his ministrations, causing you to lean more against his chest.

The more his fingers card through your hair, the heavier your eyelids begin to feel. Curse that perceptive skeleton. How did he figure out your weakness so quickly?! “Papyrus, if you keep this up, I’ll seriously fall asleep, and Sans will get mad. He wants me to help clean. I can’t if I’m asleep.”

His chest rumbles under your ear as he chuckles. “Don’t worry about it, darlin. he’ll just blame me for bein’ a bad influence. just take it easy for a bit and nap with me.”

When you see his mischievous expression, you finally realize that this whole time he’s been suggesting that you taking a nap with him. Your mind just jumped to conclusions which Papyrus took full advantage of. Damn him.

Embarrassed beyond belief, you bury your face against his chest which shakes as he quietly laughs. The arm around your waist gives you a warm squeeze while he lightly scratches your scalp with his other hand.

It’s really unfair how skillful he is. This position feels incredibly comfortable; you honestly don’t want to move at all.

You make a great effort to keep your eyes open as your hands unconsciously clench around the fabric of his sweater. Unfortunately, it’s a losing battle. The combination of his gentle ministrations and his body heat is lulling you to sleep.

Just as your eyes fall shut, the bedroom door, which you left partially closed, slams open after a well-placed kick to the wood. The sudden loud noise makes you and Papyrus jolt in surprise.

“What is taking you so long, human?! How hard could it be to wake up my brother?!”

In a flash, the taller skeleton sits up, causing you to roll off him and fall to the floor with a groan. As you push yourself off the floor, you look up to glare at Papyrus who’s wearing an amused expression. “Oops. sorry about that, darlin. didn’t mean for you to fall for me like that.”

While you move to stand, Sans groans in dismay. “That was awful! If you insist on telling puns, at least use good ones, pa--I mean--mutt!”

You don’t miss the way the younger brother falters with his words, and you’re sure Papyrus doesn’t either. However, as expected, he doesn’t comment on it. “Sorry, m’lord.”

Scowling, Sans crosses his arms and turns his focus to you. “And, what in the name of queen toriel were you doing? I gave you one simple job, human! How hard can waking someone up be?”

With a sigh, you make your way toward the door after rising to your feet. “Pretty hard when the person captures you. Papyrus thought taking another nap would be more fun than waking up, and I couldn’t convince him otherwise.”
When the shorter skeleton directs his glare toward his brother, Papyrus just grins as he shrugs his shoulders. Instead of scolding him like you expect, Sans just shakes his head in exasperation and motions for you to follow him into the hallway. “WE’VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME. LET’S GO BACK DOWNSTAIRS. COME ON, MUTT.”

After he slings on his jacket, Papyrus heads out the door, following after you and his brother. When the three of you reach the living room, Sans turns to face the taller skeleton and holds out a piece of paper. “I KNOW HOW AWFUL YOU ARE AT CLEANING, SO THE ONLY CHOICE I HAVE IS TO LEAVE YOU IN CHARGE OF SHOPPING. I TRUST YOU CAN DO THAT RIGHT.”

The older brother nods his head as he takes the list. He shoves it inside his pocket without even bothering to look at it. “sure thing.”

Noticing your gaze, Papyrus winks before abruptly teleporting to start his shopping, leaving you alone with his brother. Sans wastes no time in handing you some cleaning supplies. “I’LL LEAVE YOU IN CHARGE OF CLEANING THIS FLOOR WHILE I HEAD UPSTAIRS. I EXPECT EVERYTHING TO BE SPOTLESS WHEN I COME DOWN AFTER I FINISH.”

Who am I? Cinderella?

While a part of you wants to complain about being ordered around, the mischievous side of you decides to have some fun with this. “And, what kind of reward do I get for doing a good job? A kiss?”

You watch with glee as his entire face turns a dark purple. “W-WHAT?!”

Grinning, you lean down to cup his cheek while he stares you with wide eye-lights. “People usually work better when they have some form of incentive. Don’t you agree?”

Blushing brightly, Sans quickly pulls away from you and runs up the stairs while carrying his cleaning supplies. “JUST START CLEANING, HUMAN! I’LL BE THE JUDGE OF WHETHER OR NOT YOU DESERVE A REWARD!”

As soon as he’s out of sight, you break out into a giggling fit. Yeah, that reaction was definitely worth volunteering to be his cleaning slave for the next couple of hours.

Once you calm down, you pick up the supplies and get to work. The sooner this gets done, the better. Getting nagged by Sans is the last thing you want to deal with for the rest of your visit.

A few hours later, you drop down onto the couch with a loud groan. It took you awhile, but you finally managed to clean every inch of the downstairs area.

Since Sans is always so neat, there really weren’t that many places that needed to be cleaned. The main issue you had to deal with was the kitchen. It looked like a damn horror show with so many questionable stains and scorch marks all over the place. That’s where you spent the majority of your time cleaning.

After all that activity, all you wanna do is take a nap. You wonder if you could sneak a quick one before Sans comes back downstairs.

Surprisingly enough, Sans still hasn’t finished cleaning. Well, you assume he’s not done since you can’t think any other reason for why he’d remain upstairs. You briefly consider going to check on him but quickly decide against it. He’d probably get mad and think you were looking down on his
cleaning skills or something crazy like that.

That’s why you choose to remain slouched against the couch cushions. Feeling tired, you allow your eyes to fall shut, thinking a short nap will do you some good.

Unfortunately, that’s when Sans decides to come back downstairs. “HUMAN! YOU BETTER NOT BE SLACKING OFF! DID YOU CLEAN EVERYWHERE?”

You shoot up in surprise and see the skeleton standing in front of you, frowning with his arms crossed. One of your hands comes to rest over your rapidly beating heart. *Damn. Way to scare the hell out of me, Sans.*

With a sigh, you move to sit up properly. “Yes, I cleaned everywhere. I’m sure it doesn’t look as perfect as it would’ve if you had cleaned it, but I think I did a good job.”

Purple eye-lights narrow at your words. “I’LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!”

Sans spends the next fifteen minutes examining every inch of ground floor while you remain on the couch too tired to move. When he moves into the kitchen, your eyes fall shut despite your best efforts to keep them open.

*I know it’s unlikely that Sans will let me take a nap, but maybe I can just sit here for a little while with my eyes closed while he inspects my work.*

Surprisingly enough, Sans hasn’t made a sound since he ventured into the kitchen. While you probably should check on him, you can’t bring yourself to move at the moment.

Thankfully, you don’t have to since you can hear the clacking of the skeleton’s boots against the floor as he re-enters the room a few minutes later. Instead of yelling at you for sleeping like you expect, Sans remains quiet as he heads for the couch and takes a seat beside you.

Before you can turn to look at him, you feel the cushions beside you dip and then teeth lightly press against your cheek. Immediately, your eyes fly open at the contact, and you turn to see a surprised Sans watching you with a dark blush.

A bright blush floods your cheeks once you fully realize what just happened. Before you can question the flustered skeleton, he quickly averts his eye-lights with a scowl. “Y-YOU DIDN’T DO TOO BAD OF A JOB, SO I FIGURED A SMALL REWARD WAS IN ORDER. DON’T GET ANY WEIRD IDEAS! I-IT’S NOT LIKE I WANTED TO KISS YOU! I JUST KNEW YOU’D BE PERSISTENT ABOUT IT! BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU RECEIVED SUCH AN AMAZING REWARD!”

For several seconds, you just stare at Sans with wide eyes. Then, his words register in your mind, and you remember the reward you asked for before he went upstairs. *I can’t believe he actually did it. Sure, I asked for a kiss, but I never thought he’d actually agree.*

Despite your embarrassment, you can’t stop the smile from forming on your face. “Thank you, Sans. While I admit I was surprised to receive a reward, I am grateful for it.”

His blush darkens considerably as he continues to look around at anything but you. When he tries to get off the couch to make his escape, you quickly grab ahold of him to keep him from leaving.

Sans flushes when you pull him back to sit right beside you. “W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! UNHAND ME THIS INSTANT!”
Rather than oblige, you wrap your arms around him in a hug and bring your face close to his. “Aw, come on, Sans. How about a little break? We’ve been cleaning all afternoon. Why don’t we just relax on the couch for a little bit?

An annoyed frown forms on his face. “YOU SOUND JUST LIKE MY BROTHER! YOU BUNCH OF LAZYBONES!”

The mention of Papyrus reminds you of the shorter skeleton’s near slip up in his brother’s room. You decide to question him on the matter in hopes that he’ll get distracted by talking and stay with you on the couch. “Hey, Sans? Are you still calling your brother Mutt? Now that you’re on the Surface, that’s not really necessary, is it?”

When he suddenly stops struggling, you remove your grip on him and watch as his eye-lights narrow. “WHAT I CALL MY BROTHER IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, HUMAN!”

His response makes you sigh. You can’t say you’re too surprised. “Sans, I’m not trying to condemn you for how you treat Papyrus. I know you did everything to protect him. The Underground in this world was really dangerous, and he only has one HP. I can’t imagine how scary that must’ve been having to constantly worry about his health because of the dangers surrounding where you lived.”

Sans briefly stares at you in surprise before averting his gaze. “OF COURSE YOU CAN’T. OUR WORLDS ARE COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. I DOUBT YOU EVER HAD TO DEAL WITH DANGER IN YOUR WORLD.”

You shake your head. “Not really. I mean, it’s not like danger didn’t exist, but I never had to worry about fighting for my life like you and Papyrus did.”

When he doesn’t immediately reply, you continue. “I’m not trying to say I completely understand you or your feelings, Sans. I just meant that I know why you treat your brother like you do. You did it in order to protect him because you care about him. You didn’t want anyone seeing him as a weakness--as someone they could target to hurt you. You did the best you could considering the circumstances.”

The skeleton’s eye-lights widen at your words. Then, a dark purple blush floods his cheekbones when you cup his cheeks with your hands to get his attention. “W-WHAT ARE YOU-?”

His words abruptly cut off when you smile at him. When you tenderly stroke his cheekbones, you feel Sans unconsciously lean into your touch which makes your smile grow. “The reason I brought up this conversation in the first place was because I wanted you to know that you don’t have to worry about putting up that act around me. I know you did everything to protect Papyrus because you care about him. Since there’s nothing to hide, you don’t have to keep acting like you would Underground, right?”

Sans averts his eye-lights as his cheekbones turn a darker purple. “Y-YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE ACTING LIKE YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. WHO SAYS I’M ACTING?”

Despite his words, there’s hardly any bite in his tone. He doesn’t sound nearly as annoyed as he probably intended.

With a smile, you release his cheeks and wrap your arms around his neck in a hug. The skeleton makes a noise of protest, but you ignore it in favor of holding him close to you, making him go quiet. “I’m sorry for sounding like a know-it-all. That wasn’t my intention. I just want you to feel comfortable to be yourself around me, Sans. You don’t have to act like the super strong member of the Royal Guard who has to deal with danger on a daily basis--not around me. Right now, I just
want to hang out with Sans, Papyrus’ little brother and my friend.”

He goes still at your words. When a few minutes pass with no response from him, you pull away from the embrace and see Sans staring at you with wide eye-lights and brightly glowing cheekbones. His expression is so cute; it honestly makes you want to hug him again and never let go.

Once he realizes your gaze is on him, Sans looks away and crosses his arms. Unfortunately for him, he’s not having much luck getting rid of his blush. “WHAT A STRANGE HUMAN. YOU ACT AS IF THOSE ARE TWO SEPARATE PEOPLE.”

You shrug your shoulders with a smile. “I know they’re technically not, but I do know that sometimes people change how they act when around certain people, mainly around people they trust. I’m hoping that I can one day earn your trust, so you’ll feel comfortable around me like I feel around you.”

Sans looks at you with surprise. “YOU...ARE COMFORTABLE AROUND ME? YOU TRUST ME?”

Your expression softens at the shocked tone in his voice. You grab both of his hands with yours and squeeze them as you nod your head. “That’s right. I know we haven’t spent that much time around each other and haven’t known each other for very long. But, I still consider you a friend. So, that means I trust you. I like being around you, Sans.”

His blush that had begun to fade comes back at full force covering his whole face with a dark purple. Unable to resist, you hug him close while rubbing your cheek against his. “You’re so cute, Sans!”

Immediately, Sans begins to squirm in your grasp. “I-I’M NOT CUTE!! YOU INSOLENT HUMAN! RELEASE ME AT ONCE!”

Rather than comply, you simply hug him tighter. “Only if you agree to hang out with me on the couch for a little while.”

After several minutes of futile struggling, the skeleton finally goes still in your arms and sighs. “FINE, IF IT MEANS YOU’LL RELEASE ME, THEN I’LL TAKE A SHORT BREAK WITH YOU.”

Delighted by your victory, you kiss his cheekbone before pulling away from him. In response, Sans screeches in embarrassment and attempts to put some distance between the two of you on the couch.

Thankfully, he keeps his word and doesn’t try to leave once he’s free. Instead, he just crosses his arms and gives you an annoyed look. “NOW WHAT? YOU DON’T ACTUALLY EXPECT ME TO JUST SIT HERE IDLY DO YOU? WHAT A WASTE OF TIME. I COULD BE DOING MUCH MORE PRODUCTIVE THINGS.”

All you can do is sigh in response. Of course, this wouldn’t end so smoothly. “How about you tell me what all happened after I left? Obviously, a lot went on here since you’re now on the Surface.”

His face brightens at your suggestion, and soon, he begins telling you of his many accomplishments, including how he was the one responsible for saving monsterkind since it was his servant who broke the barrier.

While it’s hard to tell if he’s being completely truthful about everything he says, you decide to not
call him out on it. After all, Sans appears to be really enjoying himself as he tells you all about his many exploits.

The skeleton appears very smug after finishing his story-telling. “IMPRESSIVE, AREN’T I? I’M SURE NONE OF YOUR ADVENTURES HOLD A CANDLE TO MINE! NOT MANY PEOPLE CAN SAVE AN ENTIRE RACE!”

He does remember that my job right now is to basically save entire worlds, right? Oh well, it’s not like it’s really my power that’s doing it. It feels weird to take credit for that when the Void is doing all the work.

That’s when you remember the kids from the Handplates and Gaster Blaster AUs. That’s the one situation where you feel it’s alright to be proud of yourself. The Void may have saved the worlds, but it was you who protected those kids from being experimented on while you were there.

Just thinking of the children brings a warm smile to your face. You really hope they’re doing alright in their respective worlds.

“WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT?”

Sans’ question draws you out of your thoughts. When your gaze falls on him, he gives you a suspicious look. “YOU JUST STARTED SMILING ALL OF SUDDEN. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?”

Your smile grows at his question. “Don’t worry, Sans. I’m not planning anything. I was just thinking of another world I visited. I got to see what you’d look like as a kid. Those sure were some adorable skeletons.”

When you see his disbelieving expression, you bring out your phone and show him the pictures you have of the kids. His jaw drops at the sight of the picture of Razz posing for the camera. A giggle escapes your lips at his amazed reaction as he studies all of the pictures on your phone. Once he’s finished looking, you return your phone to your pocket and grin at him. “See? I told you. Adorable, right?”

Instead of replying, Sans just crosses his arms with a huff. After a few seconds pass, he turns to give you a probing look which surprises you. “WHY WERE THEY DRESSED LIKE THAT? ALL THEY HAD ON WERE THOSE GOWNS. THEY ALSO LOOKED MALNOURISHED. WHAT KIND OF WORLD DID YOU GO TO?”

His words make you freeze. You hadn’t planned on him asking about what happened in that world. You didn’t expect him to be interested in asking about your other world visits.

When he notices you go still, his eye-lights narrow. “OBVIOUSLY, THERE’S MORE TO THIS STORY THAN YOU MEETING A FEW KID VERSIONS OF MY BROTHER AND MYSELF. NOW, YOU’VE PIQUED MY INTEREST. TELL ME EVERYTHING, HUMAN. DON’T THINK YOU CAN FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS.”

Your shoulders slump as you sigh. It’s not like you have a problem with telling him. You’re just not very fond of certain parts of the story. Still, there’s no way you could get away with only explaining the basics. The only thing you can do is tell the truth and hope he doesn’t react too badly when he hears what his counterparts went through.

So, that’s what you do. You tell Sans everything that happened—not even leaving out the part where you got experimented on or the final experiment in the lab that resulted in the scientists
Surprisingly enough, the skeleton never commented when you brought up the scientists. You don’t know if it’s because he doesn’t remember the previous Royal Scientist of his world or if it’s because he’s more upset about the other parts of the story.

Judging by the large scowl on his face, your bet is on the latter.

“YOU’RE AN IDIOT.”

You blink in surprise, not expecting a comment like that of all things. A frown forms on your face, but before you can retort, Sans continues. “WHAT KIND OF IDIOT SACRIFICES THEMSELF TO PROTECT KIDS THEY HARDLY KNOW? DO YOU HAVE A DEATH WISH?”

Your expression softens once you realize what’s gotten him so upset. “I know it was reckless, Sans, but I had to do it. I couldn’t just sit back and watch those kids get hurt. They didn’t deserve the cruel treatment they were being put through.”

Unfortunately, your words don’t appear to help him calm down. Instead, he just glares at you. “YOU DID SOMETHING SIMILAR THE LAST TIME YOU WERE HERE. DESPITE THE RISK, YOU DESTROYED YOUR SOUL TO RESET AND BRING THOSE TWO WHO DIED BACK. YOU EVEN PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER WHEN HELPING MY SERVANT BACK AT THE LAB.”

His eye-lights narrow. “DOING SUCH STUPIDLY RECKLESS THINGS, DO YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE AT ALL?”

Your eyes widen as your body goes still. Is that really what he thinks? That you put yourself in reckless situations because you don’t care about your own life?

A small frown forms on your face. That’s not it at all. It’s not that I don’t care about my life. I just can’t stand the idea of standing by and seeing someone I care about getting hurt if there’s something I can do to stop it. Of course, I know that’s not a normal concept in this world. How am I supposed to explain this in a way that Sans would understand?

Then, an idea comes to mind. “Hey, Sans, if you and Papyrus were in a battle and an attack was about to hit your brother that would seriously injure him, would you interfere? Even if it meant putting yourself in danger?”

His posture stiffens at your question. You watch as his eye-lights narrow and hold your gaze for several seconds as he tries to understand your intentions.

After a few minutes, Sans finally replies, “I WOULD. AFTER ALL, HE IS UNDER MY PROTECTION. NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO HURT WHAT’S MINE. OF COURSE, IT’S NOT LIKE ANY ATTACK COULD DO SERIOUS DAMAGE TO SOMEONE OF MY STRENGTH SO IT’S NOT LIKE I’D BE RISKING MY LIFE LIKE YOU’VE DONE.”

Then, his expression becomes calculative as he closely studies you. After a few seconds, he tilts his head. “I SEE. WHAT YOU’RE TRYING TO TELL ME IS THAT YOU’D HELP THOSE CHILDREN FOR THE SAME REASON I’D HELP MY BROTHER. HOWEVER, THERE’S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THOSE TWO SITUATIONS. PAPYRUS IS MY BROTHER WHOM I’VE KNOWN ALL MY LIFE. YOU KNEW THOSE KIDS FOR ONLY A FEW HOURS YET YOU STILL PUT YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE FOR THEM. I DON’T GET IT.”

Well, at least he somewhat gets where you’re coming from. It’s not surprising that he’s still
puzzled by your actions. “I know it might sound weird, but for some people like me, you don’t have to know someone long to care about them. I saw those poor kids were hurting, and I wanted to protect them. No one else would, so I decided to make it my responsibility.”

The corners of your lips quirk upwards as you shake your head. “I guess you could say I get attached easily, or I’m just too softhearted. But, I don’t care. I spent enough time with them to learn that they were good kids that deserved better, and I wanted to protect them, simple as that.”

Sans just stares at you quietly for several minutes before sighing. “SO, IT’S NOT THAT YOU DON’T CARE ABOUT YOURSELF. YOU JUST CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT OTHERS. YOU REALLY ARE TOO SOFT. YOU WOULDN’T HAVE LASTED A DAY IN THE UNDERGROUND.”

You shrug your shoulders. “Probably not, but that’s the way I am. And, I don’t plan on changing.”

The skeleton’s eye-lights narrow, and then, you suddenly find your chin in his grasp. Before you can react, Sans pulls you down until you’re eye level with him.

A dark blush covers your cheeks at the intensity of his stare and the close proximity. “S-Sans?”

Sans smirks as he lets his gaze roam across your face. “SINCE YOU ARE INCAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER YOURSELF, IT’S OBVIOUS THAT YOU’LL NEED SOMEONE TO DO IT FOR YOU. BEING THE GENEROUS MONSTER THAT I AM, I WILL ALLOW YOU TO BECOME MY SERVANT. ANYONE WHO PLEDGES THEIR LOYALTY TO ME WILL BE UNDER MY PROTECTION.”

You can’t help but smile in amusement. “Sans, you do realize that when I get into trouble I probably won’t even be in this world, right? It’s not like you can travel between worlds like Ink.”

His grip on your chin tightens as he pulls you closer. “ARE YOU SAYING THAT I, THE MALEVOLENT SANS, CAN’T PROTECT YOU? HOW FOOLISH. NOTHING IS ALLOWED TO GET IN MY WAY NOT EVEN SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS MULTIDIMENSIONAL TRAVEL. IF I WISH TO GO SOMEWHERE, I WILL. SIMPLE AS THAT.”

While his words sound ridiculous, the fact that he’d be willing to go so far for you warms your heart. Smiling, you wrap your arms around his neck and bring your forehead to rest against his, making him blush. “Thank you, Sans. That means a lot to me. But, rather than a servant, can’t I just be your friend? Of course, I still promise to be loyal to you. After all, that’s what friends are for.”

The skeleton just stares wide-eyed while his blush gets progressively brighter. Surprisingly enough, rather than try to pull away like you expect, his other hand moves to cling onto your hoodie. “YOU REALLY MEAN THAT.”

There’s a lot of weight in that statement despite it only containing a few words. It seems you’ve finally convinced Sans of your sincerity in regards to wanting to befriend him.

You smile warmly as you hug him tighter. “I know you have every reason to not trust me since we hardly know each other, but if there’s one thing I want you to believe, it’s the fact that I do care about you and want to be friends with you. You can trust me, Sans. I promise.”

The hands on your hoodie and chin tighten their grip at your words. You watch a myriad of emotions pass across his face too quick to catch. Then, for the first time since you met him, you witness his expression soften as he gazes at you.

Your breath catches when the corners of his mouth pull upwards into a small smile. You’ve never
seen him wear such a content expression before. Despite your best efforts, you feel your face heat up at the sight as your heart starts beating rapidly in your chest.

It only gets worse when an arm wraps around your waist while the hand holding your chin moves to cup your cheek. You witness the small smile morph into a pleased smirk. “NOT JUST ANYONE CAN BE A FRIEND OF THE MALEVOLENT SANS, ESPECIALLY NOT A WEAK HUMAN. HOWEVER, I GUESS I CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION FOR YOU, Y/N.”

All you can do is gape at his smug expression as your blush worsens. You hadn’t expected such behavior from Sans since this is more what his brother would do. You never imagined the shorter skeleton would pull such a smooth move. He even used your name which he’s never done before now.

Before you can respond, the front door suddenly opens, signalling the arrival of Papyrus. Realizing what kind of situation the two of you are in, Sans immediately releases you, and you back away, trying to put a little distance between the two of you as you attempt to calm your rapidly beating heart.

As Papyrus walks into view with groceries in hand, you detect the faint hint of cigarette smoke, meaning at least one smoke break occurred during the older skeleton’s absence. Of course, this doesn’t surprise you one bit. Considering how long he’s been gone, it’s obvious Papyrus took his time.

Scowling, Sans jumps off the couch and approaches the taller skeleton. “WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG? WE FINISHED CLEANING A WHILE AGO! IT’S ALMOST TIME FOR DINNER!”

His brother shrugs his shoulders. “sorry, m’lord. all the stores were crowded. took me awhile to get everythin’ you wanted.”

Yet, he somehow managed to make time for a cigarette.

It appears that Sans is as doubtful as you, but rather than rebuke his brother, the younger skeleton just sighs. “JUST BRING EVERYTHING INTO THE KITCHEN. I CAN START COOKING NOW THAT YOU’VE GOTTEN EVERYTHING. THE HUMAN CAN HELP YOU PUT EVERYTHING UP.”

Looks like Sans has volunteered your help again. With a sigh, you rise from the couch and follow after the brothers into the kitchen.

Despite your best efforts, you are unable to convince Sans to let you help cook. Instead, you have to help Papyrus put up all the groceries. While you have no problem with helping the taller skeleton, you can’t help but feel incredibly nervous about letting Sans cook on his own. What if he hasn’t learned to cook well yet?

Papyrus chuckles at your uneasy expression as you help him put away the perishables in the refrigerator. “i guess you know about m’lord’s cookin’. it’s to die for.”

You give him an annoyed look. “That’s what I’m worried about. You may be used to it, but I’m not. Obviously, I don’t wanna hurt his feelings, but I don’t wanna get sick either. Isn’t there anything I can do to convince him to let me help?”

He shrugs his shoulders as he watches you put away more of the groceries. Even though you’re supposed to be the one helping him, in the end, you’re doing all the work—not that you’re surprised. “he might let you after you finish up here. just don’t let him know you’re tryin’ to help
him. he might let you stick close if you ask him to give you some pointers.”

Well, I guess that’s the only choice I have. I’m willing to try anything if it means I don’t have to eat his specially made burritos.

Luckily, you’re almost done with the groceries. All that’s left to do is place the remaining goods in the cabinet.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard you stretch, you’re unable to reach the shelf where they’re supposed to go. After several seconds of struggling, you actually consider climbing onto the counter to reach the top shelf but pause when you hear a deep chuckle behind you.

You freeze when a taller body comes up right behind you and presses close to you. A hand comes to rest at your hip while the other arm reaches past your head to reach for the can in your hand.

Heart thudding rapidly in your chest, you watch as Papyrus effortlessly sets the can on the desired shelf before doing the same thing with the remaining goods. All the while his hand remains at your waist.

A shiver runs down your spine when his voice rumbles right by your ear. “looked like you could use some help, darlin.”

The smirk in his voice is evident even without you looking at his face. When you divert your eyes to the side, you see Papyrus’ smug expression as he brings his face to hover above your shoulder.

Not wanting him to get the best of you, you turn your face just a tad so you can press a kiss on his cheekbone which gains a light orange hue. At his surprised look, you smile and do your best to ignore the heat in your own cheeks. “Thank you for helping me, Papyrus.”

He surprises you when he pulls away and averts his eye-lights. There’s still a faint orange coloring his cheekbones. Maybe the taller skeleton is the type that gets flustered by sincere praise?

His reaction makes you grin. Looks like Sans isn’t the only skeleton in this world who has cute reactions.

You steal a quick hug from Papyrus while his guard is down before heading toward his brother. There has been a lot of strange smells coming from his area which has been worrying you. You hope there’s still a way to save dinner.

Since your back is now to him, you miss the taller brother’s surprised look and how his gaze lingers on you.

Despite all your hard work cleaning, the kitchen has returned to looking like a war zone. Thankfully, the chaos is mainly centered around the stove area, so some parts of the kitchen still look okay.

Much to your dismay, you see a big bottle of glitter on the counter, and it’s clearly not the edible kind. What’s worse is it’s practically empty. You really shouldn’t be too surprised considering how much the counters and stovetop are sparkling now.

On one of the stove eyes is a pan filled with a questionable dark substance that you really don’t want to know about. Your stomach churns uneasily as the substance froths.

When you see what’s written on Sans’ green apron, you have to fight off the urge to laugh at the irony. In bold white font, you see the phrase “Don’t Make Me Poison Your Food”.
I’d hate to see him cook with the actual intention of poisoning someone considering he typically does it without even trying.

Realizing there’s no time to waste, you try to do your best to save dinner and your poor stomach. You place a hand on his shoulder. ‘Hey, Black? Now that I’m done putting up the groceries, can I cook with you? I think it’d be a lot of fun to cook together and watch you in action. Maybe I can learn a thing or two from your cooking style.’

Unfortunately, you seem to have caught him unawares since the shorter skeleton startles at your touch. His hand on the pan handle jerks, causing some of the goopy substance to fly out of the pan.

When you see the obviously hot goo heading straight for Sans’ face, you immediately try to pull him away before he can get hit. Regrettably, you’re not able to move quickly enough.

While you successfully pull the younger skeleton out of harm’s way, the arm you shoved in front of his face got hit by the unidentifiable substance. You immediately hiss when the goo makes contact with the back of your hand. Thankfully, your arm avoids serious damage due to your sleeves although you can clearly still feel the sizzling heat of the strange goo.

Releasing your grip on the skeleton’s collar, you use your now free hand to cradle your other one that’s throbbing with pain. When you look toward Sans to check on him, you see him staring at you with incredibly wide eye-lights. ‘Y-YOU..’

Doing your best to ignore the pain, you give him a small smile. ‘I’m alright, Sans. Are you okay? It didn’t get on you, did it? I’m sorry for startling you. I should’ve made sure you knew I was there before suddenly touching you like I did.’

Considering how much your hand hurts, you think you should run some cold water over it to mitigate some of the pain. Before you can head toward the sink, Sans suddenly grabs your arm with a surprising tenderness. ‘THERE’S NO WAY YOU’RE OKAY! YOU’RE INJURED! WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?!’

Before you can respond, Papyrus suddenly appears at your side, wearing a deep frown. In a flash, he has your hand in his grip, surprising both you and his brother.

The taller skeleton examines the blistered skin of your hand before activating his magic. You watch wide-eyed as the hand holding yours gains a green glow.

Then, to your amazement, the pain slowly begins to fade as your wound starts to disappear. Within a few seconds, it’s gone, leaving your hand looking as good as new.

Just as you open your mouth to thank Papyrus, a large smirk forms on his mouth. Before you can even think to stop him, he kisses the back of your now healed hand, making you blush a bright red.

When he pulls away, the older brother winks at you. ‘humans have that sayin’ about kissin’ it better. let me know if ya need another one, darlin. i’d be happy to oblige.’

You immediately pull your hand to your chest, doing your best to fight back your blush to no avail. Your cheeks feel like they’re on fire. ‘T-That won’t be necessary, Papyrus. Thank you, though. I appreciate your help.’

That’s when Sans decides to make his opinion known. ‘WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING PUTTING YOURSELF IN THE WAY LIKE THAT?! YOU’RE LUCKY PAPY KNOWS SOME HEALING MAGIC! OTHERWISE, YOUR HAND WOULD’VE STAYED INJURED FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG CONSIDERING HOW LONG HUMANS
All you can do is smile once you realize how worried you had made him. “Because you’re worth it.”

Sans goes completely still, staring at you with wide eye-lights. Your expression softens as you continue. “I saw the stuff coming straight for your face, and I panicked. It’s not like I was trying to take the hit instead. I honestly wanted to pull us both out of the way, but I just wasn’t quick enough. I’m sorry for worrying you, Sans.”

A hand ruffling your hair brings your attention to Papyrus whose expression is surprisingly soft. “you did good, darlin. thanks.”

Despite your best efforts, you find yourself flushing at the pure gratitude in his voice. When Sans subtly clears his non-existent throat, you turn your attention to him, grateful for the distraction.

The younger skeleton meets your eyes briefly before abruptly looking away. “I-I GUESS SOME THANKS ARE IN ORDER. IT’S THE SERVANT’S JOB TO LOOK AFTER THEIR MASTER, SO IT’S ONLY RIGHT TO PRAISE YOU FOR A JOB WELL DONE.”

Taking in the light purple blush across his cheekbones, you can’t help but grin. While he’s distracted, you lean down to cup one of his cheeks, immediately gaining his attention.

Your grin grows as his blush darkens. “Rather than a servant, don’t you mean friend?”

Obviously embarrassed, Sans averts his eye-lights. “T-THAT TOO.”

Satisfied, you gently pat his cheek before releasing your hold on him. “And, since we’re friends, that means it’s time for the customary friendship cooking session. What better way to get to know each other than doing something you enjoy so much together?”

Sans stares at you with surprise for a few seconds before a large smirk forms on his face. “I SEE WHAT YOU’RE TRYING TO DO! OBVIOUSLY, YOU WANT TO LEARN ALL OF MY COOKING SECRETS!”

He grabs your hand with a surprising gentleness and drags you toward the stove. “VERY WELL! I WILL TAKE PITY ON YOUR LACK OF COOKING SKILLS AND ALLOW YOU TO WATCH ME FIRSTHAND AS I MAKE THE BEST BURRITOS YOU HAVE EVER TASTED!”

Your shoulders slump in relief once you realize he’s allowing you to cook with him. When you briefly look over your shoulder, you see Papyrus give you a thumbs-up before heading over to the table to take a seat.

Before you start cooking, you stop by the sink to wash the goo off your sleeve. Rather than continue to wear the hoodie, you opt to take it off and tie the sleeves around your waist. You fail to notice the two sets of eye-lights closely watching you as you do so.

Unfortunately, Sans’ cooking skills are much like how Captain’s and Blue’s were before you started giving them advice. He turns the heat on the oven to the highest level no matter what he’s cooking, and when he chops vegetables, he smashes them to smithereens, covering the countertops completely with their remains.

Unlike your past cooking partners, Sans is quite stubborn so it takes some time to convince him to follow your safer cooking methods. Thankfully, he doesn’t put up too much of a fight. Considering
the way his gaze every so often lingers on your hand, you think he might still feel bad for what happened earlier despite it not being his fault.

At one point, you accidentally nick your finger when cutting vegetables after Sans bumps into you. Before you can react, Papyrus suddenly appears at your side and sticks your finger inside his mouth without hesitation.

All you can do is gape at the taller skeleton whose mouth forms a smirk around your finger. You almost jump when something warm wraps around your captured digit.

Your jaw drops further. “Is that your tongue?! Why are you licking my finger?!”

Sans moves to stand beside you and gives his brother a disgusted look. “PAPY, THAT’S DISGUSTING! YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW WHERE HER FINGER HAS BEEN!”

You gaze at the younger brother with disbelief. Of all the things to comment on, that’s what he’s complaining about?!

As you return your attention to the smug looking skeleton, you open your mouth to request that he release you but pause once you realize your finger is no longer stinging.

Your eyes widen at this realization. “Did you just use healing magic with your tongue?!”

Papyrus winks at you, proving your theory correct. Rather than release your finger immediately after it heals, the taller skeleton runs his tongue all the way down the digit, and you can’t help but shiver in response.

Finally, after way too many seconds in your opinion, the older brother releases your finger, and you quickly bring your hand to your chest. He smirks at your flustered expression. “just wanted to lend ya a hand since you’ve been so handy, helpin’ my bro and all.”

Sans groans in protest. “PAPY, THAT WAS AWFUL! IF YOU’RE GOING TO KEEP TELLING SUCH BAD PUNS, GO BACK TO THE TABLE OR LEAVE THE KITCHEN!”

Unable to resist, you grin at Papyrus who seems to be able to read your expression judging by the amused look in his eyes. “Looks like Sans thinks you’re a real handful, Papyrus.”

Papyrus snorts at the pun while his brother stares at you like you’ve committed the world’s most atrocious crime. Sans narrows his eye-lights at you. “I’M REGRETTING ALLOWING YOU TO BEFRIEND ME, HUMAN.”

A giggle escapes your lips before you can stop yourself. You wrap your arms around the shorter skeleton’s neck in a hug. “But, you still love me anyway, right, Sans?”

His entire face turns purple as he tries to break out of your grip. “W-WHAT?!! WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT, HUMAN?!”

When you take a quick peek at Papyrus, you see the taller skeleton making a valiant effort to contain his amusement when it’s obvious how much he wants to laugh at this situation. While the desire to tease Sans further is strong, you manage to fight against it since you don’t want the shorter skeleton to take back his offer to let you cook with him.

Instead, you simply kiss his cheekbone before pulling away. You grin broadly as Sans releases an embarrassed shriek. Papyrus has wisely turned away so that no one can see his current expression.
Taking advantage of the moment, you return to the cooking while Sans tries to recover from your kiss attack. While he’s dazed, you hide the glitter bottle and finish chopping the rest of the vegetables.

Once Sans regains his senses, he’s quick to return to ordering you about which you take in stride. Thankfully, there aren’t any other incidents that occur during the rest of the dinner preparation.

It takes some time, but eventually, the two of you are able to make some edible, glitter-free burritos. There are some burnt marks here and there, but honestly, considering what dinner could’ve ended up like, you don’t really care. Burnt food is nothing compared to what his normal burritos would’ve been like.

Dinner, thankfully, goes off without a hitch with everyone enjoying the food. Of course, Sans is quick to brag about how well he did. However, he surprises you when he commends you for your assistance to which Papyrus gives you a thumbs-up.

The older brother’s enjoyment of the meal was evident. No doubt this meal was the first good one he’s had in a long time aside from what he sneaks from Muffet’s. You hope the shorter skeleton’s cooking skills improve for the sake of his poor brother.

After everyone finishes eating and cleaning up, the three of you head back into the living room. That’s when you remember what you found while you were cleaning earlier.

Grinning, you grab Sans’ shoulder to gain his attention. “Hey, I saw you had a GameCube when I was cleaning earlier. Could we play it for a little while? It feels like forever since I last played.”

The younger skeleton stares at you with obvious surprise before a large smirk forms on his face. “YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE CHALLENGING THE MALEVOLENTsans TO A MATCH! VERY WELL! I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE! MWEH HEH HEH!”

Sans runs to set everything up while you and his brother take a seat on the couch with you in the middle. Within seconds, the shorter skeleton is back with the controllers in hand.

He hands one to you and then one to his brother which surprises you. Noticing your surprise, Papyrus grins. “m’lord ain’t the only one who plays. these games are surprisingly entertainin’.”

Once you realize Sans put in Super Smash Brothers, you can’t help but grin. It’s been awhile since you last played this game. You played it all the time when you were a kid.

When the character screen pops up, you decide to pick Zelda for the hell of it since you always thought she was badass. Black chooses Samus which you don’t find too surprising. However, his brother’s choice definitely catches you off guard.

You start giggling. “Kirby? Really?”

Papyrus winks at you. “he’s a tough little guy. better not underestimate him.”

Obviously, Sans is used to this since he refrains from commenting instead choosing to just shake his head at his brother’s words. Once everyone selects their character, the younger brother starts the match.

And, that’s how you spend the next two hours. Despite your experience, you find yourself struggling to compete with the brothers. Even though they haven’t had this game for very long, they are both very skilled. You haven’t managed to win a match yet much to your frustration.
In addition to being apparently outmatched, Papyrus keeps whispering puns and lightly nudging you while you play, successfully distracting you every time you get close to actually winning. Why he does this when he’s perfectly capable of defeating you normally, you have no idea. Obviously, he enjoys messing with you.

You finally decide that a change is in order when Papyrus makes you die for like the fiftieth time when he pokes one of your ticklish spots. Setting down the controller, you make your way over to the console and the other games while the taller skeleton snickers from his place on the couch.

“What are you doing, human?”

After you find the game you were looking for, you swap it out with Super Smash Brothers and reset the GameCube. As you walk back over to the couch, you grin at Sans. “After all those losses, I thought I needed a gamechanger to turn the tides in my favor.”

The taller skeleton’s snickering grows louder while his brother groans in protest. Rather than return to your original seat, you stop in front of Sans with your hands on your hips, making him raise a brow ridge in response. “Sans, please swap seats with me. Papyrus keeps cheating and messing with me. If you want to be able to say you beat me, it has to be fair and square.”

Sans gives his brother an annoyed look and only receives a cheeky grin in response. Rather than return to your original seat, you stop in front of Sans with your hands on your hips, making him raise a brow ridge in response. “Sans, please swap seats with me. Papyrus keeps cheating and messing with me. If you want to be able to say you beat me, it has to be fair and square.”

Grinning, you take his old seat and reach for your controller. As you lean close to the shorter skeleton to grab it, you plant a kiss on his cheekbone. “Thank you, Sans.”

As expected, his response is a loud embarrassed screech. Meanwhile, Papyrus is hunched over, trying to contain his laughter.

That’s when the title screen of Mario Kart flashes on the TV, grabbing both skeletons’ attention. When they give you a curious look, you grin broadly. “You may have beaten me in Smash Brothers, but in Mario Kart, I am queen.”

Both brothers get a challenging glint in their eye sockets. Looks like your words stirred their competitive sides. No doubt they’ll give you a run for your money, but you have no intention of losing.

While you choose you’re go-to pair, Peach and Daisy, Sans chooses Wario and Waluigi. You had half-expected Papyrus to choose a ridiculous pair like Baby Mario and Baby Luigi. However, he surprises you when he chooses Koopa Troopa and Paratroopa.

As soon as the countdown for the race starts, you quickly start mashing on the A button as fast as you can. Since the other two aren’t following your example, you guess they either haven’t had this game long or haven’t bothered looking at the instruction manual.

Doesn’t matter. Either way, it just gives me more of an advantage.

Both skeletons make surprised noises when your kart takes off ahead of the pack as soon as the race begins. Cackling, you take advantage of the speed boost and take first place within seconds of the race starting.

Of course, the brothers aren’t far behind. They’re quickly following after you, taking out all the competition between your car and theirs.
When you run through the double dice, you’re awarded with a set of bananas. Sans snickers, obviously thinking the items are useless to you. However, it’s actually the complete opposite.

You prove this when you use a banana to block a red shell that he throws at you. A large grin forms on your face as Sans yells. “WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!”

Papyrus shoots another shell at you which you block with your other banana. “darlin wasn’t monkeying around when she said she was good at this.”

“PAPY! THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR PUNS!”

Snickering, you drive through another set of dice and get a green shell and red shell. You quickly throw the green shell behind you, barely missing Papyrus, but keep the red shell just in case.

It doesn’t take you long to find a use for it when Sans manages to get past you. He screeches in outrage when you hit him dead on with the shell and zoom past him.

No matter what the brothers try, they’re never able to stay ahead of you for long whenever they manage to get past you. When one of the NPCs uses the squid item, which squirts ink all over the screen, it hampers you none in comparison to the skeletons who both huff in annoyance.

When you cross the finish line and claim first place, you cheer in victory while Sans and Papyrus come in right behind you claiming second and third place respectively. You give them a smug grin. “See? I told you. I am queen!”

Papyrus gives you an amused look while his brother scowls fiercely. “WHAT IN THE NAME OF QUEEN TORIEL DID YOU DO?! FIRST, THAT SPEED BOOST AT THE STARTING LINE. THEN, YOU BLOCKED ALL MY ATTACKS WITH THOSE INFERNAL BANANAS AND GREEN SHELLS. HOW?!”

As your grin grows, you lean your face closer to Sans who starts to flush from the close proximity. “If you ask really nicely and tell me how awesome I am, I’ll tell you.”

He gapes at you in disbelief. “YOU CAN’T BE SERIOUS!”

Your cheeky expression doesn’t falter. “Of course, I am. Video games are serious business, Sans.”

While Papyrus chuckles in amusement, his brother narrows his eye-lights at you. “I REFUSE! I’LL JUST FIGURE IT OUT ON MY OWN! LIKE I NEED THE HELP OF SOME COCKY HUMAN!”

The taller skeleton grins as he nods. “way to put her in her place, m’lord.”

“PAPY, I SAID NO PUNS!”

Giggling, you return your attention to the screen and wait for the next race to start. You chose the Mushroom Cup earlier, so Peach Beach should be the next course.

As promised, Sans wastes no time in trying to get the speed boost like you do. Unfortunately, he hasn’t figured out the proper timing yet, so he’s unable to get it this time. His brother does, however, surprising you both. Obviously, Papyrus isn’t one to be underestimated.

Still, despite his failure at the starting line, it doesn’t actually take Sans very long to figure out how to block attacks using items. His laugh has an incredibly smug tone after he does it the first time.
While the brothers are obviously learning, that doesn’t mean you’re losing your edge just yet. When you start your second lap, rather than go down the right side of the lagoon, you surprise the skeletons by taking the left route.

All they can do is stare in surprise when you take the shortcut that’s only available during the second lap when the tide recedes. Of course, they don’t know it’s available for only one lap, so they obviously attempt to use it the next lap much to your amusement.

Since they had to make a detour, it’s not surprising that you came in first on this course. Neither is their displeased faces when they finally cross the finish line somehow managing to get the same places as last time despite the delay.

All you can do is grin at them. “Did I mention I’m familiar with all the shortcuts in the routes? I’ve been playing this game since I was a kid, guys. I’ve got over ten years of experience over you. Of course, I won’t go down so easily.”

Sans surprises you when he starts smirking. “THAT WILL MAKE MY VICTORY ALL THE SWEETER! I’LL PROVE THAT NOT EVEN EXPERIENCE CAN SAVE YOU FROM MY AMAZING SKILLS! I WILL SURPASS YOU, HUMAN!”

A grin forms on his brother’s face. “m’lord’s the coolest. i agree, though. i’m lookin’ forward to seein’ what kind of face you make when you lose, darlin.”

You narrow your eyes at them as you smirk. “Bring it on!”

And, that’s how the three of you spend the rest of the night. You lose complete track of time as you compete in one race after another.

While the guys’ skills improve by leaps and bounds, they still are unable to get the best of you long enough to claim first prize. It doesn’t help that the two are also competing with each other since both obviously want to be the one to defeat you.

After going through cup after cup, you finally reach the dreaded Rainbow Road. While you have no problem with the course thanks to several years of practice, the skeletons aren’t as lucky.

As expected, there’s much cursing from the two as they fall from time-to-time. Still, they don’t let that stop them from trying to defeat you.

It’s as you’re getting ready to pass through the finish line with the guys on your tail that they act. Simultaneously, you feel two bony hands jab into your side, making you squeal and release your controller in surprise.

The brothers immediately take advantage of the distraction and pass the finish line with Sans in the lead. As the skeletons laugh at your reaction, you grab your controller so your princesses can claim third place.

Once that’s done, you turn to the brothers and give them an annoyed look. “Really? After all that, you two decide to cheat on the last race? You know that doesn’t count, right?”

Sans just grins smugly. “A VICTORY IS A VICTORY. IF YOU WERE TRULY AS SUPERIOR AS YOU CLAIM, YOU SHOULD’VE BEEN ABLE TO WIN EVEN AFTER OUR DISTRACTION. THAT JUST PROVES YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN, HUMAN!”

Papyrus’ grin matches his brothers perfectly. “sorry to rein on your parade, darlin, but m’lord’s right. looks like you still got some work to do before you can claim the title of queen.”
You pout once you realize the smug brothers aren’t the least bit repentant for their actions. They obviously see nothing wrong with their sneaky cheating.

Despite your annoyance, you can’t bring yourself to feel too mad. Rather as you take in the skeleton’s pleased expressions, you find yourself beginning to smile even though you do your best to fight it.

Both brothers stare at you with wide eye-lights when you suddenly start laughing. Sans frowns in confusion. “WHAT’S SO FUNNY?”

Papyrus shrugs his shoulders. “maybe we *tickled her funny bone.*”

His brother groans in displeasure. “PAPY, THAT WAS HORRIBLE!”

It’s at that moment that you finally rein in your mirth. Grinning, you move to wipe the moisture from your eyes. “Sorry, guys. I just couldn’t help but laugh once I realized I just spent several hours playing Mario Kart with you two.”

Sans raises a brow ridge at you. “AND, THAT’S AMUSING HOW?”

You shake your head. “I guess it’s not from your viewpoint, but considering the kind of air the two of you have, I never would’ve thought either of you’d be the type to spend hours mindlessly playing video games.”

The brothers freeze when you aim a big smile their way. “I had so much fun playing with you guys. I’m so glad I was able to come back for a visit. I really missed out the last time I was here. You guys are awesome.”

Bright purple and orange blushes flood their cheekbones as Sans and Papyrus avert their eye-lights. Your smile grows at their cute reactions.

Rather than tease them, you decide it’s time to address your sleeping arrangements. “Since it’s pretty late now, I think it’d be best to head for bed since I don’t know when Ink or the Void will take me away to the next world. Is it alright if I use your couch for the night?”

Papyrus smirks at you. “why use the couch when you could just share my bed with me? there’s plenty of room.”

Surprisingly, it’s not you but Sans who rejects his offer first. “IF SHE IS GOING TO SLEEP IN ANY BED, IT SHOULD BE MINE. IF SHE STAYS WITH YOU, SHE’LL GET INFECTED WITH YOUR LAZINESS AND NEVER WANT TO LEAVE.”

His brother chuckles at the remark while you give the shorter skeleton an amused look. “I’m surprised you’re not for me staying on the couch, Sans. I didn’t think you’d be interested in sharing a bed with a human.”

The shorter skeleton blushes a dark purple before quickly averting his gaze. “D-DON’T GET THE WRONG IDEA! IT’S NOT LIKE I WANT TO SHARE A BED WITH YOU! I JUST WANT TO SUPERVISE YOU AND MAKE SURE YOU DON’T STAY UP THE REST OF THE NIGHT PLAYING VIDEO GAMES BECAUSE YOU’RE SCARED I’LL DEFEAT YOU THE NEXT TIME WE PLAY IF YOU DON’T PRACTICE MORE! THAT’S ALL!”

You can’t help but snort at his words. Of all the excuses he could throw at you, you were not expecting that.
Rather than pick at his reasoning to tease him, you decide that a shower is in order. The brothers watch as you rise to your feet and head for the stairs. “Well, I guess now that that’s settled, I better get a quick shower before bed. You guys don’t mind if I use it, right?”

When you look back at them, you see Papyrus’ large smirk and his brother’s flustered expression. “sure thing, darlin. want me to join ya and keep ya company?”

A dark blush floods your cheeks at the question while Sans screeches in protest. “ABSOLUTELY NOT! I WILL NOT ALLOW SUCH INAPPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR IN MY HOUSE!”

“sorry, m’lord.”

Even though he apologizes, it’s obvious that the older brother isn’t the least bit repentant especially when he winks at you. Rather than reply, you hurry up the stairs and head for the bathroom to take your shower.

Thankfully, their bathroom is well stocked with shampoo, a hair brush, and even a hair dryer. You can only assume this means they’ve had Chara over before, and all of this is for the child for whenever they sleep over.

About forty-five minutes later, you exit the bathroom and head for the railing to see if the brothers are still downstairs. Your eyes widen when you see that they’re playing Mario Kart again.

Shaking your head, you amble down the staircase and head for the laundry room to drop off your hoodie and sweatpants. They could use a cleaning especially after that incident in the kitchen.

Just as you reenter the living room, Sans releases a victory cry as he comes in first. While his brother makes no noise of complaint, you notice how Papyrus’ shoulders slump with displeasure at his loss.

You raise an eyebrow at the pair. “I thought we were getting ready for bed. Did you two decide that over two hours of Mario Kart weren’t enough for you?”

Both brothers freeze once they realize they’re no longer the only ones in the room. They briefly look at each other before turning toward you.

Sans crosses his arms as he rises to his feet. “HOW ELSE WERE WE SUPPOSED TO PASS THE TIME? I SAW NO POINT IN GOING TO BED BEFORE YOU SINCE YOU’D JUST WAKE ME UP WHEN YOU EVENTUALLY CAME TO BED.”

Looks like you really will be bunking with the shorter skeleton after all. “Well, I guess that makes sense. Sorry if I made you wait too long, Sans.”

For some reason, Sans starts to blush. Quickly, he looks away from you and heads for the staircase with you and his brother following after him at a more leisurely pace. “YOU SURE DID TAKE YOUR TIME! OF COURSE, IT’S NOT LIKE I ACTUALLY REQUIRE A LOT OF SLEEP LIKE YOU LAZYBONES DO.”

Once he reaches the next landing, the shorter skeleton heads for his bedroom and motions for you to follow him. Before passing through the door, you turn toward Papyrus who’s heading for his room. “Good night, Papyrus.”

He halts at your words and turns to look at you from over his shoulder. There’s a softness to his expression as he grins. “night, darlin. try not to keep m’lord up all night, alright?”
When you flush at the implication of his words, Papyrus chuckles before entering his room without another word. You give his door a half-hearted glare before finally entering the younger brother’s room.

The only light in the room still on is the lamp on his bed stand. Because of that, you are unable to get a good look at everything in the skeleton’s room except for what’s close to the lamp.

Your eyes widen when you take in the shape of the bed. While you know that Captain’s bed is a race car and you’ve heard of Blue’s being a rocketship, you never once considered what the bed of this Sans would look like.

*Well, considering Blue has a rocketship bed, I guess it’s not that strange that his edgy counterpart would have a Star Wars bed.*

From what you can tell, the bed looks like a replica of the Millennium Falcon’s cockpit. There even appears to be little windows over the front of the white bed frame which arches over part of the bed. The covers and pillows even have a space theme to them.

Sans walks out of the closet wearing a large, black t-shirt with loose, grey shorts. On the shirt is a picture of a shark with the words “Come To The Shark Side”. When you giggle at the pun, he raises a brow ridge. “WHAT?”

You quickly shake your head before giving him a smile. “Nothing. Awesome bed you have here.”

He smirks proudly. “OF COURSE, THE MALEVOLENT SANS WOULD HAVE ONLY THE COOLEST BED! MWEH HEH HEH!”

After a few seconds pass with neither of you moving any closer to the bed, you decide to bite the bullet and be the first one to get under the covers. You’re too tired to worry about feeling embarrassed at this point.

Once he sees you make the first move, Sans slowly follows after you. While he’s clearly trying to come off as indifferent, it’s obvious that he feels nervous about this situation. It makes you wonder why he volunteered his bed to you in the first place if it was going to make him this uncomfortable.

Rather than ask him about it, you choose to remain silent since you know he won’t answer you honestly. After he gets settled, the shorter skeleton turns off the lamp, plunging the room completely in darkness.

Well, not completely.

When you notice there is still some light in the room, you look around for the source and quickly realize the light is coming from the skylight right above the bed. You can’t believe you didn’t notice that sooner.

Your eyes widen with wonder as you take in the sight of the many stars glittering across the sky. Despite having seen the starry sky countless times in your world, you don’t think you’ve ever seen it look as beautiful as it does now. “It’s beautiful.”

Due to the small size of the bed, you and Sans are lying shoulder to shoulder as you both look up at the ceiling. At your comment, you feel the tension in his frame begin to ease. “It Is.”

The low tone in his voice makes you blink in surprise. It’s the first time you ever heard the skeleton speak so quietly. “Do you like looking at the stars, Sans?”
There’s a slight pause before he eventually answers. “Yes. While We Had Something Similar Underground, They Pale In Comparison To The Real Thing. I Didn’t Really Understand The Big Interest In The Stars Until I Saw Them Firsthand. Now, I Find It Difficult To Take My Eyes Off Them.”

A soft smile forms on your face at his open honesty. You’re glad Sans feels comfortable enough to share something personal like that with you. While to others, this may not seem like a big deal since it’s only about his interest in the stars, but you know there’s definitely much more to it than that. Coming from someone who doesn’t normally talk about himself to others unless it’s to brag about his accomplishments, this is quite the feat.

Sans jolts in surprise when you reach for his hand and give it a gentle squeeze. “I’ve always liked the stars too, but I don’t think I’ve ever seen them look as pretty as they do now. Maybe it’s because you’re here to enjoy them with me, Sans.”

Despite the darkness of the room, you can clearly make out his surprised expression because of the bright purple glow of his now blushing cheeks. Then, you watch as his expression suddenly softens.

He lightly squeezes your hand in return. “Amusingly Enough, I Was Thinking The Same Thing.”

Your smile grows at his honest admission. Without hesitation, you pull him closer to you so that you’re heads are almost touching. “You know what they say: Great minds think alike.”

He surprises you when he quietly chuckles. With his volume lowered, you notice that the timbre of his voice is actually an octave lower than what you’re used to hearing from him. With all the yelling he does, his voice often has a scratchy quality to it. Now, his voice is a low rumble which you can practically feel with your body due to how close you are to him.

You find yourself relaxing against the skeleton as you let the sound of his laughter wash over you. While you’ve always liked his signature laugh, there’s something about this quiet version that you can’t help but enjoy. You just want to soak it all in while you can.

Originally, you had intended to stay up for a little while to watch the stars, but now with you so warm and comfortable leaning against Sans, you’re finding it difficult to keep your eyes open.

Just as you start to drift off, you feel the skeleton start to shift. He releases his strong grip on your hand and moves to wrap an arm around your waist, shifting you to your side so he can pull you even closer.

Faintly, you’re aware of something lightly touching your cheek, but you might’ve imagined it since the sensation was so brief. “Good Night, Y/N.”

He practically purrs those words as he hugs you tightly. With a happy sigh, you snuggle closer to him and finally fall asleep, feeling completely secure in Sans’ arms.

A few hours later, you find yourself slowly drifting back to consciousness. Considering how dark the room is, you figure it still must be relatively early since the skylight would brighten up the room as soon as the sun rose.

Just as you decide to go back to sleep, you realize that you are no longer sharing a bed with Sans. No, the person spooning you from behind is much too tall to be Sans.

When you sneak a peek over your shoulder, you see Papyrus fast asleep, hugging you close to his chest. A blush floods your cheeks at the close proximity.
How in the world did you end up in bed with Papyrus?!

The last thing you remember is falling asleep beside Sans. No way would Papyrus have stolen you from his brother.

So, you came to him? Did you sleepwalk? Surely, Sans would’ve woken up if you had moved during the night.

As your mind continues to race, you hear a deep chuckle right by your ear, making you stiffen in surprise. “mornin’, darlin. sleep well?”

His expression is the definition of smug when you turn to look at him. You narrow your eyes at him. “How did I end up here, Papyrus? Last time I checked, I was in your brother’s room.”

He nods his head as he grins. “you were, but m’lord had to go to work. he gave me the job of lookin’ after you while he was gone. since you were still asleep when he left, i thought it’d be bed-ter to take you to my room so you could keep sleepin’.”

You raise an eyebrow at him. “How considerate of you.”

Chuckling, Papyrus pulls you closer to him, making you squeak in surprise. “of course. only the best treatment for you, darlin.”

When you begin to squirm, his grip on you tightens. “it’s too early to get up. it’s still dark. how about a couple more hours of sleep?”

An amused huff passes your lips. “Papyrus, you’ve got blackout curtains in your room. It’s always dark in here.”

The skeleton nuzzles your neck, and you shiver when his hot breath hits your skin. “still too early to get up, darlin.”

With a roll of your eyes, you continue to squirm in an attempt to turn around. “Just let me turn around then, so I can face you. I’m not used to sleeping like this.”

Papyrus grins against your neck. “that eager to see my face? didn’t know you liked it that much.”

Once his grip loosens, you turn in his hold so that you can face the amused skeleton. Rather than give him the flustered reaction he’s looking for, you proceed to wrap your arms around his middle and bury your face against his chest. “Of course, I do. I like all of you including that smug face of yours.”

When you look up, you’re delighted to see his cheekbones glowing a light orange. Unfortunately, it doesn’t last long.

A large smirk quickly appears on his face which he brings incredibly close to yours. “oh really? and, just how much do ya like me, darlin? care to show me?”

You can’t stop the heat from rising to your cheeks at the close proximity. Still, you’re too stubborn to back out now.

Rather than reply, you bring your arms up to wrap around his neck and reach up to plant a kiss on his cheekbone. You grin at his surprised expression. “That good enough for you, Papyrus?”

His expression softens as his eye-lights glow with pure amusement. “not bad, darlin, but i can do
you one better."

Before you can react, Papyrus closes the distance between your faces and kisses the corner of your mouth. The tingle of his magic against your skin makes you involuntarily shiver.

The skeleton chuckles when he pulls back and sees your completely red face. “now, that’s a reaction. makes me wanna not stop at just one. how about it? want another one, darlin?”

Completely flustered, you hide your face against his chest which begins to shake from his laughter. The arms wrapped around you give you warm squeeze as he holds you close.

With your ear pressed against his chest, you can hear the steady thrum of his magic, a pleasant humming sound that you find very soothing. The combination of that sound and the warmth of Papyrus’ embrace is slowly lulling you back to sleep.

Remembering something you’ve been wanting to ask the skeleton, you fight to keep your eyes open and look up to see him watching you with a surprisingly soft expression. “Papyrus?”

He starts carding his fingers through your hair. “yeah, darlin?”

Blinking drowsily, you fight the instinctive urge to close your eyes once he starts playing with your hair. “Are you happy now that you’re on the Surface? Like, not just happy that you’re here, but happy with life in general. You’re doing okay now?”

The hand in your hair goes still at your question. Judging by the widening of his eye-lights, it’s obvious that Papyrus didn’t expect a question like that.

For a while, he just stares at you with a contemplative expression. Then, his face softens, and the corners of his mouth pull upwards into a small grin. “yeah, i am. everything’s fine, darlin. nothin’ to worry about.”

You study his expression closely and relax once you confirm he’s being honest with you. A warm smile forms on your face. “Good. I’m glad. Sans seems happy here on the Surface. I just wanted to make sure you were doing okay too.”

Papyrus gives you a gentle squeeze with the arm still around your waist while his other hand starts playing with your hair again. “no need to worry about me, darlin. i’m alright.”

As you nuzzle his chest, he brings his face closer so he can whisper in your ear. “thanks for comin’, darlin. you made my bro real happy with your visit. haven’t seen him that happy in a while.”

A sleepy smile forms on your face as you hug his chest. “Just Sans?”

The sound of his quiet laugh gives you a warm feeling inside your chest. “and, me too. you’re welcome here anytime, darlin. we love havin’ ya.”

Your smile grows at his warm tone of his voice. Rather than respond, you just give the skeleton a gentle squeeze as you relax further against him.

It’s the combination of his fingers carding through your hair and the gentle thrum of his magic that finally puts you to sleep. Your last thought before succumbing to the drowsiness is how happy you are that you came to visit. You had a great time with the Swapfell brothers.

That peaceful visit was just what you needed to recharge. You’ll be extra grateful for the reprieve
after you reach your next destination because things are about to get real crazy for you.

Of course, what else is new?

Chapter End Notes

The wonderful disasterbisexual made an awesome playlist for the fic. I totally recommend you check it out! You can see the post with the link by clicking here. Thank you again! <3

If I get a comment asking me what a GameCube is, I will cry so be forewarned lol And, yes I had a kid I was babysitting ask me that years ago. That was a very traumatic moment that made me very aware of my age haha What really sucks was I was eighteen at the time so I wasn't even that old lol

Regarding Smash Bros, I see Black liking to play as the strong looking characters like Samus while Pup just picks ones that will get a reaction out of whoever he's playing with. I just thought him playing as Kirby would be hilarious haha

I hope y'all enjoyed all the fluff! I felt that the guys deserved it since I didn't give them a lot of love in their arc. I felt that the Reader didn't spend as much time with them as compared to the UT, US, and UF guys. As a result, they got this extra long chapter. What did y'all think of all the Black scenes? My love for him increased as I worked on this chapter. That's why he has so many scenes XD Sorry Pup lol Still, I think I gave them both plenty of limelight! I did my best to anyway haha

If there was a scene you really liked, I'd love to hear about it! It always makes me so happy when readers tell me about specific scenes they enjoyed in my fic ^_^
This chapter has been looked over by Costumebleh and disasterbisexual. Thank you both so much! <3

I'm so glad y'all liked the last chapter! I had a lot of fun writing it ^^ Unfortunately, this chapter is nowhere near as long as the last one, but I hope you'll still be able to enjoy it! :)

Just like last time, it’s the Void that takes you away to your next destination. After saying a quick goodbye to Pup, your vision goes dark as the Void teleports you away.

When your consciousness returns, you’re surprised to find yourself in the Void rather than in a new AU. Confused, you look around, hoping to find an answer to the questions plaguing your mind.

Why am I here? Did the Void need to do a checkup on my soul or something? If that’s the case, why isn’t it doing anything now that I’m here?

As you ponder the possible reasons for this sudden development, you let your gaze wander as you examine your surroundings. When you catch a spot of white in the corner of your vision, you turn in that direction and notice something is there in the distance.

Curious, you move that way to see what exactly you’re looking at. When you reach your destination, you go completely still from shock at the sight.

Wide-eyed, all you can do is gape at the sight of Error lying there unconscious. However, that’s not what has you so surprised.

No, it’s the fact that more than half of his body is completely white now, and by the looks of it, that color is slowly but steadily growing across his still form. For some reason, this looks very familiar to you.

After a few seconds, your eyes widen with realization. You know where you’ve seen that encroaching whiteness. That’s how the Gaster Brothers’ world looked before it was saved.

Does that mean Error got infected by the glitch? But, how?! I know it was able to control Remix’s movements, but I didn’t think it could actually infect people! Is this how it deletes the people in every world in infects?!?

For several minutes, you rage an internal war with yourself. A part of you feels you should just leave and pretend you didn’t see this. Who would blame you? After all, it’s possible he might try to kill you if you do find a way to help him. And, why should you help him after everything he put you through?

The other part of you is what’s keeping you frozen in place. You bite your lip. Sure, he put me through hell, but that doesn’t mean I want him to die. No one deserves to go through something like this.
When you catch movement out of the corner of your eye, you immediately look to the side and are surprised to see a goopy tendril extended from the ground. You watch as its tip tilts slightly to the side in a questioning manner.

Is the Void trying to tell you something?

You move into a sitting position and bring your hands to your lap. “I know it’s pointless to try and ask what happened, so I won’t bother. Still, I gotta know. Did you bring me here ‘cause Error was here?”

The appendage makes a nodding motion in response. Well, at least, that mystery is cleared up. Of course, several more pop up to take its place.

With a sigh, your gaze drifts toward the skeleton and remains on him for several minutes before returning to the tendril. You’ve made up your mind. Despite everything he’s done to you in the past, your conscience just can’t let this slide. “Void, is there anything I can do to help? Or, is it too late for Error?”

Like before, the limb tilts to the side as if asking you why. You scratch your head at its response. “You’re wondering why I wanna save him after everything he put me through, right?”

When it makes a nodding gesture, you sigh. “Despite what he put me through, I don’t hate Error. I mean, he really thought I was behind the glitch. He thought killing me was the only way to save the multiverse. So, it’s hard for me to hate him when even I was having doubts about my role in all of this.”

You lower your head. “I did hate him for a little while. When he killed Blue and Captain, I was furious and completely devastated. I couldn’t believe he did that to two of the sweetest guys in the multiverse--my dear friends. I didn’t think I could ever forgive him for what he did to them.”

As you rub the back of your neck, you lift your gaze. “It’s not like I’ve forgiven him or anything. I just don’t want him to die. No one deserves to be erased from existence like this--not even Error. So, if there’s anything that can be done, please help him.”

For several minutes, the tendril doesn’t move. You wonder if the Void is trying to find a way to break the bad news to you that he can’t be saved or if it’s trying to decide if it wants to help.

Then, suddenly, the ground below Error starts to move upwards, taking the skeleton along with it. Before you can react, the Void tilts the area under Error, causing him to fall off and into your lap, making you yelp in surprise.

All you can do is gape at this turn of events. What did it do that for?! “Uhhhh, Void? Is this really necessary?”

When the tendril nods, you sigh in defeat. “Alright. Guess I can’t complain since I’m the one who asked you for help. But, you better help me if he gets mad after waking up to this. Error doesn’t like being touched.”

It nods again, and then, your soul pops right out of your chest to hover above the unconscious skeleton. After you move him into a more comfortable position, you give the tendril a questioning glance. “Okay, so what’s next? Are you gonna use the power of my determination and your magic to save him?”

Instead of nodding like you expect, the limb moves to point at Error and then at you. Your brows furrow when it does it two more times before going still. “Um. Sorry, mind trying that again? I’m
not exactly fluent in Void.”

The tendril makes a shaking motion before pointing at Error again. This time it points at your soul instead of directly at you.

For several seconds, you just stare in confusion. Then, an idea comes to mind. “Are you trying to tell me something about my soul? Like, what I need to do to save Error?”

When it nods, your eyes narrow in concentration. The Void’s expecting you to do something. Since it’s not giving you any additional instructions, you assume that means you’ve already done before what it wants you to do now. The question is: what is it that you need to do?

As you’re thinking, your gaze comes to rest on the prone form in your lap. Your face softens when you see the pained expression on Error’s face, which is one of the few areas of his body not covered by the glitch. From his feet to the middle of his chest, his body is completely white. You can barely make out the outline of his lower half.

*Even if Error is a jerk, that doesn’t mean he deserves to die, especially not like this. I wonder if the process is causing him pain. Maybe that’s why he’s unconscious.*

Before you can stop yourself, your hand unconsciously moves to gently stroke the skeleton’s head in an attempt to soothe him. The tension in his expression eases a fraction, surprising you.

That’s when your soul starts glowing a little brighter. Surprised, you stare at it with wide eyes before turning toward the tendril which once again points at Error and then back at your soul.

Realization hits you like a bolt of lighting. *My determination needs to be stronger in order to save Error. That’s what the Void has been trying to tell me all this time.*

You bring your gaze back down to Error. *So, if this is like the Undertale game, I need to think of things that would make me determined but not just anything will do. It’s gotta be related to saving Error. Maybe I should think of why I want to save him?*

Taking a deep breath, you close your eyes and try to focus your thoughts on saving the skeleton in your lap. *I wanna save him. Error doesn’t deserve to die like this. Sure, he’s caused me pain and hurt people I care about, but that doesn’t mean he deserves to suffer like this. He’s still a Sans--a Sans that suffered a terrible fate. Considering everything he went through, I can’t really condemn him for his actions--at least not what he did to me.*

Your grip on Error tightens. *I still haven’t forgiven him for what he did to Blue and Captain, and I won’t ’til he apologizes to them. I know he didn’t kill them on purpose, but I still think he owes them an apology. It’s the least he could do. If he does that, then I’ll consider forgiving him.*

As you open your eyes, a soft smile forms on your face as you gaze at Error. “Maybe we could even become friends after that. Crazy as it sounds, I would like to get to know you better, Error. At the end of the day, you’re still a Sans. I don’t want to treat you any differently than the others. Besides, I became friends with Ink even after finding out what he did, so it’s only fair I try to do the same with you. Everyone deserves a second chance.”

It’s at that moment your soul becomes so bright it nearly blinds you. However, you don’t get the chance to celebrate your success because Error’s hand suddenly shoots up to grab your soul.

You wince in pain as he begins to squeeze the black heart. When you look down, you’re surprised to see that Error’s eyes are still closed. His expression hasn’t changed at all since you last looked at it.
As the grip on your soul tightens, you attempt to remove the skeleton’s hand. “W-What’s going on? Isn’t he still unconscious? How is he doing this?!”

The Void wraps a tendril around Error’s arm and tries to pull it away from you. Unfortunately, despite your combined efforts, neither of you are able to make the skeleton release you.

That’s when you notice the glitchy appearance of his arm which had looked normal earlier. The way it flickers reminds you of how Remix looked when he got under the glitch’s control.

Your eyes widen with realization. “That’s it! The glitch is controlling his arm! It knows we’re trying to stop it from killing Error, so it’s trying to interfere!”

A pained cry escapes your lips when the hand on your soul gives it another tight squeeze. Tears of pain spring to your eyes despite your best efforts to hold them back.

After you blink to clear away your teary vision, your eyes widen at the sight of a spiked tendril posed above Error’s head. Panicked, you immediately move to shield the skeleton with your body. “Wait! Please stop! I know you want to help me, but I don’t want you to kill him! This isn’t his fault! Please don’t kill him for the glitch’s actions!”

The limb, thankfully, doesn’t move closer, but it hasn’t changed from its attack form either. This makes you reluctant to pull away from the figure in your lap.

More tears spring to your eyes when your soul gets squeezed tighter. This time you don’t bother to try to hold them back, so they stream down your cheeks unhindered.

However, the tears that follow close behind aren’t just because of the pain. “I don’t want him to die. I know he hurt me and my friends, but that doesn’t mean he deserves to die. He deserves a second chance just like everyone else.”

A lump forms in your throat as more tears flow from your eyes. “I’ve already seen one Sans die, and that was one time too many. I never want to see that again. Please don’t make me watch him die. Please. I’m begging you.”

Some of your tears drip off your cheeks and fall onto Error’s face which twitches in response. However, you don’t notice this because of your tear-clouded vision.

You jolt in surprise when you feel something rub the top of your head. Blinking away the tears, you see the tendril has returned to its original form and is now patting your head soothingly. You give it a shaky smile. “Thank you.”

It’s at that moment the hand on your soul suddenly releases its grip and drops down to its original place beside Error. When you look back at his face, you see that the skeleton is still unconscious.

At first, you are confused, but then, an idea comes to mind that makes you smile. “You’re still in there, aren’t you, Error? You haven’t given up yet, right?”

Even though you don’t receive a response, your smile remains firmly in place. You lower your head and plant a kiss on Error’s forehead. “Good. I haven’t give up yet, so you definitely can’t. You need to keep hanging in there if this is gonna work.”

After the Void heals your soul, it begins to glow brightly once again. You notice that somehow the light is even brighter than before.

Clenching your eyes tight to block out the light, you hug the skeleton close to your chest, mustering
up all the determination you can. Please work. Please save him. Don’t let this be the end.

Those are the last thoughts running through your mind before you pass out.

When you regain consciousness, you are surprised to find yourself still sitting up. You had expected to be sprawled out on the ground after you woke up.

Blinking in surprise, you realize the Void created a wall to support you from behind, so rather than fall to the ground, you simply fell back against that after passing out. You smile at the tendril that pops out of the ground in front of you. “Thank you, Void. I appreciate the assistance.”

A part of the tendril moves upwards making a gesture resembling a thumbs-up. You can’t help but laugh in response.

That’s when you remember why you are in this situation to begin with. Quickly, you look down and see Error still unconscious in your lap.

Your shoulders slump with relief when you see that he’s back to normal. He looks just like he did when you last saw him in Swapfell. There’s no trace of the whiteness from the glitch.

Just as you’re opening your mouth to thank the Void for its help, Error begins to shift in your lap. Immediately, your gaze moves back to him, and you witness the moment when the skeleton opens his eyes.

When the two of you make eye contact, you go completely still, waiting to see how he’ll react. Within seconds, his gaze narrows into a glare. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Strings start to form around his raised hand, but before he can attack, the Void wraps several tendrils around Error, keeping his arms glued to his sides. His shocked expression makes you laugh.

Grinning, you give the Void a thumbs-up which it returns. “Nice work, Void!”

Error starts cursing loudly. “What the fuck is going on?! Why am I in the void?!”

It looks like the skeleton might not remember what all happened before losing consciousness. “Well, I honestly have no idea what exactly happened to you or how you got here. All I know is you were unconscious and infected by the glitch when I found you.”

He stops his struggling and stares at you with wide eyes. Then, realization dawns his features. “I remember now. I was trying to stop the glitch in Outertale, and it managed to infect me. I thought leaving the au and going to the void would weaken it enough that I could stop it, but considering I passed out, that obviously didn’t work.”

Error then gives you a disbelieving look. “Wait a minute. If I was still infected when you got here, then does that mean you actually saved me? Why the hell would you do that?”

You roll your eyes. Of course, he’s gonna question your motives rather than just thank you. “Even if I think you’re a jerk, that doesn’t mean I want you to die, Error. No one deserves to die like that.”

He raises a brow ridge. “I tried to kill you multiple times and successfully killed two of your friends. You really didn’t consider just leaving me to die?”

With a sigh, you place the still bound skeleton on the ground beside you. “I’ll admit leaving did
cross my mind since there was no way of knowing if you’d attack me after waking up. However, despite what you may think, I don’t hate you. I may not have forgiven you for what you did to my friends, but that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t care if you died.”

For several minutes, the skeleton just stares at you with surprise before finally averting his eyes. “you’re crazier than i am. anyone else would’ve hated me for sure.”

You shrug your shoulders. “Maybe I am. Besides, it’s not like I’ve completely forgiven you for what you did. I still want you to apologize to Blue and Captain for hurting them. Even if you didn’t kill them on purpose, you owe them at least that much.”

He gives you a disbelieving look. “you can’t be serious. you actually want me to go apologize to them? even after all the shit i put you through, that’s what you can’t forgive me for?”

You tilt your head curiously. “Well, yeah. I mean, I understand why you went after me. You thought I was destroying the multiverse. Hell, I briefly wondered the same thing after our first encounter. Your points were valid. True, you should’ve thought things through more after Blue brought up the situation in Underswap, but I guess I can understand you not wanting to believe him. So, it makes sense why you did what you did.”

When all he does is stare wide-eyed, you continue. “I’ll be honest. I didn’t always feel like that. It took me awhile to move past my resentment and try to see this from your point of view. Once I did, I felt that I couldn’t stay mad at you—especially for what you did to me. I’m not the type to hold grudges. I feel like they just make both parties suffer in the long run.”

A self-deprecating smile forms on your face. “For a while, I honestly hated myself more than I hated you for what happened. Like you said back then, they only died because they were protecting me. It was my fault. I only started to move past that self-hate after talking with Stretch and Comic. When I found out that both of them didn’t begrudge me for what happened to their brothers, I felt that it was okay to forgive myself.”

When you raise your gaze to meet his, you notice the surprised look on his face. Before you can question him, Error abruptly averts his gaze. “so, how long do i have to stay like this? you’re not actually gonna keep me captive ‘til i agree to apologize, are you?”

His question makes you smile. “Nah. That was only because you tried to attack me. The Void and I are buds now, so it doesn’t appreciate people trying to hurt me without good reason, especially since I just helped save your ass.”

A scowl forms on his face, but he doesn’t complain like you expect. Instead, the skeleton gives you a searching look before finally sighing. “fine. i do have some manners unlike that rainbow bastard. thanks for saving me. now, let me go already.”

Your eyes widen with surprise. You hadn’t expected him to actually thank you. A smile forms on your face. “If you agree not to attack me, I think we can arrange that.”

Error rolls his eyes. “i would be stupid enough to attack you here now that i know the full situation. besides, i know now that you’re not behind the glitch, so there’s no point in trying to kill you.”

You tilt your head curiously. “So, you followed Ink’s advice and checked out some AUs that I haven’t been to?”

The scowl returns to his face. “as much as i hate to admit it, the annoying bastard was right. i
checked an au i went to before going after you, and it was infected when i revisited it. i know you haven’t been there, so that proves you’re not responsible.”

His eyes narrow at you. “if you tell him i said that, i will kill you. void be damned.”

Unsurprisingly, the Void doesn’t appreciate the threat. You watch amused as the tendrils wrapped around the skeleton tighten, making him wince in discomfort. “I wasn’t planning on it. So, don’t worry. Your secret’s safe with me.”

Since the Void hasn’t let go yet, you figure that means it’s not quite ready to release the skeleton, much to his irritation and your amusement. You decide to take advantage of the moment and get some more information out of him. “So, how exactly did you get infected? You mentioned something about Outertale earlier.”

At your question, Error jolts straight up, out of his slouched position. “dammit! i can’t believe i almost forgot! outertale is infected by that damn glitch and probably won’t last much longer. i gotta hurry before there’s nothing left to save.”

Your eyes widen with surprise. The situation in Outertale is that bad? “Did the glitch manage to kill that world’s Frisk?”

He struggles against the tendrils that still haven’t let go for some reason. “not while i was there. i managed to protect them by killing undyne before she could kill them. however, the stupid brat kept resetting ‘cause they wanted to save the stupid fish. all my effort down the fucking drain.”

You raise an eyebrow. “You could’ve just teleported them somewhere else. Why go through all the trouble of killing Undyne?”

Error shrugs his shoulders. “seemed like the simplest option. besides, i didn’t want to get stuck protecting the brat. i figured they’d be fine once the main threat was eliminated. if i had to do it with other monsters, so be it. it’s not like i actually care about the people in the au.”

A tired sigh escapes your lips at his response. Of course, he doesn’t. As long as the AU itself stays in one piece, that’s all he really cares about. “But, why didn’t you just wait ’til I got there? You know the Void’s magic is the only thing that can get rid of the glitch, right?”

The skeleton glares at you. “i couldn’t take the chance that outertale would end up like the several other aus that are gone now. i’m not naive enough to believe all of them can be saved.”

You frown at his words. Still, it’s not like you can argue. Both Error and Ink have mentioned worlds being destroyed by the glitch, so you know it’s possible that you can’t save them all. The thought makes your chest clench uncomfortably.

Rather than dwell on those dark thoughts, you choose to focus on the present. Your eyes narrow with determination. “I’m going with you.”

Error goes still at your words. “what?”

Determined, you hold his gaze without hesitation. “I’m going with you to Outertale. If it’s doing as bad as you think it is, then I need to go there. The only way to save it is by using the Void’s magic which I’m hosting. So, if you really want to save Outertale, you need to take me with you.”

While it’s obvious he’s not very fond of the idea, he doesn’t immediately refuse which you take as a good sign. After a few seconds pass, Error finally nods with a sigh. “fine. while this whole situation is annoying, i know you’re right. no point arguing about it. doubt the void will let go
unless I agree anyway.”

As if to prove his point, the Void releases its grip on the skeleton as soon as he agrees. This makes you wonder if it had been planning this whole outcome from the start.

Error immediately moves to stand, dusting off his clothes once he’s on his feet. You expect him to open a portal to Outertale but are surprised when your body starts turning translucent.

Your brows furrow in confusion. “Wait. Why am I teleporting? Void, can’t I just go with Error through one of his portals?”

That’s when Error starts cursing loudly. “What the hell?! Why can’t I make a portal to Outertale?! Is it already gone?!”

Before you can panic, the Void wraps a tendril around the annoyed skeleton and uses it to shove him toward you. Your arms reflexively wrap around him when he falls against you.

A deep scowl forms on Error’s face, but before he can complain, he abruptly goes still, catching you off guard. “Error?”

He stares at you with wide eyes. “Why ain’t I glitching? Normally, I glitch if I get touched by someone unexpectedly, but nothing’s happening. What the fuck did you do?”

It’s not until he brought it up that you realize he’s right. Despite the fact that you’re embracing him, Error isn’t glitching at all. He looks perfectly fine. What in the world is going on? “I honestly have no idea. Maybe this is a side effect of being infected by the glitch? Or maybe-”

Your eyes widen in realization. “Maybe it’s because I’m basically a glitch anti virus now. So, rather than causing you to glitch, I somehow prevent it from happening.”

That’s when you notice that Error is also turning transparent like you. Obviously, rather than Error take you, the Void wanted you to take him to Outertale. Maybe it knew that he wouldn’t be able to reach it with his portals. Still, you can’t help but wonder about the state of the AU if it’s at the point where even Error can’t enter it.

Before Error can demand that you release him, the teleportation process completes, and your vision goes dark.

When you regain consciousness, the first thing you notice is how vacant your surroundings are. The ground resembles pictures of what you’ve seen of the moon’s surface which doesn’t surprise you. However, you were expecting to see a town or some form of civilization, but there’s nothing as far as the eye can see.

“You have five seconds to let me go before I make you.”

You look down to see an irritated Error scowling up at you. Realizing you’re still hugging him, you immediately release the skeleton and take a few steps back to give him some space.

Thankfully, the Void didn’t drop the two of you from the sky like it usually does when it teleports you. No doubt that would’ve left Error even more pissed about this situation if it had.

Error grumpily shoves his hands into his pockets as his gaze surveys the area. “Guess it ain’t gone after all. Still doesn’t explain why I couldn’t open a portal to get here. What the hell is going on here?!”
All you can do is shrug your shoulders in response. “From my experience, that probably means this world is in pretty bad shape. However, everything looks okay from what I can see. So, I have no idea what the deal is.”

It’s at this point as your letting your gaze roam that you finally take in all the sights of this world. While there isn’t anything eye-catching about the ground, the same can’t be said about the overhead view.

Wide-eyed, you gape at the beautiful sight above you. You were expecting it to look similar to the night sky view you’ve become so used to in your world. However, you are quickly realizing there’s no comparison between the two. Nothing you’ve seen in the past comes close to what you’re witnessing now.

Billions of stars light up the sky, shining brighter than anything you’ve ever seen. Instead of the expected inky darkness associated with space, you see a beautiful mixture of blues and purples that completely captivates you. You feel like you could stare at it for hours and never get tired of looking at the beautiful sight.

“enough gawking. we ain’t got time to stand around. we need to find out if the brat is still alive. otherwise, the glitch is free to do as it fucking pleases.”

Reluctantly, you pull your eyes away from the stars and fix your gaze on a very annoyed Error. “Alright. No need to be so bossy. It’s not like we’re completely screwed without resets. I’ve helped save worlds that didn’t have anyone to reset, so there’s still a chance to save Outertale.”

That’s when a question comes to mind that you realize you never got an answer for while in the Void. “How exactly did the glitch infect you, Error? You never said.”

The skeleton crosses his arms with a scowl. “i have no fucking idea. i didn’t go anywhere near the places where it popped up to go after the brat. it completely blindsided me. the only way i can think of is it somehow infected my network of strings, and the glitch virus just spread from there.”

Rather than give you a chance to respond, Error abruptly turns and walks off, forcing you to chase after him in order to not get left behind. The two of you only walk for a few minutes before two skeletons appear via teleport before you, stopping you both in your tracks.

Your eyes widen as you take in the appearance of the two new arrivals. The shorter skeleton, who’s obviously the Sans of this world, has the trademark hoodie except his is blue with yellow sleeves and stripes, and the hood is rimmed with white fluff. His shorts are also blue with yellow stripes down the sides while his fluffy slippers are a lighter shade of blue.

What has you gawking is the unexpected appearance of the taller skeleton beside him.

Surprisingly, this Papyrus is also wearing a hoodie that’s almost identical to the Sans beside him except the colors are inverted. Instead of shorts, he’s wearing navy pants with yellow stripes down the legs. On his feet are matching fur trimmed boots. In his mouth is a cigarette that’s emitting a purple-colored mist instead of the usual smoke you’d expect to see.

It’s Error who voices the question your mind has been screaming since you first laid eyes on the skeletons before you. “what the fuck is someone from outerswap doing here?!”

Chapter End Notes
The chapter may not be super long, but at least you got an awesome cliffhanger, right? XD Regarding the Outerswap designs I'll be using in this fic, they were made by buttercupsticksntricks on Tumblr. Butter was kind enough to allow me to use them for this fic ^^

Were y'all surprised to see Error again? I wasn't gonna let him miss out on all the fun ;) Considering what her last interaction with him was like, I thought the Reader should have some time to really process what all happened and her thoughts about Error before meeting him again. After all, he did try to kill her and successfully killed her friends. Of course, she would prefer to keep her distance.

I hope I conveyed her internal struggle well. While she doesn't particularly like Error, she doesn't hate him to the point that she wants him to die. The Reader is really empathetic so she can't just stand around when someone's suffering if she can do something to help. She hasn't forgiven him for his actions, but she's willing to if he regrets what he did. Since she forgave Ink for what he did, I thought she should be willing to give Error a second chance too.

The Reader's relationship with Error will definitely be different compared to the others. I hope y'all will enjoy reading more about it! ^_^

Also, I've been asked a couple of times about Echotale appearing. It technically already has since that's where G came from. Unfortunately, the Reader won't actually visit that AU ^^'
Outertale & Outerswap Pt 1

Chapter Notes

Costumebleh and disasterbisexual were kind enough to look over the chapter for me. Thank you so much! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Error shouts in disbelief, the Sans and Papyrus before you direct their wary gazes toward the glitchy skeleton. After several seconds of silently gaping, you finally find your voice. “If Outerswap Papyrus is here, that must mean Outertale and Outerswap merged like the Handplates and Gaster Blaster AUs did.”

Your eyes widen in realization as the three skeletons focus their attention on you. “That’s why you couldn’t open a portal, Error. This world is too unstable now because of the merge. Ink couldn’t enter the other merged world either.”

Error gives you an incredulous look before throwing his hands up in exasperation. “you’ve gotta be fucking kidding me! after all the trouble i went through to help this place, it goes and gets merged with another au the second i leave!”

He shakes his head. “this is why i prefer destroying aus. it’s so much simpler.”

You roll your eyes, not missing the way the other two skeletons stiffen at Error’s words. Way to make a good first impression, genius. “Yeah, yeah. Poor you. How about we focus on the situation at hand? We obviously got a lot of explaining to do.”

“not as much as you think, kid.”

In a blink, Sans appears right in front of you, making you jump in surprise. After giving you a probing look, a familiar grin forms on the skeleton’s face. “you’re y/n, right? i’m sans the skeleton, but i guess you already knew that, huh?”

His question catches you off guard, but after a few seconds, your eyes widen in realization. “Ink came to your world and told you about me, didn’t he?”

Sans gives you a wink. “that’s right. he came shortly after my world got infected and gave me a brief explanation of the situation.”

He suddenly sighs as his shoulders slump. “very brief. all i got were the basic facts and the news that you’d be coming eventually to fix this mess. then, he ran off before i could get any more info outta him.”

Papyrus takes a drag from his cigarette. “at least you got a heads up. one minute my world’s fine, and the next it’s like this. i had no idea what the hell was going on.”

Realizing Ink hasn’t really explained anything, you release a tired sigh. “Guess I better explain some things so you guys will know what exactly is going on.”

Ignoring Error’s irritated huff, you quickly tell the two space residents about your situation and
how you’re able to help worlds infected by the glitch. You also tell the three about the situation with the merged worlds so they know what they’re dealing with now.

After that’s taken care of, you all decide nicknames should be given to Sans and Papyrus in order to avoid any possible confusion. Sans accepts the nickname Cosmic with a grin while Papyrus does much the same with his new name Astro.

Error crosses his arms once the nicknames are decided. “what now? last time this happened, you didn’t actually do anything, right? so, what? we just sit and wait, hoping we don’t die before things get fixed?”

You scratch your head. “I’m not sure. In this kind of situation, I’d say the Void will need a lot of determination from me to fix these worlds. However, I’m not really sure what I did the last time that gave the Void the energy it needed.”

As you ponder this development, another question comes to mind that you decide to voice. “I’ve been meaning to ask. Are you two the only ones left after the merge? Or, is everyone else on another part of the moon?”

The AU residents both stiffen at your question before averting their eye-lights. After a few seconds, Astro sighs, releasing a large cloud of purple mist. “yeah, we’re the only ones left. everyone else got sucked into that moving wall.”

Your brows furrow as your chest clenches at the horrible news. “Moving wall?”

Cosmic scratches his head. “probably best to show ya.”

Before you can question him, the shorter of the two gently grabs your arm and then a familiar shifting sensation washes over you as he teleports you to a new location. When you arrive at your destination, you see that Astro and Error followed after the two of you.

When Cosmic points ahead of you, your gaze follows his finger and falls on the strange sight before you.

A wall is a good way to describe what you’re looking at. As far as your eyes can see, crossing from left to right, all you can see is white. Even when you look upwards, the sight doesn’t change.

It’s just like G and Aster’s world. The glitch is slowly but steadily deleting this world. It’s unlikely that there’s anything on the other side of this wall.

Despite your doubts, you find yourself unconsciously approaching the wall. Before you even realize your moving, you’re right in front of it, studying it closely with narrowed eyes. For some reason, this wall is giving you a strange feeling that you can’t quite place.

Curious despite yourself, you bring your hand up to touch the white area before you. Right before you make contact, Error makes his annoyance known. “you better not get yourself erased ‘cause of your damn curiosity. i didn’t bring ya here just to get yourself killed.”

You turn to give him an amused look. “Aw, that’s so sweet of you to worry about me, Error. Don’t worry, I won’t do anything too crazy. Besides, as long as I have the Void magic in my soul, the glitch can’t affect me.”

Cosmic sweats nervously. “uh, that’s all well and good, pal, but you sure you should tempt fate like that? i really think we should give that wall some space.”
Error twitches irritably at the pun while Astro chuckles in amusement. “yeah, no need to star-t doing anything dangerous, kid. who knows what’ll happen if you touch that wall.”

Amused, you watch as the glitchy skeleton’s twitching gets worse much to the other two skeletons’ delight. You’ve noticed that the two have been giving Error a wide berth. You wonder if Ink had warned Cosmic about Error before his abrupt departure.

“I just wanna test something real quick. Then, I’ll leave it alone, okay?”

Before they can reply, you reach out to touch the white area in front of you. When your hand meets no resistance, you aren’t too surprised since you didn’t actually expect to hit anything solid.

However, you are surprised by the strange tingling feeling in your hand. It’s like the sensation of pins and needles you get whenever your arms or legs fall asleep.

When you pull back your hand and see it still in one piece, you decide to see what happens if you stick your head inside so you can take a peek at what’s on the other side. Ignoring the guys’ warnings, you do so and see that all around you is white. You can’t see anything else no matter which way you look or how hard you strain your eyes to see into the distance.

As you’re observing the empty area, you are caught off guard by the sound of too desperate screams.

“PAPY!”

“SANS!”

Bowled over by the sheer amount of distress you hear, you find yourself stumbling backwards away from the glitch-infected area and falling onto your rear. You hear Cosmic and Astro asking if you’re alright, but you’re too busy replaying those pained screams repeatedly in your mind.

*That was...their brothers, right? Those voices sounded exactly like Blue and Captain. It has to be their brothers, but I don’t understand. How could I hear their voices when they should have been deleted? What’s going on?*

“y/n!”

Startled, you snap out of your trance and see Cosmic and Astro kneeling beside you, giving you worried looks. Even though you don’t want to get their hopes up, you can’t hide this new information from them. “I-I’m fine. But, I just heard something strange when I stuck my head past that wall. I’m pretty sure I heard your brothers yelling for you.”

Their eye-lights widen in surprise. As they move to stand, you frantically reach to grab their hoodies in order to keep them in place. “Wait! You can’t go in there! Without Void magic, you’ll be infected and erased by the glitch!”

They both freeze at your words. Deep frowns form on their faces as the two avert their gazes. Astro clenches his teeth so hard his cigarette snaps in half. As the lit end falls to the ground, he quickly spits out the other half. “then, what the hell do you want us to do? just let our bros suffer in there on their own? if sans is really still alive in there, no way am i gonna leave him. glitch be damned.”

Cosmic nods his head in agreement. “i can’t just stand by if my bro is in trouble. i know it’s reckless, but if he’s really alive, i gotta do something. no matter how awesome my bro is, pap won’t be able to get out of there on his own.”
Your expression softens at their words. When they attempt to move away again, you give their hoodies a firm tug, pulling them until they’re at your eye level.

Judging by their irritated expressions, the two are obviously annoyed by your actions, but you quickly cut them off before they can complain. “I understand. I’m not saying we won’t help them. I only said that you can’t go in there. I, on the other hand, am fully capable of doing so.”

Their eye-lights widen at your words. While they gape at you, you decide to release them and rise to your feet.

Error, who had remained silent up until this point, gives you a disbelieving look. “You gotta be kidding me. You’re actually gonna go all the way in? How the hell do you expect to come out? You seriously think the glitch will let you come and go as you please?”

His words make you pause. Error does make a good point. It’s not like there’s anything in that white area that you can use as a landmark to help you stay on track. You could easily get lost in there if you just walk inside without a plan.

Brows furrowed, you try to think of a way to make your plan work. “Okay, you got me there. But, there’s gotta be some way this can work. I don’t think the glitch will actually attack me since I’m protected by the Void’s magic. Rather, the main thing we need to figure out is a way for me to go in and come out with the guys if they really are in there.”

Error crosses his arms. “Instead of worrying about saving people who might not even be there by the time you reach them, shouldn’t you focus more on making sure these worlds don’t get erased? Saving those two won’t help this world. You’ll just be wasting your time.”

The other two skeletons stiffen at his words, and soon matching scowls form on their faces. Before they can retort, you intervene. “If there’s a chance to save their brothers, then I have to at least try. I can’t just leave them, Error. Besides, like I said earlier, I have no idea how this save the world process even works. All I know is that it takes my determination, but for my determination to be strong enough, I need something to focus on. In the other worlds, I had the goal of saving the kids.”

You carefully consider your next words as you go over them in your mind. “I felt drawn to this wall as soon as I saw it. Maybe that was the Void trying to give me a hint? What if there are others in that glitch infected area? If I can find Frisk or Chara, then it’s possible they could undo some of the damage caused by the glitch. Don’t you think that’s worth investigating?”

Error pauses to contemplate your words. He holds your gaze for several seconds before abruptly sighing. “Fine. I’m not stupid enough to think I can convince someone as stubborn as you anyway. I seriously doubt the brats are still in one piece considering they’d be the glitch’s first target, but if there’s a chance we can still reset this world, then we should try. Just standing around here ain’t doing us any good anyway.”

His quick acceptance of your idea catches you off guard. You really didn’t expect him to agree with you so quickly. Maybe he trusts my judgement? Or, rather, he knows that I’m experienced with this kind of situation, so he’s willing to try it my way for now.

A grateful smile forms on your face. “Thank you, Error, for giving me a chance. I promise I won’t make you regret it.”

He averts his eyes with a huff. “Somehow, I doubt that. But it’s not like I got any other plans to fix this mess. Just don’t make the situation worse.”
That’s when Cosmic decides to join the conversation. “while i hate to say this, error did make a good point earlier. how do you plan on navigating inside that area? there’s nothing on the other side, right?”

You shake your head. “No. It’s completely white on the other side. I didn’t see anything. So, if I just walk inside, I’d probably get lost if I venture too far in.”

Astro pulls out a new cigarette and lights it with the snap of his fingers. Taking a deep drag, he sighs. “so, we need something that you can use as a guide—something you can follow back to us once you find someone.”

The other space resident scratches his head. “my first thought is rope or a cord of some sort, but there’s nothing like that around here. we could search the whole moon, but that would take time—time our bros might not have.”

When he mentions rope, your mind starts pondering all the other alternatives that could be used. Then, an idea comes to mind that makes your eyes widen. “We may not have rope, but we do have something.”

Abruptly, you turn to face Error who seems to know exactly what you’re talking about. He rubs his chin thoughtfully. “theoretically, it should work, but i don’t know how long my strings can last in that area. if they’re exposed to the glitch virus for too long, they might get erased.”

The glitchy skeleton raises a brow ridge. “are you still willing to try even knowing that?”

While the idea of being stranded on the other side does scare you, when you remember the terrified cries of Sans and Papyrus, your resolve hardens. You give him a determined nod. “Yes. I want to try. Please help me, Error.”

Error blinks in surprise apparently not expecting you to ask for his help in such a way. His gaze briefly roams your face as if searching for any signs of doubt, and then, a smirk forms on his face. “fine. but, we’re doing this my way.”

Before you can question him, Error summons several strings to wrap snugly around your waist. Flashbacks of your past encounters with his strings jump to the forefront of you mind, making you flinch as your heart rate rapidly increases.

Unsurprisingly, your sudden unease doesn’t go unnoticed by any of the skeletons. While Astro eyes the glitchy skeleton distrustfully, Cosmic gives you a concerned look. “you alright, kid?”

Not wanting to worry the two, you give them a reassuring smile as you force your body to relax. “Yeah, I’m okay. Sorry for worrying you.”

Feeling Error’s eyes on you, you turn to address him not letting your smile falter. “Sorry, Error. My body just kinda acted on its own. I know you’re not trying to hurt me.”

He raises a brow ridge, obviously not expecting your apology. Rather than comment on it, Error just shrugs. “i’d be more shocked if you didn’t react like that to be honest. don’t know why you’re apologizing to me.”

The glitchy skeleton points a finger at you. “back to what i said earlier. if we’re using my strings, then we’re gonna go by my rules. if it feels like my strings are disintegrating, then i’m pulling you out of there whether or not you’ve found someone. in any other situation, i’d just leave ya, but i still need you to fix this place. so, you’re not allowed to die before then. got it?”
An amused smile forms on your face. “Alright. That’s fair. I’ll just have to be quick and find them before the strings wear out.”

As you move toward the wall, Cosmic suddenly grabs your sleeve, bringing you to a halt.

When you give him a curious look, he holds your gaze for a few seconds before a small grin forms on his face. “thanks--for doing this for us. i know saving my bro isn’t vital to saving my world, but i can’t just leave him when there’s a chance he can be saved. he’s all I got.”

Expression softening, you cup his hand with both of yours giving it a warm squeeze as you bring your face closer to his. You smile warmly at him. “You’re a great brother, Cosmic. It’s always inspiring seeing how dedicated you brothers are to each other. Your brother is really lucky to have you.”

A bright blush floods his cheekbones at your words. Your eyes widen with wonder at the sight.

Rather than the expected blue blush, his is a beautiful mixture of purple and blue much like the gorgeous sky above. What has you leaning closer in amazement is how the freckles on his cheeks, which you hadn’t noticed until now, look like glittering stars.

With every inch you get closer, the darker and lovelier his blush becomes. If your eyes could turn into stars like Blue’s, you’re sure that’s what they’d be doing right now.

Self-restraint completely gone, you use your grip on his hand to pull Cosmic into a hug and start rubbing your cheek against his which only increases his embarrassment. “That’s so cute! I didn’t even notice your freckles until now! When you blush, it’s like you have a mini galaxy on your face. You look so adorable!”

Cosmic attempts to reply, but all his words come out as little stutters that are barely coherent. To the side, you can hear Astro snickering at his companion’s expense. “not bad, cosmic. you’ve known the lady for less than an hour, and she already thinks you’re out of this world.”

The skeleton in your arms makes a choked noise while you giggle in amusement. Not wanting to make Cosmic too uncomfortable, you decide to release him and give him some space. “Sorry about that. When I see something cute, my first response is to hug it even when I know better. I hope I didn’t overwhelm you.”

He averts his eye-lights as he shoves his hands into his pockets. “i-it’s fine. no harm done. just, uh, caught me a little off guard.”

Error sighs in exasperation. “are you done? weren’t you in a hurry? ya know, saving some lives and all that jazz?”

His words remind you of the situation you’re in. As you approach the wall, Astro surprises you when he comes to stand beside you. Wearing a knowing grin, he ruffles your hair. “figured i should give my thanks as well. be careful in there, kid. ya never know what you might run into on the other side.”

Smiling, you nod your head. “I’ll be careful.”

With that, you walk straight through the “wall” and completely enter the white area. Realizing there’s no time to waste, you give the strings an experimental tug before taking off into a sprint.

For now, you decide to just keep running forward since you can’t tell the difference between the different directions. You figure if you head this way you’ll head further in and have a better chance
of finding someone who has been trapped here a while.

Just like when you stuck your hand inside earlier, you get that pins and needles feeling; this time it encompasses your whole body. It’s uncomfortable but bearable. *Maybe this is a side effect of being exposed to the glitch. Instead of getting erased, I get this numb feeling instead. I just hope I was right about being completely protected from it because of the Void’s magic in my soul.*

For what feels like hours, you run while shouting the skeletons’ and kids’ names, only stopping every now and then to catch your breath. Unfortunately, no matter how much you yell, you never hear those voices that you heard the first time you stuck your head in the glitch’s territory nor the voices of the children.

Right as the hopelessness of the situation begins to sink in, you catch a spot of color out of the corner of your eye. Without hesitation, you turn and sprint toward that tiny speck of blue you see in the distance.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, you hope with all your heart that you’re not just imagining the blue spot. As the distance between you and your destination decreases, your excitement increases. You can just barely make out someone’s prone form lying on the ground.

Finally, after several frantic minutes of running, you reach the skeleton lying on the ground with your chest heaving from exertion. You fall to your knees beside him as you try to catch your breath.

It looks like you’ve found Cosmic’s brother. This Papyrus has a similar outfit to Captain except his color scheme is blue and yellow. His scarf, which also appears longer, is a dark blue and is covered in several constellation patterns.

Unfortunately, more than half of his body has lost its color and appears much like Error did when he was infected. Panicked, you immediately wrap your arms around the skeleton. “Papyrus! Can you hear me?! Please hold on a little longer! I’m gonna help you and bring you back to Sans. Just hold on!”

When you receive no response, you heart plummets. It looks like he’s unconscious just like Error had been in the Void. You’ll have to hurry before it’s too late.

Before you can attempt to pick him up, you feel yourself being tugged. When your body starts getting pulled by the strings wrapped around you, you cling to Papyrus and hold on as tightly as you can.

A startled squeak escapes your lips when you’re jerked off your feet and suddenly dragged through the air. Thankfully, this experience doesn’t last as long as you expect.

After what feels like just a few minutes, you find yourself pulled out of the white area with you landing hard on your back. You groan in pain when you make contact with the hard ground.

“papyrus!”

In a blink, the skeleton in your arms is pulled away from you to be cradled in the arms of his older brother. Unfortunately, like you, Cosmic isn’t able to wake his brother.

“was he the only one you saw?”

You look up to see Astro, who’s wearing a deep frown. His despondent expression makes your chest clench uncomfortably. “He was the first one I came across, but that doesn’t mean your
brother isn’t in there, Astro. I just found Papyrus when Error pulled me back.”

The strings wrapped around your waist release you as Error pulls them away. He then approaches you with a calculative look. “so, you weren’t just imagining it after all. still, if you don’t do something, he’s still gonna get erased by the glitch.”

A sharp intake of breath brings your attention to a frantic Cosmic. “there’s gotta be something you can do. please, kid. i can’t go through losing him again--not like this.”

You feel a sharp pain in your chest at his words. Realizing there’s no time to waste, you crawl over to sit beside him. “I’ll do my best, Cosmic. If there’s a way to save your brother, then I will.”

The pure gratitude in his expression strengthens your determination. You won’t fail him. You will save this Papyrus.

Resolved, you pull the tall skeleton into your lap so that his head rests against your shoulder while Cosmic keeps his brother’s legs in his lap. You hug Papyrus tightly and close your eyes as you try to gather your determination.

I may not know this Papyrus personally, but I know he’s much like his counterparts that I’ve met. Like Captain, he’s dedicated to his goals and works harder than anyone. He loves his brother dearly and would do anything to support him even if his Sans doesn’t tell him everything like he should. He believes in the goodness of everyone. He’s so loyal to his friends and family. You won’t find a better friend than Papyrus.

Your forehead comes to rest against the skeleton’s skull. I want to save him. Just like how I never want to see a Sans die again, I never want to see a Papyrus die like Captain did. I want to protect him and his world. I want him to keep living happily with his brother without having to worry about things like crazy glitches. Please help me, Void. Give me the power to save him. I’ll do whatever it takes!

That’s when you feel a familiar tugging sensation in your chest. When you open your eyes, you see your soul hovering before you right above Papyrus. Like with Error, it gives off a blinding light, causing everyone to raise a hand to shield their eyes.

While you do come close to blacking out like how you did in the Void, you somehow manage to hold onto your consciousness. Considering the dire situation you’re currently in, you know you can’t afford to waste time when there’s another skeleton and possibly two kids still in danger, so you desperately cling to your consciousness.

When you open your eyes, you are relieved to see Papyrus looking normal and completely glitch free. All the color has returned to his form, and his expression no longer appears pained.

Cosmic moving to hug his brother doesn’t surprise you in the least. However, the arm he wraps around your shoulders definitely does.

The arm pulls you toward him, and you stare wide-eyed at the teary-eyed skeleton whose face is only inches away from yours. “you did it! i don’t know how, and i don’t care. you saved my brother. thank you so much!”

Your expression softens at the pure joy on his face. A warm, fuzzy feeling takes root in your chest. “You’re welcome. I’m glad we made it in time.”

When you move to wipe away the tears gathered at the corners of his eyes, Cosmic finally realizes what kind of position the two of you are now in. Blushing madly, the shorter skeleton backs away
after releasing you.

As much as you want to tease him and enjoy the moment, you know you can’t afford to waste any more time. Gently, you return Papyrus to his brother’s lap and move to stand up.

A hand comes to rest on your shoulder when you start to tilt too far to the right after getting to your feet. Looking up, you see Astro’s worried expression. “you alright, kid? you don’t look so good. you might need to sit back down.”

Shaking your head, you give him a reassuring smile. “I’m okay. Just lost my balance for a second. Now that Cosmic’s brother is okay, I can go back to looking for yours along with the kids.”

It’s obvious how conflicted the taller skeleton is. While he no doubt wants to find his brother, Astro doesn’t want to push you too hard which warms your heart. Despite only knowing you for a short while, he’s still concerned about you.

You rest your hand on the one on your shoulder and give it a warm squeeze. “I’ll be alright, Astro. Thank you for worrying about me. I’ll rest after we find the others, okay?”

He reluctantly nods after briefly squeezing your shoulder. “thank you.”

Turning toward Error, you see him giving you an unimpressed look. “you’re an idiot. overworking yourself won’t help anybody especially not yourself. you trying to get yourself killed?”

You approach him with a small smile. “I don’t plan on dying just yet. I told you I’d help you save this world, and I don’t plan on going back on my word. I’ll rest after we find one of the kids so they can reset and fix this whole mess.”

He huffs in annoyance, but thankfully, doesn’t argue his point further. Instead, he summons new strings to wrap around your waist. Fortunately, you don’t react negatively to the strings this time around.

You grin at him. “Thank you, Error. I really appreciate you helping me like this. I promise I won’t let you down.”

His eyes widen before he quickly averts them. “yeah, yeah. whatever. just get going already.”

Nodding, you make your way back to the wall. When you look toward the other skeletons, you see Cosmic cradling his still unconscious brother and Astro standing not too far from him.

Noticing their worried looks, you smile at them and wave. “I’ll be right back, guys. Don’t worry.”

With that, you walk into the white void-like area and sigh as the pins and needles feeling washes over you again. Saving Outertale Papyrus had taken a lot out of you, but there’s no time to rest. Outerswap Sans and the kids are counting on you.

Pushing past the weariness, you give your head a quick shake, and then, take off into a sprint, hoping the direction you picked will lead you to one of the others. Just like last time, you spend a great deal of time just wandering without seeing anything out of the ordinary.

This time, however, you have to take more breaks because of your exhaustion. You can’t run for too long now without needing to stop, so you’ve been doing more walking than running.

When you feel a familiar tugging at your waist, you begin to panic. “Wait! I haven’t found any of them yet! I can’t go back now! What if they’re close by?!”
You give one of the strings a strong yank, and it surprisingly goes still. Rather than wait for Error to try again, you start running, hoping he’ll give you a little more time. “Sans! Frisk! Chara! If you can hear me, say something! Please!”

“H- Help!”

The familiar voice makes you freeze. Without hesitation, you run in the direction that you believe it came from. “I’m coming! Please hold on!”

Unfortunately, no matter how many times you call out, you never hear that voice again. Finally, after what feels like an eternity, you catch sight of a blue spot in the distance.

Relieved, you push your tired body to its limits. Your heart starts beating rapidly when the strings wrapped around your waist start pulling on you again. You’re running out of time.

Thankfully, you finally have a clear view of the skeleton you’ve been looking for. His clothes remind you of Blue’s except they have a blue and yellow color scheme much like Outertale Papyrus. His shorts are blue with yellow stripes while his gloves and bandana are a darker shade of blue than Blue’s and have a yellow lining. The tails of his bandana are also much longer and covered in constellation patterns like Outertale Papyrus’ scarf.

Desperate, you push off the ground and leap toward the prone form of Outerswap Sans. Right as your hands make contact with his chest, the strings yank you backwards. Thankfully, you manage to get a strong enough grip on the skeleton so you’re able to bring him along for the ride.

You pull Sans to your chest and hug him as tightly as you can. His appearance is much like Outertale Papyrus’ when he was infected, so you know he’s in just as bad of shape as the other skeleton. Hopefully, there’s still enough time to save him.

This time when you exit the glitch-infected area you are caught by a pair of arms before you can hit the ground. When you open your eyes, you see Astro’s worried face which is a great deal paler than it was when you last saw him.

The arms holding you begin to tremble as the taller skeleton looks at his younger brother with dread. “y-you can save him, right? like you did with the other papyrus?”

Your chest clenches painfully when you hear the fear in his tone. Realizing there’s no time to waste, you focus all your attention on the Sans in your arms. “I’m gonna try, Astro. I’ll do my best to save him. I promise.”

Despite knowing how much the lazy skeletons hate dealing with promises, you can’t stop yourself from making one. It was the only thing you could think to say that might assure him.

Taking a deep breath to calm yourself, you hug the skeleton in your arms tightly and try to repeat what you did earlier with Outertale Papyrus. While I don’t know this Sans personally, I do know that he’s strong. The fact that he was able to call out to me despite being infected proves that he fought tooth and nail to stay conscious. I don’t know if he was conscious when I went in there the first time, but it obviously took all he had to cry out to me that one time. He hung in there as long as he could, doing his best.

As you study his face, you’re strongly reminded of Blue. You know the two are completely different people and shouldn’t be treated the same just because they have similar personalities.

Still, seeing this Sans so close to death makes you remember Blue’s pale face before he died. Your eyes begin to burn with unshed tears as you remember one of the worst moments of your life.

I
don’t want to see another Sans die, especially not one who hasn’t done anything wrong. He doesn’t deserve to suffer like this.

You squeeze your eyes shut as you bring your face closer to his, your nose brushing against his cheekbone. Please help me save him, Void. I know that whenever you reset this world that everything will go back to normal, but that doesn’t change the fact that he’s here in front of me suffering right now. I can’t just do nothing! I’ll give you all the determination you need. Just please save him!

For a few seconds, nothing happens, and you bite your lip in frustration as the trembling arms around you tighten. Then, a familiar tugging sensation in your chest makes you jerk your head up in surprise.

Just like before, your soul makes its appearance. You dimly note that its glow is weaker than it was the last time you saw it. Was it because of the amount of energy you used earlier?

Then, your soul gives off a blinding light, and you bury your face in Sans’ chest to hide your eyes. A wave of exhaustion engulfs you, and you honestly have no idea how you remain conscious when your whole body is screaming for rest.

However, you can’t take that chance. You still need to see if Frisk or Chara are still alive. Even though it’s just a hunch, you really do think the Void wanted you to go look for the kids rather than save the skeletons. So, you can’t afford to pass out when you don’t know what kind of state the children are in. After a quick break, you need to go back through the wall to look for them.

When you finally open your eyes, your shoulders slump with relief at the sight of a perfectly healthy Sans in your arms. A shaky smile forms on your face as you rest your head against his chest.

The trembling of the arms holding you increases, and when you turn your head to look at Astro, you see the bright orange tears gathered in the corners of his eye sockets. His eyes meet yours, and your breath hitches at the pure gratitude and happiness you see in his gaze. “you really did it. you saved him. thank you. thank you so much.”

Warmth blossoms in your chest at his words. Fighting back your own tears of relief, you give him a small smile. “You’re welcome. I’m so glad it worked.”

Astro smiles as he gives you a warm squeeze. Then, after a few minutes pass, you both hear snickering which draws your attention to a grinning Cosmic who’s still holding his unconscious brother. “you’re like a book on anti-gravity, kid. you’re impossible to put down.”

As the joke registers in your mind, you realize he was referring to Astro still holding you in his arms. Judging by the look of surprise on the taller skeleton’s face, it seems he just realized that he’s been carrying you this whole time.

Your eyes widen with wonder when he blushes. Instead of the expected orange blush, his is a mixture of orange and yellow. You can’t help but be reminded of the sun when you see the lovely glow.

That’s when you hear Error sigh. “just put her down before he comes up with more bad jokes.”

Slowly, the embarrassed skeleton returns you to your feet, and you hand him his brother who hasn’t shown any signs of stirring. Considering Outertale Papyrus is still unconscious, you figure this Sans will be out for a while as well.
A wave of vertigo washes over you when you take a step back. You try to remain still and breathe through the dizzy spell to no avail.

Despite your best efforts, your knees buckle underneath you, and black starts encroaching your vision. Cosmic and Astro call out to you, but you can’t make out what they’re saying.

You try your hardest to remain awake, but it feels like your exhaustion has tripled in a matter of seconds. Your body feels so heavy all of a sudden.

Warning alarms are blaring in your head. Something’s off. There’s something wrong about this. While it’s not surprising that you’re tired, you think there’s more to your body shutting down besides being worn down from saving Outertale Papyrus and Outerswap Sans.

Unfortunately, despite your wishes, you’re unable to ponder this situation further because you soon lose your battle to remain conscious. Then, everything fades to black.

Chapter End Notes

I have some lovely fanart that I’m super excited to share with y’all! XD

Auroradragon1983 drew an awesome picture of the scene from last chapter when the Reader was trying to save Error. I love how the glitch infection is drawn ^^^ You can see the post with the deviant art link they submitted by clicking here.

Elegantrosary drew a beautiful picture of the Reader in the Void. She also drew gorgeous pictures of the Reader with the skeles she's met so far on her adventure. The pictures were even made into a super cool GIF! ^^^ You can see them by clicking here, here, and here.

It's time for the Reader to face the consequences of her reckless actions. It has finally come back to bite her. She's gonna learn a hard lesson next chapter ^^'

For those of you who might have had trouble picturing the glitch's territory, it was referred to as a wall because anything past that point was hidden from view, meaning it had been swallowed up by the glitch. So, it all looked white. When the Reader walked past that dividing line, she basically entered the glitch's equivalent of the Anti-Void if that makes sense. Contrary to what they all originally believed, people that get sucked into that area don't get immediately erased. Rather, it's a gradual thing. That's why OT Pap and OS Sans were still in one piece.

I hope the reason for the Reader entering that area made sense. Sure, it was reckless and not exactly necessary like Error said, but that didn't matter to Cosmic and Astro. Their brothers were possibly still alive and they had to take a chance on rescuing them. After all, they had no idea if saving their worlds was still possible at this point so at the very least they wanted to save their brothers. The Reader knew that she had to at least try to look for their brothers for their peace of mind. Plus, she really did think the Void wanted her to investigate that area which it did. The Void was behind that strange feeling when she saw the wall.

The reason the Void wanted her to go in was because it needed her determination to be stronger. It takes a lot to save merged worlds. That's why she was with the baby bones
for so long. Her determination grew in response to her desire to protect the kids. However, she didn't have any goal like that for this merged world. The Void knew it was likely that someone was probably still in that area so it figured the only way her determination would be strong enough was if she focused on saving people stranded in the glitch's area. Even if she never found anyone, it could still use the determination she mustered from just trying to do so. It hadn't expected her to find and save the trapped skeletons, but it couldn't refuse her desperate request to help them despite knowing the stress it would put her under. You'll find out next chapter what exactly caused her to pass out. ^^
Outertale & Outerswap Pt 2

Chapter Notes

Disasterbisexual was kind enough to look over the chapter for me. Thanks again! ^-^

Just as a recap, any Sans and Papyrus who aren't given a nickname are referred to as their original name until given a nickname.

When you finally regain consciousness, the first thing you notice is how tired you are. Your body feels like you’ve just run a marathon, and you have no clue why. For several minutes, you try to gather your thoughts and figure out what exactly happened.

Then, you remember. Despite your best efforts to stay awake so you could look for the children, your exhaustion was too much for you, and you collapsed.

As you fight to pry open your eyes, your other senses start to kick into gear. You realize you’re being cradled in someone’s arms against their chest. The material rubbing against your cheek is so soft and warm.

You also notice that someone is holding your left hand. Every so often, the person will give your hand a warm squeeze as if to reassure you that they’re still there.

Faintly, you can hear several voices talking, but you can’t quite decipher what they’re saying. Rather than focus on the voices, you decide to divert all your attention to opening your eyes.

Your eyelids are so heavy; it’s a struggle to lift them. Finally, with a great deal of effort, you slowly open your eyes. Unsurprisingly, your vision is blurry, and you need to blink several times in order to clear it.

“YOU’RE AWAKE! SANS, SHE HAS WOKEN UP!”

“THANK QUEEN TORIEL! YOU’RE AWAKE! ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN?!”

That’s when you realize Outertale Papyrus is the one who has been holding you in his arms while Outerswap Sans has been holding your hand. Relief bubbles in your chest. They woke up. Thank goodness.

Realizing they were waiting for a response, you give them a small smile unable to do more at the moment due to your lethargy. “I’m okay. Sorry for worrying you guys.”

“You’re a lot of things, but okay is far from one of them.”

The sound of a familiar growl overlapped with static grabs your attention. When you tilt your head to the side, you see Error approach your group with Cosmic and Astro not far behind him.

He’s wearing a deep scowl while the other two are staring at you with obvious relief. “You nearly got yourself killed, you idiot. I told you that you weren’t allowed to die ‘til you fixed this place, or, did you forget that part of the deal?”
His eyes narrow. “you put us all in danger not just yourself. if you had died, then this world along with all of us would’ve been screwed. you’re the only chance we’ve got to fixing this place. do you realize what you almost caused?”

Your eyes widen with horror. It had been that bad? You really almost died? Was it because you pushed your soul too hard? Is that why you were so exhausted?

Cosmic scowls at his glitchy counterpart. “lay off. if it’s anyone’s fault, it’s ours for asking her to go the extra mile. she only did it ’cause we asked her. she was only trying to help.”

Taking a drag from his cigarette, Astro releases a large cloud of purple mist all the while watching Error with narrowed eye-lights. “she saved our bros’ lives. i don’t care how upset you are about this situation. i won’t let you take it out on her when she put her life on the line to save my bro.”

Sans squeezes your hand reassuringly before rising to his feet and placing his hands on his hips. “I AGREE WITH PAPY! WHILE I MAY NOT HAVE BEEN AWAKE WHEN THIS WAS HAPPENING, THERE’S NO DENYING THAT I AM STILL ALIVE THANKS TO THIS HUMAN HERE. EVEN IF HER ACTIONS WERE RECKLESS, THAT DOESN’T MEAN IT’S OKAY TO GET ANGRY AT HER AFTER SHE JUST WOKE UP.”

Papyrus nods his head in agreement. “I AGREE WITH OTHER SANS! IT’S NOT LIKE SHE WAS PURPOSEFULLY RECKLESS! SHE JUST WANTED TO HELP US! I DON’T THINK YOU SHOULD BE SO HARD ON HER.”

While you appreciate their words, that doesn’t change the fact that Error is right.”“No, Error is right. I should’ve been more careful. It’s true your worlds’ survival depends on my health, so I shouldn’t have been so reckless.”

Due to the heaviness of your body, all you can do is give the glitchy skeleton an apologetic look. “I’m sorry, Error. While I don’t regret saving them, I wish I could’ve done it a safer way. I know I promised to help you save these worlds, and I came close to breaking that promise. I’m really sorry.”

All four of the space residents are looking at you with surprise while Error just crosses his arms with a huff. You expect more scolding but are surprised when he just sighs. “well, guess you’re not a complete idiot if you can realize when you’ve made a mistake. i was all ready to chew you out, but forget it. it’s not fun if you’re already feeling sorry. just don’t fuck things up again.”

An amused smile forms on your face. “I won’t, but what exactly happened? Did I use too much of the Void’s magic?”

Error nods his head. “from what i can gather, you were doing too much at once. if it was just saving these two from being infected, you probably would’ve been fine. but, you also went inside that glitch-infected area in order to get to them. even if it didn’t seem like it, i’m sure that had some effect on you. plus, according to the rainbow bastard, whenever you’re in an infected au, your soul is always emitting void magic in order to fix whatever au you visit.”

Cosmic rubs a tired hand down his face. “it’s no wonder you collapsed. it’s a miracle that it didn’t happen sooner.”

Nodding, Astro takes another drag from his cigarette. “your soul was looking pretty bad, pal. almost all the magic used to sustain it was used up helping us.”

Sans returns to kneeling at your side and gives you a worried look. “WHILE YOUR SOUL HAS
BEEN TENDED TO, YOU’RE STILL VERY WEAK FROM ALL THE STRESS. IT’LL TAKE SOME TIME BEFORE YOU CAN FULLY RECOVER.”

Papyrus gives you a gentle squeeze. “NOT TO WORRY, HUMAN! YOU ARE IN THE BEST OF HANDS NOW! I WILL MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A FULL RECOVERY!”

As you smile at the two, another question comes to mind. “But, how did you guys save my soul? Wouldn’t you have needed the Void’s magic to do that?”

There’s a slight pause before you see every head turn toward Error who scowls. “of course, i gotta explain everything.”

He sighs in annoyance. “i managed to open a portal to the void long enough for it to send its magic in to heal your soul. it took me awhile ‘cause of the damn glitch, but i finally managed to make a portal. couldn’t hold it open for long, but it was long enough for the void to do its job.”

Your eyes widen at his words. “Then, that means you saved my life. Even if it’s the Void’s magic that healed me, it’s only because of you that it was able to get to me in time.”

Error looks mildly uncomfortable with your declaration. He averts his eyes. “don’t be getting any weird ideas. i did what i had to do to keep myself alive. if you had died, then i would’ve died too from being stuck here. no way would i have been able to escape alive if i ditched you and ran to the void.”

While you have no idea if the Void would’ve really killed the glitchy skeleton for abandoning you, you do understand his reasoning. Still, that doesn’t change the fact that he saved you.

You smile at him gratefully. “You still saved me, Error. So, thank you. I really owe you.”

Honestly, you had expected him to agree with you, but instead, he just raises a brow ridge. “no, you don’t. we’re even now. so, don’t be expecting any more favors from me.”

He must be referring to you saving his life in the Void. You can’t help but be surprised since you never expected him to actually want to pay you back for helping him.

An amused grin forms on your face. “Alright. That’s fair.”

Unfortunately, even after being awake for a several minutes now, your lethargy hasn’t decreased much, so it seems you really will be out for the count for a while. This makes you frown. “But, what about the kids? I’m almost positive the Void wanted me to go look for them to help save the merged worlds.”

Cosmic scratches his head. “i, uh, think that plan is kinda out the window now, kid. i think now the best thing is to wait for you to recover your energy and see what the void does like it did the last time you were in a situation like this.”

Error points a finger at you as he narrows his eyes. “so, just stay put. got it?”

Astro eyes the glitchy skeleton warily for a few seconds before bringing his gaze to rest on you. Then, his expression softens. “just take it easy for a little while. i think you’ve earned a break. after all, you did work yourself to the bone to help us.”

He gives you a wink as you and Cosmic snicker. Their brothers groan with displeasure while Error twitches irritably at the pun.
Before his brother can make a pun of his own, Papyrus intervenes. “SO, HUMAN! I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU GAVE OUR BROTHERS NICKNAMES! I WAS CURIOUS IF YOU HAD A GREAT ONE SAVED FOR ME!”

A large grin forms on Sans’ face as his eyes turn into stars. “I WAS WONDERING THAT TOO! DO YOU HAVE A NICKNAME FOR ME AS WELL?”

You can’t help but grin at their eagerness. Realizing some more nicknames are in order, you ponder over what other space-related names you know of.

It’s when you start thinking about constellations you know that some good names come to mind. “Okay, how about Orion for Sans and Leo for Papyrus? I don’t know if constellations are all the same in every world, but those two are very popular in my world. Orion is the famous hunter while Leo is the brave lion.”

Both skeletons’ expressions brighten at your name choices. They both rapidly nod their heads while grinning broadly.

“FOR SOMEONE AS FIERCE AND BRAVE AS ME, BEING NAMED AFTER A LION IS PERFECT! NYEH HEH HEH!”

“AND, BEING NAMED AFTER SOMEONE SO FAMOUS THAT HE GOT HIS OWN CONSTELLATION IS PERFECT FOR THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! MWEH HEH HEH!”

When you check their brothers’ reactions, you see them both smiling fondly at their younger brothers. Error, on the other hand, is ignoring the proceedings in favor of focusing his attention on the game of Cat’s Cradle he’s playing with his strings a few feet away from the group.

That’s when you realize you’re still being held in Leo’s lap. Your cheeks turn a light pink. “Um, Leo? I’m grateful for you looking out for me while I was unconscious, but you don’t have to keep holding me like this. I know this is probably uncomfortable for you.”

Leo gives you a surprised look. “UNCOMFORTABLE? NOT AT ALL! YOU’RE ACTUALLY QUITE SOFT, HUMAN! LIKE HOLDING A PILLOW! SO, I DON’T MIND THIS ARRANGEMENT AT ALL, ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY TOO TIRED TO SUPPORT YOURSELF.”

It’s true you’re still feeling exhausted. If he did set you down, you probably would’ve ended up leaning on him anyway. Still, you felt like you had to say something considering how embarrassing this position is. You’re amazed he doesn’t feel awkward about holding someone he hardly knows.

Cosmic snickers at your flustered expression. “looks like my bro has already developed a soft spot for ya, kid.”

The other pun lover chuckles while their brothers groan in union. Error jerks at the pun, causing him to accidentally tangle his strings. Cursing, the glitchy skeletons works to undo the unwanted knots.

Orion shakes his head when the older brothers start exchanging puns. Instead of scolding them like you expect, he turns to focus on you and gives you a bright smile. “HUMAN! EVER SINCE PAPY EXPLAINED THE SITUATION TO ME, THERE’S BEEN SOMETHING I’VE BEEN WANTING TO TELL YOU. SO, PLEASE LISTEN VERY CLOSELY!”

When you nod your head, his smile brightens. Before you can react, Orion grabs both your hands and gives them a warm squeeze. “THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE! PAPY TOLD ME
HOW I GOT INFECTED BY WHAT YOU CALL THE GLITCH AND HOW YOU WERE THE ONE THAT SAVED ME. I MAY NOT REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT TRANSPired AFTER OUR WORLDS MERGED, BUT…”

His expression softens as his grip tightens. The low tone he speaks with next surprises you. “Despite My Half-Consciousness, I Remember Hearing A Kind Voice Desperately Calling Out For Me. I Was At The Point That I Was Starting To Lose Hope, Thinking I Wouldn’t Be Found. Then, I Heard You Yelling My Name.”

Glittery blue tears begin to gather at the corners of his eye sockets as his smile wobbles. “I Was So Relieved. Hearing Your Voice Gave Me The Strength To Wake Up Long Enough To Call Out To You. I Completely Lost Consciousness After That, But I Wasn’t Scared Because I Knew You Were Looking For Me. Thank You, Human. Thank You So Much For Giving Me Hope.”

Your vision begins to blur with tears at his heartfelt gratitude. Using his grip on your hands, you pull him towards you and raise your heavy arms to wrap around his neck.

Orion is obviously surprised considering his stiff posture. However, it doesn’t take him long to relax into the embrace and wrap his arms around you.

You bury your face in his bandana, rubbing your cheek against the soft fabric. “I’m glad I made it in time. I’m so, so glad.”

After a few seconds, you give him a gentle squeeze before finally releasing him. When he pulls away, Orion gives you one of the sweetest smiles you’ve ever seen. There’s a happy blush tinting his cheekbones, very much resembling the one you saw on Cosmic’s face when he got embarrassed earlier. Looks like both Sanses have a cute set of freckles that become more prominent when they blush.

Feeling mischievous, you pull Orion closer to you so you can plant a kiss on his cheekbone. As you pull back, you witness the way his blush darkens considerably making his freckles stand out even more as they glitter like the stars above.

A large grin forms on your face. “Sorry, I couldn’t resist. You are too cute, Orion.”

His blush only worsens while Astro starts snickering at his brother’s embarrassed reaction. Cosmic chuckles in amusement while Leo wears a contemplative expression.

When you avert your eyes toward Error, you see him roll his eyes before returning his attention to his strings. Looks like the glitchy skeleton isn’t interested in socializing. Surprise, surprise.

Once your gaze falls back on him, Leo decides to speak. “UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF MY TIME AFTER BEING CAPTURED BY THE GLITCH. I FAINTLY RECALL CALLING FOR MY BROTHER, BUT THAT’S ALL I CAN REMEMBER.”

The arms holding you give you a gentle squeeze. “EVEN THOUGH I DON’T REMEMBER YOU SAVING ME, I AM STILL ETERNALLY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR KINDNESS. DESPITE THE RISKS, YOU BRAVELY ENTERED THE GLITCH-INFECTED AREA TO LOOK FOR US AND THE OTHER HUMANS.”

Leo grins brightly. “YOU ARE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, A HERO, HUMAN! I CANNOT THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR SAVING MY LIFE. I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT I CAN SOMEDAY REPAY YOU FOR ALL THAT YOU’VE DONE. EVEN NOW, YOU’RE DOING YOUR BEST TO SAVE OUR WORLD IN ADDITION TO WHAT YOU’VE ALREADY DONE.
ON BEHALF OF MY WORLD, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU’VE DONE.”

Close to tears once again, you blink to clear your vision and move to wrap your arms around his chest. As expected, when your cheek rubs against it, you find that the material of his scarf is just as soft as Orion’s bandana.

There’s so much you want to say. You want to apologize for putting them all at risk with your reckless actions. Apologize for not being strong enough--for not saving their worlds already. You want to tell them how happy you are that they’re alive--that your efforts weren’t in vain.

Instead, all you do is tremble as you hug the skeleton as tightly as you can. You had been overconfident. You were so used to things somehow working in your favor that you didn’t think to be more cautious. You almost caused your own death in addition to several others--not to mention the destruction of two AUs. It’s only because of Error’s quick actions that everything’s alright now.

Your eyes begin to burn, but you, thankfully, manage to keep yourself from crying. You really cut it close this time. You can’t afford to make a mistake like that again.

A gentle hand on your head draws you away from your depressing thoughts. When you look up, you see Leo frowning worriedly. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT, HUMAN?”

Taking a deep breath to calm yourself, you give him your best smile. “I’m alright, Leo. Just thinking too much of what’s already happened. Sorry for worrying you.”

When you release your grip on him, you turn to see the other AU residents giving you similar concerned looks. The fact that they’re so worried on your behalf gives you a warm feeling in your chest.

Just as you open your mouth to reassure them, a wave of exhaustion washes over you, and you have to fight back the overwhelming urge to yawn. Looks like you’re still feeling the effects of using too much of your soul’s energy.

Surprisingly, it’s Error who comments on your tired expression. “Just go to sleep already. No point in staying awake when you can barely move. The more rest you get, the faster you recover. Then, we can finally fix this place and be done with the stupid glitch.”

Orion rapidly nods his head. “ERROR IS RIGHT! WHILE I NORMALLY DO NOT APPROVE OF NAPPING DURING THE DAY, YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH A LOT AND STILL LOOK VERY TIRED DESPITE REMAINING UNCONSCIOUS FOR QUITE SOME TIME. YOU SHOULD GET SOME MORE REST, HUMAN!”

Leo grins broadly. “I AGREE! YOU’VE DEFINITELY EARNED IT! NO NEED TO WORRY, HUMAN. SINCE YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE GREAT LEO, YOU WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF. I’LL LOOK AFTER YOU WHILE YOU REST!”

The other exuberant skeleton grabs your hand and gives it a strong squeeze. “I WILL TOO! I WON’T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU WHILE YOU’RE SLEEPING! I PROMISE!”

Overwhelmed by the sheer amount of sweetness aimed your way, you use the rest of your energy to wrap your arms around their necks and pull them into hug. When their faces are close to yours, you give them both a kiss on the cheek, making them both blush brightly.

You smile warmly as you release the now flustered skeletons. “Thank you. I really appreciate you looking after me. I think I’ll follow your advice and take a little nap. The sooner I recover my
energy the better.”

Cosmic grins when you look his way. “don’t worry, kid. we’ll keep an eye socket on the wall and make sure we don’t stay too close to it.”

Nodding, Astro winks at you. “we’ll take care of things so you can rest easy.”

Error just rolls his eyes before returning to his game of Cat’s Cradle much to your amusement. You wonder if this is what he often does to pass the time when he doesn’t have his puppets.

When you close your eyes and let your body relax in Leo’s hold, it doesn’t take long for the drowsiness to fully kick in, and you soon find yourself entering a very peaceful slumber.

Thankfully, the next time you wake you don’t feel nearly as exhausted. While you’re far from being in tip-top condition, you are much better than you were before.

Like last time, you wake up in Leo’s arms, making you wonder if he’s been holding you the entire time. Surely, that must be tiring? You have to admire his dedication, looking after you like this despite only knowing you for a short time.

Sitting nearby is Orion who is the first to notice that you’re awake. His expression brightens. “HUMAN! YOU’RE AWAKE! HOW DO YOU FEEL?”

Immediately, you feel several pairs of eyes on you. You’re not used to being focused on by so many people at once so you can’t help but smile nervously. “I’m feeling much better--not nearly as tired as before. Thank you for asking.”

Orion beams at you while Leo wears a similar grin. “WHAT A RELIEF! OF COURSE, IT IS NO SURPRISE THAT YOU SLEPT WELL SINCE YOU SLEPT IN THE ARMS OF THE GREAT PA-I MEAN-LEO!”

You smile in amusement. “That definitely played a role for sure. Thank you, Leo. I slept great.”

Deciding you should probably try to get up, you move to stand. Once Orion realizes what you’re attempting, he stands and reaches for your hands to help you up.

Unsurprisingly, your legs are on the wobbly side, but thankfully, they do hold you up. You can’t help but sigh in relief.

As Leo quickly rises to his feet, the other two space residents approach you. Cosmic gives you a concerned once over. “you sure you should be standing, kid? you’re still looking a little tired.”

A hand on your chin gently guides your face to look at Astro who’s studying you closely. “you’re a little pale. i may not be a human expert, but i’m pretty sure that’s a bad thing.”

After he releases your chin, you give him a smile. “I’m alright, really. I feel a lot better than I did before. I promise.”

Orion gives you a concerned look while his brother raises an eyeridge at you. “YOU’RE SURE? IF YOU NEED TO REST MORE, WE WON’T MIND. WE DON’T WANT YOU TO ENDANGER YOUR HEALTH ANY FURTHER, HUMAN.”

A scoff has everyone turning to look at an annoyed Error. “you’re all worrying too much. if she’s okay enough to stand, then she’s fine. we don’t exactly have a lot of free time here, who knows how much longer this merged world has before the glitch completely devours it.”
Cosmic and Astro scowl at the glitchy skeleton while their brothers frown worriedly. You turn to face Error. “So, what now? We just wait to see what the Void does? Or, should I try looking for the kids again?”

The four AU residents all tense at your suggestion of going back into the glitch-infected area. Cosmic starts to sweat. “I don’t know if that’s a good idea, kid. Your body might not be able to handle another trip in there after everything that’s happened.”

Astro nods his head. “Plus, we don’t even know if the kids are still alive at this point. The only people you saw in there were my bro and Leo. They might have been the only ones left.”

You watch as Leo rubs his chin thoughtfully. “I am not so sure. After all, we do not know everything about that area. For example, why did Orion not hear the human’s shouts the first time she entered that area?”

There’s a pause as everyone ponders that question. After several minutes, Error surprises everyone when he answers. “If I had to make a guess, that place is a lot larger than what it looks like. From her point of view, she covered a lot of ground, but from my side, it didn’t feel like my strings stretched out that much.”

He casually shrugs his shoulders. “Who’s to say that the rules of time and space that apply normally to us even work in that place? For all we know, the glitch could distort the space to do whatever it damn well pleases like control how sound travels. It’s possible he only heard her cause she was within a certain range.”

You run a hand through your hair. “That does sound possible. I mean, despite how much I ran, it didn’t feel like I crossed as much distance as I should’ve. That would also explain how I was able to get pulled out so quickly each time.”

Cosmic tiredly rubs his nasal bridge. “Alright. So, let’s just agree we don’t know a damn thing about that place and that it’s likely if y/n goes back in there that she won’t find anyone else. Considering how long they’ve been in there, I can’t imagine anyone else still being there.”

Sighing, Astro exhales a large cloud of purple mist. “Plus, those kids were probably the first ones to get swallowed up since the glitch has been targeting them. I wouldn’t be surprised if it got rid of them first before trying to go after everyone else.”

Noticing the sad looks on the younger brothers’ faces, you try to console them. “But, that doesn’t mean they’re gone for good. The Void can still reset the worlds and bring everyone back to normal even without the kids’ help. So, there’s still a chance to save them.”

Your shoulders slump with relief when their expressions brighten. Orion is about to respond when you start turning translucent, making him freeze in shock.

Everyone stares at you wide-eyed as you slowly begin to disappear. Remembering what happened with the babybones, you start to panic. “Hurry! Grab ahold of me now! The Void did this last time when it wanted me to take the kids out of the merged world before it reset the worlds!”

The reaction is instantaneous. Orion quickly latches onto your waist while his brother puts a hand on your shoulder. Cosmic places a hand on your back while Leo grabs your other shoulder.

Doing a mental count, you realize there’s one skeleton missing. When you turn to look for him, you see Error eyeing you warily.

That’s when you remember his haphephobia. While you understand his reluctance, that doesn’t
change the fact that he needs to be in contact with you if he wants to get out of here.

Thinking fast, you pull your sleeve as far as you can over your hand and stretch the fabric out to an obviously confused Error. “Here. I know you hate to be touched, but unfortunately, you have to be in contact with me when I teleport. If you grab onto my clothing though, you should be fine, so just grab my sleeve and hold tight.”

He stares at you in surprise for several seconds. The longer he hesitates, the more nervous you feel. Just as you open your mouth to plead with him, the glitch skeleton acts.

Instead of just grabbing the fabric like you expect, Error reaches out to fully grasp your sleeve-covered hand. You are surprised by the warmth you feel when his hand makes contact with yours.

At your wide-eyed look, he averts his eyes. “I ain’t taking any chances of getting left behind here.”

Realizing that’s as good a response as you’re gonna get from the glitchy skeleton, you smile in amusement. “Fair enough. I’d hate to lose you along the way after all.”

His grip on your hand tightens at your response, causing your smile to grow. Before you can comment further, your soul pops out of your chest, grabbing everyone’s attention.

When it starts to glow brightly, you close your eyes and focus all the determination you can muster together. *Please help me save them, Void. Help me save these worlds. I'm sorry for always making you have to put up with my reckless actions. I promise to do better next time so please help me fix this.*

Everyone’s grips simultaneously tighten on you right before the teleportation process completes. Your last thought as your consciousness fades is that you hope your determination is enough.

Then, everything goes dark.

When you wake, it comes as no surprise to you when you find yourself in the Void. What does surprise you is the fact that Astro is carrying you.

Looking around you see the other skeletons hovering close by aside from Error who is unsurprisingly keeping his distance. They must’ve all woken up before you like the kids did when you teleported out of the other merged world.

Astro gives you a concerned look. “you alright? you’ve been out for quite a while.”

His brother frowns worriedly. “HOW ARE YOU FEELING? YOU’VE BEEN SO STILL FOR ALL THIS TIME. WE’VE BEEN WORRIED!”

Your chest clenches at his words. “I’m sorry for worrying you guys. I always temporarily lose consciousness whenever I teleport, and I usually stay unconscious longer after helping worlds like yours.”

A small smile forms on your face. “But, I promise I’m okay. Tired but okay.”

Cosmic tilts his head as he gives you a probing look. After a few seconds, he nods. “alright. we’ll believe ya. just take it easy from now on, okay?”

As you nod your head, Leo beams at you. “WE HAVE GOOD NEWS, HUMAN! OUR WORLDS ARE SAFE NOW! YOU DID IT! NOT THAT I HAD ANY DOUBT OF COURSE!”
That’s when Astro decides to set you down so you can stand. You tilt your head curiously. “How’d you guys find out? Did the Void somehow tell you or was Error able to open a portal to one of your worlds?”

A tired sigh brings your attention to Error. “they asked the void which somehow gave them a thumbs-up as a response. while they were willing to accept that as a good enough response, i decided to try to open a portal to outertale. it worked, and when i looked inside, everything looked fine.”

Your shoulders slump with relief. Somehow, it managed to work despite your earlier scare. Maybe the Void had used enough magic on the world before you collapsed that it didn’t need much more to save the merged world.

With a bright smile, you turn to face the tendril that pops up from the ground. “Thank you, Void. You really saved us. I’m sorry for pushing myself too hard earlier. I won’t do it again.”

All the skeletons watch with surprise when the goopy appendage extends to loosely wrap around you in a hug. This action makes your smile grow.

Orion’s eye-lights turn into stars. “THAT’S AMAZING! THE VOID MUST REALLY LIKE YOU, HUMAN!”

You can’t help but giggle at his words. “Well, I guess you could say we’ve spent a good bit of time together since my adventure started. It didn’t take long for us to become friends after I properly talked with the Void.”

While Orion and Leo stare at you with sparkly eyes, Cosmic grins broadly. “guess your friendship was una-void-able, huh?”

Astro immediately starts snickering while the younger brothers groan in union. Error twitches in irritation while you laugh.

Your laughter increases when another tendril appears behind Cosmic and smacks him upside the head. “I guess the Void isn’t too fond of puns.”

Now, Error is cackling at the stupefied look on Cosmic’s face while Leo and Orion are trying but failing to contain their amusement. Astro continues to laugh, obviously entertained by this change in events.

When the laughter finally dies down, the Void creates two portals that obviously must lead to Outertale and Outerswap. Guess the Void is hinting that the space residents need to go back home now.

Astro rubs the back of his head. “well, guess that’s the void’s subtle way of saying get out, huh?”

You shrug your shoulders. “Basically? But, don’t take it the wrong way. The kids had to return to their worlds pretty soon after they were saved. The Void is probably worried about you guys being outside of your worlds for too long.”

Error shoves his hands into his pockets. “i couldn’t tell how far back outertale reset, so you won’t know ‘til you check things out yourself.”

Sighing, Cosmic’s shoulders slump. “so, we have no idea what we’re walking into. great. well, it can’t be too bad since the void allowed us to leave. maybe it’s to the point before the kid arrives.”
His brother places his hands on his hips. “EITHER WAY, I AM CONFIDENT WE WILL BE ABLE TO HANDLE WHATEVER COMES OUR WAY! AFTER ALL, NOTHING CAN STOP THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

Cosmic’s expression softens. “you’re right as always, bro.”

“OF COURSE I AM! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Leo then turns to face you and gives you a bright smile. “THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING, HUMAN! NOT ONLY DID YOU SAVE OUR WORLD, YOU ALSO SAVED MY LIFE! I AM FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT!”

In a blink, you are swept off your feet and twirled in the air by the excitable skeleton. After he sets you back down, Leo grins broadly. “I HOPE YOU WILL BE ABLE TO VISIT SO YOU CAN SEE JUST HOW AMAZING OUR WORLD IS. IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT YOU WERE UNABLE TO PROPERLY ENJOY YOUR STAY WITH US.”

Expression softening, you wrap your arms around the skeleton and give him a strong squeeze. “I’d love that, Leo. I’ll definitely have to come by again for a visit.”

When you pull away, you notice that his grin is even larger now. “WONDERFUL! I LOOK FORWARD TO SHOWING YOU AROUND, HUMAN!”

You smile at him. “You can call me by my name if you want, Leo. After all, we are friends now.”

His eyes begin to sparkle. “FRIENDS?!”

Leo abruptly turns to cough into his hand. “I MEAN, OF COURSE YOU WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH ME. WHO WOULDN’T? VERY WELL! I SHALL CALL YOU Y/N FROM THIS POINT ON! NYEH HEH HEH!”

As the taller skeleton chuckles, Orion gives you a hopeful glance. “CAN I CALL YOU BY YOUR NAME TOO?”

Orion’s expression is way too cute. You can’t resist pulling him into a hug. “Of course you can. I consider you a friend too, Orion.”

A beautiful blush floods his cheekbones. “O-OF COURSE YOU DO! I DIDN’T DOUBT FOR A SECOND THAT YOU CONSIDER MY MAGNIFICENT SELF A FRIEND! I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE WHAT YOU’D PREFER ME TO CALL YOU BY! THAT’S ALL!”

Giggling, you release the flustered skeleton who proceeds to march toward the portal the Void points to. Orion grins at you from over his shoulder. “THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING, Y/N! I AM BEYOND GRATEFUL FOR ALL YOU’VE DONE FOR US. I HOPE YOUR NEXT VISIT WILL BE SOON SO I CAN SHOW YOU ALL THE BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS OF OUR WORLD. I LOOK FORWARD TO GETTING TO KNOW YOU BETTER!”

You smile softly. “I feel the same way, Orion. I’d love the chance to hang out with you more.”

Once again, a dark blush floods his cheeks. “NOW, WE BETTER BE GOING! COME ALONG, PAPY!”

With that, Orion walks through the portal and returns to his world. You expect his brother to follow right behind him, but Astro comes to a stop beside you on his way to the portal.
When you tilt your head in confusion, he gives you a little grin. “just wanted to say thanks before leaving. i really owe ya for going so far for my bro. thanks, v.”

You raise an amused brow. “v? is that my new nickname? does it stand for something, or is that your favorite letter?”

His grin grows. “nah, it’s not my favorite letter. it’s short for venus.”

You can’t help but smile. “you nicknamed me after a planet?”

Astro surprises you when he leans down so he can whisper in your ear. you involuntarily shiver at the sound of his smooth voice. “not just a planet. i remember reading about a roman goddess by the name of venus--the goddess of beauty. fits you pretty well, don’t ya think?”

A dark blush floods your cheeks at his words. It only gets worse when Astro pulls back and winks at you with a small smirk. “like my bro said, feel free to come visit us anytime. we’d love to have ya, v.”

With that, Astro heads for the portal, raising his hand to give you a casual wave. He walks back into his world, leaving you with the outertale brothers and Error.

Before you can dwell too much on his words and the effect they had on your now rapidly beating heart, leo claps you on the shoulder. “it was a pleasure to meet you, y/n! i am looking forward to your next visit. until then, please take care!”

Nodding, you give the tall skeleton a warm smile which he eagerly returns. then, he heads for the portal to his world and waves a hand toward his brother. “come along, sans! i must check to make sure everything is alright in our world! no doubt everything is in disarray without me there!”

Cosmic grins as he nods. “i’m sure it is, bro. i’m right behind ya.”

His brother enters the portal, but like Astro, Cosmic decides to stop by you before following after leo. at your curious look, the space resident averts his eye-lights as he rubs the back of his head.

For some reason, there’s a light blush coloring his cheekbones. “thanks for everything, y/n. i know we put you through a lot, but you never complained. you did so much for us. i can’t thank you enough for saving pap.”

Your expression softens at his words. Before he can react, you pull Cosmic into your arms and hug him tightly. “after i heard their cries coming from that glitch-infected area, there was no way that i could just ignore them and not try to help leo and orion. i know every sans and papyrus is their own unique individual, but after befriending so many, the idea of leaving any to suffer hurts. i never want you guys to suffer especially not like that.”

He relaxes in your hold and moves to return the embrace, wrapping his arms tightly around your waist. “i get it. you’re a kind girl. i hope that never changes. i didn’t know what to think of ya at first after hearing about you from ink. i don’t exactly have the highest opinion regarding humans after all. but--”

When Cosmic pulls back to meet your eyes, there’s a fond grin on his face. “in the end, my worries were unfounded. i can understand why all my other counterparts would be fond of you. you’re one in a million, starshine.”

The combination of his affectionate tone and the new nickname brings your blush back at full
force. You hadn’t expected such a sweet response from the skeleton considering you haven’t
gotten to spend much time with him. Despite that, it seems you managed to make a strong
impression on him.

You are surprised to see the blush return to his cheeks as well. Cosmic immediately releases you
and takes a few steps back all the while looking anywhere but at you. “well, i guess i better get
going. see ya later, starshine.”

Before you can reply, the space resident moves at a speed you’re unused to seeing from a Sans and
disappears from sight once he enters the portal. You can’t help but smile in amusement. Looks like
Outertale Sans may be more shy than his other counterparts. How cute.

“finally. i thought they’d never go back.”

The familiar scratchy tone has you blinking in surprise. When you turn toward the voice, you see
Error standing there with his arms crossed.

While a part of you feels embarrassed by him seeing everything that happened as you said your
goodbyes, your curiosity ends up overpowering your discomfort. “I gotta say I’m a little surprised
you’re still here, Error. I figured you’d wanna leave as soon as the worlds were saved.”

Error shrugs his shoulders. “i wanted to make sure they went back to their worlds. i wasn’t taking
any chances of things getting messed up by me leaving too soon. the last time i did that their damn
worlds merged.”

His comment makes you snort. “I guess I can understand that. It’s admirable how thorough you
are, though. Proves how much you like Outertale, huh?”

He averts his eyes. “it’s just not as bad as the other aus. i don’t see the harm in letting it stick
around for now.”

Right. ‘Cause it’s not like you just risked your life for the place. Nope. Totally normal.

Rather than voice those thoughts, you just give him an amused smile. “Even so, you were a huge
help, Error. I couldn’t have saved those worlds without you. Thank you.”

For several seconds, he just stares. Then, Error raises an eye ridge. “you’re actually thanking me. i
don’t get it. you said you didn’t hate me for what i did to you, but how can you just stand there
smiling at me like that? didn’t you say you haven’t forgiven me?”

You shove your hands into your hoodie pocket as you casually shrug. “I can show proper manners
and still not forgive you. I told you, I’ll consider forgiving you after you apologize to Blue and
Captain for what you did to them. I’d ask for an apology for hurting me, but I don’t see the point.
You don’t regret going after me. If you did apologize, you probably wouldn’t mean it.”

He gives you an incredulous look. “and, you actually think i would mean it if i apologized to the
other two?”

You raise a hand to scratch your head. “Well, I feel like you’d be more likely to apologize to them
since you prefer not to hurt any variation of Papyrus. Regarding Blue, I guess I hoped you’d feel
guilty after seeing him again. I mean, I know I’d feel guilty if I ever hurt a sweetheart like him.”

Error just shakes his head. “you’re an idiot. i don’t see the point in apologizing to either of them
since they only died ‘cause they interfered. it’s not like i purposefully targeted them. it’s their own
fault for jumping in the way they did—not mine.”
Your eyes narrow at his words. You’re about to refute his claim when the Void uses a tendril to pat you on the head. The action makes you pause in surprise.

After a few seconds, you realize the Void is trying to calm you down. It obviously sees no point in arguing with the glitchy skeleton which you regretfully have to agree with. Error is way too stubborn to be reasoned with—at least on this subject.

With a sigh, your shoulders slump. “Fine. I guess we’ll have to agree to disagree about this. Still, I’m not taking back what I said. I won’t forgive you until you apologize.”

Error narrows his eyes. “Does that really matter? Why would you want to forgive me? The normal reaction would be for you to never want to forgive me. You’re making it seem like you want to.”

You shrug your shoulders. “I’m not interested in holding grudges. Besides, after saving you from the glitch, I decided I wanted to give befriending you a chance. While I’d like to see some regret on your part, I don’t want what happened in the past to affect how I treat you in the present. So, even if you never apologize, I’m not gonna go out of my way to be a jerk. What’s the point?”

The glitchy skeleton just sighs. “You’re weird. Why would you care about befriending me when it’s likely this is the last time we’ll run into each other? I have no interest in dealing with you again.”

A smug grin forms on your face. “Then, why are you still here? If you’re tired of me, why are you still talking to me like this? You sure you don’t like my company more than you let on?”

Error goes still at your words. You expect a sharp retort, but instead, all he does is stare at you with wide eyes.

Your grin grows. “You do. You do like hanging out with me.”

He immediately starts shaking his head. “Fuck no! No way would I like hanging out with someone as annoying as you. Dealing with you was a pain in the ass.”

Amused, you approach the skeleton who narrows his eyes at you. He raises his hands threateningly, but you don’t falter, trusting the Void to protect you if he should decide to attack you.

To prove you mean no harm, you keep your hands clasped behind your back. Once you’re right in front of him, you lean down so you’re eye level with him. “That still doesn’t explain why you’re still here, Error. Since the others are gone, you have no reason to stick around unless it’s to talk with me. You sure you don’t like my company? Just a tiny bit?”

A deep scowl forms on his face, but what grabs your attention is the light blue blush highlighting his cheeks. You grin like the cat who caught the canary. “Guess you can be cute after all, huh, Error?”

His blush darkens at your words, but before he can retort, another voice cuts him off.

“Y/N!”

Pulling away from the glitchy skeleton, you turn to see Ink standing there. His gaze moves back and forth between you and Error. You watch as he lifts a hand to clutch his chest like how you’ve seen him do in the past.

Worried, you take a step toward your frowning friend. “Ink? What’s wrong?”
Rather than shake off your concern with a smile like you expect, the artist reaches for your arm and abruptly pulls you toward him. Your hands immediately raise to latch onto him. “Ink?”

When you look at his face, you are surprised to see him glaring at Error who’s raising a brow ridge at him. “What?”

Ink just shakes his head. While one arm holds you close, Ink uses the other to pull out Broomy and create a portal. “We’re leaving.”

Before you can question him, the artist moves to grab your hand and drags you through the portal. The last thing you see when you look over your shoulder is Error’s look of surprise before the portal closes behind you.

Unsurprisingly, you find yourself in the Doodle Sphere when you exit the Void. You are surprised, however, when Ink continues to walk with your hand tightly grasped in his.

You’ve never seen the artist act like this before. The last time you saw him get angry was when he yelled at Error in Swapfell. While you know he’s dealing with emotions now thanks to your soul shard, it’s still unusual for him to be acting like this.

As you open your mouth to speak, Ink comes to an abrupt halt, stopping in the middle of the forest pathway. He releases your hand and quickly turns to face you.

The sight of his glare makes you freeze. This is the first time he’s ever looked so angry at you. Did you do something to upset him?

He points a finger at you. “I think you owe me an explanation.”

You frown as you give him a confused look. “An explanation for what? For what happened in Outertale and Outerswap? Are you mad ‘cause I almost messed everything up there?”

Ink shakes his head. “I don’t care about what happened there. I want to know why you’re acting like this.”

Your confusion deepens. “Acting like what?”

At the artist’s next words, your eyes widen in shock. “I want to know why you’ve been so affectionate and kind with everyone you’ve met on this journey when you weren’t like that at all in your world.”

“Compared to the girl in the memories I saw, it’s like you’re a different person.” He narrows his eye-lights.

“Why is that?”

Chapter End Notes

I have more amazing fanart to share with y'all! XD

Elegantrosary drew the scene with Dream where the Reader realizes he has accidentally used his powers to influence her emotions. It's super cute! You can see it by clicking here.
Ariespageofbreath drew several awesome sketches from the last two chapters: the Void interacting with the Reader, infected Error, reacting to his strings, and saving OT Pap & OS Sans. You'll definitely love them! ^-^ You can see the post with the deviant art link they submitted by clicking here and here.

Bluechocowitz drew an adorable picture of Cosmic and Astro. Cosmic's blush is too cute XD You can see the post with the deviant art link they submitted by clicking here.

Some of y'all were worried that the Reader had gotten infected by the glitch. Thankfully, she didn't, but if she had passed out while in the glitch infected area, she definitely would've been in trouble. She's very lucky that Error was so quick to act. He knew she needed the Void so once he saw the state of her soul, he immediately went to work opening a portal to the Void. Bet y'all weren't expecting Error of all people to play the hero, huh? ;)

I know the Reader's reckless actions in the past have worried y'all quite a bit, and I don't blame y'all one bit haha This arc is where she finally faces the consequences of her actions. If it wasn't for Error, she would've died along with the infected worlds. She's finally realizing how dangerous her recklessness can be, and she plans to learn from it ^^

I left y'all at quite the interesting cliffhanger, didn't I? I just couldn't resist XD In case y'all were wondering, this isn't a random out of the blue question. Ink has been wondering this for a while and just hasn't brought himself to question her. You'll get more details on why next chapter. For now, let's just say Ink isn't very good at thinking before he speaks when he's jealous lol

I've said it on Tumblr before, but I'll say it here just in case. The Reader doesn't have some mysterious tragic backstory. Rather, I think her story is very common for people in today's time. From what fics I've read, I've never found a Reader with a relatable background so I wanted to make the Reader for my story have a story that's very common. I wonder if y'all can tell from the hints I gave in Chapter 19 what she'll say next chapter.

Next chapter is the Ink-centered chapter I promised. There are a lot of good moments in it. I can't wait for y'all to see it! ^-^
All you can do is stare in disbelief. “W-What?”

Surely, you misheard him. Why would Ink be asking such a random question all of a sudden? More importantly, of all the people to question your mannerisms, why is it him?

Ink raises a brow ridge. “You heard me. I want to know why you’re acting so differently outside of your world. From what memories I can recall seeing, you were a total introvert. I never once saw you affectionate with someone. Hell, I never saw you talk to anyone unless it was completely necessary! What gives, Y/N?”

Your brows furrow as you frown. “Why are you asking me this all of a sudden? Why does it matter how I act? It’s not like it’s negatively affecting me helping the AUs. Rather, it’s helping! Why would you complain about that?”

The artist shakes his head. “Your actions make no sense! Just now you were acting friendly toward Error—Error of all people! He tried to kill you! More than once! I get you befriending dangerous guys like the Mbotale brothers since they never hurt you, but how could you want anything to do with Error after everything he did?!”

So, that’s what set him off. For whatever reason, he got annoyed by seeing you be friendly to Error.

You cross your arms. “It’s not like I’ve completely forgiven him for what he did. I just don’t see the point in holding a grudge against him when he came after me because he thought I was endangering the multiverse. If you had explained everything to him when you had the chance, then he might not have done all those things!”

Ink narrows his eye-lights. “So, it’s my fault that all that happened?! Even if I had told him everything before he went to Swapfell, he wouldn’t have believed me! He’s way too damn stubborn!”

Realizing you need to calm down before this gets worse, you take a deep breath and slowly release it. “I’m not saying it was your fault, Ink. I’m just saying that I don’t hold a grudge against Error when he had a good reason for his actions. If you hadn’t intervened, I would’ve believed him when he said I was the cause of the glitch because his reasoning was sound.”

You avert your eyes as you unconsciously rub your arm. “Yes, he caused me a lot of unnecessary pain, but what’s the point in holding a grudge? What’s me staying mad at him gonna accomplish? Clinging to those negative emotions is only gonna make me more miserable in the long run, so I’d rather not hold onto them.”
Ink runs a tired hand down his face. “Fine. I’ll put that aside for now. But, that still doesn’t answer my other question. Why are you like this?”

When he takes a step toward you, you automatically take a step back. The artist points a finger at you. “Why are you so affectionate with everyone you meet? You’re always invading people’s personal space with hugs and kisses. I don’t get it! You never were like this in your world! It’d make sense if you were like this around just one of the guys you met ‘cause you really liked him, but you’re like this with every Sans and Papyrus you meet!”

You feel your normally high patience begin to wane, most likely because of this conversation’s topic. Of all people, you never expected Ink to question your actions. “So, what? I can’t be affectionate with everyone? It’s called being friendly! Some people are like that, Ink! So, what if I wasn’t like that in my world?! Does it really matter?!”

Ink scowls, obviously irritated. “It does! This is driving me insane! When I’m alone pondering these new emotions, I always come back to this! No matter how hard I try, I can’t figure out why you’re so different! You avoided physical contact with people in your world! In all the memories I saw, you never interacted with people like you do here! Why?!”

“Why are you the one asking me this?!”

The artist freezes when you shout at him. He watches wide-eyed as you stomp toward him and grab him by his scarf to pull him close to you.

You feel your eyes begin to burn, but you ignore that in favor of glaring at the skeleton before you. “You of all people should know why I’m like this. You said it yourself. You saw my memories. You should know better than anyone why I’ve been so affectionate now as compared to when I was in my world.”

Your grip on his scarf tightens when he just continues to stare, obviously shocked. “You should’ve seen why I isolated myself so much in my world--why I was so scared to reach out toward other humans. So, why?”

In the end, you lose the battle, and your tears slip freely down your cheeks against your will. Ink’s eye-lights widen at the sight. “Out of all the people I’ve met on this adventure, I thought you’d understand me the best because of what you saw. So, why? Why are you the one that’s saying all this? Why don’t you understand?”

After several seconds pass with no response, your shoulders slump. “I guess I was expecting too much. No one’s ever understood me before. Why should that change now?”

With a sigh, you release the dumbstruck skeleton and raise your hand to wipe away your tears with your sleeve. As you’re doing this, Ink reaches out toward you, and you quickly take a step back to remain out of his reach, shaking your head as you do so.

At the sight of his hurt expression, your heart clenches. You hate seeing that look on his face, especially since you caused it. Still, that doesn’t change the fact that he started this mess. Why should you be the one to apologize first when you didn’t do anything wrong?

You turn around and start walking. Maybe once you have some time to calm down you can try to handle this more rationally. You should put some space between the two of you before Ink says something else that could make things even worse.

“Wait!”
Before you can react, something crashes into you from behind and knocks you to the ground face first. With a groan, you use your arms to push yourself up enough so that you can turn your head to look behind you.

There you see Ink sprawled out on top of you, hugging your waist with his face pressed against your back. You’re about to complain about the rough treatment when his next words make you freeze.

“I’m sorry. Please don’t go. Please.”

The pure desperation in his tone successfully quells your remaining irritation toward the skeleton. You’ve never heard him sound like that before.

Frowning, you turn in his hold so that it’s your back that’s pressed against the ground. He eases up his grip just enough to let you do so and proceeds to bury his face against your stomach while he continues to cling to you with trembling arms.

Realizing there’s no way you can stay mad when he’s in such a state, you raise your arms to wrap around his shoulders and rest one of your hands against the back of his head. “I’m not going anywhere, Ink. I just thought some time alone would’ve helped us cool our heads. I wasn’t planning on leaving the Doodle Sphere.”

His relief is obvious as his body slumps more against yours. Ink raises his head and gives you the most heartbreaking look. “So, you don’t hate me?”

It’s really unfair how much his sad face is affecting you. You’re supposed to be the sad one here—not him!

Sighing, you hug the skeleton close. “No, I could never hate you, Ink. I was mad, yes. But, not enough to hate you.”

Ink sighs in relief. Then, he presses his face against your stomach again, causing his next words to sound muffled. “I’m sorry, Y/N.”

Wanting to make sure he actually means it instead of just saying it to make you happy, you question his apology. “Sorry for what?”

His arms tighten around you. “I’m sorry for upsetting you--for making you cry. I never wanted to make you cry. I hate seeing you cry. It hurts so much. It’s worse than any other pain I’ve ever felt.”

The artist raises his head again to face you, giving you another anguished look. “I never meant to hurt you, Y/N. I just got so angry and frustrated. I’ve been wondering this for a while, but I wasn’t planning on asking you. But, then I saw you with Error and I---I don’t know what came over me.”

You ponder his words. So, it really was because of what happened with Error. Sure, the two are rivals, but you never would’ve thought Ink would react like this just because you were being friendly with the glitchy skeleton.

As you continue to think over Ink’s actions, an idea comes to mind that makes you pause. Your eyes widen.

It couldn’t be, could it?

Realizing the only way to find out is to question him, you do just that. “Ink, were you jealous? Of me and Error?”
He goes completely still at your words. His eye-lights widen before he starts rapidly shaking his head. “What?! Me jealous of him?! No way! Why would I be jealous of Error?!”

The more he panics, the more you feel your assumption is right on the mark. Slowly, you move to sit up but let Ink remain sprawled half-way in your lap. “The only reason I can think of for your strange behavior is that you were jealous of my potential friendship with Error. Maybe you were worried that I’d want to hang out with him more than you?”

Your eyes narrow when Ink stiffens at your question. “Seriously, Ink? You really thought I’d do something like that?”

He quickly averts his eye-lights. “I-I don’t know. Maybe? All I know is I saw you with Error, and it made my chest hurt like when you kissed Dream and got kissed by the Gaster Brothers. For some reason, seeing that hurts, and I don’t know why.”

You sigh at his words. You have to remember he’s not exactly used to emotions, so it’s possible this is his first time actually experiencing jealousy. It’s not that surprising he wouldn’t recognize what he’s feeling if that’s the case.

That’s why you can’t bring yourself to feel too mad. Sure, this whole situation is irritating, but you have to be patient with him. Honestly, it’s a wonder he went this long without having an emotional outburst considering everything he has had to deal with lately.

Expression softening, you pull the artist closer and lean down so your forehead rests against his, making him blush a multitude of colors. “I think it’s very likely that you were jealous. This is just me guessing, but were you worried that I’d one day replace you? That I wouldn’t want to be friends with you anymore ’cause I had the others?”

The way he begins to shake as his grip on you tightens is all the proof you need. You hug him tighter in response as you softly sigh. “You bonehead. There’s no way I’d ever want to stop being friends with you. No matter how many other skeletons I befriend, I’ll always want to be friends with you.”

“But, why?”

At your confused look, Ink continues all the while clutching you as tightly as possible. “You know what I’m like--how I was before I absorbed that fragment of your soul. It’s not like I’ve become a better person. I just have feelings now. I’ve been trying so hard to be the kind of friend you’d like, but in the end, I still hurt you. Why would you want to be friends with an asshole like me?”

A tired smile forms on your face. “Ink, I knew all that before agreeing to be friends with you. I never expected you to change yourself for me, and I don’t want you to just to make me happy. No matter how you act, I’ll still care about you because to me you are a good person.”

As he stares at you wide-eyed, you smile as you cup his cheek and gently stroke it with your thumb. “I know the concern you’ve shown for me is real. I know when you say that you hate hurting me that you mean it. Even if you end up acting like a jerk from time-to-time, that won’t change how I see you. You’ll always be an important friend that I care deeply for. I promise.”

Ink stares dumbfoundead for several seconds before a big grin forms on his face. You pull away when he starts laughing loudly. He laughs to the point that tears begin to stream down his cheeks; it’s hard to tell if they’re from relief or something else.

Finally, after several minutes pass, the artist calms down and slowly pulls away from you, moving
out of your lap into a sitting position. He quickly moves to scrub away the remains of his tears before giving you a bright smile. “I feel like an idiot. All this time I had been worried that you might change your mind about being friends with me--that you’d come to regret your decision to forgive me. I didn’t even realize until you pointed it out that I’ve been feeling jealous of your relationships with the others.”

Before he can react, you wrap your arm around his neck and put him in a chokehold, making him groan. Unlike previous times, Ink doesn’t struggle, apparently deciding to just accept his fate.

“You are an idiot. There’s no way I’d change my mind about being friends with you. I can make new friends and still be friends with you. It’s true I had neglected you in the past because I had thought I would be in your way if I stuck around for too long, but I won’t do that anymore. Anytime you want to hang out with me, I’ll gladly do so. You’re important to me, you knucklehead.”

Once you’ve made your point, you release the skeleton who quickly pulls back with a wince as he adjusts his scarf. His knees brush against yours as he sits in front of you with his legs crossed like yours.

Ink rubs the back of his neck. “Why is it I’ve only seen you put me in a chokehold? I don’t know if I like this kind of special treatment.”

His words make you giggle. “Only those who deserve it earn that treatment. Think through things more before acting, and we won’t have this problem.”

The artist pouts, obviously displeased with your answer. It looks like he wants to complain, but he eventually decides against it, releasing a tired sigh instead. “Guess I really did deserve it this time. I made you cry after all.”

You avert your eyes in embarrassment as your cheeks redden. You can’t believe you got as emotional as you did. You’re usually really good at reigning in your feelings.

While I kinda expected to one day be criticized for being overly affectionate, I never expected it to come from Ink. I honestly never thought he’d care about something like that. And..

A sad frown forms on your face as your chest clenches painfully. I thought because he saw my memories that he’d understand why I act like I do. I didn’t think those memories would actually be what caused him to question me. I thought he saw most of my memories, but considering how confused he was, maybe he only saw memories from the last few years of my life?

You unconsciously clench your fists. If that’s the case, I guess I can’t blame him for being confused. Guess it was pretty stupid of me to just assume he’d understand me after witnessing my memories. Of course, things won’t go so smoothly.

No one has ever really understood you before. Why should that change now?

A hand on your cheek startles you, successfully pulling you out of your depressing thoughts. When you lift your gaze from your lap, you see Ink leaning toward you from his seated position with his face a few inches away from yours.

The close proximity makes you flush. “I-Ink? What are you doing?”

He frowns as he closely studies your face. “You’re upset, and I don’t like it. I don’t like when you make that face. It’s painful to watch.”
Ink tilts his head. “It’s because of what I said earlier, right? When I asked why you started acting so differently?”

All you can do is nod. You could try to lie, but what’s the point? He’d see through your lies right away anyway.

The artist pulls his hand away from your face and moves to lean back into a normal sitting position. He’s still sitting close enough that his knees remain in contact with yours, and you find yourself unconsciously leaning into his touch.

He holds your gaze for several seconds before releasing a sigh as he fiddles with his scarf. “I know I have no right to ask this considering what happened earlier, but will you tell me why you changed? You said I should understand, and I wish I did—I really do. But, I don’t. I want to, though. The only way I think I ever will is if you explain things to me.”

You know he’s right. It’s obvious he doesn’t have all the facts. He won’t ever understand unless you explain yourself.

Sighing, you rub a tired hand down your face. “I guess I should be glad I made it this far into the adventure without having to explain myself. I would say I’m surprised no one ever asked, but since you’re the only one who’s seen my memories, it’s understandable why you’d be the only one who’s suspicious of my behavior.”

“I’m not suspicious of it!”

His loud exclamation makes you jump in surprise. Wide-eyed, you take in the skeleton’s annoyed expression. “I’m asking because I don’t understand you and I want to. I don’t doubt your intentions, Y/N, not at all.”

You raise a brow at him. “That’s not how it sounded to me earlier when you questioned me.”

Ink ducks his head. “I know. That was the jealousy talking. I know you wouldn’t act nice just to manipulate others. You’re not that kind of girl. I’m sorry for insinuating something so horrible. I really am.”

When you see his hands clench and dig into the material of his pants, you reach to place your hands on top of his. He startles at the contact, and his gaze immediately snaps up to meet yours.

A smile forms on your face. “I forgive you. I know all these emotions are new to you, so it can’t be helped that you got overwhelmed. However—”

Your eyes narrow. “There will be consequences the next time you do something like that. Got it?”

His shoulders slump with relief as he smiles. “Fair enough. I won’t let it happen again, Y/N. Now that I know what they’re capable of, I’ll be more careful about my emotions. I won’t lose control like that again.”

While you’re tempted to point out that it’s normal for people to lose control of their emotions, you decide against it. Ink’s far from normal, so it’s possible he might be able to keep a strong control of his emotions with enough time to adjust.

Ink then gives you a pointed look, and you sigh in response. Looks like you have no choice but to explain yourself.

You prop your elbow on your knee and rest your head in your hand. “First, tell me something. How
far back in my memories did you see? I thought you saw mostly everything, but you’re obviously missing some key ones if you’re this confused.”

He scratches his head. “Honestly? I can’t remember how much I saw. There are several things I do remember seeing, but it’s possible I saw some and then just forgot about them like your childhood memories. I don’t recall seeing anything about what you were like as a kid.”

Oh, right. You forgot to take his bad memory into consideration. Considering how many memories he could’ve seen, it makes sense that he doesn’t remember. Honestly, even someone with a good memory probably would’ve had trouble remembering all that.

Now, you have to figure out the best way to approach this. Do the whole dramatic life story spiel, or just cut to the chase? Decisions, decisions.

That’s when a question comes to mind. “So, you’re telling me in all the memories you do remember you never once saw me being affectionate with another person? Not even someone from my family?”

Ink pauses and starts to think over your question. His eye-lights narrow in concentration. “I did see some memories like that. From what I can recall, you were always affectionate with your family— not at all distant like you were with everyone else.”

You nod your head. “That’s right. I’ve always been close to my family.”

When his eyes meet yours, you hold his gaze. “Does my behavior toward them remind you of something? Something you’ve seen me do before?”

Right as he’s about to shake his head, the artist freezes. You watch as his eye-lights widen in realization. “The way you’re acting now is similar to how you act toward your family. But, why? I get being nice to the people you’re related to, but to people like us you hardly know? Sure, you know about us because of the game, but we were still strangers to you in a sense. You were never guarded around us like you were with the humans in your world.”

You drum the fingers of your free hand on your leg. “You’re right. In my world, I was always shy around people I hardly knew. While I love affectionate gestures, I’d never initiate one. I used to, but that was a long time ago.”

He tilts his head curiously. “You used to? So then you used to act affectionate toward others? What changed?”

You avert your gaze. “In a lot of cases, it’s not difficult for humans to completely change their behaviors to better suit their situations. In my case, I was rejected enough times that I knew I needed to change.”

“Rejected?”

With a sigh, you nod your head. “When it comes to humans, it doesn’t take much for people to dislike you. All you have to be is different from everyone else. In my case, I didn’t fit in well with the other girls because I never liked the same things as they did. Boys didn’t like me ‘cause I wasn’t pretty enough like the popular girls or good enough to play sports with them like the tomboys.”

A self-deprecating smile forms on your face as you focus on a point in the distance. “When I was little, I was always very affectionate, but my classmates hated that. Of course, I can’t blame them. Not many people like their personal space invaded especially not by someone like me. To them, I
was just an annoying girl who was way too clingy.”

Your nails dig into your palm when you unconsciously clench your hand too tightly. “I finally got the message after being pushed away enough times. I realized no one wanted a weirdo like me to touch them, so I stopped. I decided that the only way I could make friends was if I changed.”

As you uncurl your first, you decide to check Ink’s reaction. He looks completely confused. “I don’t get it. Just because you weren’t like the others, they didn’t like you? I mean, I guess I get the hugging thing, but no one liked it? Not even one person?”

You shake your head. “No matter what I tried, I could never get the other kids to like me. The girls didn’t want anything to do with me because I typically liked toys and games that boys mostly enjoyed which was weird to them. Of course, the boys never wanted to hang out with a girl unless she was really good at sports like them which I wasn’t.”

Before he can question you, you continue with your story. “Because of my parents’ jobs, I moved around a lot growing up. So, around the time I decided to change my behavior, I was moved to a different school which worked out nicely for me. I thought I’d have a chance at making friends since no one knew how I used to be. I planned to do whatever I could to be more likeable.”

When you see Ink’s frown, you grin sheepishly. “I know. Changing myself like that isn’t the best way to make friends, but I was desperate. Seven year old me had never had a friend, and she was willing to do whatever it took to get one.”

Your grin falls. “Unfortunately, I didn’t have much luck at my new school or any of the ones to follow. Either I was ignored or used as a gopher to get things for the other kids. I never told them no ‘cause I was afraid of being hated. At least in those moments, I existed to them.”

You run a hand through your hair. “I did technically make some friends but not close ones. We’d interact at school, but no one ever wanted to hang out after school. And, the few times I came close to making a good friend I’d have to move again ’cause of my parents’ jobs. By the time I was in high school, I gave up.”

Ink’s frown deepens. “You...gave up?”

Nodding, you release a small sigh. “I decided that there was no point in trying to make friends. I got tired of all the rejection so I decided to stop trying. I closed myself off and limited my interactions with others. That way I couldn’t be hurt anymore. And, it worked. I was pretty much ignored during my high school years. I didn’t have any friends, but I wasn’t picked on either.”

Rather than focus on his reaction, you let your gaze roam across your surroundings. “Rather than try to make friends in real life, I turned to technology. While I didn’t make a lot of friends online, I, at least, met some people who had similar interests. That’s how I got into Undertale. I saw people talking about it online.”

You laugh despite yourself—a laugh completely devoid of humor. “It’s funny, isn’t it? I’m a complete coward when it comes to interacting with other humans in real life, but I don’t hesitate to befriend every skeleton I meet. I’m more scared of humans than I am of monsters.”

A pained smile forms on your face as you take in his shocked expression. “In my world, monsters are portrayed as these terrifying, horrible creatures, but you know what? From my perspective, I feel like we got it backwards. To me, humans are way more terrifying.”

Realizing you’re getting off track, you decide to continue your story. “So, like in high school, I’ve
been keeping to myself while I’m at college. Nowadays, the only ones I’m ever really affectionate with are my family members.”

Ink tilts his head. “So, you’re so affectionate with us because you don’t feel nervous around us like you do with other humans?”

You shrug your shoulders. “Basically? The affectionate part is because my self-inflicted isolation has left me incredibly touch-starved. But, it’s true I don’t feel nervous around you guys like I would around humans. Maybe it’s because I felt like I already knew you all in a sense.”

The artist appears confused. “Touch-starved? Is that a human condition?”

His question startles a laugh out of you. Guess that’s not a term the skeleton has ever heard before now which probably shouldn’t surprise you. “Not exactly. It’s not a sickness or anything like that. It basically means I crave physical contact like hugs, hand holding, and cuddling because I love it but don’t get a lot of it. The only time I get things like hugs is from my family, and I only see them during the holidays since my school isn’t close to where they live.”

You avert your gaze. “I feel bad that you guys have to put up with me like this. I’m sure it gets really annoying after a while.”

With a sigh, you pinch the bridge of your nose. “When I first met Comic in Undertale, I decided to take a chance and try to befriend him, but I wasn’t planning on being overly affectionate. I was just so happy when he agreed to help me get home that I reacted without thinking and hugged him.”

The corners of your mouth tug upwards. “It was the first time in a long time I hugged someone I wasn’t related to. I can’t remember the last time I hugged someone like that. It was so nice. Even though it was brief, it made me really happy. When he didn’t react negatively, I became hopeful. I thought that maybe I could make a friend that would accept me for how I really am.”

Before you can continue, you’re tackled to the ground again and find yourself on your back with Ink lying on top of you and his arms wrapped tightly around you. You return the embrace as he buries his face against your neck. “Ink?”

His grip on you tightens. “I was thinking how I really wanted to hug you, and then, my body acted on its own. This has never happened to me before, but I don’t really care right now. I just want you to stop looking so sad. I don’t like when you make that face.”

Your expression softens at his words. You strengthen your grip on him as you bury your face in his scarf. “I’m alright, Ink. I know I’m just overreacting. It’s not like I went through anything really bad. I don’t know why I get like this. I’m sorry for worrying you.”

He abruptly pulls away from your neck. In a blink, his face is hovering a few inches above yours, making your cheeks redden due to the close proximity. “I-Ink?”

His eye-lights narrow. “You’re not overreacting. You have as much a right as anyone else to complain about your past. It doesn’t matter if what you went through was less traumatic than others. That doesn’t change the fact that what happened hurt you enough to completely change how you acted around other people. You’re in a state of mind where you’re more scared of other humans than you are of monsters! How is that not bad?”

A dark scowl forms on his face. “I can’t believe no one you met had enough sense to realize what a great person you are. Are they all blind?! After all the pain I put you through, you still forgave me and befriended me. I’m sure you’ve already forgiven all the people that have hurt you over the
years too. And, that pisses me off. At least, I asked for forgiveness. I doubt they did.”

You shake your head about to deny his claim of you being a great person, but he cuts you off as if reading your mind. “No matter what you say, Y/N, you’re a great person to me. You’ve done so much for me. Hell, you’ve done so much for all of us! Thanks to you, the multiverse is still hanging in there and actually has a chance against the glitch. I know you want to give all the credit to the Void, but you gotta realize all of this wouldn’t be possible without you. We need you.”

Wide-eyed, all you can do is stare. While it’s not the first time something like this has been said to you, the way Ink said it really struck a chord. It’s the first time you ever heard someone say they actually needed you. You think back on all those times growing up when all you wanted was to feel needed.

Despite the craziness of suddenly waking up in Undertale, you had been ecstatic about meeting the skeletons of one of your favorite video games. The game had played a big role in helping you deal with your loneliness since you got to know several people online when you joined the fandom. Things really turned around for you after that. Meeting all these wonderful characters was like a dream come true for you.

At that moment, it really hits you. You actually have friends now--people that truly care about you and accept you for who you are despite your overly affectionate behavior. All these years you’ve been longing for a close friendship. You would’ve been thrilled just to get one friend, and somehow, you’ve managed to gain several irreplaceable friends on your journey. Despite all the trials and tribulations you’ve gone through, this adventure was the best thing to ever happen to you.

That’s when your eyes begin to water, much to your chagrin. You quickly blink away the moisture before any tears can escape.

Because you were so preoccupied with fighting back your tears, you don’t notice until your vision finally clears how close Ink’s face is to yours now. You feel your cheeks grow hot when you notice the tender look in his eyes.

The smile he gives you makes your heart skip a beat. It’s the first time you’ve ever seen him smile at you like that. “Hey, Y/N, I have another question I’m hoping you can answer.”

You swallow before replying, your voice just a whisper. “A question?”

Ink nods his head. One of his hands moves to cup your cheek and gently strokes your skin, making your breath catch. “Yeah. Why do I enjoy your touch so much? Usually, you always initiate the contact, but now, I’m finding myself doing it more and more. It relaxes me, and I end up forgetting about everything but you. Despite needing to keep an eye on the multiverse, when I’m with you, all I wanna do is stay with you even if that means putting countless worlds in danger.”

Your face gets hotter as the distance between your faces decreases. You can barely register what he’s saying because you’re so focused on how close his mouth is to yours.

Even though you know you need to say something before he closes that remaining distance, you find yourself completely tongue-tied. Your mind is racing so fast you can’t put together enough words to make a coherent sentence.

Just as his mouth is a few inches above yours, Ink suddenly freezes. In a blink, he goes from lying on top of you to a sitting position. You watch wide-eyed as he hunches over and throws up a large amount of black ink, thankfully in a direction not close to you.
After you sit up, you give the artist a concerned look as you try to ignore the way your heart is still racing from his earlier actions. “Are you alright, Ink?”

Ink uses Broomy to clean up the mess before turning to face you. You are surprised by the sight of the bright rainbow-colored blush decorating his cheekbones. “I’m fine. Sorry about that. I wasn’t expecting it, so it caught me by surprise. I’m glad I was able to move in time.”

An amused smile forms on your face. “Me too. That could’ve ended really badly.”

His blush darkens as he averts his gaze. When he doesn’t respond right away, you remember that you never answered his question.

As you think about what just transpired, you find yourself blushing despite your best attempts not to. Doing your best to ignore your embarrassment, you think of his earlier words.

_He said that he enjoyed being in contact with me— that he enjoys spending time with me. Normally, when I see something like this happen in fiction, my first assumption would be he has feelings for me, but I gotta remember he absorbed a piece of my soul. It’s possible it’s reacting to me somehow. Or, maybe…_

Your eyes widen with realization. “I think I know the answer to your question, Ink.”

When you see his curious expression, you continue. “What if some of my traits transferred to you when you absorbed my soul fragment? Like being touch starved? Is that possible?”

His eye-lights grow large. “I never considered something like that being possible, but of course, I’ve never dealt with something like this before. It does sound plausible.”

_If that really is the case, then…_

A frown forms on your face. “I’m sorry, Ink. Now, you have to deal with my issues in addition to having new emotions. I’m sure it’s annoying.”

Ink quickly shakes his head. In a flash, his hands are on your knees with him leaning on them as he brings his face closer to yours, making your cheeks redden. “It’s not annoying. Like I said earlier, I _like_ the contact. Besides, it’s not like I ever hated being touched before I absorbed your soul fragment. I wasn’t ever around people long enough to decide how I really felt about physical contact.”

Your expression softens. That’s right. Much like how you were in your world, Ink never really interacted with others unless it was necessary. When you think of it like that, you wonder if he was touch-starved even before meeting you.

Without hesitation, you pull the skeleton into a hug, and he quickly melts into the embrace, wrapping his arms around you in turn. You affectionately nuzzle his neck. “Guess we got another thing in common, huh? Two touch-starved dorks that want to protect the multiverse. Sounds like a fun TV show plotline.”

Both of you laugh at your comment all the while clinging to one another tightly. You can feel Ink grin against your neck. “That’s a show I’d definitely watch. I think I’d make a really cool hero, don’t you?”

You giggle in amusement. “You’d definitely be a handful for the cast. They’d have to worry about you getting too excited and hope you don’t get ink everywhere.”
The artist huffs at your words. “It’s not that bad. Besides, I, at least, clean up after myself whenever it happens.”

Unable to stop your giggling, you try to muffle the noise by burying your face in his scarf. Of course, your amusement is obvious to the skeleton because of your shaking shoulders.

“Y/N! Don’t laugh at me!”

His voice comes out as a whine, but you know he isn’t really upset because you can feel him grinning against your skin. In response, you hug him tighter, relishing in the way he does the same.

It’s hard to believe you went so long without this kind of contact from others. Sure, you hugged your family all the time, but it’s not the same. It always hurt whenever people rejected your affections, so now that you can do this so freely, it feels like a weight has been lifted off your shoulders.

You’re so happy you feel like you’re about to burst.

After a few minutes pass, the two of you finally pull away but continue to sit close together. A warm smile forms on your face which he immediately returns. “Hey, Ink?”

Ink tilts his head curiously. “Yeah?”

You lean closer to him and press a kiss against his cheekbone, making him freeze in surprise. When you pull away, you beam at him. “Thank you for opening the door. It was the best thing to ever happen to me. No bones about it.”

A dark, multi-colored blush floods his cheekbones as he stares at you with wide eye-lights. Then, his expression softens and an equally bright grin forms on his face.

Even when he closes his eyes, you can still make out the tears gathered at the corners of his eye sockets. The artist laughs. “I can say the same thing about you, Y/N. You really brought color into my life. Thank you.”

Your laughter soon joins his. You just feel so happy and content; you can’t stop the positive emotions from pouring out.

Time passes with the two of you sitting together exchanging stories and jokes. It reminds you of when you last hung out with the artist.

Thinking of that time reminds you of who else was there the last time you were in the Doodle Sphere. “Hey, Ink, where’s Dream? Since he’s not with you, does that mean he’s dealing with the glitch on his own right now?”

Ink shrugs his shoulders. “I dunno. The last time I saw him, we split up to check over the AUs to see if any had gotten infected without us noticing. I decided to check on you first since I didn’t know where you were. I knew you weren’t in Swapfell, but I had no clue where the Void took you.”

He gives you a curious look. “Was the merged result of Outertale and Outerswap the place it took you to next? Or, did you go somewhere before then?”

You briefly hesitate after remembering his reaction to your potential friendship with Error, but in the end, decide to tell him the truth. “After Swapfell, I woke up in the Void. I found Error there infected by the glitch. I think the Void brought me there to save him.”
His eye-lights widen in surprise, and then, he starts laughing loudly. “What an idiot! All his big talk about stopping the glitch and he gets himself infected! How the hell did he manage that?!”

Frowning, you give his scarf a warning tug. “It’s not funny, Ink. He could’ve died if I hadn’t helped. It was a really close call.”

He waves a hand dismissively as he nods and wipes away the tears gathered in the corners of his eye sockets. “Right, right. Totally awful. Good thing you showed up when you did.”

You roll your eyes. Honestly, that’s probably the best you’re gonna get out of him. There’s probably no point in scolding him further. That’s just how Ink is, especially concerning Error.

Rather than focus on that subject, you decide to change the topic. “So, do you need to go check on the AUs now? You probably didn’t originally plan on spending this much time with me, right?”

Ink reluctantly nods. “Yeah, I probably should. Don’t want Dream scolding me for slacking off. We probably need to check on the glitch’s homebase in the Void too. Make sure it doesn’t go after anymore dangerous AUs.”

You tilt your head curiously. “Dangerous AUs? Are you talking about ones like Horrortale and Dusttale?”

The skeleton rubs the back of his head. “Yep, you’re spot on. It tried to infect those AUs along with other really dangerous ones, but we managed to keep them safe.”

He averts his gaze. “I knew I couldn’t do anything to stop you from traveling to AUs, but I could, at least, make sure you never had to go to any AUs that would put your life in danger. No matter how good you are at making friends, there are some guys that you are better off staying away from.”

A chill runs down your spine at the thought of being alone in a place like Horrortale or Dusttale. If the monsters are still Underground, which you suspect they are, you would’ve had a very hard time staying alive.

As much as you love Sans and Papyrus no matter which AU they reside in, you’re not naive enough to believe you can befriend every one of them that you meet. Of course, you’d still try if put in that situation, but you can’t stop yourself from hoping that you’d never have to–at least not on your own. It’d be easier to visit if you had one of your friends with you like how Blue was with you when you first appeared in Swapfell.

Ink places a hand on one of yours, successfully drawing you away from your thoughts. His steady gaze meets yours. “I won’t allow the glitch to infect any of those AUs, Y/N. You won’t ever have to go to those places alone. I promise.”

The firm resolve in his voices warms your heart, and you find your posture relaxing as you lean closer to him, turning your hand so you can give his a strong squeeze. “I trust you, Ink. I know you’ll keep me safe. Thank you.”

A happy grin forms on his face. Then, he abruptly sighs, catching you off guard. “I really do have to go now, huh?”

With a giggle, you rise to your feet and offer the skeleton a hand which he takes to pull himself up. After you both brush off the bits of grass sticking to your clothes, you grab his hand and start walking down the path. “Yep. Saving the multiverse is a tough job, but someone’s gotta do it. Don’t make Dream do all the work, you lazybones.”
Ink pouts all the while swinging your hands between you as the two of you walk. “I’m not being lazy. I just have more fun staying with you then I do saving AUs. You’re way more interesting.”

You find yourself blushing despite yourself. His words remind you of the question he asked when his face was so close to yours. You wonder if he had actually intended to kiss you. Surely, not. It was probably just another of his pranks.

Noticing your flustered expression, the artist grins mischievously. “You okay, Y/N? Your face is really red.”

Embarrassed, you turn away in an attempt to hide your face. You consider releasing his hand in order to escape, but his grip tightens, preventing you from doing so.

A startled squeak passes your lips when he abruptly pulls you toward him so that your side is now pressed against his. When you give him a surprised look, his grin just grows. “I told you, didn't I? I like being in contact with you like this. Since I gotta leave soon, I might as well make the most of the time I have left.”

Your expression softens even as your cheeks grow hotter. You give his hand an encouraging squeeze. “You can always come spend time with me, Ink. If you want to see me after you finish checking the worlds, I’m completely fine with that. All you have to do is ask.”

Ink nods his head, now wearing a softer grin. “I know. I’ll have to take you up on that offer the next chance I can. For now, I’ll just have to be satisfied with this.”

He gives you a curious look. “So, where to next?”

You think over the worlds you’ve visited and revisited before making your decision. “I’d like to go see G and Aster next. I never got the chance to properly visit their world, and I’d like to see how they’re doing, living in a new world.”

A frown briefly forms on his face, but it disappears as quickly as it appears, replaced by a bright smile. “Alright. Next stop, the Gaster Brothers.”

After a few more minutes of walking, the two of you arrive at the right floating island, and Ink uses his magic to bring you both to the door that leads to G and Aster’s world.

Ink reluctantly releases your hand, and you quickly move to wrap your arms around the skeleton who immediately returns the embrace. “I’ll see you later, Ink. Take care of yourself while I’m gone, and stay out of trouble.”

The artist laughs as he nods, giving you a warm squeeze. “I’ll try, but I won’t make any promises. Trouble is like my middle name, ya know?”

Giggling, you affectionately nuzzle his neck. “That’s true. Still, there’s no need to attract more trouble than necessary.”

For several minutes, the two of you remain like that, neither willing to break the hug. Finally, you move to do so, realizing it has to be you or the two of you will never move.

You give him another smile before turning toward the door. However, before you can reach for the doorknob, a hand latches onto yours, pulling you backwards.

In a blink, you find yourself in Ink’s arms, cradled against his chest. Before you can question him, the skeleton leans down to kiss the corner of your mouth, making you freeze in shock.
Your face feels like it’s on fire when he pulls away and smirks. The look in Ink’s eye-lights is similar to how he looked when he had almost kissed you last time.

His smirk grows. “Usually, you’re the one who does the kissing, but I thought I’d change things up this time around. I’m starting to realize why you like kissing so much. I’ll have to try this again in the future.”

When he brings your face closer to yours, your face grows hotter. “You don’t mind, right, Y/N?”

Wide-eyed, all you can do is gape. Since when has Ink been like this?!

With a cheerful laugh, Ink abruptly pulls away and sets you back properly on your feet. “Take care of yourself, Y/N! I’m looking forward to the next time we meet!”

Before you can respond, the artist jumps off the island and runs away all the while laughing like a kid in a candy store. For several seconds, you just stare unable to fully comprehend what just happened.

You bring a hand to your lips, touching the corner where he kissed you. You remember the tingling sensation caused by his magic brushing against your skin. It felt really nice.

Realizing you’re blushing again, you quickly shake your head to dismiss your train of thought. Rather than try to figure out Ink’s strange behavior, you decide to focus your attention on the door behind you.

That’s when you remember which skeletons you’ll be visiting. All you can do is sigh. Let’s hope my heart is better prepared for these guys compared to last time, or this is gonna be an embarrassing visit.

With that thought in mind, you open the door and enter the AU, wearing a bright grin. Even though it’s likely some embarrassing situations will occur, you can’t help but feel excited about seeing your friends again. You’re eager to see what this world has in store for you.

Chapter End Notes

I have more awesome fanart to show y’all! ^-^

Yuka-the-artist drew a super cute pic of the Reader showing Chrome how well she gets along with the Void XD You can see it by clicking [here](#).

Auroradragon1983 drew an awesome picture of the Reader flustering Error and Ink looking all jealous. You can see it by clicking [here](#).

Kainenkitsune drew an adorable pic of Comic from Chapter 24. You can see it by clicking [here](#).

Shibe-inu drew their super cute sona reacting to the Void's actions from Chapter 23. You can see it by clicking [here](#).

And, now y'all know the Reader's story. I'm sure after what she said in Chapter 19 that y'all probably had an idea what she was gonna reveal. I hope now her past actions make more sense. I know not everyone will be able to relate to her since everyone is
different, but I hope some of y'all were able to ^^

Regarding the dangerous AUs, now y'all know why she hasn't visited one. Ink and Dream made sure those never got infected so she wouldn't have to go. If she had, it's unlikely she would've survived. Honestly, even if they had gotten infected, I don't see the Void sending her there since the risk of her dying is so high. Why risk her life for this one AU when there are plenty of others it can send her to instead? The Void doesn't care about saving all the AUs. It just wants to save as many as it can to keep the multiverse intact.

I'm sorry for disappointing y'all. I know a lot of y'all were looking forward to places like Horrortale and Dusttale, but I just couldn't think of a way to make that work. Plus, I'm not very confident about writing those particular skeles ^^'

Also, regarding the Reader’s response to Ink’s actions, I know she kinda comes across as oblivious, but that’s not exactly the case. Rather, she just can’t comprehend the idea of someone actually having feelings for her. After years of being put down, her self esteem is pretty low so if the guys want to make their feelings known, they have to tell her directly. That’s the only way she’ll really believe they feel that way.

Next week, y'all get to see G and Aster. There will be a lot of fluff that I'm hoping you'll enjoy XD
Disasterbisexual was kind enough to look over the first scene. I didn’t show Dizzy the whole chapter though cause I wanted all the fluff to be a surprise XD

I realized that I never mentioned on here about how long The Glitch will be. I'm sad to say it's actually coming close to an end. We're getting close to the final arc where we find out what exactly caused the glitch and how to stop it. In addition to an epilogue, there will also be two bonus chapters. I hope y'all will enjoy them! ^-^

When you walk through the door, you are surprised when you find yourself outside instead of inside the skeletons’ home. By the looks of it, you’re in the middle of a small town, judging from the buildings you see all around you and the clear lack of skyscrapers.

Right now, you’re standing on the sidewalk of a nearly deserted street. Considering how dark it is, it’s obviously the end of the day, so everyone has probably already turned in for the night.

Thankfully, there are street lights to illuminate the road so it’s not so dark that you can’t see. Every storefront you see appears closed as you survey both sides of the street.

Brows furrowing, you wonder what you should do next. Usually, when you use the AU doors, they drop you off closeby to at least one of the skeletons of that AU. However, from what you can tell, you don’t think G or Aster are anywhere around here.

Realizing just standing around won’t get you anywhere, you choose a direction and start walking, hoping you’ll eventually run into one of the brothers. Like you did in Mobtale, you make sure to keep close to the street lights and stay away from the dark alleys. Those are the last places you want to go near.

Your gaze wanders as you walk; after your visit to Mobtale, you know now how important it is to always be vigilant. Thankfully, for the next several minutes, you don’t see anything worrying and only pass by a few people--mainly humans but you do see a few monsters.

Unfortunately, you don’t see the monsters you’re looking for. You’re starting to worry that G and Aster aren’t even in the nearby vicinity.

What if the door dropped you somewhere completely random this time? How in the world are you supposed to find them?

You walk into a plaza where there’s a large, three-tier water fountain located in the center. With a sigh, you take a seat on the ledge of the fountain and rest your head in your hand after propping your elbow on your knee.

*What the hell am I supposed to do? I mean, worst case scenario I’m stuck here till the Void or Ink takes me away, but what do I do in the meantime? I’d rather not sleep outside like this. I could try to get a hotel room, but I don’t have that kind of money on me.*
A frown forms on your face. *Why is this time different? The doors have never taken me to a random place before. I assumed I’d get dropped off at the brothers’ house. I mean, it’s possible they travel place to place ‘cause of G’s love of travelling, but that doesn’t explain why neither of them are here now. This is so confusing.*

You are drawn out of your musings by a shrill whistle that makes you jolt in surprise. When you look up, you see five grinning human men approaching you. They’re all wearing typical street thug clothes.

The faint scent of alcohol reaches your nose, instantly making you alert. Oh hell no. Why do you have the worst kind of luck in these types of situations?

Immediately, you rise to your feet, letting your gaze flitter around in an attempt to look for an easy exit. Considering the way they’re currently spread out, you obviously can’t go back down the road you came from.

*Hell, I’ll jump into the fountain and run across it if that’s the only path available for me. I am not in the mood to deal with this punks.*

One of the men takes a step toward you; you get the feeling that he’s the leader of the pack. He grins at you. “Hey, babe, we saw you sitting alone and thought you might need some company.”

You move back until your legs are pressed against the side of the fountain. “Sorry, I was actually planning on turning in for the night. Just wanted to come out for a few minutes of fresh air. Thanks for the offer, though.”

His grin grows. “You sure about that? It didn’t look like you were coming out for just a little walk.”

The other men start to chuckle, making you wonder with dread if they had been watching you for a while now. Great. Just great.

Frowning, you cross your arms. “The answer is still no. So, please just leave me alone.”

Even though you don’t want to, you do your best to be polite, hoping this can somehow be solved peacefully. Of course, things never work out that way for you.

When the group starts moving toward you wearing matching grins, you act. Without hesitation, you vault over the fountain edge and run straight through it not caring about your now completely soaked clothes.

You hear the guys start to yell, but you ignore them and focus on your escape. Luckily, you make it to the other side of the fountain before they do, so you’re able to exit onto the street without any trouble.

Of course, you still have to keep running since those creeps don’t seem ready to let you go just yet. All you can do is run, hoping you have enough of a lead to get away.

Not wanting to take any chances, you scream for help in hopes that someone will hear and interfere or the thugs will decide to quit chasing you in order to avoid getting into trouble.

Unfortunately, no help comes, and you can still hear the creeps behind you. Looks like you’re on your own.

No matter where you look, you can’t find a place to hide. No one else is on the streets now, and
every business is closed. You consider taking the alleys, but you honestly think that would do more harm than good.

It’s at that moment you regret jumping into the fountain. One of your soggy shoes loses traction, causing you to harshly tumble to the ground.

Immediately, you move to get up, but it’s too late. Within seconds, there’s a body on top of you with a knee painfully pressed against your back to keep you glued to the ground.

The man then uses his hands to hold down your arms, leaving you completely at this mercy. You try to kick your legs in a last feeble effort to break free, but it’s no use. This guy is a lot bigger than you. There’s no way you can make him move on your own.

There’s only one thing you can do. You scream as loud as you can. “Help! Please someone help me!”

Even though the chances of anyone coming are low at this point, you can’t stop yourself from screaming. After securing your hands behind your back with one of his, the thug uses his free hand to harshly press your head against the pavement, effectively muffling your screams.

“No need to scream. We’re just gonna take ya to a real fun place we know about. I’ll make sure you have a good time. I promise.” A chill runs down your spine when he chuckles.

Tears spring to your eyes as you wince from the rough treatment. No matter how hard you struggle, it’s futile. Realizing this, the tears flow undeterred, cascading down your already wet cheeks.

“Okay, one of you guys help me out. Don’t make me do every-”

Your captor is cut off mid sentence, and in a blink, you find yourself free with the man no longer on top of you. Immediately, you move to stand, but your trembling legs are making it difficult for you to remain upright.

“let me help, princess.”

Before you can even process the familiar nickname, you find yourself being carried in someone’s arms, cradled against their chest. That’s when the smell of cigarette smoke invades your senses, and you find yourself relaxing despite your usual dislike of the aroma.

You nuzzle your face against the fur lining the hood of your rescuer’s jacket as you wrap your arms around his neck. A sigh of relief passes your lips. “G.”

The arms around you tighten, pulling you as close as he can. “i got ya. you’re safe now, y/n. nobody else is gonna lay a hand on ya.”

Relieved, you completely relax into his hold and begin to tremble; you’re unsure if the shaking is because of the cold water soaked into your clothes or because of what just happened.

“He’s completely knocked out! With just one kick, that monster knocked him out! What the hell?!?”

Well, that explains why the creep suddenly disappeared. Because your face was pressed against the pavement, you had no idea what happened.

“listen up. i’m only sayin’ this once.”

The soft tone he used to comfort you is gone, replaced with a steely edge that manages to make all
the thugs go silent. When you pull away from the fur to take a peek at his expression, you see G glaring at your attackers, wearing a dark scowl.

“considerin’ what you did and what you tried to do, i honestly have no sympathy for you. i’d like nothin’ more than to give you what you deserve, but i know she wouldn’t want that. so, here are your options.”

The skeleton spits out what’s left of his cigarette and uses his heel to put out the meager flame. “you can either run now and never show your faces again. or, i show you just what you bastards really deserve for chasin’ and terrorizin’ a defenseless girl. make your choice.”

When you look over to the other humans, you see two of the men holding up your unconscious attacker, watching G with wide eyes, while the other two scowl. The looks of irritation quickly vanish, however, and are replaced with looks of pure fear.

Directing your gaze back to your friend, you see that his eye-light is strobing a bright yellow. That’s when you catch sight of what’s behind the skeleton.

No wonder the thugs look so scared. It seems G deemed it necessary to summon a Gaster Blaster to show just how serious he is about his threat.

It’s no surprise that the humans immediately take off in a sprint, taking their unconscious friend along for the ride. Your body slumps with relief when they vanish in the distance.

A hand gently grabs your chin guiding your gaze to meet G’s. “i know you’re far from alright, but are there any injuries i need to know about? did they hurt you?”

You do your best to smile reassuringly. “I’m okay, G. I’m sore from being knocked down, but nothing’s broken or injured.”

His gaze roams across your face, closely studying your features. After a few seconds, he releases your chin and nods. “alright. good. if you were, then i would’ve had to think twice about my decision to spare those bastards.”

The remark makes you smile. You hug him tighter as you rest your face against the fur of his hood. “Thank you for saving me, G. I really owe you one. If you hadn’t come, I…”

Your words trail off as you think of what could’ve happened. Your trembling increases when you realize what a close call you just had.

Before you can get lost in your dark thoughts, G hugs you tighter, resting his head against yours. “you don’t owe me a damn thing, y/n. i’m sorry i didn’t come sooner. this isn’t how i wanted your first visit to go.”

You force a smile. “Yeah, this isn’t what I was expecting at all. Usually, when I walk through the door, I end up close to whoever I’m visiting. I was surprised when I didn’t see you or Aster when I arrived.”

G sighs. “aster is at home. right now, i’m on a trip, so i guess the door decided to drop you off close to where i was. i was probably movin’ around too much, so it just dropped you off as close as it could.”

That does make sense. It’s probably as good an answer as you’re gonna get since you can’t think of any other reason for why this happened.
A cool breeze blows by at that moment, making you shiver and cuddle closer to the skeleton who chuckles. “guess it’s time i get you inside. can’t have you gettin’ sick on my watch, or aster will have my skull.”

You feel a familiar shifting sensation, and in a blink, you find yourself inside what appears to be a small hotel room. To your right, there’s a queen size bed with a night stand beside it, and to your left, you see a small TV and a mini-fridge.

G sets you back on the ground, keeping an arm around your back to make sure you don’t fall. You’re still trembling somewhat but not as much now that you’re inside a heated room.

Once he’s sure you can stand on your own, G heads for the open duffle bag in the corner by the bed and starts shifting through his clothes. Before you can question him, the skeleton pulls out a white tank top and pair of black sweatpants.

G walks back over to you and hands you the clothes. He then jerks a thumb toward the door near the room entrance. “you can’t stay in those wet clothes, so you can wear some of mine. that door leads to the bathroom. hopefully, a hot shower will help warm you up. take as long as you need, princess.”

Touched by his thoughtfulness, you give him a warm smile. “Thank you, G, so much.”

His expression softens as he grins. “no prob. can’t leave a cute lady like yourself in distress after all. it’s against my policy.”

Giggling, you make your way to the bathroom, happy to be able to change out of your wet clothes. Once you’re inside, you lock the door behind you and take off your hoodie and sweats along with your shoes, leaving you in your original clothes which are unfortunately just as wet.

You turn on the shower and then work to remove the rest of your clothes. That’s when you realize that you still have to worry about your bra and underwear.

As you wonder what to do about those particular articles of clothing, you notice the hair dryer in its holster on the wall and get an idea. With a proud grin, you hang up your underwear and bra on the hand towel rack and place the hair dryer underneath them after turning it on. Hopefully, they’ll be dry by the time you finish your shower.

With that taken care of, you enter the shower and let yourself enjoy the warmth of the water pelting your skin. You take your time washing your hair and body; it’s been awhile since you last had a long shower.

Finally, after a good bit of time passes, you turn off the water and reach for the towel on the nearby rack. You dry yourself off before wrapping the towel around your body.

Once you get one for your hair, you decide to see if your undergarments are dry. They’re still a little damp, so you spend several minutes holding the hair dryer over them.

After they finish drying, you put the undergarments back on along with the clothes G lent you. Then, you work to dry your hair which takes longer than you like. Unfortunately, there aren’t any hair brushes in sight. Still, at least your hair will be dry--unruly but dry.

When you finish drying your hair, you move to hang your wet clothes on the racks located on the back of the door and the shower rod. You hope G won’t mind. If he needs to take a shower, you could always move the clothes somewhere else.

With that done, you exit the bathroom and find G laid out across the bed with his arms crossed
behind his head as he looks up at the ceiling. Noticing his lack of jacket, you quickly find it hanging off the back of the chair on the other side of the room by the small desk situated there.

Soon after you reenter the room, his gaze falls on you, and a large smirk forms on his face. In a flash, G is in front of you, examining you with an admiring eye, making you blush despite yourself. “You look good, princess. while i hate the circumstances that led to this, i do love seein’ you in my clothes. you’re a bone-ified bombshell.”

Your blush darkens at the compliment, making his smirk grow. Damn him. You let your guard down. How could you be so foolish?

Not wanting to go down without a fight, you take a step toward him, wearing a big grin. “Well, thank you. That’s quite the compliment coming from someone who’s smokin’ hot like yourself.”

He appears briefly stunned, but then, the surprise quickly melts away and is replaced with pure delight. The skeleton reaches toward you hair and twirls a strand around his finger as he leans his face closer to yours. “Looks like i better bring my a-game, or i won’t strand a chance against ya. you’re as clever as you are beautiful which is a deadly combination.”

Despite your best efforts, your face grows hot because of his actions. Still, you’re not ready to surrender just yet.

Smiling, you raise your hand to cup his face and gently stroke his cheek. “It would obviously be a grave mistake on my part to underestimate you. A handsome guy like you is dangerous for a girl’s heart. I’m sure you’d cause a skele-ton of trouble if you had the chance.”

His smirks grows, and in a blink, his arm is around your waist, pulling you flush against him. His other hand moves to cup the back of your head as he threads his fingers into your hair.

You are reminded of your time in the Void with the skeleton brings his face a few inches above your own. “not bad, princess. if i didn’t know any better, i’d say you’ve been practicin’ for the next time you saw me.”

A cheeky grin forms on your face. “Well, I couldn’t let you continue to get the best of me, now could I?”

Chuckling, G strokes the back of your neck with his thumb. “I think a prize is in order. all that effort can’t go unrewarded after all.”

Before you can react, he closes the distance between you and kisses the corner of your mouth much like he did before you parted ways at the Doodle Sphere. Just like then, you feel a warmth that makes your toes curl when his mouth makes contact with your skin.

When he pulls away, he grins at your flustered expression. “Don’t worry, princess. while it’s temptin’, i won’t be stealin’ those lips of yours without your permission. but-”

The skeleton lets his face hover above yours again. “i’m always ready, so just let me know, alright?”

All you can do is nod dumbly, too embarrassed to speak. Looks like you’re still not strong enough to defeat the flirt at his own game. Oh well, at least you put up a good fight.

When you realize his arm is still wrapped around you, keeping you in place, you look up at him with a raised brow. He grins in response. “What? ready for me to let go already? i figured you’d want this to last a little longer since you like me so much.”
Snorting, you shake your head, but rather than try to deny his claims, you wrap your arms around him and nuzzle your face against his sweater. If he wants to hug longer, fine. He asked for it. No backing out now.

The hand supporting the back of your head moves so that both of his arms can wrap around you and pull you closer. He gives you a warm squeeze. “it’s good to see ya again, princess.”

You smile as you hug him tighter. “Were you feeling bone-ly without me, G?”

He chuckles as he rests his chin on the top of your head, letting one of his hands move up and down your back in a gentle motion. “guess i was. i had no body to pun with which is a real shame.”

Giggling, you give him a squeeze. “That is a real shame. Couldn’t convince Aster to give puns a try?”

“nah, they’re not really his thing. although, he does surprise me every now and then, usually with a really good one.”

A yawn passes your lips before you can stop it. As you lean further into the embrace, you realize just how tired you feel.

The last time you rested was when you passed out after saving Outertale and Outerswap, and you were still tired even after waking up. Then, the whole thing with Ink happened not to mention what transpired not too long ago after you arrived in this world. No wonder you’re exhausted.

G pulls back and takes in your tired expression. “looks like you could use some rest. how about we turn in for the night?”

You nod your head as you release your grip on the skeleton. When you turn toward the bed, you are reminded of the fact that there’s only one, meaning he probably intends to share it with you.

Embarrassed, you feel like you should question him to make sure he’s alright with this. “You mean share the bed? Is that okay? You won’t be uncomfortable?”

Chuckling, G rests an arm across your shoulder as he gently leads you toward the bed. “you kiddin’? i’ll be the exact opposite of uncomfortable. i can promise you that much.”

Noticing your nervous expression, the skeleton comes to a stop. When you look at him curiously, you see his serious expression. “if this makes you uncomfortable, i can sleep on the floor. i won’t force you to share with me.”

Your eyes widen at his offer. Quickly, you shake your head. “You don’t have to do that. I really don’t mind sharing with you. I was just a little embarrassed that’s all.”

His gaze roams across your face, judging your sincerity. In return, you give him a warm smile. “It’s fine, G, really. I trust you.”

G gives you a surprised look before his expression softens. He gently squeezes your shoulder as he rubs his thumb against your shoulder blade. “you’re always safe with me, princess.”

Nodding, you give him another smile before moving to the left side of the bed and climbing under the covers. The skeleton follows your example, heading for the right side.

Thankfully, since the bed is a queen size, there’s plenty of room for the two of you so you can both sleep comfortably. Once you’re both situated, G reaches for the lamp on the nightstand and turns
out the light, plunging the room in darkness.

Despite your earlier nervousness, it doesn’t take you long to relax and make yourself comfortable once your head hits the pillow. As you begin to drift off, you mumble a quiet good night to the skeleton.

Right before you fall asleep, you sense movement from the other side of the bed and then, something presses against your hairline. “good night, y/n.”

You enter a peaceful slumber.

When you wake, you are surprised to find yourself in a strong embrace with your face buried in a warm chest. Looking up, you see that G is fast asleep, and it appears to still be night time considering how dark the room is.

As you take in your current sleeping position with your arms wrapped around the skeleton’s waist and his around your shoulders, you wonder how you got in this position. Sure, you’re a cuddler, but you didn’t think you did it while you were sleeping. Or, perhaps this was initiated by G? Considering how cuddly the other skeletons you’ve met are, that is a possibility.

His grip on you suddenly tightens, bringing your gaze upwards. Due to the lack of proper lighting, you’re finding it hard to see his face, so you try to move closer.

You freeze when he groans softly. Brows furrowed, you try to make out his expression in the darkness. Is it just your imagination, or did he sound like he was in pain just now?

Another pained murmur reaches your ears a few seconds later. Frowning, you scoot upwards until your face-to-face with the skeleton.

Then, you gently cup his cheekbones and start to stroke them with your thumbs. “G? Are you alright?”

Keeping your voice low, you question your friend as you try to comfort him. He pulls you closer, clutching you so tightly it’s just shy of painful.

When he makes another pained noise, you decide you should try to wake him since it appears that he’s dealing with a nightmare of some sort. Not wanting to startle him, you continue to softly rub his cheeks as you rest your forehead against his. “G, I think you’re having a nightmare. You need to wake up. Can you hear me?”

After a few seconds of gentle rousing, G finally begins to stir. You pull your face back just before his eye opens revealing his sole eye-light.

Immediately, his gaze focuses on you. Before he can make a sly remark about your current position, you decide to explain yourself. “I woke up hugging you, and when I noticed you were having a nightmare, I decided to wake you up. Are you alright?”

Because of the brightness of his eye-light, you’re able to better see his expression. He briefly frowns before his mouth smooths out into a small smile.

Before you can react, G moves his face just enough so he can press a kiss against the palm of one of your hands, making you blush. “I’m alright, princess. thanks for the help. guess we’re even now, huh?”

At your confused look, the skeleton brings his face closer to yours, most likely so he can see your
expression better. “at one point durin’ the night, i woke up after hearin’ some distressed sounds comin’ from you. it looked like you were havin’ a nightmare. luckily, you calmed down after i hugged ya.”

Embarrassed, you duck your head, hoping the darkness will help hide your expression. Well, that explains why you woke up in his arms.

Now that you think about it, you faintly recall some of your dreams being unpleasant, but you can’t remember what they were about. Of course, you don’t really want to remember, especially considering everything you’ve been through as of late.

“Sorry for waking you earlier, G. And, thank you for helping me. I don’t really remember what my nightmare was about, but thanks to you, I was able to sleep alright.”

He gently grasps your chin and tilts it upwards so your gaze meets his. “right back atcha, princess. thanks for the wakeup call. you’re a real dream come true.”

The pun makes you giggle. Then, a yawn tries to escape which you attempt to smother by covering your mouth with your hand.

Chuckling, G pulls you into his chest as he hugs you tightly. “how about you get some more sleep? you still seem pretty bone tired.”

You snuggle closer as you wrap your arms around his chest. “What about you? Will you try to go back to sleep?”

There’s a brief pause before he answers. “yeah, i don’t think i’ll have anymore bad dreams tonight.”

Relieved to know he won’t be stuck awake by himself, you let yourself relax in his hold and quickly drift back to sleep.

It’s not until the next morning after you wake that you realize G slept in the clothes he was wearing when he found you last night. When you ask him about it, you discover that he likes to pack light, so he only brings along one pair of night clothes, meaning you wore the only ones he had.

This was no problem for the skeleton since he tells you he much prefers seeing you in his night clothes. Of course, this statement leaves you totally flustered.

Unfortunately, your usual clothes are still damp. As you ponder what to do, G decides to offer a solution. “just stick your clothes in my bag for now. i’ll teleport us back to the house, and you can use the dryer there.”

You tilt your head curiously. “Aren’t you in the middle of a trip? Are you okay with going back home early?”

Chuckling, G grabs your clothes and drops them into his bag, zipping it up once they’re all inside. “aster would have my skull if i didn’t bring you by to visit. don’t worry, i was plannin’ on goin’ back there soon anyway.”

He makes a quick trip to the lobby to drop off his key and promptly returns to the room via teleport. Slinging his bag over his shoulder, G wraps his free arm around your waist and pulls you close, wearing a smirk. “just sit back and enjoy the ride.”

Amused, you hug his waist and hold on tight as a familiar shifting sensation washes over you. This
teleport feels different compared to the last time he teleported you; you figure it’s because he’s crossing a greater distance.

When you reach your destination, you pull away from the skeleton and see that you’re now in a very stylish living room. There’s a large, black leather sofa with a matching recliner. Across from the furniture you see a large screen TV hanging on the wall. In the back of the room is brick fireplace which is currently unlit. One wall is covered in shelves filled with books and several knick-knacks.

Before you can examine the room further, Aster walks through the doorway to your right. “Good morning, brother. I was expecting you to arrive later on this week. Did something hap--”

The gentleman’s voice trails off when his eye-light falls on you. It widens in surprise. “Miss Y/N?”

Grinning, you quickly move to hug the taller skeleton. “Aster! I came to visit. I hope that’s okay.”

Aster immediately returns the embrace, resting one of his hands on the back of your head. “Of course. You are always welcome here, Miss Y/N. It is very good to see you.”

You miss the way his eye-light narrows when his gaze falls on G who grins sheepishly. “Although, I am surprised to see you wearing clothes that look very much like my brothers. Care to explain, G?”

G shrugs his shoulders as he continues to grin. “I gave her a change of clothes ‘cause the ones she usually wears got soaked. I figured she could use our dryer since they’re still damp after last night.”

When you pull away from the taller skeleton, you see him raise a brow ridge at his brother. “And, you decided to wait until this morning to arrive for what reason?”

The shorter brother holds up a placating hand. “I was pretty worn out from traveling, so I needed to wait ‘till the morning for my magic to recover. otherwise, I would’ve brought her back sooner. I promise.”

Aster studies the other skeleton’s face closely for a few seconds before sighing. “Very well. I believe you. I apologize for doubting you.”

Chuckling, G waves a dismissive hand. “Don’t worry about it. I know how it looks. besides-”

A large smirk forms on his face. “If she wanted somethin’ to happen, I would’ve been all for it.”

You blush a bright red when he winks at you. Before Aster can scold his brother, G makes a hasty exit. “I’m gonna go drop off my bag and take her clothes to the laundry room. save me some breakfast.”

And, then he’s gone, leaving you alone with Aster. Flustered, you avert your gaze to the ground. “Nothing happened, Aster. I promise. G just helped me out of some trouble and lent me some clothes since mine got wet.”

Aster lays a gentle hand on your head. “I believe you. While my brother is far from virtuous, I know he would never harm a lady, especially not you. Still, I’m glad he behaved himself.”

When he removes his hand, you give him a bright smile. “He was on his best behavior--a real gentleman.”
He chuckles as he rests an arm across your shoulders and guides you toward the room he came from. “Good. I see my etiquette lessons are rubbing off on him after all.”

The idea of Aster giving his brother etiquette lessons makes you giggle. You can only imagine how those normally go.

When you pass through the doorway, the smell of freshly brewed coffee reaches your nose. You let your gaze wander as you examine the immaculate kitchen. Obviously, the brothers take good care of it although you figure Aster is mainly to thank for its pristine condition.

Aster pulls away from you and reaches for a green apron hanging on the wall. You’re a little disappointed to see there’s no writing on it like the ones his counterparts wear. Maybe you should talk to G about getting his brother one.

He aims his trademark smile your way which always gives you a warm, fuzzy feeling in your chest. “I’m assuming G didn’t make any stops on the way here, so you probably haven’t eaten anything in a while. Is there anything in particular you’d like to eat, Miss Y/N?”

It’s at that moment your stomach chooses to make a loud growling sound, making you flush with embarrassment. You grin sheepishly. “Anything is fine with me, Aster. I’ll eat whatever you want to make.”

Aster rubs his chin thoughtfully for a few seconds, and then with a smile, he starts gathering ingredients. “How about some pancakes then? I don’t think I’ve made those in a while.”

Pleased, you quickly nod your head. “That sounds great. Would you like me to help? I don’t want to make you do all the work.”

With a shake of his head, he smiles at you. “While I am grateful for your offer, I must decline. You are our guest after all. Besides, this won’t take me long. Feel free to help yourself to some of the coffee I prepared. We also have orange juice in the refrigerator if you’d prefer that instead.”

As you watch him expertly mix the ingredients, you realize that your help really is unnecessary. The skeleton obviously has things perfectly under control.

So, you decide to head for the fridge and get yourself a drink. You’re in the mood for something cold, so you choose to get some orange juice instead of coffee.

After finding which cabinet contains the glasses, you pour yourself some orange juice and make your way to the kitchen table, taking a seat in one of the chairs. Several minutes pass with you just watching the cook in action, but then, he starts to speak.

“May I ask what happened to lead to your clothes becoming so wet you could no longer wear them?”

His inquiry makes you freeze. Your grip on your glass unconsciously tightens as you think about the events from last night. Of course, he would ask about it. It’s a perfectly reasonable question.

A part of you wants to make up an excuse so you don’t have to relive what happened, but you really don’t want to lie to Aster. He doesn’t deserve that.

With a sigh, you let your gaze rest on the table. “Yeah, the door to your world brought me to the town where G was but not to his exact location. So, I was basically stuck on my own for a while. I ran into some creeps who wouldn’t leave me alone. I ran through a water fountain to get away from them which led to my clothes getting wet.”
Out of the corner of your eye, you see Aster go completely still. You clench your free hand tightly. “I tripped, and they caught me. But, G showed up before they could do anything, so thankfully, it managed to work out in the end.”

In a blink, Aster is there, kneeling beside you with his hand gently cradling your chin as he examines your face. You stare at him with surprise.

He frowns as studies your features. “Were you injured? Is there anywhere that still hurts?”

You find yourself completely captivated by the intensity of his gaze. All you can do is stare. “I wasn’t injured. One of the guys pressed his knee on my back to subdue me, so it’s a little sore. But, I doubt it’s anything more than a bruise.”

His eye-light narrows at your words. You can tell your words have upset him, but his touch is still incredibly gentle belying the anger you see in his expression. “I should be able to alleviate your discomfort using my magic. May I?”

When you nod, his eye-light begins to strobe a bright green, matching the magic surrounding the hand he places on your back. Within seconds, all the minor aches and pains vanish, leaving you feeling refreshed.

 Acting on impulse, you wrap your arms around the startled skeleton’s neck and hug him tightly. “Thank you, Aster.”

He returns the embrace, giving you a gentle squeeze. “You’re welcome. While I hate I was unable to be there for you last night, I am glad I am able to offer you some relief now.”

After a few seconds, you pull away and give him a warm smile. “Even without your healing magic, you do that for me, Aster. Just getting to spend time with you makes me feel a whole lot better.”

A bright green blush lights up his cheekbones at your words much to your elation. He rises to his feet and subtly coughs into his fist as he looks away. “I am relieved that you feel that way, Miss Y/N.”

As he returns to cooking, G walks into the kitchen and heads straight for the coffee pot. After preparing himself a mug, he plops down in a seat beside you. “figured you’d wanna clean your clothes while you had the chance, so i stuck them in the washin’ machine first.”

You give him a grateful smile. “Thank you. While I don’t really have a concept of time thanks to the AU jumping, they could probably use a good wash.”

He winks at you as he takes a sip of his coffee. “so, got any fun stories for me, princess?”

Amused, you prop your elbow on the table and rest your head in your hand. “Depends. You got any fun stories for me? I seem to recall you promising to have some for me the next time we met.”

Aster chuckles at your reply as he continues his cooking. “She is right, brother. You shouldn’t go around making promises you cannot keep, especially not to a lady.”

G snorts as he sets his mug on the table. “fair enough. how about we take turns then? i’ll start us off.”

Grinning, you agree and listen as G tells you about a trip he made to Spain. He explains that he was there during a big festival. He mentions the tradition the people there have where several people are chased by a small group of bulls that are set loose on the street.
You can’t stop yourself from laughing when he tells you how he participated and ended up riding one of the bulls while the event was going on. Your laughter only increases when you try to mentally picture what he describes to you.

After he finishes his tale, G takes a sip of his coffee and gestures toward you with his mug. “Alright. Your turn. Whatcha got for me?”

It’s at that moment Aster comes to the table, holding a plate with a large stack of pancakes that look absolutely delicious. He places the plate on the table along with a bottle of syrup. “I apologize for the wait.”

Shaking your head, you beam at him. “They look amazing, Aster. Thank you.”

Smiling, the taller skeleton nods before joining the two of you at the table. Then, the three of you fix your plates, and you take a bite of one of your pancakes.

A happy smile forms on your face. They’re absolutely divine. If all the skeletons you’ve met were to have a cooking contest, you think Aster would be a very strong competitor. “It’s delicious!”

G nods as he takes another bite. “Haven’t tasted a pancake better than Aster’s yet. Tibia honest, I probably never will.”

You giggle at the pun while Aster smiles in amusement. “Thank you both. I’m glad you like them. I believe this is my first time cooking for someone other than G, so it’s always good to get a second opinion on my cooking.”

His comment makes you grin. “Afraid G might be a little biased?”

The taller skeleton’s smile grows while his brother makes a mock-hurt expression. “Me biased? No way. When I say my bro is awesome, it’s ‘cause he is.”

Aster rolls his eye-light fondly while you giggle. “Of course. I would never doubt you, brother.”

As you continue to eat, you think over which story to tell. You’d prefer to avoid your many near death experiences, but unfortunately, that seems to happen in a lot of worlds you visit.

In the end, you choose to tell them about Dancetale since that was one of your least dangerous adventures. Both skeletons listen with rapt attention as you explain what happened in that world and how you helped Remix stop the glitch from continuously making the kid reset.

G is obviously amused by the concept of monsters incorporating dancing into their fights while his brothers looks very intrigued. Out of the two of them, it’s Aster who asks the most questions as G is more content to just sit back and listen.

You conclude your story at the same time you finish off the rest of your pancakes. That’s when you remember you should probably check on your clothes. You have no idea how long you’ll get to stay in this world, so you want to make sure your laundry is taken care of as soon as possible.

Before you can ask, however, G rises from his seat and waves for you to remain sitting. “I’ll check on your clothes, princess. No need to get up. Guests get the royal treatment in our house.”

A giggle escapes your lips at the familiar pun which makes the shorter skeleton grin. He then saunters out of the room.

Before you can offer to help with the dishes, Aster gathers them all together and brings them to the
sink where he rinses them off. Royal treatment indeed.

Once he finishes, the taller skeleton returns to sit at the table with you, nursing a fresh cup of coffee. You can’t help but feel nervous when he gives you a calculative look. “Forgive me if I’m being intrusive, but it appeared to me that you were having a hard time deciding what story to share with us. Were there some visits in your adventure you were worried about us hearing about?”

His accurate observation makes you freeze. Looks like you were found out in the end even without actually bringing up your more dangerous visits.

Sighing, you lower your gaze to the table, absently moving your finger across the smooth wood. “Yeah, I had some less than pleasant experiences after I parted ways with you guys. I didn’t want you to worry so I thought it would be better not to mention them. In the end, I still made you worry. I’m sorry.”

Your hand goes still when he moves to rest his on top of it. “No apology is needed, Miss Y/N. You are by no means obligated to tell us everything you’ve been through on your journey. I’m sorry for bringing up unpleasant memories that I’m sure you’d rather not dwell on. I will not push the matter further. However,-”

When he pauses, you raise your gaze to meet his and see his concerned expression. “I would like to ask if you’re doing alright. You’re a kind young lady who would rather keep her burdens to herself rather than share them. I truly hope you haven’t been pushing yourself too hard.”

Touched, you move your hand so you can give his a reassuring squeeze as you smile at him. “Thank you for worrying about me, Aster. I promise I’m alright. You’re right about me liking to keep things to myself, but I’m lucky to have some great friends that won’t let me. So, I’m doing alright now. Thanks to my friends, the bad memories aren’t as bad as they could be.”

His posture relaxes at your admission, and once again, he aims his gentle smile your way, making your heart skip a beat. “I am very relieved to hear that. I’m glad you have people supporting you like you deserve. Please know that you can always come to us as well if you are ever in need.”

Your smile grows as you nod. “I will. Thank you.”

He releases your hand after giving it another squeeze, and G walks through the doorway, returning to his spot at the table. “everything’s in the dryer now. won’t be much longer ’til you can wear your regular clothes again.”

A large smirk appears on the shorter skeleton’s face. “of course, you’re more than welcome to keep wearin’ those clothes, or i could find you some other clothes of mine. you wear them real well, princess.”

Despite your best efforts, you can’t stop yourself from blushing, especially when he lets his gaze roam across your form. You are distracted when Aster abruptly rises from his seat.

Before you can question him, the taller brother removes his trench coat and carefully drapes it across your body. A fruity aroma then invades your senses. After a few seconds, you realize the coat smells like tea. Due to the height difference between the two of you, the trench coat dwarfs you and actually reaches past your feet.

When you lift your gaze, you see Aster wearing a disapproving frown as he stares at his grinning brother. “G, teasing is one thing, but I will not allow any inappropriate behavior. That means no wandering eyes.”
G gives the taller skeleton a lazy salute. “eye, eye, cap’n”

You snort loudly, quickly pressing a hand against your mouth in a weak attempt to contain your snickering. G grins broadly at the reaction while his brother shakes his head with a sigh.

Once you calm down, the three of you decide to move to the living room where you can make yourselves more comfortable. You had expected one of them to head straight for the recliner, but instead, they both choose to sit on the couch with you in the middle.

While you listen to Aster explain what happened after they arrived in this world, G slings one of his arms across the back of the couch while he uses his other hand to flip through the TV channels. Just as the taller skeleton finishes his tale, his brother stops on a channel that appears to be playing some kind of murder mystery show.

Noticing the way your face brightens, G grins in amusement. “you a fan of these types of shows, princess?”

You nod your head. “I think murder mysteries are really interesting. I’m not very good at guessing the culprit, but it’s still fun to try.”

G’s grin grows, and you can’t help but feel nervous. He’s definitely up to something. “how about we play a little game?”

His brother sighs. “What are you up to, brother?”

The shorter skeleton chuckles as he shrugs. “nothin’, bro. just thinkin’ of ways to pass the time and keep the lovely lady entertained. that’s what a host is supposed to do, right?”

You eye him warily. “What kind of game?”

Leaving the remote on the armrest, G gestures toward the TV. “let’s see who can guess who the murderer is. whoever guesses right gets a reward from the players who lose. nothin’ crazy, of course.”

While the game does sound fun and innocent enough, you can’t let your guard down. There’s no telling what G would ask you to do if he should win.

As if reading your thoughts, Aster gives his brother a stern look. “The reward has to be something the person is comfortable with doing. You can’t ask for anything unreasonable, G.”

G nods his head. “of course. like i said nothin’ crazy. i promise.”

Deciding there’s no harm in playing, you agree to his terms and turn your focus on the TV, hoping you’ll get lucky and actually figure out the identity of the culprit. You’re honestly not too confident considering who you’re competing against. Oh well, it doesn’t hurt to try.

Before the murderer is revealed, the three of you make your guesses. You are surprised when the brothers choose the same person, who turns out to be the culprit.

You tilt your head curiously. “So, you both were right. How does this work?”

G shrugs his shoulders. “guess we both get a reward from you since you’re the only one who got it wrong.”

His remark makes you twitch. Your guess had been completely wrong. You can’t believe you fell
for the red herring. Such an ameauter move.

A hand on your shoulder draws you out of your thoughts. When you look up, you see Aster wearing a kind smile. “No need to be so hard on yourself, Miss Y/N. It was a good guess, really.”

It’s really hard to feel down when such a sweet smile is aimed your way. You do your best to return it. “Thank you, Aster.”

You lean back against the couch, giving the skeletons a curious look. “So, what kind of rewards do you guys want?”

It’s Aster who responds first. “I’d prefer you to choose my reward, Miss Y/N. That way I won’t risk making you uncomfortable.”

Surprisingly, G nods his head with a smirk. “i’ll let you decide my reward too, princess.”

Aster raises a brow ridge. “Considering you were the one who created this game, I was under the assumption you already had something in mind in regards to what you wanted to ask for.”

His brother shrugs his shoulders. “i do, but i figure it’s more fun this way. i’m curious what she’d do if given the choice.”

When their gazes fall on you, you can’t help but feel nervous. While it’s a relief you won’t get forced to do something embarrassing, that doesn’t mean you’re not gonna feel pressured. How in the world are you supposed to respond to such a vague request?

G said I can choose the reward, so does he mean something like a hug or kiss? Ahhhh now I’m feeling nervous.

Realizing that the longer you wait the more difficult this task will become, you decide to throw caution to the wind. The brothers watch as you move so that you can sit on your knees.

Using your new height to your advantage, you first lean toward a smirking G. Before he can make a quip, you close the distance between you and press your lips against his cheekbone, causing him to stiffen in surprise.

A light yellow blush lights up his cheekbones, filling you with smug satisfaction. Quickly, you turn your attention to Aster before he can react.

Due to the vast height difference, you still have to stretch to reach his face, but you manage. A bright green blush floods his cheekbones when you kiss his cheek.

Slightly embarrassed, you look anywhere but at them. “I-Is that a good enough reward?”

“hell yeah. although if you had moved your lips a few more inches to the left it would’ve been even better.”

“Brother!”

Their responses make you laugh. When you sneak a peek at them, you see Aster looking completely flustered as he gives his brother a stern look. Meanwhile, G is grinning broadly, obviously enjoying this turn of events.

Aster rests a hand against his face as he sighs. After a few seconds, he turns his focus to you, and his expression softens. “It was a wonderful reward, Miss Y/N. It honestly seems unfair to you for
us to receive such a grand reward for winning a simple contest.”

G’s grin grows, instantly making you suspicious. “maybe you’re right, bro. i hate bein’ unfair, so how ‘bout i level things out?”

Before you or Aster can respond, the shorter skeleton leans down to kiss your cheek, making you squeak in surprise. A dark blush covers your cheeks which makes him grin. “there. that’s fair, right?”

“G!”

Looking at Aster, you see him frowning as he narrows his eye-light at his brother who continues to grin. “How in the world does that ‘level things out’? I think you just took advantage of the opportunity to do as you please again.”

Chuckling, G shrugs his shoulders. “it made sense to me. besides, this way we all get rewards. i felt bad that poor princess didn’t get anythin’.”

A smirk forms on his face. “you wanna give her a prize too, aster? you really liked her reward after all, so i figured you’d jump at the chance to return the favor.”

The thought of Aster copying G’s previous actions makes you blush harder. Your heart barely recovered from when they both kissed you in the Doodle Sphere.

Aster surprises you when he suddenly rises to his feet and offers you a hand to stand. Curious, you reach for his hand and let him help pull you up. “i believe your clothes should be ready by now, miss Y/N. Allow me to escort you to the laundry room. Then, i’ll show you a room where you can get changed.”

He walks toward the entryway that leads into a hallway. You follow after him, giving a quick glance over your shoulder. G winks at you from his position on the couch. Obviously, he has no intention of moving.

As you walk down the hallway, you realize that this home actually has two floors when you notice a nice staircase which faces what appears to be the front door. When Aster heads up the stairs, you are quick to follow after him, letting your gaze roam to take in as much of the interior as you can.

Unfortunately, because you’re so busy examining the house, you fail to pay attention to your footing. You accidentally step on the end of Aster’s coat, causing yourself to trip.

A startled noise escapes your lips as you start to fall backwards, but in a flash, Aster is before you with his arm wrapped around your waist, preventing you from falling down the stairs.

Heart beating madly as you try to recover from the scare, you stare at him with wide eyes. “T-Thank you, Aster.”

That’s when you realize how close his face is to yours. You feel your face grow hot as you blush. Rather than pull away right away, Aster smiles, making it feel like you have butterflies in your stomach. “Are you alright, Miss Y/N?”

All you can do is nod your head unable to speak due to your throat suddenly going dry. Once he’s sure you’re really alright, Aster helps properly set you back on your feet but keeps an arm around your back as the two of you climb the remaining stairs.
Too flustered to speak, the two of you make your way to the laundry room which happens to be the first door on the left once you reach the second floor. As predicted, your clothes are completely dry and now smell like laundry detergent. You’ll have to remember to thank G again for his help later on.

Once you have all your clothes, Aster escorts you to the guest room which is the last room on the right. Right as you move to enter the room, his hand on your elbow makes you pause.

Before you can question him, the gentleman leans down to kiss your cheek, making you freeze in surprise. Then, a dark red blush lights up your face, making him smile as a light green blush decorates his cheekbones. “It did seem unfair that I did not offer some form of compensation for your earlier gift. I’ll be downstairs with G, so you can join us there once you’ve finished changing.”

With a shy nod, you quickly enter the guest room and close the door behind you so you can change clothes. You first take off Aster’s coat, making sure to lay it on the bed before taking off the other clothes.

As you put on your old clothes, you can’t stop your mind from wandering over recent events. When you do, you feel your cheeks go warm. You knew before arriving that these are the kind of situations you’d have to face, but you mistakenly thought you were ready.

You were such a fool. No amount of preparation is enough to deal with these smooth brothers. You obviously need more flirting experience if you’re ever to stand a chance against these guys.

Still, you did catch them by surprise when you kissed them, so there’s that. Maybe one day you’ll get the best of them. You’d love to see more of their flustered expressions.

It’s right after you finish changing that it happens. Your body starts becoming translucent.

Panicked, you quickly exit the room and sprint down the hall, doing your best not to fall as you make your way down the stairs. You move as quickly as you can down the hallway.

Both brothers appear surprised when you run into the living room, but before they can question you, they freeze at the sight of you disappearing. You give him a sheepish smile. “Sorry, guys, it looks like I won’t get to stay around as long as I would’ve liked.”

They share a look before moving to approach you. Aster frowns worriedly. “While I hate to see you leave, I do hope you’ll be alright. Please take care of yourself, Miss Y/N, and don’t push yourself too hard.”

You smile warmly. “I’ll be careful, Aster. Thank you for worrying and for the awesome pancakes. I enjoyed my visit even though it wasn’t very long.”

G grins at you. “that just means you’ll have to make your next visit longer. don’t be a stranger, princess. come by anytime.”

Nodding, you beam at the two skeletons who are both wearing fond expressions. Then, as per usual, the teleportation process completes, and everything goes black.

When your vision returns, you are surprised to find yourself once again in the Void. Considering what occurred the last time this happened, you can’t help but feel worried.

You let your gaze wander as you examine your surroundings. Then, you catch sight of something in the distance.
Immediately, you run toward the yellow-colored figure. When you reach your destination, your eyes widen at the sight before you.

There you see Dream standing on shaky legs, wearing a deep frown. Your blood goes cold when you notices that parts of his body are white much like Error’s had been when he was infected by the glitch.

Before you can panic about this development, you gaze moves to look at who Dream is facing. Across from the AU protector you see a skeleton being constrained by the Void’s tendrils--a skeleton who’s not like any you’ve met before.

Instead of bones, all you see is a black, goopy substance covering the figure from head to toe. You can faintly make out the outline of what appears to be a hoodie and shorts. Because of the black substance covering his right eye, you can only see the bright blue outline of his left eye.

Of course, you recognize who this skeleton is right away.

“Nightmare?!”

Chapter End Notes

Ariespageofbreath drew several adorable sketches of scenes with Ink and the Reader from the last chapter. You'll definitely love them! ^-^ You can see the post by clicking here and here.

So, how about that cliffhanger? XD I actually wrote this chapter before I posted that chapter where Dream first appeared so I had this planned for a while. However, I originally wasn't gonna include Nightmare since I really don't know a lot about him. Still, I really wanted to give it a try. Hopefully, I do a good job ^^'

I hope y'all enjoyed spending time with the Gaster Brothers! I feel bad that the visit wasn't super long, but I couldn't really think of anything else fun to add lol

Regarding the kiss scenes, I'm not a big fan of characters stealing kisses without the other person's permission. So, in this fic, none of the skeles will be kissing the Reader on the lips unless she is alright with it. No first kiss stealing in my fic lol
Your exclamation immediately draws the attention of both skeletons. While Nightmare eyes you suspiciously, Dream’s eye-lights widen in surprise. “Y/N? What are you doing here?”

He moves toward you, and you watch as his legs begin to wobble, causing him to stumble. Upon closer inspection, it looks like it’s just his legs that are white from the glitch infection, but it’s apparently not too severe since he can still move them.

Without hesitation, you hurry toward your friend and use your arms to brace him. “Dream! What happened? How did you get infected by the glitch?”

Dream grimaces as he leans against you. “I found an AU that was infected. While I was checking it out, Nightmare found me, and we got in a fight. I was so focused on him that I didn’t notice the glitch latch onto me until it was too late.”

A scoff brings your attention to Nightmare who’s shaking his head. “It’s because you’re weak and an idiot. You warned me about the glitch but paid no mind when it came to yourself.”

Your grip on Dream tightens as your gaze narrows. “So, basically, it went after you, and Dream warned you. The glitch probably took advantage of his distraction to then go after him.”

When neither brother denies your claim, you scowl at Nightmare. “If anyone’s an idiot here, it’s you for thinking your brother is anything but strong. It’s not stupid to want to look after others. It’s called being kind—something I know you’re not very good at.”

Nightmare rolls his eye. “Duh. I’m the embodiment of all negative emotions. Being kind isn’t a part of the job description.”

His brother frowns but remains silent, eyeing his brother sadly. You give him a reassuring squeeze before returning your attention to Nightmare. “Yeah, yeah. You’re the big bad villain out to destroy the multiverse including your brother.”

Sighing, you decide it’s better to focus on the task at hand. Before Dream can react, you pick him up and cradle him in your arms, making him turn a bright yellow as he blushes. “Y-Y/N! What are you doing?!”

With a grin, you take a seat on the ground and hold the flustered skeleton in your lap. “I’m gonna help you with that glitch problem of yours. I need to be in close contact with you, so I figured since this position has worked in the past that I’d do it again.”

Your grin grows as his blush darkens to a brilliant amber. “You don’t mind, do you, Dream?”

His response is to bury his face in his scarf to hide his embarrassment much to your amusement.
You feel a pair of eyes on you, and you have to fight back the urge to shiver at the chills the gaze gives you.

Unsurprisingly, when you look up, you see Nightmare studying you very intently for some reason. His head tilts as he watches you, and then, a large smirk forms on his face, instantly making you nervous. “Huh, so that’s how it is. Interesting. This could be fun.”

Before you can question him, the Void decides to join the party; a tendril extends from the ground right in front of you, surprising the skeletons. You grin at it. “Thank you for bringing me here, Void. I’m glad I was able to make it in time. Will you help me again like last time?”

It makes a nodding motion before pulling out your soul which starts to hover above the amazed Dream. You hug him tighter. “Okay, so the audience will know what’s going on, I’ll explain. The Void can save people infected by the glitch. It just requires my energy and determination in addition to its magic.”

Dream gives you a curious look. “You’ve done this before, haven’t you?”

You nod your head. “Yep. I’ve got some experience under my belt, so this should turn out fine. I just need to gather and focus my determination.”

“Why bother to go through all the trouble to save him? What’s in it for you?”

Eyes narrowed, you glare at Nightmare. “Dream’s my friend. Of course, I would want to save him. My reward is him staying alive because I never want to lose a friend again. I especially don’t want to lose him like this.”

Dream stares at you with wide eye-lights. “Y/N.”

You smile at him as you give him a warm squeeze. “I mean it. I care about you, Dream. You’re an important friend of mine, so it's only natural that I do whatever I can to help you.”

Tears spring to the corners of his eye sockets before he closes his eyes to give you his brightest smile yet. “Thank you. That means a lot to me--more than you’ll ever know.”

His brother makes a noise of disgust, reminding you of his dislike of positive emotions. Unlike in other cases, however, Nightmare can’t move away because of the Void’s tendrils holding him in place.

Realizing you never asked how that happened, you raise an eyebrow. “How the hell did you end up like that? Did you piss off the Void?”

A dark scowl forms on Nightmare’s face. “Hell if I know. As soon as we left that infected AU and got here, these tendrils wrapped around me before I could finish off Dream.”

He starts to squirm. “And, they won’t fuck off! Why the hell can’t I use my powers?! This shouldn’t be possible!”

Dream sighs as he shakes his head. “It’s not like we know everything about the Void. Before this incident with the glitch, we didn’t even know it was sentient. It’s possible it has the ability to nullify our powers.”

You give the tendril before you a curious look. “You can do that, Void?”

It makes a bobbing motion, and Nightmare ceases his struggling to give it an incredulous look.
“What now you answer?”

Amused, you smirk at the annoyed skeleton. “Obviously, the Void likes me better so it doesn’t mind answering my questions.”

When the tendril nods again, your smirk grows while Nightmare scowls in irritation. His annoyance only increases when his brother starts to snicker, obviously amused by this situation.

That’s when you remember why you’re here in the first place. Taking a deep breath, you close your eyes and start focusing your thoughts on Dream. I may not have spent a lot of time with Dream, but I still consider him a dear friend. I enjoyed hanging out with him and would love to spend more time with him. I want to get to know him better and show him how important he is—not because of his role as a guardian but because of who he is as a person.

You open your eyes and smile at the sight of your brightly glowing soul. Dream clutches the front of your hoodie with one hand as he stares at your soul with wide-eyed wonder.

Your soul gives off a big burst of light, and you hug Dream close as you shield your eyes from the brightness. After a few seconds pass, you pull back and are relieved to see that Dream’s legs look completely normal.

While you’re grateful it worked, you’re surprised by your lack of exhaustion. Usually the process makes you pass out, but you didn’t this time. Maybe not as much energy was required of you this time? It could be because the infection wasn’t so severe as compared to the others.

“You did it!”

In a blink, arms are wrapped around your neck, and Dream’s face is right in front of yours, beaming brightly. You immediately return the hug as your cheeks redden from the close proximity. “Thank you so much, Y/N!”

A warm smile forms on your face. “Of course. That’s what friends are for, Dream. I’m so glad I made it in time.”

For a few seconds, he just grins, and then, Dream starts to realize just how close his face is to yours. Blushing a bright yellow, the AU protector quickly pulls away and averts his gaze to the side, making you giggle.

Nightmare makes a noise of disgust, and you roll your eyes in response. What a killjoy. Of course, it’s not like his reaction surprises you.

This brings a question to mind. You tilt your head curiously as Dream moves out of your lap to sit beside you. “Hey, Void, how long do you plan on keeping Nightmare like that? I mean, you’re not gonna keep him here forever, are you?”

Out of the corner of your eye, you see Dream start to wring his hands. “While I understand that Nightmare is very dangerous, I can’t say I’m comfortable with the idea of leaving him here indefinitely. That seems….a bit too cruel for my tastes.”

Scoffing, Nightmare rolls his eye. “You’re such a goody-two-shoes--always acting the part of the good guy. Who are you kidding? Why wouldn’t you want me to be stuck here? If you think being nice will make me change my mind about killing you, you’re an even bigger idiot than I thought.”

His brother frowns as he shakes his head. “That’s not what I’m trying to do, Nightmare. Although I know you won’t believe me, I do still care about you so of course I don’t want to leave you here
for an eternity. Of course, I don’t want you to destroy the multiverse either, but it’s my responsibility to stop you not the Void’s. I want to stop you using my own powers.”

Nightmare scowls in disgust. Before he can make another rude remark, you decide to intervene.

Crossing your legs, you prop your elbow on your knee and rest your chin in your hand. “Okay, so answer me this: How, after all this time, is Dream still alive?”

Both skeletons freeze at your question. Dream gives you a confused look while his brother narrows his eye. “What the fuck are you going on about now?”

You raise an eyebrow. “It’s a simple question. I want to know how Dream is still alive when one of the most powerful people in the multiverse is constantly on his tail trying to kill him.”

Before your friend can misunderstand, you continue. “I know that Dream is strong. He’s probably the only one in the multiverse that really stands a chance against you. Still, that doesn’t change the fact that you’re powerful. Why is someone as strong as you having such difficulty killing just one person?”

It’s obvious from his expression that your words have annoyed the trapped skeleton. “Are you actually complaining about the fact that my stupid brother is still alive? I thought that was a good thing for you.”

With a roll of your eyes, you huff in exasperation. “It is. I’m not complaining that you suck at the whole brother killing thing. I’m just wondering if you really want to kill him. From my point of view, it seems like you want him to stick around.”

Dream’s eye-lights widen in surprise. “You...think so too?”

Looks like you’re not the only one that has been wondering about Nightmare’s goals. When you nod, your friend lets his gaze fall to his hands. “I always wondered if Nightmare really wanted to kill me since there have been several close calls. I figured it was just wishful thinking on my part.”

Nightmare growls in annoyance. “’Cause it is. I don’t care what happens to you. All I care about is getting the golden apple. Your life means nothing to me. Get that through your thick skull already.”

Dream sighs in response, obviously unsurprised by his brother’s words. Right as he’s about to reply, the AU protector suddenly freezes. You watch as his eye-lights grow large with shock.

In a blink, Dream is on his feet, moving toward his brother who’s watching him warily. Your friend abruptly points at the trapped skeleton. “Nightmare! You’re infected too! Why didn’t you say anything?!”

Your eyes widen in surprise at his declaration. Immediately, you move your gaze to Nightmare and start searching his form for signs of the glitch.

It’s difficult at first to notice because of the Void’s tendrils wrapped around him, but eventually, you are able to see that parts of his body are in fact white instead of the usual black. Your brows furrow. How in the world did you not notice that sooner?

Rising to your feet, you move to stand beside Dream who’s obviously worried. “You had to have known you were infected. Why keep it a secret?”

Nightmare raises a brow ridge. “Why the hell should I tell you anything? It’s none of your
business. Unlike my brother, I’m not so weak that I’d ask a pathetic human for help.”

“Nightmare!”

You and Nightmare both freeze at the exclamation. When the two of you turn to look at Dream, you see him frowning at his brother with crossed arms, looking annoyed. “You can insult me all you like, but I won’t allow you to say anything bad about Y/N. She hasn’t done anything to deserve such treatment.”

His words give you a warm feeling in your chest, and you can’t help but smile, grateful that your friend is willing to stand up for you like this. As expected, Nightmare’s expression is the definition of displeased.

Before he can make another snide remark, you decide to intervene. “You can act tough as much as you want, but that doesn’t change the fact that you’ll die if you don’t do something about the infection. Sure, you’re fine now, but it will only get worse.”

Your chest clenches uncomfortably as you remember how Error, Leo, and Orion had looked after getting infected by the glitch. “If it goes untreated for too long, you’ll lose consciousness, and the glitch will continue to eat away at you. Once you get to that point, there’s nothing you can do.”

Nightmare studies you carefully, probably having picked up the negative emotions that arose from you revisiting those unpleasant memories. Rather than respond, he chooses to remain silent as he stares at you.

That’s when Dream gets your attention by gently grabbing your hand. When you turn to look at him, you’re surprised to see him bowing his head. “I know my brother is dangerous. It’s understandable why you wouldn’t want to save him considering what he’s capable of. However—”

His grip on your hand tightens. “Please help him. I know I’m being selfish, but Nightmare is all I have left. Even though he’s like this, he’s still my brother. I don’t want him to die—not like this. I know I’m asking a lot, but please help me, Y/N. Please save my brother.”

The pure desperation in his voice hurts your heart. Dream truly loves his brother despite the hell Nightmare constantly puts him through.

When you sneak a glance at the trapped skeleton, you see Nightmare’s carefully blank expression. You have no idea what he’s thinking right now.

Your expression softens when you bring your gaze back to Dream who still has his head lowered. While you’re not exactly a fan of his brother, there’s no way you can say no to your friend. Besides, if you gave someone like Error a second chance, it’s only fair that you do the same for Nightmare even if it is very unlikely that he’ll change his ways regarding his pursuit of his brother.

Decision made, you tighten your grip on Dream’s hand and pull him into your arms, startling him. When he looks up at you, you smile warmly. “I’ll do whatever I can to help. No way could I refuse a request like that.”

His expression brightens, and he immediately returns the embrace. “Thank you, Y/N! Thank you so much!”

You give him a warm squeeze as you rest your head against his. After a few seconds, the two of you separate, and you notice the other skeleton’s obviously displeased expression.

You’re just gonna have to deal with it, dude. I’m a hugger, and I ain’t changing just ‘cause you’re
Nightmare eyes you suspiciously as you move to approach him. “So, you’re gonna help me just like that? You’re not stupid enough to think I’ll feel indebted to you, are you? I didn’t ask you for your help.”

All you can do is roll your eyes. “Yeah, I figured as much. Don’t worry, I’m not expecting anything from you. I’m doing this because Dream asked me to and because I can’t just leave you here to die. If I was willing to save Error who tried to kill me multiple times, I should do as much for you who hasn’t done anything to me---yet.”

He gives you a surprised look, matching Dream’s although you can’t see it since your friend is standing behind you. “Error got infected? You gotta be fucking kidding me.”

You cross your arms as you shake your head. “Nope. It happened while he was trying to save Outertale. The Void brought me to him, and I was able to save him.”

Nightmare raises a brow ridge. “Why the hell would you save someone who tried to kill you? You sound like my goody-two-shoes brother, acting all high and mighty like some sort of saint.”

Dream makes a noise of protest, but you give the trapped skeleton an annoyed look. “I’m no saint, and I’ve never thought of myself as one. It’s called being kind. Get a dictionary and look it up.”

When he scowls at you, you shrug your shoulders. “Some people like Dream and I believe in giving second chances. It’s not that strange. Nothing’s wrong with forgiving people. A lot of times it makes a difference. I just see no point in holding a grudge. That’s all.”

Raising an eyebrow, you give Nightmare a pointed look. “It’s because we’re like this that you’re getting a chance to be saved. Should you really be complaining right now?”

His scowl darkens, but he wisely remains silent, obviously seeing the reasoning behind your words. You decide to take that as a victory.

You turn to give the tendril beside you a curious look. “Void, will you help me save Nightmare? I know he’s probably gonna keep causing trouble for the multiverse, but I don’t want to just let him die.”

Honestly, you expect the Void to hesitate like it had done with Error, but to your surprise, the tendril nods to show its agreement relatively quickly. Could it be the Void actually brought you here to save both brothers?

Deciding to save that question for later, you turn to focus your attention on Nightmare who’s now staring at the Void tendril suspiciously. Looks like he doesn’t trust help from anyone--not even from the Void.

Sighing, you reach your hands toward the scowling skeleton who immediately tries to move back. “What the fuck are you doing?”

You raise an eyebrow. “Were you paying any attention to what I was doing when I saved Dream? I said I need to be in contact with the person I’m helping. I obviously can’t do the same thing with you as I did with your brother, so I’m just gonna hope that any kind of physical contact will do.”

Dream comes to stand beside you. “Come on, Nightmare. It’s not like she’s going to hug you. A little contact won’t hurt you.”
A mischievous grin forms on your friend’s face, catching you off guard. “Unless you’re scared of being touched by a girl? You always got so embarrassed when the older women of the village doted on you.”

Shocked, you give Dream an incredulous look before turning your attention to Nightmare who’s glaring at his brother. “Says the bastard that got flustered anytime one of the stupid village girls gave him presents! Your face always looked like a lightbulb around them!”

All you can do is watch in amusement as the brothers start to argue over who got embarrassed the most. By the sound of things, both skeletons used to be pretty shy when they were younger. How adorable.

Realizing that this argument is getting your group nowhere, you clap your hands loudly to get the guys’ attention. “Alright, boys, this isn’t the time for fighting. You can have your brotherly squabble later. Let’s take care of Nightmare first.”

Dream ducks his head to hide his embarrassment while Nightmare just scowls at you. You give him a pointed look. “Sorry, but you’re gonna have to let me touch you if you want me to help you. You don’t want to die here, do you?”

Nightmare huffs as he averts his gaze. “Fine. Let’s get this over with.”

Nodding, you move your hands toward him again. At first, you plan to just grab his shoulders, but then, a fun idea comes to mind that makes you grin.

Before Nightmare can react, you cup his face, letting your hands rest on his cheeks. His eye widens. “What the fuck are you doing, you crazy bitch?! Let me go!”

Your eyebrow twitches at the insult. Rather than oblige, you bring your face closer to his much to his irritation. “What? Are you feeling shy now, Nightmare?”

The tendrils holding him in place prevent him from moving away from you, so all he can do is glare hatefully. “You’re really asking to die, you know that?”

“Nightmare!”

You meet the trapped skeleton’s gaze unflinchingly. “It’s alright, Dream. I expected as much from your brother.”

A smirk forms on your face. “Of course, his response only makes me wanna mess with him more. Gotta have some fun with this, right?”

Before Nightmare can retort, you let your thumb move across his cheek, marvelling at the cool texture. Considering his goopy appearance, you had expected his face to feel like it, but his cheeks are actually pretty solid. None of the black substance is sticking to your fingers either.

Because you’re so focused on examining the strange texture of his face, you almost miss the look of surprise on Nightmare’s face. Rather than complain like you expect him to do, he just looks away.

While his response makes you curious, you decide not to question him. Instead, you put your full attention on the task at hand. “Alright, so now, I gotta think of reasons to save you. It’ll be harder than with Dream since I hardly know you. All I know is from what I’ve read in stories and comics.”
“'Cause I’m a fictional character in your world, right?”

At your look of surprise, Nightmare smirks. “What? Didn’t think I knew your whole situation? You shouldn’t underestimate my information gathering skills. I’ve known about you for a while.”

The fact that he knows about you makes you feel nervous, but you probably shouldn’t be so surprised. This is Nightmare after all. It’s no surprise he looked into the glitch matter and found out about you.

Rather than dwell on how he acquired this information, you try to focus your thoughts. That’s when your soul makes a reappearance thanks to the Void. It chooses to hover in between you and the bound skeleton.

Your soul isn’t glowing very brightly, so you obviously need to start thinking of reasons to save Nightmare. Unlike last time, you decide to voice your thoughts. “Okay, for the first reason, let’s go with the obvious one: I want to save Nightmare because I don’t think he deserves to die like this, and I want to save him for Dream’s sake too.”

A pleased smile forms on your face when the glow of your soul grows brighter. Nightmare raises a brow ridge at you. “Seriously? Just like that?”

Shrugging your shoulders, you grin at him after shooting Dream a wink. “Yep. Just like that. Now, it’s time to be creative.”

Dream places a hand on your back. “Is there anything I can do to help, Y/N? I know I can’t really do anything to increase your determination, but if there’s anything else I can do, I want to help.”

Your expression softens as you smile at him. “Just having you here is enough, Dream. Your support means more than you realize.”

As if responding to your words, your soul brightens. Dream stares at it with wonder while his brother just scowls. “If you two keep this up, I might throw up. Hurry up already.”

His brother frowns disapprovingly while you roll your eyes. “Quite the charming personality you have there, Nightmare.”

He glares at your sarcastic remark, making you smirk. Before he can retort, you start stroking his cheeks again, and he goes still, surprising you.

You decide not to bring it up in case it irritates him further. “Alright. So, I guess the next reason should be…."

When you catch movement out of the corner of your eye, you turn to see the Void using its tendril to point at both skeletons who are staring at it in confusion. By the looks of it, the Void is trying to tell you something.

Your brows furrow. Maybe it’s trying to tell me why it wants to save Nightmare? It did agree to help pretty quickly. But, why is it pointing at Dream too? Is the reason it wanted to save Dream the same as why it wants to save Nightmare?

After a few seconds of pondering, realization dawns your features, and you have to fight the urge to smack yourself. Of course! Why didn’t you think of this sooner?!

“The Void wanted me to save both of you because you’re both needed to keep the multiverse balanced. The AUs need both guardians. I can’t believe I didn’t think of this sooner. I forgot the
key part of your AU. I’m an idiot.”

Dream pats your back consolingly. “It’s alright, Y/N. Don’t be too hard on yourself.”

His brother gives you an unimpressed look. “No, she really is an idiot. Don’t lie to make her feel better, Dream.”

“Nightmare!”

You shake your head. “No, I had that coming. It’s fine, Dream.”

When you see he’s about to protest, you give your friend a smile, and he relaxes, leaving his hand to clutch the back of your hoodie. Returning your gaze to Nightmare, you see him giving you a searching look. “What?”

He raises a brow ridge. “Do you agree with the Void? Just because that’s its reason to want to help me doesn’t mean you automatically feel the same.”

Realizing he’s right, you consider his words and the Void’s reasoning. A few moments later, you nod your head. “I agree with the Void. You both are vital to the multiverse. Sure, you’re trying to destroy it, but that doesn’t change the fact that you’re still needed. One guardian isn’t more important than the other.”

Nightmare gives you an incredulous look. “Right. Like you seriously don’t think Mr. Sunshine over there is more important. Humans are all the same. If they had the chance to get rid of all negative emotions, they would without hesitation. They’d all rather stay in a happy bubble where they never have to experience pain. Weak fools.”

Out of the corner of your eye, you see Dream frown sadly as he watches his brother. Returning your attention to his brother, you ponder his words as you absently stroke his cheeks with your thumbs.

You hold his gaze as he narrows his eye. “You’re not wrong. Humans are weak, selfish creatures. If given the opportunity to be rid of all negative emotions, I’m sure most would jump at the chance to do so. I know there are plenty of emotions I’d love to not have to ever deal with. However…”

Nightmare’s eye widens in surprise when you smile at him. “I also realize that all emotions are important. How can we truly appreciate the good things in life if we never have to deal with the bad? Sometimes, emotions like anger and sadness are necessary. No one’s meant to be happy all the time.”

Briefly, your gaze wanders toward Dream who immediately averts his eyes. Then, your gaze returns to Nightmare who’s studying you intently. “Emotions are a way of life--both good and bad. Life isn’t some sort of fairytale where everything always goes right. That’s not how things work. Bad things happen, and a lot of times they make us stronger after we learn to overcome them.”

Your smile turns into a smirk. “So, to answer your question, I do think you’re important, Nightmare. You may be a jerk, but you’re an important jerk. Just don’t let it get to your head. You’re already smug enough as it is.”

Dream snickers at your remark while his brother’s expression changes from surprised to annoyed within seconds. Before he can retort, your soul’s brightness increases, gaining everyone’s attention.

You give your soul an approving look. “Oh good. It looks close to ready now. Maybe thinking of one more reason should do it.”
Nightmare rolls his eye. “Oh joy. Just hurry up already so I can get out of here. I can’t believe I’ve found someone that’s even more annoying than my stupid brother.”

Amused, you grin at Dream. “You hear that, Dream? He likes you more than me so that means you’re not his least favorite person anymore. Congrats.”

Dream’s eye-lights widen with wonder. “I never thought I’d hear Nightmare say he likes me more than someone else.”

His brother scowls in annoyance. “I never said I liked him more! Hell, I don’t like either of you bastards! You’re both fucking annoying!”

Despite his words, the grins on your and Dream’s faces don’t falter which only fuels Nightmare’s ire. If glares could kill, the two of you would probably be dead by now.

Rather than continue to tease the annoyed skeleton, you try to think of how to increase your determination to save him. Unfortunately, because of his personality, it’s not easy to think of reasons you’d want him to stick around.

That’s why you decide to think back on what your reasons for saving Error were. After all, it’s not like his personality is the greatest either.

Well, for one thing, I didn’t think he deserved to die like that. Plus, I wanted to give him a second chance. I thought maybe we could become friends. Although, that’s probably really unlikely with Nightmare. Was there anything else?

As your thoughts drift toward that moment, you remember when the glitch tried to destroy your soul and the Void’s reaction. Your eyes widen with realization as you recall your thoughts when you protected Error from the Void.

For a few seconds, you ponder your words at that time. It’s as you thoughtfully gaze at the trapped skeleton that you realize those words also apply in this situation.

When you grin, Nightmare gives you a suspicious look that makes you want to roll your eyes in exasperation. “I want you to live because I never want to see another Sans die again--not if I can do something to stop it. Contrary to what you may think, I would be sad if you died here.”

His eye widens when your expression softens. “I’ve met a lot of wonderful Sanses on my journey, and I adore all of them with all my heart. Just thinking of any Sans dying like this hurts more than you’ll ever know. So, even though we’re not friends, I want you to live.”

Your grin grows as you lean closer to the astonished skeleton. “After all, I’ve got a bit of a soft spot for you skeletons. You guys are too cute to resist.”

It happens simultaneously. Nightmare’s cheekbones gain a light blue hue, and your soul’s glow becomes so bright it’s blinding.

You rest your forehead against his and close your eyes, missing how his blush gets darker at the contact. “I’m glad it worked. Looks like you’ll be alright after all, Nightmare. Good for you.”

Unlike last time, a wave of exhaustion washes over you, and you feel your knees give way. The last thing you hear before losing consciousness is Dream calling out your name.

When you regain consciousness, you find yourself cradled in Dream’s arms with him holding you against his chest. His expression instantly brightens once he notices you’re awake.
He hugs you tightly. “You’re awake! I’m so glad! I was so worried! How are you feeling? Does anything hurt? I can use my magic to heal you if you need me to.”

A scoff brings your attention to Nightmare who’s still restrained for some reason. “You’re such a mother hen. Of course, she’s not injured. She passed out from exhaustion not an injury, dumbass.”

Dream frowns at his brother. “It doesn’t hurt to ask. If she’s feeling bad, I want to help if I can.”

While the other skeleton just rolls his eye, you reach up to cup Dream’s cheek, making him blush a lovely gold. “I’m okay, Dream. Thank you for asking and for looking after me while I was unconscious. I hope you didn’t have to stay like this for very long.”

Just as Dream shakes his head, his brother cuts him off before he can reply. “You’ve been out for a while. Dream freaked the hell out and wouldn’t stop fretting over you like the mother hen he is. He’s been holding you the whole time.”

Your eyes widen at his words while Dream’s blush darkens. Touched by his concern, you wrap your arms around your friend’s neck and hug him as tight as you can. His face could rival a neon sign it’s so bright.

“Thank you, Dream. You’re a wonderful friend. I’m really lucky to have you here with me.”

Ignoring Nightmare’s noise of disgust, Dream quickly shakes his head. “That should be my line! You saved me and my brother! Thank you so much, Y/N. I wish there was more that I could do for you besides just this.”

Smiling, you pull him closer and kiss his brightly glowing cheekbone. “Just you being here is enough, Dream. I promise.”

Your smile grows when his whole skull turns a beautiful amber. His grip on you tightens while he averts his gaze to look anywhere but at you.

The two of you are then distracted by the sound of Nightmare’s sudden cackling. When you both turn to look at him, you see the other skeleton’s large smirk. “So, I was right after all. Dream really does have a soft spot for you, human. I’ve never seen him so attached to another person before.”

Dream’s expression becomes panicked. “Wait, Nightmare-”

His brother’s smirk grows as his gaze remains solely on you. “Messing with you is gonna be a lot of fun. Guess I’ll have to put off killing my brother for a little while so he can properly enjoy the fun I have planned for you.”

Before you can respond, Dream’s grip on you tightens to an almost painful level, and his expression hardens. “Nightmare, I’m warning you now. Don’t do anything to Y/N. She has nothing to do with our fight. She won’t be around long anyway since she needs to go back to her world. You know that.”

Nightmare is looking way too pleased for your comfort. “True. But, it’s not like I can’t mess with her ’til then. Besides, who says she’ll be able to return anyway? The door to her world is in the middle of that glitched-out area of the Void, right?”

Your chest clenches painfully at the reminder. He’s not wrong. The chances of being able to go home without any issues are very low.

As if sensing your doubts, Nightmare’s expression becomes more smug. Before he can use your
negative thoughts against you, his brother acts.

Dream eases the tightness of his grip marginally as he hugs you close. You feel your cheeks redden when he brings his face closer to yours. “It’s alright, Y/N. I’ll make sure you get home. I promise. Don’t listen to Nightmare. Don’t lose hope.”

You can feel his powers take effect as the negative feelings taking root are washed away by a torrent of warm, positive emotions. Without thinking, you relax in his grip as you give him a warm smile. “I trust you, Dream. If you say it’s possible for me to go back home, I believe you.”

The smile he gives you is so bright it could easily rival the sun. As your face grows hotter, you wonder if this is what the smile of an angel looks like.

When Nightmare scoffs in annoyance, you turn to see that his smirk has morphed into a deep scowl. Obviously, he didn’t like how his brother spoiled his fun.

That’s when an idea comes to mind. After giving Dream a warm squeeze, you move to stand with him quickly rising to assist.

Once you’re on your feet, you approach Nightmare who narrows his eye at the sight of your grin. “What are you planning now?”

Shaking your head, you continue to grin. “Nothing. I was just thinking that you had a great idea earlier. I’m totally for that deal.”

His expression turns confused while Dream comes to stand beside you. Your friend frowns worriedly. “What deal?”

You wave a hand at his brother. “What he said earlier. The whole ‘I’ll put off killing my brother to come after you’ spiel. I think that’s a pretty good idea.”

Both skeletons stare at you in wide-eyed disbelief. Immediately, Dream shakes his head, reaching to clutch the back of your hoodie. “It’s not! That’s really bad, Y/N! Once Nightmare sets his sight on someone, he won’t stop until they’re dead! I don’t want you to have to deal with that!”

Expression softening, you reach for his hand and entwine your fingers with his after making him let go of your hoodie. “And, I don’t want him to keep trying to kill you. You don’t deserve that, Dream.”

Giving his hand a warm squeeze, you smirk at Nightmare who’s staring at you incredulously. “How about we make a deal--a contest if you will. You try to mess with me and get me to give in to my negative emotions while I try to befriend you. Whoever accomplishes their goal wins.”

Dream’s grip on your hand tightens as he gapes at you. His brother is also staring at you with surprise.

It doesn’t last long, however. Quickly, a smirk forms on Nightmare’s face. “You’re pretty bold, human. Do you really think you stand a chance against me? Better yet, what the hell makes you think befriending me is actually possible? I’m no pushover like my brother.”

Your eyes narrow. “Dream’s not a pushover. Nothing’s wrong with making friends. It’s thanks to my friends that I’m still in one piece. I would’ve never made it this far without them. Just because you suck at making friends doesn’t mean it’s a bad thing.”

At his annoyed look, you grin cheekily. “I’m a lot stronger than I look, so I won’t give in to you
that easily. And, it’s not like befriending you is impossible. Obviously, it won’t be easy, but hey, that’s life for you. Nothing’s ever easy.”

Dream watches the exchange with wide eyes but makes no move to intervene. Instead, he chooses to give your hand a reassuring squeeze which you appreciate since this deal is making you more nervous than you’re letting on. You’re very much aware of how dangerous Nightmare is, but you still want to take a chance with him.

It’s not like you think you can change him for the better or anything amazing like that. However, you do think it’s possible to at least dissuade him from constantly going after his brother, especially since you remain unconvinced about his hatred toward Dream.

You tilt your head. “I’ll even ask the Void to release you so you can leave. I know how much you hate being around positive emotions.”

Nightmare raises a brow ridge at your offer. Then, he smirks at you. “Fine. Let’s do it. Could be fun.”

Without you having to ask, the Void suddenly releases its grip on Nightmare who gracefulely lands on his feet. Within seconds, large goopy tendrils sprout from behind him reminding you of an octopus’s tentacles.

Smirking, he holds a hand out toward you which you reach for and grasp after letting go of Dream’s. Nightmare surprises you when he pulls on your hand, bringing your face closer to his.

Your eyes widen as you take in his devilish smirk which sends a chill down your spine. “You’ve just made the worst deal of your life, human. Don’t go complaining later on when it becomes too much for you to handle.”

You’re not an idiot. You know that you pretty much just made a deal with the devil. Still, despite your sudden nerves, you can’t bring yourself to regret it.

Rather than give him the response he expects, you surprise Nightmare by wrapping an arm around his neck to pull his face closer to yours. His eye widens as you grin. “I could say the same to you, Nightmare. Now, you have to deal with me annoying you with my attempts to befriend you. I wonder who really came out at the bad end of this deal, hm?”

There’s a barely noticeable blue tint to his cheekbones, but before you can point it out, Nightmare scowls. “You have five seconds to release me before I decide to impale you.”

“Nightmare!”

Amused, you pull away from the annoyed skeleton, releasing your grip on his hand in the process. “Don’t worry, Dream. Nightmare hates people who break their deals more than anything, so he won’t do that, right, Nightmare?”

He raises a brow ridge at you while Dream moves to stand in front of you protectively. “There’s nothing in the deal that says I can’t kill you.”

You roll your eyes. “So, you’re gonna take the easy route then? How boring. You seemed so confident in your abilities, but I guess I was wrong.”

Nightmare briefly narrows his eye before smirking. “True. That is boring. I’d much rather have you begging for death rather than just deliver it so quickly. More entertaining for me that way.”
Dream glares at his brother. “Deal or not, I’m not letting you hurt her, brother. I’m going to make sure she arrives home safe and sound.”

Rolling his eye, Nightmare surprises you when he directs his attention to the tendril that belongs to the Void. “How long are you planning on making her go through all this nonsense anyway? You know how to stop the glitch, don’t you?”

The Void gives no response, making Nightmare huff in irritation. “Whatever. If you want to put off the inevitable, fine. Gives me more time to mess with her.”

He smirks at you. “I’m looking forward to playing with you more, human.”

With that, Nightmare disappears without a trace, leaving you and Dream in a state of confusion. You bring your gaze to the tendril. “Void? Was what he said true? Do you know how to stop the glitch?”

A few seconds pass with no reply, and then, the tendril makes a nodding motion. You and Dream stare at it with wide eyes.

Dream frowns, obviously perplexed. “If you know how to stop the glitch for good, why haven’t you?”

After a few seconds of hesitation, the Void gestures toward you, catching you off guard. Your brows furrow in confusion. “Because of me?”

Your friend narrows his eye-lights as he rubs his chin thoughtfully. After a few minutes, his eye-lights widen with realization. “Could it be that you were worried about Y/N? That whatever it took to stop the glitch would put her in danger?”

The tendril makes another bobbing motion, making your eyes grow large. “You were worried about me?”

Your expression softens when it nods again. You reach out to touch the tendril. “Thank you, Void, for looking out for me. But, as much as I appreciate your concern, that doesn’t change the fact that the glitch still needs to be stopped. If you know how to finally put an end to this crazy mess, please help me do so. I want to stop the glitch once and for all.”

For several minutes, it remains still with your hand resting on its tip. Just as you consider speaking to the Void again, it acts.

In a flash, the tendril wraps around your wrist and throws you into the air, sending you flying across the area. A startled scream escapes your lips.

“Y/N!”

You can hear Dream’s panicked voice yelling for you, but before he can react, you begin turning translucent. In the fastest teleport yet, your body fades, and your vision goes black.

When your vision returns, you find yourself spread out on the floor of what appears to be another part of the Void. Unfortunately, your friend is nowhere in sight.

Annoyed, you narrow your eyes at the tendril that extends from the floor a few feet in front of you. “What the hell, Void? Was that really necessary?”

It nods before pointing behind you. Curiosity overpowering your irritation, you look over your
shoulder and freeze at the sight before your eyes.

All you can do is stare as you take in the wide expanse of pure white. When you try to see if there’s an end, you can barely make out the familiar inky, blackness of the Void when you look to your left and right.

This white area is obviously just a section of the Void. Considering how vast this place appears, this closed off section probably isn’t that large to the Void, but no doubt it’s concerning considering what it represents.

You turn back toward the tendril with wide eyes. “That’s the area infected by the glitch, isn’t it? The place where the door to my world is?”

It makes another nodding motion, and for several minutes, you can’t find your voice, unable to come up with the right words to say. Finally, after taking a deep breath to calm yourself, you rub a tired hand down your face. “Why am I here, Void? Is the key to stopping the glitch in there?”

When you pull away your hand, you are surprised to see four black shards hovering before you, gleaming brightly. You automatically reach for them when they begin to fall to the ground.

The first thing that registers when you make contact with the shards is how warm they are. Then, a strange feeling of nostalgia washes over you, making you wonder if you’ve seen these shards before.

You lift up your hands so you can better examine what you’re holding. They’re not very large--about the same size as your fingers with a bit more width.

It’s the black color that captures your attention. It’s really familiar. Almost like…

Your eyes widen in realization, and you quickly whip your gaze to the tendril before you. “Void, are these soul shards? My soul shards?”

The appendage nods, and all you can do is gape. “What the hell are you doing with these?! More importantly, don’t I need these?!”

When the tendril moves to deny your question, you marginally relax. “So, what? They’re extra pieces you didn’t need to fix my soul? Why would you keep these?”

It points toward the glitched-out area before pointing at you. Your brows furrow in confusion. “You need them to go in there? Why?”

That’s when you realize how stupid your question is. There’s no point trying to ask it to explain when it can’t actually talk.

With a sigh, you stash the shards into your hoodie pocket and rise to your feet. “So, I’m guessing you want me to hold onto them for now?”

The tendril nods, and you run a hand through your hair. “Okay, so what next? You need me to walk in there?”

Once again, it makes a nodding motion. In the past, you would’ve simply agreed and walked right in, thinking that a little recklessness was okay as long as the job got done.

This time, however, is different.
You cross your arms. “So, say I do walk in there, how do I get out? I walked into a place like that when I was in the merged world of Outertale and Outerswap. I wouldn’t have been able to get out without Error’s strings. He’s obviously not here now, so how do I know I’ll be able to leave that place once I enter?”

It’s not like you don’t trust the Void. You don’t think it wants to put you in danger. The fact that it waited this long to bring you here proves that. However, the fact that it just wants you to walk in without any way to come out worries you, especially since the Void considers this place dangerous.

When you receive no response, you release a tired sigh. “Void, I know I agreed to help no matter the danger, but I’d like at least a little more explanation about what’s going on here even though you can’t talk. I know I’ve done reckless stuff in the past, but I’m trying to be better now. I almost got everyone killed in that last merged world. What if I make a mistake and get stuck in there? Then, what?”

Several minutes pass in silence with the tendril remaining completely still. Then, the floor below you begins to abruptly shift.

Before you can react, the area you’re standing on moves upwards and pushes you high into the air. When you see yourself falling toward the glitched-out section of the Void, all you can do is scream in frustration.

“Void!”

Then, all you see is white.

A pained groan passes your lips when you make contact with the floor. Slowly, you push yourself up and are instantly aware of the feeling of pins and needles encompassing your whole body.

Scowling, you turn behind you and only see white. You don’t know how this area works, but like you suspected, once you enter, you can’t escape.

With an irritated huff, you move to stand, glaring at the area behind you. “The one time I try not to be reckless and what happens? This!”

You make a disgruntled noise before turning and starting to walk in a random direction. “I’ll remember this, Void! You’ll learn the meaning behind the phrase ‘Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned!’”

Even though you know it likely can’t hear you, screaming out your frustrations does make you feel somewhat better. As you walk, you let your gaze wander, hoping you’ll actually catch sight of something that’s not white.

*What in the world would the Void want me to do in here? Sure, I get going after the home base, but what can I do? If the Void can’t use it’s magic to fix this place, what does it hope to accomplish by sending me in here?*

That’s when you get an idea. *Wait. What if having someone on the inside is the only way to clean out the infection of this place? That would actually make sense.*

You scratch your head. *But, why would I need those soul shards? It doesn’t make sense. I know it can’t talk, but I wish the Void could’ve somehow given me more information about its plan.*

Movement out of the corner of your eye makes you pause. When you turn your head, your eyes
widen when you see a white tendril extend from the ground much like how the Void does when it wants to communicate with you.

However, this appendage is different because its appearance constantly flickers and glitches. And, it’s obvious that it’s not friendly, considering the way its tip suddenly sharpens to a point, making it resemble an arrow’s head.

Panicked, you take off in a sprint, trying to put as much distance between you and the tendril as you can. However, that’s difficult when more start popping out of the ground all around you.

Heart pounding a mile a minute, you do your best to avoid the attacking tendrils. Unfortunately, you’re at a disadvantage considering how big their playing field is. As a result, you acquire several painful nicks on your legs during your mad dash.

Ignoring the pain, you push yourself to your limits, running as fast as your legs can move. That’s when you hear a pained noise in the distance that immediately gains your attention.

Curious despite yourself, you start running in that direction, wondering if someone else is in here as well. Surely not? Still, you should check it out just in case that noise leads you to something or someone the Void wants you to find.

You notice that the closer you get toward the groaning you hear the more fervent the tendrils’ attacks become. Does that mean it’s trying to stop you from going in that direction?

Now, I gotta investigate. Whatever the glitch doesn’t want me to find, I need to see.

After several painful minutes, you finally see a figure in the distance. This gives you the extra boost you need to keep running despite the exhaustion you feel.

As you begin to approach the figure, you slow your pace until you come to a stop before the person facing away from you. From what you can tell, they’re wearing a long black coat, and they appear to be a few feet taller than you.

You can’t help but think that they seem familiar. Just as you begin to wonder if you have met this person before, they turn around, and your blood goes cold.

Before you is a very familiar skeleton wearing a white turtleneck sweater underneath his coat along with black slacks and boots. In addition to that, several parts of his body are glitching much like how your friends looked when they were infected by the glitch.

Your heart starts beating rapidly as your hands begin to shake. You unconsciously take a step back once recognition dawns your features.

You know this person very well.

“Gaster.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun dun! Now that's a cliffhanger, right? XD Poor Reader, it looks like she's in a real bind now. Talk about a dangerous encounter. Let's hope she'll come out of this in not too bad a shape ^^'
Lazypotatocatz drew an adorable comic showing their reactions to all the arcs of The Glitch. It's too cute! XD You can see the post by clicking here.

Nightmare isn't like any of the other characters I've written, so I was nervous about including him in the story. He's a really dangerous guy. It's only because of the Void that things didn't turn out as bad as they could've. However, regarding why he hasn't killed Dream yet, that's just my headcanon. After talking it over with friends, it just seemed strange that someone as strong as Nightmare hasn't been able to kill Dream yet. Sure, Dream is strong, but Nightmare is extremely so. I dunno it just seemed weird to me lol

If y'all were wondering why they didn't notice Nightmare being infected sooner, it was because he was hiding it. While he can't use his powers to escape the Void's grasp, he can at least change his body's form just enough that the goop covered up the signs of the infection. He didn't want to show signs of his weakness after all, thinking they'd take advantage of him rather than actually offer to help him.

Regarding the bet, I see Nightmare as the type to want to eliminate everyone his brother holds dear before finally killing him, so that's why I figured he'd decide to set his sights on targeting the Reader. The Reader uses this to her advantage by challenging him. It was reckless, but the most effective way of handling Nightmare considering the situation. That's probably the only way to convince him to leave Dream alone even if it's not really a long term solution.

Also, look at that development. Instead of running in recklessly, the Reader actually tries to plan everything out. Unfortunately, the Void didn't think playing charades would be enough to properly explain the situation so it just threw her in anyway lol Bad Void! XD
Memories flash to the forefront of your mind before you can stop them. All you can think about is being strapped down at the mercy of crazy scientists unable to fight back in fear that the children would be punished in your stead.

Your breath stutters as your body shakes. You remember the uncaring faces hovering over you as they repeatedly questioned and prodded you.

Tears spring to your eyes as you recall the immense pain they put you through during that final experiment. If it wasn’t for the Void, you’re sure you would have died back then.

Before your panic worsens, the sound of a loud groan grabs your attention, successfully drawing you away from your awful memories. Grateful for the distraction, you focus on that sound and push all those memories to the back of your mind.

After you blink away the tears clouding your vision, you witness Gaster cradling his head as his body glitches erratically. That’s when you notice something different about this skeleton compared to the scientists in your memories.

Your tormentors wore white lab coats while this man before you is wearing a black dress coat. Their sweaters are also different colors. This can’t be one of the skeletons you saw get sucked into the Void back in that horrible lab.

Realization dawns your features as your eyes widen. This is a different Gaster. This has to be one of the many Gasters who disappeared from their world after falling into the Core.

You tilt your head as you study him. Considering how much he looks like Tale Gaster, it’s likely this one is from Undertale or a universe that’s a variation of it. I wonder if he’s from Comic and Captain’s world.

Rather than just continue to stare, you figure you should try speaking to the skeleton. “Um, hello? You’re Gaster, right? I’m Y/N. I’m here to figure out how to stop this glitch. Can you tell me how you got here?”

When you don’t get a response besides another groan, you frown. Not willing to give up, you take a step toward him. “I was hoping I could find out what world you’re from. I might have met the Sans and Papyrus you know. Of course, that’s assuming you’re related to them since that probably depends on each world.”

The skeleton suddenly goes still, making you pause. He pulls his face away from his hands and turns to look at you.

Instead of two eye sockets, all you can see clearly is one because the other is completely covered by the whiteness of the glitch. You are reminded of the appearance of Aftertale Sans as you stare at
Concerned, you take another step toward him. “Are you alright? Maybe I can help you. You see-”

You stop mid-sentence when several white tendrils extend from the ground to surround Gaster. In a blink, they’re careening toward you, forcing you to jump out of the way to dodge.

After you hit the ground, you push yourself up and quickly rise to your feet once you realize the tendrils aren’t done with you yet. Panicked, you start running in an attempt to escape.

Unfortunately, there’s nowhere to run. You’re in the glitch’s territory, so it has free reign. Its tendrils can appear anywhere much to your distress.

As you’re fleeing, you chance a glance at Gaster to see what he’s doing. Once again, he’s cradling his head, making pained noises.

When you attempt to approach him, the skeleton glares at you. “Stay away!”

Several additional tendrils appear around him which quickly move to attack you. Before you can react, you’re grabbed and thrown to the side several yards away from Gaster.

Groaning, you slowly rise to your feet, ignoring the pain and exhaustion weighing heavily on your body. You can’t afford to rest now. If you stay down, it’ll be all over for you.

So, is Gaster controlling the tendrils then? Just now, it seemed like they reacted to his outburst. But, why? Why is he attacking me?

Right now, the tendrils aren’t going after you, but you can see several extended from the floor like they’re waiting for your next move. That’s why you decide to remain still for the moment.

You focus your attention on Gaster who’s clutching his head tightly. “Gaster! Why are you attacking me? I’m not your enemy! I want to help you! Don’t you want to leave this place?”

All he does is weakly shake his head. You can barely catch his whispered mumbling. “Stay away. Stay away.”

Obviously, talking with him isn’t gonna do you any good. So, what can you do? How can you get past these tendrils in one piece?

Your brows furrow in concentration. Maybe the glitch is controlling Gaster. That would explain why he’s not making any sense. He just keeps mumbling ‘Stay away’. I wonder if the Void’s magic in my soul could cure him like it did the others.

Sighing, you rub a tired hand down your face. It’s worked in the past, but I wonder if it’ll work in this place. What if the glitch interferes and makes everything worse? If I use up too much of the magic in my soul, could I become susceptible to the glitch?

A shiver runs down your spine at the thought. If that happens, it’s game over for you. You really will be stuck here forever.

Shaking your head, you try to focus your thoughts and figure out what you can do. You think back to the Void right before you entered this place. It’s too bad you couldn’t get more information before it threw you in here.

That’s when you remember what the Void gave you earlier. You reach your hand into your hoodie
pocket and are relieved when your fingers make contact with the four shards. Thankfully, they didn’t fall out during those times when you fell.

*The Void wanted me to bring the shards into this place, so obviously, I’m supposed to use them for something. But, what the hell can a soul shard do in a place like this? Sure, my soul is used to fight the glitch, but it’s not like these tiny things can do anything on their own. They need determination. They need…*

Your train of thought comes to a complete halt as your eyes grow large. The soul shards might not be useful in this form, but there is a way for them to become very useful.

Immediately, you bring your gaze back to Gaster and begin to study him intently. This skeleton doesn’t appear at all goopy in appearance like he’s often portrayed. Of course, that’s when he makes an appearance in his world. What if his appearance is normal when in the Void?

*When Gaster fell into the Core, every part of him got split apart including his soul. If he really was scattered across time and space, it’s possible this is just a part of him that got corrupted by the glitch somehow. I wonder what would happen if he was given one of these shards? Obviously, the Void imbued its magic in them considering their black color. Maybe if Gaster absorbed the shard, it would be able to fight off the glitch infection.*

Of course, this is all speculation. There’s no way to know for sure what the Void intended when it gave you these shards. It’s possible it knew about Gaster being in here, and it’s also possible that it had no idea. You’ll never know unless you ask it which is something you can’t do right now.

All you can do is try since you don’t have any other options. Running away won’t solve anything.

It was obvious that the glitch didn’t want you to find Gaster judging from its earlier actions, so helping Gaster is probably a bad thing for it. That means it’s a very good thing for you.

Now, you just need to come up with a plan to get you to the skeleton without being caught by the tendrils. You have a feeling they’ll react as soon as you make a move toward him.

That makes you wonder why they’re not attacking you now. If the glitch really was in control, shouldn’t it be trying to get rid of you as quickly as possible?

*Obviously, the glitch is controlling Gaster somewhat, but the real question is: By how much? Can he control theses tendrils at all, or is this solely the work of the glitch? I wonder if he’s at least partly in control since they haven’t tried to attack me in awhile.*

You rub your chin thoughtfully. Is it possible you can use that to your advantage? If Gaster truly doesn’t want to hurt you, would he be able to prevent the tendrils from causing serious damage?

He told you to stay away, so it’s not like he wants to fight you. If anything, Gaster wants you to leave. You wonder why. Doesn’t he want your help? Surely, he wants to leave this place.

Curious, you slowly slide to the right to see how the tendrils will react. When nothing happens, you move toward to left and get the same response.

When you take a step forward toward the skeleton, the tendrils finally move. Their tips lean toward you as if waiting for your next choice of action.

So, the tendrils won’t go after you unless you approach Gaster or get within a certain range. At least, that means you’re safe for the time being.

As soon as you take a step backwards, the tendrils relax and move closer to the floor. This
confirms your theory of you being in a safe area.

Scratching your head, you try to think of a way to get the shard to Gaster without having to deal with being attacked. Unfortunately, the only thing that comes to mind is throwing the shard, but there’s no way you could reach him from this distance. It’s way too risky.

When your gaze falls on Gaster again, you see him once again cradling his head as if in great pain. A worried frown forms on your face. Could the glitch be hurting him somehow?

His situation is a lot different compared to the other skeletons who had been infected, so it’s possible the side-effects he suffers from are much worse than theirs. There’s no telling what the glitch has put him through since he arrived in this strange place.

Even though it had no effect last time, you try to talk to him again. “Gaster? Are you alright? Please talk to me. I want to help.”

Unsurprisingly, his only response is a weak groan. Concerned, you continue to question him. “Gaster, if you really do have control of these tendrils, please let me come to you. I have a way to stop the glitch from hurting you. I promise I can help you if you just let me. Please give me a chance.”

When he doesn’t reply, you take a step toward him without thinking, and the skeleton immediately reacts. “Stay away!”

At once, the tendrils are at attention, ready to move at a moment’s notice. You swallow the lump in your throat, doing your best to remain calm. “Gaster, if I stay away, what will that accomplish? You don’t want to stay in here forever, do you? What about Sans and Papyrus? Don’t you want to see them again?”

It’s a shot in the dark. You have no way of knowing if this Gaster is actually related to the Sans and Papyrus of his world, but at the moment, this is the only thing you can think of. You’re hoping they are his family and that bringing them up will draw a real response from him.

Gaster freezes similar to how he did before and lifts his gaze toward you.

“Sans….and….Papyrus.”

For the first time since you found him, you actually hear hope in his voice rather than the usual fear and pain. Relieved that your guess wasn’t completely off, you nod your head vigorously. “Yes, Sans and Papyrus. They’re your family, right? Wouldn’t you like to see them again? I can help you do that. Just let me help you get out of this place. I think I have a way that can save you from the glitch and help you get home.”

He surprises you when he shakes his head. “I...don’t deserve it. I....”

The skeleton starts cradling his head again, moaning in pain. “Just...stay away. Please. I...don’t want...to hurt you.”

That’s when all the puzzle pieces come together. Gaster was attacking you not to protect himself but to protect you. He’s scared that he’ll hurt you if you get too close. Maybe he thinks he’ll lose whatever control he has to the glitch if you approach him.

Your brows furrow as you ponder what else he said. He said he doesn’t deserve to be helped, but why?
Of course, the only way you’ll find an answer to your question is by asking. “Gaster, why do you think you don’t deserve to be saved? Even if you did something bad, was it so bad that you think you deserve to suffer in this hell? Do you think Sans and Papyrus would want that?”

Gaster shakes his head. “It’s...my fault. I... should’ve known better. Some things...shouldn’t be trifled with.”

All his words do is add to your confusion. What in the world is he talking about? His experiments in the lab?

Rather than try to figure out the meaning behind his words, you try to reason with him. “Gaster, I don’t know what you’re talking about, but right now, I don’t care what you did. All I care about is helping you. You’re suffering because of the glitch, and I have a way to help you. Please let me help.”

You rest a hand against your chest. “I think that everyone deserves a second chance if they’re willing to change for the better. If you really did something bad, then make up for it by doing only good from now on. Don’t give up on yourself so soon without even trying.”

He remains silent not even giving you a glance as he continues to look downwards. Annoyed despite yourself, you point a finger at him. “Then, what about Sans and Papyrus? Are you really okay with dying and leaving them alone for good? Sans still remembers you, you know. He wants to save you. I’m sure Papyrus would too if he kept his memories. If you can’t forgive yourself for your own good, then how about for them? Aren’t they worth it?”

You find yourself unconsciously holding your breath as you await his response. At the mention of the skeleton brothers, Gaster perks up and begins to study you very intently. That intensity hasn’t faded even after you go quiet.

That’s when you decide to add the final nail to the coffin. “Don’t you want to see them again, Gaster? Don’t you miss them?”

At that, Gaster begins to tremble. You watch sadly as ink colored tears flow from his visible eye socket. “I...do. So much. I...miss...my brothers.”

Your eyes widen. So, this Gaster is the brother of his world’s Sans and Papyrus. You’ve read stories where he was either their father or their brother, so you were unsure what kind of relationship this one had with them.

Expression softening, you give him a smile. “Then, let me help you, Gaster. I want you to be able to see your brothers again.”

Several minutes pass in a tense silence. Finally, the skeleton nods his head, making your shoulders slump in relief. “Hurry. I...can’t hold them off for long.”

Realizing he’s referring to the tendrils, you immediately break out into a sprint, heading straight for Gaster. Relief washes over you when you notice that you’re not being attacked.

However, as you approach Gaster, you realize that his face becomes more strained the closer you get to him. Pushing yourself to your limits, you run as fast as you can, hoping you can reach him before he loses control.

Just as you are within a few feet of him, you reach for one of the soul shards in your pocket and grasp it tightly. When you move to pull it out, you are stopped in your tracks by several tendrils that appear before you.
Before you can react, they wrap around your body, lifting you until you are suspended in the air. All of your limbs are being held down except for the arm with the hand holding the shard. Instead, it’s being held in an outstretched position while the other arm is pinned against your body.

Gaster’s appearance is even more glitchy than before. His body flickers erratically while he remains eerily silent. Unlike before, Gaster isn’t making any pained noises.

Concerned, you call out to him. “Gaster?”

When you receive no form of response, your heart drops. He must’ve lost what little control he had to the glitch. And, you were so close!

You begin to thrash in an attempt to break free. “Gaster! Please answer me! You can’t give up now! We’re so close! Don’t let the glitch win now!”

The tendrils’ grip begins to tighten, making you wince. Still, you keep at it. “Just hold on for a little longer! All I need is a few seconds for this to work! Please, Gaster!”

He remains silent, and you clench your teeth in frustration. Before you even realize what you’re doing, you find yourself screaming. “Don’t you want to see your brothers?! What about Sans and Papyrus?!”

Two things happen at that moment. Gaster’s body goes still, and the grip of the tendrils holding your outstretched arm loosens.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, you pull your arm away and swing it toward Gaster, throwing the shard in your hand as hard as you can.

You watch as the shard sails through the air before hitting Gaster right in the chest. Wide-eyed, you witness the shard being absorbed by the skeleton.

At that moment, your soul pops out of your chest and gives off a bright light matching the shard’s, forcing you to look away to shield your eyes. When the light finally dies down, you look to check on Gaster but are overcome by a large wave of exhaustion that washes over you.

Your eyes fall shut against your will, and everything does dark.

When you regain consciousness, you notice two things immediately. First, there’s some form of cushion under your head. Second, there’s an incredibly warm hand resting on your forehead.

As your awareness returns, you also realize that your body doesn’t feel as sore as it did before. Rather, you’re completely pain free which is amazing considering all the scratches you got while being chased by the tendrils earlier.

You open your eyes once the hand moves away from your forehead and are surprised to see Gaster kneeling over you, giving you a concerned look. Unlike before, he looks completely normal now with no signs of the glitch infecting him. “Gaster?”

His posture relaxes as he nods. “How are you feeling? Once I noticed your injuries, I used my healing magic on you. As far as I can tell, the physical wounds are now healed. However, since I’ve never used my magic on a human, I would like to check with you to make sure.”

Smiling, you push yourself into a sitting position. “I’m alright thanks to you. I feel a lot better now. Thank you, Gaster.”
That’s when you notice he’s no longer wearing his coat. Curious, you look behind you and confirm that he had used his jacket as a makeshift pillow for your head while you were unconscious.

Touched, your grab the coat and hold it out to him. “Thank you for the pillow. That was really sweet of you. I hope I didn’t give it too many wrinkles.”

He waves one of his hands dismissively as the other reaches for the coat. He quickly puts it on before responding. “I can assure you that is the least of my concerns. Considering everything you’ve been through, it was the least I could do for you.”

Your smile grows. “So, it really did work? The glitch is no longer infecting you?”

The corners of his mouth quirk upwards. “That is correct. As you can see, my body is no longer flickering, and I am able to see out of both eye sockets now. Having one socket was very inconvenient I must say.”

A giggle passes your lips at his comment. Before you can reply, movement out of the corner of your eye catches your attention.

Your eyes widen in shock when you notice a familiar black tendril extended from the ground. Then, you finally you take in your surroundings.

Instead of the completely white area you passed out in, you’re now back in the Void. As your gaze roams, you notice that the area behind you is completely white, so obviously the glitched-infected space still exists.

Rather than focus on the change of scenery, your eyes zero in on the black tendril. Gaze narrowing, you immediately leap toward it in an attempt to tackle the tendril. It responds by disappearing into the floor which you promptly crash into with a groan. “Dammit. Don’t run, you coward!”

Gaster raises a brow ridge as you move to sit up. “I see you are displeased with the Void. What has it done this time?”

Scowling, you tell him how it threw you into the white area without any warning, leaving you stranded there. The skeleton appears surprised by this news.

When the tendril reappears a few feet away from you, he gives it a disapproving look. “Really, Void? After all the trouble you’ve put her through, you just throw her to the wolves rather than try to explain what happened?”

It does a strange wiggling gesture, and Gaster sighs in response. “Even if she can’t understand you, that doesn’t excuse your actions. I’m sure you could’ve come up with something if you took the time to think things through. You’re lucky she managed to figure out what you wanted her to do on her own. If she wasn’t such a bright girl, you would’ve lost your only chance of defeating the glitch.”

Your cheeks redden at the probably unintentional compliment. Then, the rest of his words and the situation here finally register. “Wait. Can you actually understand the Void?”

The skeleton nods his head. “Due to my special circumstances, which I assume you’re aware of, a part of me became one with the Void in a sense due to prolonged exposure. Rather than being destroyed by the Void’s oppressive energy, my body miraculously survived by merging with it.”

Gaster places a hand on his chest. “That’s why I could only keep a completely physical form here,
and when I went to my world, my body structure became less stable, resulting in a more gelatinous form. Thankfully, that shouldn’t be a problem now because of the soul shard I absorbed.”

He raises a brow ridge at the tendril. “I assume that was your doing as well? You handed her a soul shard and hoped she’d figured it out on her own?”

The tendril, at least, has the decency to look sheepish, ducking lower to the ground. When it turns to face you, you cross your arms with a frown. “I told you I’d help you, Void. I understand how urgent stopping the glitch is, but I think you could’ve handled that situation in a better way.”

It lowers even further into the ground until it completely disappears. Thinking it decided to run away, your frown grows with displeasure.

Before you can respond, the tendril reappears right in front of you, making you jolt in surprise. It slowly extends toward you and gently pats your knee.

You have a feeling what it’s trying to say, but you look toward Gaster to confirm your suspicions. He sighs as he shakes his head. “It says it’s sorry for its treatment toward you. It deeply regrets its actions. It was worried that no matter how long it tried to convince you that you wouldn’t understand because of the language barrier. So, it decided to take a chance, believing that you could figure things out like you always do.”

For a few seconds, you just stare at the tendril which keeps petting your leg as if the more it does so the less likely you’ll remain angry. Sighing, you rub a tired hand down your face. “Void, I don’t always figure things out. More often that not, things work out for me because I get lucky. It was the same this time. I had no idea that Gaster was in there or that the shards could be used to help him.”

Raising your hands in the air, you give it an exasperated look. “I don’t even know why you gave me four of them! This was all pure luck. There was just as strong a chance of me dying in there as there was of me figuring out how to save Gaster. I want you to realize how close a call that was.”

The tendril pauses its ministrations and lowers itself to the floor again, appearing chastised.

Realizing that the Void really does seem to regret its actions, you find your irritation weakening.

After a few minutes of this, you finally give in with a sigh. “Alright. I forgive you. Just don’t do that again, okay?”

Immediately, the tendril pops up, nodding vigorously. Amused, you reach out to pat it. “As long as you regret your actions, I have no problem with giving you another chance. Just don’t waste it.”

Its response is to curl around your waist in a makeshift hug, making you smile. When it pulls away, you turn toward Gaster and see him wearing a soft smile. “Your level of empathy is quite remarkable. Not only did you work hard to save someone like me whom you hardly knew, you also forgave the Void when it put your life at risk. Not many people can offer such kindness so easily.”

Blushing, you avert your eyes. “It’s not that impressive. I just believe in giving others second chances. I don’t like holding grudges. Besides, I knew you felt bad enough about something you did that you felt you deserved being stuck in that hellhole. I figured you deserved a chance just like everyone else for forgiveness considering how much you appeared to regret your actions.”

His smile falls as he sighs. “I wonder if you’d feel the same way after I explain what I did.”

Brows furrowing, you open your mouth to question him, but he speaks before you can. Your body freezes at his next words.
“I played a role in bringing the glitch into the multiverse. It’s because of me that all the AUs are in danger.”

Eyes wide as saucers, all you can do is gape at the skeleton. It takes you several seconds to finally find your voice. “Y-You caused it? But, how? Why?! What happened?!”

Gaster brings a hand up to pinch his nasal bridge. “We miscalculated. We did not realize what the consequences of messing with that door would be. We were so desperate that we were willing to try anything to leave this place.”

He then shakes his head. “No. That’s not quite right. We knew that we couldn’t be saved just by opening the door. We were making excuses. We were at the point that we were desperate enough to try anything to keep our sanity intact.”

The more he speaks, the more your confusion grows. “Wait a minute. What do you mean ‘we’? And, what door? You can’t mean…”

Nodding, the skeleton holds your gaze. “The door that brought you into this mess is also the focal point of this disaster.”

Noticing your horrified look, Gaster is quick to add, “You falling through the door is not what caused this, Y/N. The only reason you were able to come through that door is because we removed the barrier that originally prevented it from being opened.”

Your shoulders slump in relief at his words. Then, you give him a thoughtful look. “Ink did say that the door was locked when he first found it. No matter what he tried, he couldn’t open it. Then, one day when he tried it, it suddenly opened.”

Gaster rises to his feet from his kneeled position and begins to pace. “Yes. There was a barrier on that door so that it couldn’t be opened. It was never supposed to open. It wasn’t until after we broke the barrier that we realized the gravity of what we did.”

You tilt your head curiously. “How exactly did you break the barrier?”

He comes to a halt and turns to face you with his hands clasped behind his back. “Due to our connection to the Void, we were able to manipulate its magic to an extent. That barrier was composed of Void magic, so we used our experience with its magic to manipulate the barrier to the extent that it would allow us to open the door.”

A deep frown forms on his face. “Rather than consider questioning the reason why the Void would want to seal this particular door, we focused on how we could undo it so we could satisfy our curiosity of where it lead. In all our time spent here, we never once encountered a door like it, so it immediately captured our attention.”

Propping an elbow on your knee, you rest your head on your hand. “So, you worked on destroying the barrier because you were curious.”

Gaster nods his head. “It took some time, but we were anything if not patient considering our circumstances. We didn’t mind since working on the barrier gave us something to do. It was the most active my mind had been in quite some time. I found the work to be quite enjoyable even though it was tedious.”

Your chest clenches at his words. You can’t imagine how he felt being trapped in the Void just left to drift and wander. Apparently, he could return to his world, but it’s unlikely he was able to interact with anyone except for probably the kid since that’s how it usually goes in fanfiction.
The tendril at your side points at the skeleton and makes a strange wriggling motion. Gaster sighs in response. “I know. You did warn us, and we should’ve listened to you. We were too blinded by our curiosity and boredom to listen, though.”

You raise an eyebrow. “Hold on. If the Void knew what you were doing, why didn’t it try to physically stop you? I mean, couldn’t it have prevented you from approaching the door?”

At your question, the tendril ducks low, appearing sheepish. Gaster smirks in amusement. “It didn’t think we could do it. It underestimated our skills and mental fortitude.”

All you can do is rub a tired hand down your face in response. You don’t even know what to say about this. Comment on Gaster’s recklessness or the Void’s arrogance?

Before you can decide, Gaster continues his story. “It’s after we finally broke the barrier and opened the door that everything went wrong.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “So, you actually did manage to open the door? Did you go into my world?”

He shakes his head and points at the tendril which wiggles excitedly. “We didn’t have the chance. The Void immediately shut the door before we could take a step inside.”

Amused, you pat the tendril. “Well, at least you were quick to react. So, good job there.”

It leans into your touch, making you smile. You then return your attention to the skeleton. “So, how does the glitch play into this?”

Gaster rubs his chin. “From what I can gather, as soon as we opened that door, the glitch infection began to spread. Of course, we didn’t know that at the time. It most likely acted while we were distracted by the Void.”

Your brows furrow. “So, how exactly did the glitch even come to exist? I don’t get it.”

He eyes you thoughtfully as he considers your question. Then, he gestures toward the tendril. “The best way to explain this would be to first explain the Void’s role in the multiverse.”

You tilt your head curiously. “The Void’s role?”

Nodding, Gaster sweeps his hand in a big arc as if pointing to the whole area. “It wasn’t until after my unfortunate accident that I finally realized what the Void does for the multiverse. To keep things simple, I want you to think of the multiverse as a large supercomputer with the Void being its motherboard.”

His words immediately grab your undivided attention. Realizing this, the skeleton continues his explanation. “You can think of the AUs as individual programs which the Void monitors. Its job is to make sure everything is running properly.”

Considering his words, you try to think of how the glitch would fit into this kind of scenario. “So, the glitch is basically a really bad computer virus?”

A proud smile forms on his face. “You’re exactly right. The glitch is a virus that is trying to corrupt all the running programs i.e. the AUs.”

You can’t help but flush at his response. Doing your best to ignore the heat in your cheeks, you bring up your question from earlier. “So, why did opening the door create a virus?”
Gaster gives you a considering look. “Tell me. What is the factor that makes your world stand out from all the other AUs?”

Confused, you give him a blank stare for several seconds. Then, realization dawns your features. “My world is the only one where you’re all fictional characters. The AUs are just products of the human imagination. They’re not real.”

Nodding, the skeleton clasps his hands behind his back. “That’s right. From what I can gather, it seems your world is the center of the multiverse. Each AU was created by a human of your world. Correct?”

All you can do is stare dumbly in shock. When he raises a brow ridge, you quickly shake your head to clear your scrambled thoughts. “You mean, theses AUs didn’t already exist before the Undertale game was created? We really did create all these worlds?”

Instead of Gaster, it’s the Void who responds, using the tendril to nod. Your jaw drops. “Seriously? I mean, I know according to Ink’s backstory that he lives off the creativity of the artists who create the AUs, but I never actually thought it was seriously referring to the people of my world.”

You pinch the bridge of your nose. “Of course, it makes sense. I don’t know why I never gave it much thought. I just figured my world was the one random one where everyone is a fictional character. I never considered my world was the start of everything.”

Gaster nods his head. “That’s understandable. The main reason I came to this conclusion was because of the door’s location. The fact that it’s being protected by the Void proves that it’s not just another regular AU.”

A tired sigh escapes your lips. “I should’ve been more suspicious of its location. I got so caught up in thinking of a way to reopen it to get home that I didn’t question why it was even here in the first place.”

The tendril moves to pat you on the head, making you huff in amusement. “Thank you, Void. I appreciate the sentiment.”

Then, you bring your gaze back to Gaster who appears to be studying you. “Okay, so I’m gonna make a wild guess here and say that the glitch happened because the creation was never supposed to meet the creator. It was that kind of situation, right?”

Amused, the skeleton nods his head. “Exactly. By opening a door that shouldn’t have ever been opened, we created a paradox. The lines of fiction and non-fiction were crossed. Even if we never walked inside, we created the possibility for an interaction between our worlds to occur. Case in point, you arriving after Ink opened the door.”

His expression turns calculative. “The breaking of the laws of reality created a glitch in the Void’s system. It recognized the danger of fiction meeting non-fiction so it acted. It saw the AUs as something that should not exist and decided that everything should be eliminated in order to prevent this meeting from occurring.”

All you can do is gape. “How the hell does that make sense?! Why would it want to destroy everything?! What would that accomplish?!”

Gaster shakes his head. “Nothing at all. Remember it’s not a sentient creature with reason like you and I. It does have some sentience since it’s essentially a part of the Void. However, it doesn’t care
about the welfare of the multiverse. It’s simply trying to eliminate the potential threat in the most
effective way it knows: destruction.”

You cradle your head in your hands, trying to fully understand the craziness of the situation. After
a few seconds, you give up and throw your hands in the air. “You know what? I don’t care. I’m too
far into this mess to really care about the reasoning behind all this. All I care about now is fixing
this once and for all. I don’t give a damn what the glitch thinks. I’m not letting it do as it pleases
anymore.”

The sound of a soft chuckle catches you by surprise. When you looked toward the skeleton, you
see him covering his mouth with his holed-hand. There’s definitely amusement in his yellow eye-
lights. “My apologies. I couldn’t help myself. I wasn’t expecting such a devil-may-care response.
However, considering your actions in the past, I guess I shouldn’t be so surprised.”
Rising to your feet, you raise an eyebrow at him as you cross your arms. “My past actions? How
much about me do you know, Gaster? Obviously, you know what kind of world I came from.”

Judging from the way he smiles, it’s obvious he knows a lot more than you originally thought.
“You are correct. I know about your world and your personality from watching you in action in my
world.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “Your world? You mean, you’ve seen me before?”

He nods his head. “After the incident with the door, I returned to my world for a respite, wanting to
escape the Void’s wrath. I decided to check on my brothers. Even though they can’t see me when I
move around the Underground, I like to see them every now and then. I was there when you met
Sans and explained your situation to him. I believe that was the first world you visited judging
from your surprise upon meeting him.”

Shocked, your jaw drops. “You’re Comic and Captain Fantastic’s brother?!”

Gaster appears amused. “So, those are the nicknames you gave them? I must say, those do suit my
little brothers rather nicely.”

So, this Gaster is Comic and Captain’s older brother. You had been wondering if he was the oldest
or possibly in between since it was hard to tell what the skeletons’ ages were. You know they’re all
probably much older than you.

Now, it all makes sense. Of course, he’d know everything if he was there the whole time I was there
in Undertale. I can’t believe I was that close to him and had no idea.

The tendril taps on your leg to gain your attention. After it does, it points back to the white area
behind you. “Oh yeah. That’s another thing I’ve been wanting to ask. How did we get back into the
Void? And, what’s up with the glitch’s area? It looks smaller now.”

Gaster nods his head. “That’s because it is. When you freed me, you essentially destroyed one of
the corners of its realm. The reason that space exists is because the glitch infected us and used us in
addition to the door to your world as anchors. Now, there are only three corners.”

Noticing your confused look, realization dawns on his face. “Oh yes, that’s right. I never answered
your previous question, did I?”

Your confusion only deepens at his words. “My previous question?”

An enigmatic smile forms on his face. “You wanted to know whom I was referring to when I said
‘we’, correct?”
Eyes widening, you realize that he’s right. You never did get an answer to that question. You got so caught up in the glitch explanation that you forgot about it.

His smile grows when he takes in your curious expression. “Let me explain then. When I said ‘we’, I was referring to not only myself but also my three counterparts who helped me destroy the barrier on the door.”

For several seconds, all you can do is stare wide-eyed at the visibly amused skeleton. Then, you finally find your voice.

“Your what?!”

Chapter End Notes

Lazypotatocatz drew an amazing pic of Chrome in the forest from Chapter 25. There’s actually an animated version as well. When you follow the Facebook link on the post, just click the right arrow on the pic and it should take you to it ^^ You can see the post by clicking here.

Lost-immortality drew a scene from last chapter with Nightmare and the Reader. It looks awesome! XD You can see the post by clicking here.

Well, y’all can rest easy. The Gaster wasn't the one from the Handplates AU. I know I like to mess with the Reader, but I don't wanna traumatize the poor girl lol

I know a lot of people like Dadster, but I'm a big fan of big bro Gaster. Plus, I felt it suited this setting a bit more so the Gasters she'll be meeting are all the oldest brothers of the family.

Also, I want to give credit to nighttimepixels's awesome game Soul Redacted for the plot idea of using soul shards to help Gaster. It was a huge inspiration. If y'all haven't checked out that game, I highly recommend it. It's so good! Both her games are! XD

So, we finally discover who/what caused the glitch. Were y'all surprised? I hope it wasn't too anticlimactic ^^ I also hope I did a good job properly explaining everything. I thought it'd be interesting to have a backlash of the whole "meeting your favorite fictional character" situation. After all, the laws of reality aren't something to be messed with haha

Now, y'all have three more Gasters to meet. Are you excited? XD
Saving Gaster Pt 2

Chapter Notes

This chapter has been beta-read by the wonderful and amazing disasterbisexual. Thank you so much! ^-^

Also, thank you all for your support! You don't know how much your comments, kudos, and bookmarks mean to me. Y'all are seriously the best!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gaster raises a brow ridge as he gives you an amused look. “You’ve met several counterparts of my brothers in your travels. It shouldn’t be that surprising that there is more than one Gaster here. After all, from what I’ve gathered, many Gasters shared the same unfortunate fate as myself.”

He makes a good point. Considering everything you’ve been through, you really shouldn’t be that shocked that more than one Gaster was involved in this mess.

You run a hand through your hair. “Fair enough. At this point, nothing should surprise me anymore. So, let me guess. Are these counterparts from Underswap, Underfell, and Swapfell? Those AUs along with yours are considered the main ones by which others are based off of, so that seems like the most logical guess.”

The skeleton gives you an approving look. “You are correct. It was during our prolonged stay in the Void that we learned about the names of our worlds and how they relate to our different environments.”

When the Void uses its tendril to poke your leg, you remember the task at hand. “Right. So, the other Gasters are in the same position you were in when I found you? That would explain why the Void gave me four soul shards.”

Gaster nods his head. “Yes, all four of us were infected by the glitch when we opened the door. Unfortunately, we didn’t originally know so we returned to our worlds and unknowingly brought the glitch along with us.”

Your eyes widen in realization. “So, that’s how the glitch infected those four worlds. I just assumed the glitch infected them the same way it did all the others.”

A self-deprecating smile forms on his face. “It didn’t have to since we provided it the perfect opportunity. So, we are to blame for our worlds being put in peril.”

Frowning, you cross your arms. “It’s the glitch’s fault, not yours or your counterparts’. It’s true you guys messed up when you meddled with something you shouldn’t have, but it’s not like you would’ve done it if you had known just how serious the consequences would be.”

Then, the realization hits, and your expression softens. “After being trapped in here for so long, you guys acted out of desperation. It was an accident, so you shouldn’t put all the blame on yourselves. I’m sure your brothers would feel the same way if they knew the whole story.”

Gaster stares at you in surprise for several seconds before he gently smiles. “Thank you. I was not
expecting nor asking for forgiveness when I told you my story, but I am grateful for it nonetheless. You truly are a kind girl.”

Feeling embarrassed, you direct your attention to the glitch’s territory, averting your gaze away from his. “So, I’ll need to go back in there to find the other Gasters, right? And, they’ll all be in separate areas?”

The skeleton nods his head. “That is correct. Just think of this infected area as a large rectangle with one of us at each corner. Well, it was a rectangle before you saved me, so I suppose you could now think of it as a triangle.”

Taking a deep breath, you try to fight back the nervousness you feel about entering that area again. Once you’ve calmed yourself, you give Gaster a bright smile. “Alright. Sounds good. At least, this time I have a plan for when I go in there.”

When the Void’s tendril ducks low, you give it a reassuring pat. “It’s fine, Void. Just as long as you’ve learned your lesson.”

After it nods, you start moving toward the glitch’s territory. You are surprised when you see Gaster following close behind.

Noticing your surprise, Gaster smiles in amusement. “You didn’t really think I’d let you go back in there on your own, did you? Considering the danger you were put through last time, it would be careless of me to force you to go through it again for my counterparts. Besides, it’s likely you’ll need my help to reach them since the glitch won’t take your interference lying down.”

Your shoulders slump with relief. Despite your earlier words, you were worried about confronting the other skeletons. It’s definitely reassuring to have someone with you rather than you handling everything on your own.

A warm smile forms on your face. “Thank you, Gaster. I appreciate you coming with me. I admit I’d much rather have someone with me rather than face the glitch completely by myself. I’m sure it’s pissed now, and I’m not looking forward to experiencing its wrath firsthand.”

After giving the Void a quick wave, which it energetically returns, you walk back into the white area with Gaster right behind you. Like before, you get the pins and needles feeling all throughout your body once you’re inside.

As the two of you are walking, a question comes to mind about the Gasters. “So, did you guys give yourselves nicknames, or do you all go by Gaster?”

Chuckling, he shakes his head. “We quickly realized how confusing that was, so we decided on nicknames for each of us to use. My Underfell counterpart goes by ‘Doctor’ although the other two prefer to call him ‘Doc.’ The Gaster from Underswap was referred to as ‘Dings’ while his Fell counterpart was called ‘WD’. My nickname was ‘Sci.’”

You tilt your head curiously. “‘Sci’ as in ‘scientist’?”

Gaster huffs in amusement. “Yes. It was Dings' idea. He thought one nickname should come from the Royal Scientist title. It didn’t really matter to me which nickname I was given so I accepted it without much complaint.”

His words make you grin. “I think it’s a great nickname--all of them are. Is it alright if I call you Sci from now on? If I get used to it now, it’ll make things easier when I meet the others.”
Sci smiles as he nods. “That is alright with me. I agree that would make things easier in the long run.”

As the two of you are walking, several tendrils rise from the ground, but Sci makes short work of them using his magic. Thankfully, it seems he’s immune to the glitch now like you because of the soul fragment he absorbed.

Anytime the glitch tries to attack, Sci immediately retaliates, preventing the tendrils from getting too close. The two of you are able to walk for quite some time without being disturbed since after a while the glitch decides to give up.

While you are glad to not be under constant attack, you can’t help but feel nervous about the glitch’s inactivity. You have a feeling that it’s just biding its time waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

That’s when the sound of a mournful voice reaches your ears. The sheer amount of pain and despair in the tone completely stops you in your tracks.

As you focus on the sound, you realize the stranger isn’t simply groaning in pain. They’re singing.

The more you hear the wordless tune, the more the pain in your chest grows. You unconsciously clench the front of your hoodie with your hand as the despair in the song washes over you.

“Y/N, are you alright?”

It’s when you look up to see Sci’s blurry figure that you realize you’re actually crying. You had been so caught up in the music that you didn’t notice the tears clouding your vision until now.

Quickly, you move to wipe your eyes with your sleeve. “I-I’m fine. Sorry, I didn’t know I was crying.”

Shaking his head, Sci reaches toward you, and then, hesitates with his hand hovering in the space between you. Before you can question him, he closes the remaining distance and places his hand on the top of your head, gently ruffling your hair. “It’s quite alright. I can’t really blame you for reacting to Dings’ song like that.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “So, that’s Dings? You can tell just from his voice?”

Nodding, Sci pulls his hand away from your head. “Yes. Out of the four of us, he was always the most emotional and expressive. It really shows in his singing. He’s not the type to hide his feelings like the rest of us. It was always easy to tell his mood when he sang.”

You tilt your head curiously. “So, Dings sang often? Was that related to his role as the Riverperson in his world?”

When the skeleton begins to move forward, you are quick to follow him. “Correct. Dings told us he often sang when giving rides so it soon became a part of his daily life. Even though he’s no longer working, he finds himself humming or singing before he even realizes it. I admit I was surprised when I first learned he wasn’t a scientist in his world, but I did find the concept of swapping roles quite fascinating.”

The two of you decide to follow the voice in order to find Dings. The closer you get to his location, the louder his singing becomes.

Despite your best efforts, you find your eyes constantly welling up with tears at the melancholy...
tune. Thankfully, Sci never comments when you keep reaching to wipe them away with your hands.

After several minutes pass, you finally see a figure in the distance. Once you get closer, you see that the skeleton before you resembles the one beside you except his clothing consists of a long black robe similar to what the Riverperson in Undertale wears. The exception here being that Dings doesn’t have his hood up to obscure his face.

That’s why you’re able to notice right away that one of his eyes is completely covered by the glitch, as Sci’s had been in his infected state. The one eye-light that you can see is a bright, blinding cyan, much like Blue’s.

Your chest clenches when you see the black tears streaming from his left eye socket, staining his face. While Sci obviously tried to conceal his feelings when infected, Dings makes no such effort, freely showing his despair for all to see.

Hoping that you can reason with him without having to deal with the glitch, you take a step forward, feeling thankful when no tendrils sprout from the ground. “Dings? My name is Y/N. You probably saw me when I visited your world like Sci did, right? I met your brothers Sans and Papyrus whom I call Blue and Stretch.”

At the mention of his brothers, Dings’s tears increase as he releases a pained wail. “Sans! Papyrus!”

His voice is so loud you’re forced to cover your ears in a feeble attempt to protect them from the sound. While Sci makes no such movement, you can tell from his expression that the sound is grating to him as well.

Suddenly, dozens of tendrils sprout from the ground, lunging toward you at an incredible speed. Sci’s response is instantaneous. He moves into a defensive position beside you and uses his magic to push the tendrils back.

Unfortunately, unlike previous times, the tendrils don’t relent. No matter how many get knocked back, more rise to replace the ones that fall. It doesn’t help that Dings continues to yowl so loudly it makes it hard for either of you to concentrate.

You have to yell to be heard over the screaming skeleton. “What do we do now?! Dings is completely unstable! I don’t think he has any control over the tendrils!”

Sci shakes his head as he pushes back several more tendrils. “He doesn’t. The glitch has complete control here. Out of the four of us, Dings felt the most guilty for our actions so I doubt it was difficult for the glitch to take full advantage of him during his moment of weakness.”

He winces when his counterpart releases a particularly loud wail. “He’s so consumed with guilt that he doesn’t bother to fight the glitch. The only way we’ll be able to save him is if you help him move past his guilt like you did with me. However, I doubt he’ll be as easy to convince as myself so be on your guard.”

Nodding, you take a deep breath before turning to face Dings. “Can you hold off the glitch so I can approach him? I need to get closer so I can give him the soul shard.”

Sci smirks as he stretches out his arm. “Of course. Just start running toward him, and I’ll handle everything else.”

Your eyes widen in surprise when a fencing sword suddenly appears in his hand. You watch in amazement as he slashes the sword horizontally, creating a large arc of magic that obliterates the
attacking tendrils.

He raises a brow ridge at your stupefied expression. “Weren’t you planning on rescuing my counterpart?”

Realizing he’s right, you shake yourself out of your stupor and sprint toward Dings who’s singing another painful tune. Somehow, even without the use of words, he’s able to project all of his emotions perfectly. Dings’ feelings are laid bare with nothing being hidden. It reminds you of Blue and how straightforward he is with his feelings.

As promised, Sci takes care of any tendrils that dare to approach you. Thankfully, you’re able to reach Dings without any complications—except, of course, for the singing, which reaches a painful crescendo with each step that takes you closer to the infected skeleton.

Before you can reach for the soul shard, a wall of tendrils completely surrounds Dings, making it impossible for you to come in contact with him. You grit your teeth in frustration.

Well, there goes the idea of just throwing the shard like last time. Maybe if I talk to him, Dings can regain enough control to knock away the tendrils.

Because of the wall, you’re unable to see Dings now, so you’ll just have to hope your voice can reach him. It’ll be difficult considering he’s still singing. “Dings! I know what happened with the glitch! It’s not your fault or your counterparts! You guys didn’t mean for this to happen! That’s why you don’t deserve to be here! You don’t deserve to be punished for something that was an accident!”

You receive no response, but it seems like his wailing has substantially decreased in volume. That, or your hearing is getting worse as a result of prolonged exposure to the deafening sound.

“I can tell how much you regret your mistake, Dings. I can hear the guilt and pain in your song. You never wanted to put the AUs in danger, especially not your own where your brothers are.”

A loud sob reaches your ears, making your expression soften. “It’s okay, Dings. Your world is safe now; Sans and Papyrus are safe. It’s all okay now. I promise.”

Tears spring to your eyes when his sobbing grows louder. The desire to hug and comfort the skeleton is overwhelming, but you can’t because of the stupid wall.

“I can help you see them again, Dings. Then, if you want, you can explain to them what happened and apologize. Of course, I’m sure they’ll be so happy to see you that they won’t care about an apology. More than anything, they just want their big brother back.”

“I-I want….to s-see them…so much. But…”

The sound of his voice actually speaking catches you off guard. However, you are quick to recover. “But nothing! Just because you made a mistake doesn’t mean you no longer have a right to go home and be happy. Remember, by giving up, you’re not just making yourself miserable. You’ll be making Papyrus, who still remembers you, sad too! Do you really want him to continue to suffer with his memories of you all by himself?”

When you receive no immediate response, you take a step toward the wall, watching it warily as if expecting it to lash out if you get too close. “Please, Dings, let me in. Let me help you. I can get rid of the glitch infecting you once and for all and help you reunite with your brothers. Just give me a chance.”

Several seconds pass in a tense silence. Then, part of the wall dissolves, revealing a crying Dings.
Without hesitation, you reach for the shard and leap toward the distraught skeleton, wrapping your arms around his waist as you press the shard against his back. Tendrils begin to lash at you, but you only tighten your grip in response.

Dings’ arms wrap around you as your soul pops out of your chest, shining as brightly as the shard in your hand. Then, just like last time, a wave of exhaustion hits you, and you pass out.

The last thing you hear before losing consciousness are two words, whispered softer than a summer breeze:

“Thank you.”

When you wake this time, you are surprised to find yourself being held in someone’s arms. After struggling for a few seconds, you finally manage to pry your eyelids apart to see who’s holding you.

You blink several times to clear your vision. Then, you notice a blue and orange eye-light staring at you warmly.

That’s when you realize that you are currently in Dings’ lap. With the glitch gone, you can see his right eye socket, which has an orange eye-light. Apparently, this version of Gaster has heterochromatic eye-lights.

Dings grins brightly upon noticing your stare. “Good morning, Y/N! Sleep well?”

A tired sigh brings your attention to Sci who is shaking his head. “Of all the things to say when she wakes. There is no morning here, Dings.”

His Swap counterpart pouts. “But, what else could I say? It seemed like the best choice! Besides, I’m sure it’s morning somewhere!”

When Sci rolls his eye-lights, you can’t help but giggle. It’s hard to believe these two are technically the same person. It’s amazing what a different environment can do to a person.

Dings’ grin grows. “You have a cute laugh, Y/N. I like it!”

A blush floods your cheeks at his compliment. Of all the things for him to say, you weren’t expecting that so he caught you completely off guard. “T-Thank you.”

That’s when you remember your current position. Blush darkening, you shyly avert your gaze. “Um, thank you for looking out for me while I slept. You can put me down now if you’d like. This probably isn’t very comfortable for you.”

He begins to pout. “Aw, that’s not true. I really like holding you like this. You sure you don’t wanna stay like this for a little longer?”

Your face grows hotter while Sci huffs in exasperation. “You just met the poor girl, Dings. It’s one thing to hold her while she’s unconscious since your lap is no doubt more comfortable than the floor, but there’s no reason for this to continue now that she’s awake. Release her.”

Dings does so with obvious reluctance. In an attempt to cheer him up, you choose to sit right beside him, making the skeleton’s face brighten with delight.

Sci raises a brow ridge at you. “Don’t start spoiling him now. He’ll just keep doing whatever he pleases if you do. Dings is the affectionate sort, so if you dislike that, you have to be firm with
His counterpart gives him an annoyed look. “I’m not that bad! You’re just so not used to affection that my behavior seems abnormal, but it’s you guys that are weird! If becoming a scientist means always acting like you guys, I’m really glad I didn’t take that job.”

You give Dings a curious look. “You mean, you thought about being the Royal Scientist?”

He nods his head. “River and I were classmates who both enjoyed science. We both were invited to work in the Royal Lab, but I knew if I took that job in Hotland I wouldn’t get to see my brothers in Snowdin as often as before. So, I chose to work the river boat job so I could stay close to home.”

A warm smile forms on your face. “That’s so sweet. You’re a wonderful brother, Dings. Stretch and Blue are lucky to have you.”

Dings beams happily as he hugs you. “I love my brothers! They’re so cute! I just wanna dote on them as much as I can. That’s a big brother’s job after all!”

Returning the hug, you can’t help but giggle. “Do you say that often around them? I’m curious how they react to their big bro calling them cute.”

The skeleton hugging you starts laughing. “Sans immediately denies it while Papyrus gets all embarrassed. That just makes them cuter if you ask me.”

Your giggling increases at that mental image. That’s so adorable. Now, you really want to see the interactions between the three Underswap brothers.

When you pull away from his counterpart, you see Sci raising a brow ridge at you. In response, you shrug your shoulders. “I don’t mind affectionate people. Usually, I’m the person who’s initiating all the hugs, so Dings’ actions don’t bother me at all.”

Eyes sparkling, Dings hugs you again even tighter than before. “I knew you’d understand, Y/N! I watched how you interacted with my brothers, so I knew you wouldn’t mind! It’s Sci and the others who are strange!”

Sci briefly narrows his eye-lights at his counterpart before shaking his head with a sigh. “I know better than to bother continuing this conversation. So, I won’t. Y/N, how are you feeling?”

After Dings releases you, you give yourself a once over, stretching your arms and legs. “I feel fine. Maybe a little tired? But, not so bad that I can’t keep going. Considering my soul was used twice now, I’m a little surprised I’m not more exhausted.”

That’s when the Void decides to make an appearance, sprouting out a tendril beside you to pet your leg. Smiling, you give it a pat in return. “I guess I have you to thank for that, huh, Void? At least, I can come here after using my soul in order to replenish the magic in my soul.”

Sci nods his head. “Also, in this situation, the Void is using the shards more than your own soul to fight off the glitch. It still needs your soul for your determination, but overall, it mostly uses the magic in the shards to overpower the glitch.”

His counterpart gives you a curious look. “Where’d you get the soul shards anyway? I mean, Sci said the Void gave them to you, but where would it get those? Surely, they’re not that easy to come by in this place, or we’d have found some during our stay here.”

You rub your head sheepishly. “Ah, those shards came from my soul when it shattered the first
time I entered the Void. Apparently, it saved them all this time for this moment.”

Sci makes a choked noise while Dings stares at you with wide eye-lights. When the two go several minutes without speaking, you give them a worried look. “Are you guys okay with that? I know it’s probably weird, but that’s all we had to work with.”

In response to your question, Dings rapidly shakes his head before grinning. “It’s fine! I’m totally okay with it! Thank you so much, Y/N! Thanks to you, we can have another chance at life. I can never thank you enough for that.”

When you look toward Sci, he averts his gaze and subtly coughs into his hand. “It’s quite alright, Y/N. Honestly, I’m more disappointed with myself for never thinking of the origins of the shards. I’ve long since stopped trying to figure out how the Void can do a lot of things, so I tried not to give the matter too much thought. I never imagined it would’ve saved your soul shards, but it does make sense.”

Rising to your feet, you run a hand through your hair. “Yeah, I probably should’ve mentioned that earlier. I’m glad you guys are okay with it, though.”

As Dings moves to stand, you let your gaze roam and immediately notice that the glitch’s territory is much smaller than before. Looks like saving the Gasters really is the only way to stop it. Now, all that’s left are the Underfell and Swapfell skeletons.

You stretch your arms high above your head. “Alright, two down, two more to go. Let’s see who’s next on the list.”

Sci rubs a tired hand down his face. “Of course, the two most problematic ones are the ones we have to deal with last. I am not looking forward to this one bit.”

Laughing, Dings gives his counterpart a rough pat on the back. “Now, now, Sci. That’s no way to talk about our friends. Doc and WD aren’t that bad especially once you spend enough time with them.”

The scientist pulls away from the excitable skeleton, straightening his posture as he sighs. “I’ve spent an immeasurable amount of time with those two and have failed to come to the same conclusion as you. While I wouldn’t go so far as to say they’re bad company, they wouldn’t be my first choice of company, if I actually had a say in the matter.”

After giving the Void a parting wave, the three of you walk back into the glitch’s area. Dings doesn’t hesitate to accompany you, saying he wants to help you save his friends. “And, I want to make sure you stay safe too! I wouldn’t be able to face my brothers if I let someone they care so much about get hurt.”

He then winks at you. “Of course, I also like you so that’s another good reason to want to come along.”

Sci sighs while you blush at the cheerful skeleton’s words. Deciding a change in topic is needed, you decide to voice a question that recently popped into your head. “So, regarding what you guys know about me, you only know what I said in your worlds, right? I mean, the whole situation with Ink and the Void didn’t get revealed until I was in Swapfell.”

Dings, who had been humming, stops to answer your question. “Oh, we know all about that too! WD was there for that whole incident with Error in his world. He told us everything when we all met back up in the Void.”
His counterpart nods his head. “Yes, we were able to meet and interact long enough to discuss our findings before the glitch virus that infected us took action and pulled us into the area we’re now in. So, we all know about your situation.”

Even though this situation is definitely weird, at least it means I don’t have to explain everything again. I still can’t believe the Gasters were there the whole time I was visiting their worlds.

That’s when you come to a haunting realization and stop dead in your tracks, surprising the skeletons. If they know what all happened in Swapfell, then that means it’s possible they know what happened to their brothers.

Your heart starts pounding rapidly inside your chest. Should you bring up the topic and properly apologize for putting their brothers in danger? Or, should you avoid the topic? Maybe WD decided not to tell them?

Too busy panicking, you don’t notice the Gasters moving to stand in front of you, staring at you with worried expressions. Then, after a few seconds pass, realization dawns their features.

In a blink, Dings has his arms wrapped around you, hugging you tightly. “It’s alright, Y/N. I don’t blame you for what happened to Sans. WD told me he died bravely, protecting you. It hurt to hear that he went through that, but I was super proud of him.”

You return the embrace, clutching the back of his robe tightly as you blink away the tears that cloud your vision. “I’m still sorry. It was my fault. Because they were protecting me, they went through something so horrible, and I made their brothers suffer too. I gave them even more awful memories that will haunt them for the rest of their lives.”

Sci gently places a hand on your head. “But, you also risked your life to save our brothers. They’re alive now because of you. You mustn’t forget that. I hold no grudge against you for what happened, Y/N. There’s no way I could, considering everything that transpired.”

The arms around you tighten. “That’s right. So, please don’t be sad, Y/N. My brothers wouldn’t want that. I know I don’t. I like your smile a lot more than your tears.”

Blinking away the tears, you pull back and give them a smile. “Thank you. Hearing that from you guys really means a lot to me.”

Dings give you a reassuring squeeze while his counterpart pats your head. Then, they pull away from you.

With that matter resolved, the three of you continue your quest to find the next Gaster.
Sporadically, the glitch moves to attack, but Sci always knocks the tendrils away before they can do any harm.

Throughout your walk, Dings would either chat with you while Sci interjected from time to time, or hum a cheerful tune that somehow always lifted your spirits. Things are never quiet with him around—that’s for sure.

Finally, after a good bit of walking, you come across an area that makes the hairs on the back of your arms rise. There’s something almost oppressive in the air—something so strong you can practically feel it. An involuntary shiver runs down your spine.

“W-What’s up with this place?”

While Dings puts a comforting hand on your back, his counterpart observes the area with narrowed
eye-lights. “It looks like we’ve come across one of the more violent Gasters. If I were to guess, I’d say Doctor is in the vicinity. He was always the one with the worst temper after all.”

Despite your instincts screaming to run the opposite direction, you begin to move forward, moving closer to the source of this repressive energy. Dings remains close to you, probably in hopes of helping you remain calm.

Sci walks on the other side of you, analyzing his surroundings closely. “There’s definitely magic in the air. Unfortunately, this oppressiveness will only get worse as we get closer to the source. If it gets too overwhelming, we’ll have to consider a change in tactics since Y/N won’t be able to approach him.”

Just as he said, the further in you walk, the more you can feel the magic in the air bearing down on you. It’s like being pushed down by gravity. You can still walk, but it’s getting harder with each step.

In the distance, you can see a skeleton who’s dressed much like Sci. When you get closer, you see that the only difference between the two’s attire is that the other skeleton is wearing a red turtleneck sweater instead of a white one.

Unsurprisingly, the glitch is covering one of the skeleton’s eye sockets so you can only see one red eye-light. It narrows as soon as his gaze rests on your group.

“Get out!”

At Doctor’s yell, the magic in the air increases to the point where you can no longer remain standing. You fall to your knees with a wince while the other skeletons somehow manage to stay on their feet. However, judging by their tense expressions, it’s obviously not an easy feat.

Despite your best efforts, you can’t bring yourself to move from your kneeled position. So, you instead try to talk to the obviously enraged skeleton. “Doctor! We’re not your enemies! We just want to help! Don’t you want to leave this place?!”

Doc growls in response. “I said, ‘Get out’! I don’t need your help!”

You hear Sci sigh. “It’s no use, Y/N. At this point, he’s too infected to be reasoned with. Now that two of us have been rescued, the glitch has strengthened its hold on the others. The only way we’ll be able to stop him is by giving him a shard.”

A frown forms on Dings’ face. “But, how are we supposed to get close to him?”

Before his counterpart can respond, several tendrils appear from the ground to attack your group. Sci immediately summons his fencing sword and manages to attack despite the magic bearing down on him.

Your eyes widen in surprise when a weapon suddenly appears in Dings’ hands too. All you can do is gape at the sight of Dings holding a large scythe.

He gracefully swings the weapon, completely obliterating the tendrils that remained after Sci’s attack. Quickly, Dings helps you to your feet and pulls you behind him. “It’s alright, Y/N. We won’t let you get hurt. We’ll find a way to reach Doc somehow.”

Legs shaking, you do your best to remain upright. “What are our options? It’s too far for me to just throw the shard, and I don’t think I can run to him. I can barely stand at this point.”
More tendrils appear, and the skeletons are quick to react, using their weapons to destroy them. Sci then narrows his eye-lights in a calculative manner. “There are no openings. As long as Doctor is using his magic, Y/N won’t be able to move forward. We also have to deal with holding back the glitch. We could steadily move forward, but I’m unsure how far we can go before the pressure becomes too much for her. This would be much easier if we could use our ability to teleport here.”

While your friends fight off the tendrils, you rack your brain for a good way to solve this problem. As much as you’d like to say you can handle the pressure, they would know you’re lying. You can hardly stand right now. No way can you get to Doctor on your own two feet.

That’s when an idea comes to mind that makes your eyes widen. There are other ways to reach a destination besides using your feet and teleporting.

You clench your fists in determination. “Can one of you throw me at him?”

They both freeze at your question, and then, slowly turn to look at you. Sci stares at you incredulously while Dings is wearing a surprised expression. The former responds, “You cannot be serious.”

A big grin forms on your face. “I am. I totally am.”

Rather than question your idea, Dings just tilts his head curiously. “Do you think that’ll work? You’ll still have to deal with Doc’s magic once you reach him.”

All you can do is shrug your shoulders. “It’s the best I can come up with considering the situation. Besides, if I’m fast enough, then I won’t have to deal with his magic for very long, right?”

Sci swings his sword to destroy another group of tendrils while he tiredly rubs his face with his free hand. “I cannot believe we’re actually considering this. What’s worse is that might be our best shot of reaching him. Of all the reckless things..”

He pulls his hand away from his face and gives you a pointed look. “Do you really think you can handle it? It’s possible the magic surrounding him will be strong enough to force you into unconsciousness. Do you still want to try even knowing that?”

Swallowing, you slowly nod your head. “I know it’s reckless, but I want to believe that Doctor is still in there. Maybe there’s still a chance I can reach him, and he won’t try to hurt me.”

A hand ruffling your hair brings your gaze to Dings’ smiling face. “If anyone can reach him, it’s you, Y/N. I believe in you!”

Warmth blossoms in your chest at his words. Before you can thank him, Sci speaks, “He’s right. Only your words can reach him now. So, we’ll leave our counterpart in your hands, Y/N.”

You grin brightly. “Leave it to me!”

Dings’ left eye begins to strobe with blue magic, and then, your body starts glowing the same color. Quickly, you grab one of the shards and keep it in your clenched fist. Waving cheerfully, Dings uses his magic to send you sailing across the area straight toward his angry counterpart.

Thankfully, while you can feel the power of Doc’s magic increase as you approach, it’s not strong enough to stop your flight so you reach the infected skeleton unhindered. Unfortunately, before can make contact with him, several tendrils sprout from the ground and catch hold of you, leaving you suspended mid-air.
Faintly, you can hear your friends calling out toward you, but for some reason, it sounds like they’re shouting from miles away. Your breathing becomes labored when a tendril starts to wrap around your throat all the while the others steadily tighten their grip on you.

Doctor glares at you heatedly. “I told you to stay away, foolish human. Do you want to die?”

Before you can retort, you take in his expression and pause. Despite his glare, he doesn’t look as angry as you expected. At the very least, it doesn’t seem like he’s angry at you.

Then, you remember Sci’s actions when he had been infected. “Doctor, did you tell me to stay away because you knew it’d be dangerous for me? Were you worried about me?”

He freezes at your words for a few seconds before averting his gaze. “You’re an idiot. Why are you here? I didn’t ask to be saved.”

Your grip on the soul shard strengthens as you clench your fist tighter. “Even though you guys are behind the glitch, that doesn’t mean you deserve to be punished like this. It was a mistake. One that you all obviously regret. Why should I hold that against you?”

Before he can retort, you add, “Are you sure you don’t want to be saved? Wouldn’t you like to see Sans and Papyrus again?”

At the mention of his brothers, Doctor goes still. The glare he aims your way is less heated than before. “Don’t bring those annoying fools up. The last thing I want to think about is them.”

Despite his words, there’s an underlying fondness in his tone when he speaks about his brothers. “You say that, but you still went back to your world to check on them, didn’t you? The others told me.”

Doc averts his gaze as he scowls. “Shut up. Remember the situation you’re in. Do you really want to risk angering me?”

In response to his words, the tendrils give you a painful squeeze, making you wince. It’s also becoming more difficult for you to breathe as time passes.

Doing your best to ignore your discomfort, you give him a shaky smile. “But, you’re not the one doing this, Doctor. It’s not you that wants to hurt me but the glitch. It’s forcing you to do all this, right?”

He remains silent, keeping his gaze from meeting yours. When you realize he has no intention to respond, you continue to talk. “I can save you from the glitch like the others, Doctor. But, I’ll need your help. I can’t break free on my own. All I need is a few seconds. Will you help me?”

When he doesn’t reply after several minutes pass, you start to worry that he won’t give you a chance. If he doesn’t, you’re in trouble. Since Sci and Dings haven’t arrived yet, that means the glitch is keeping them from reaching you. It’s unlikely they’ll be able to get to you in time if the glitch keeps increasing the pressure on you.

“Please, Doctor, give me a chance. I know you have no reason to trust me, but I won’t fail you. I’ll get you out of this place and make sure you get home safely.”

Before he can respond, you shriek in surprise when the tendrils holding you suddenly start moving, pushing you higher into the air. In the distance, you can hear Sci and Dings calling for you while Doc stares at you with surprise.
Heart pounding a mile a minute, all you can do is fruitlessly struggle as the glitch makes its move. The tendrils holding you rear back before suddenly swinging you downwards straight toward the ground.

Your eyes screw shut as you brace yourself for impact, but it never comes. Before you reach the ground, your body comes to an abrupt halt.

When you open your eyes, you see that your face is only a few inches away from the ground. Your eyes widen at the close call.

Averting your gaze to the side, you see Doctor with one of his arms stretched out towards you, scowling deeply. Considering his tense posture and the look of concentration on his face, it’s obvious that he’s the one responsible for keeping you in one piece.

You’re caught off guard when you’re suddenly released by the tendrils and dropped to the ground. Groaning, you try to push yourself up but find that you can’t rise to your feet because of the magic in the air weighing down on you.

When you look up at Doc, his scowl deepens. “Don’t look at me. Be glad you’re still alive. I can hold off the tendrils, but that’s it.”

Realizing you’ll have to solve this problem on your own, you decide that there’s only one thing you can do. Gathering up all your strength, you proceed to slowly crawl toward the skeleton before you.

_It’s not that far. Surely, I can crawl my way there._

Despite your attempts to reassure yourself, you find that it’s getting progressively harder to move forward the closer you get to Doctor. Before you even realize it, your breath is coming out in heavy pants--the magic somehow now negatively affecting your breathing.

Even so, you persevere and push forward, ignoring your body’s desperate need for rest. You can’t afford to give up now. You only have one chance. Doc can only hold off the glitch for so long.

Clenching the shard that’s miraculously still in your hand tightly, you keep pushing forward. Just as you get within a few feet of the infected skeleton, gravity increases to the point where you are slammed mercilessly to the ground, making you cry out in pain.

“You really are an idiot.”

Bringing your gaze upwards, you see Doctor clenching his teeth as he body shakes from strain. For some reason, you can’t help but think he’s closer than you last remember.

A lopsided smile forms on your face. “I guess I am, but I’m the idiot that’s gonna save you so no complaining.”

He barks out a laugh, making you jolt in surprise. You watch with wide eyes as he takes a shaky step forward. “Really? You’re saving me? From my point of view, it looks like you’ve got that backwards.”

Realizing he’s trying to meet you halfway, you attempt to pull yourself across the floor with you only able to move a few inches at a time. Still, at least, you’re moving.

Your laugh comes out as a quiet huff. “Fine. We can save each other then. Happy?”
His deadpan expression makes you grin. “Overjoyed.”

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, Doctor is close enough to reach a hand out toward you. You respond by stretching out your hand that’s holding the soul shard.

Right when it makes contact with his hand, the shard gives off a bright glow, and your soul makes a reappearance. Rather than keep fighting the magic pressing down on you, you decide to give in and let yourself fall flat against the floor. Despite this, the hand holding yours doesn’t let go. Instead, it just tightens its grip.

You close your eyes with a relieved smile and lose consciousness, hoping your body won’t feel as exhausted the next time you wake.

Like last time, you wake in someone’s arms. You don’t know why you’re surprised to see it’s Dings when you open your eyes, considering how unlikely it is for the other two to do such a thing.

He beams at you. “Morning, sunshine! How are you feeling?”

Too groggy to be embarrassed, you decide to just smile. “Better than the last time I was awake that’s for sure. Thanks for looking after me again, Dings.”

A huff brings your attention to Sci who’s shaking his head. “He was determined to hold you like before. It seems he has made holding your unconscious form his designated job. I have failed to figure out why.”

Dings smirks at his counterpart. “You’re just jealous that you can’t carry her like I can. You’d get too flustered.”

Wide-eyed, you witness the sight of Sci’s embarrassed expression. There’s a light yellow blush highlighting his cheekbones now. “Don’t be ridiculous. I have no interest in holding her like you do. There’s no need when I could just give her my jacket to use as a pillow.”

The skeleton holding you laughs. “So, that’s what you did after she saved you. That sounds about right. Oh well, you won’t catch me complaining. I like this job.”

When you hear a long-suffering sigh, you turn your head to see Doctor standing a few feet away from Sci with his hand resting on his face. “I’m starting to think being stuck in the glitch’s realm is more preferable. Why did I want to return to dealing with this nonsense?”

Dings pouts at him. “Don’t say that, Doc. We know you love us. Obviously, you missed us.”

Doc glares at the skeleton holding you in annoyance. “There’s no way in hell I’d miss you or any of the others for that matter. I’d rather experience falling into the Core again than deal with you fools.”

His Undertale counterpart rolls his eye-lights. “You’ve always had a dramatic flair, Doctor. Despite your words, that doesn’t change the fact that you’re here now. So, please refrain from complaining further.”

The sound of your laughter brings the skeletons’ gazes to you. Realizing you have their attention, you try to contain your mirth. “Sorry, I was just thinking you guys are an interesting group. You get along so well.”

While Sci and Doc stare at you incredulously, Dings grins cheerfully. “Right? We’re good buddies.”
"We are not."

"We are not!"

The other skeletons’ immediate rebuttals make you and Dings laugh. You give the two a grin. "You two are in perfect sync. Is that from spending so much time together?"

An irritated scowl forms on Doctor’s face while Sci rubs a tired hand down his. Chuckling, you ask to be set down, and Dings reluctantly obliges. However, he chooses to place you right beside him so you can lean against him.

His actions make Doc raise a brow ridge at you. "I see you’re enabling his strange mannerisms. Don’t start complaining once he becomes too annoying for you to handle."

Dings frowns in annoyance while you wave a hand dismissively. “That won’t be an issue. Dings is far from annoying. I like being around him."

In a blink, the excitable skeleton’s arms are around you, squeezing you tightly. Honestly, you should have expected this considering his past actions. "You’re the best, Y/N! I knew you’d understand! That’s why I’ve been looking forward to meeting you all this time!"

When he eases his grip, you look up at him curiously. “You’ve been wanting to meet me?”

He nods his head eagerly. “Of course! I was worried at first when Papyrus first approached you, but after watching you talk to him, I could tell you were a good person. Then, I saw your interactions with Sans. I don’t see Sans act that happy around too many people. That was the happiest I’ve seen him in a long time."

Dings brings his face closer to yours, making you blush. “You even got Papyrus to confide in Sans and stop keeping everything to himself. After you helped stop the resets, I really wanted to meet you so I could thank you for everything. I also wanted the chance to get to know you like my brothers. Considering they travelled across AUs to save you, it’s obvious how important you are to them."

Your blush darkens at his words. Your face feels like it’s on fire now. “The feeling’s mutual. I care a great deal about Blue and Stretch. They’re irreplaceable friends."

His grin softens at your words, but just as his face moves closer to yours, both Sci and Doc appear behind him to grab him by his shoulders, stopping him in his tracks.

The exuberant skeleton is roughly pulled away from you by his counterparts, making him pout. "Hey, what was that for? I wasn’t doing anything bad."

Sci raises a brow ridge at him. “You were invading her personal space. You shouldn’t do such things without her express permission."

Scowling, Doc removes his hand from the pouting skeleton and crosses his arms. “You’re just as bad as that fool WD, and I didn’t think that was possible."

His comment about the last Gaster you need to save grabs your attention. “What’s WD like?”

While Dings grins, the other two skeletons’ expressions tense, making you wonder if you asked something you shouldn’t have. Noticing your worried look, the cheerful skeleton laughs. “Don’t worry about those two. They’re exaggerating. WD is a lot of fun. I think you’d like him, Y/N.”
Sci massages his forehead. “Just don’t get too close to him if you can help it.”

Before you can question him, a black tendril appears before you, and you reach out to gently stroke its tip. “Hey, Void, thanks for the help. I feel a lot better now. Am I okay to go back inside?”

When it nods, you rise to your feet and notice that the glitch’s territory is small enough that you can actually completely see where it starts and ends now. Hopefully, you won’t be seeing it at all the next time you wake up in the Void.

You shove your hands into your hoodie pocket and rub your thumb against the last soul shard. Only one more to go. Let’s hope saving WD won’t be as bad as saving the other three was.

Of course, you soon find out that you’re never that lucky. After all, when have things ever been easy for you?

Chapter End Notes

Munritter drew an adorable picture of Swole-chan which is the name we came up with when we were discussing Gli-chan being all buff XD You can see the post by clicking here.

Zoe submitted to my tumbler the most adorable snippet/oneshot with Gli-chan getting to have a sleepover with the baby bones after rescuing them. It's seriously way too freakin cute and super well written. You definitely need to check it out! ^^ You can see the post by clicking here.

I got the nicknames used for three of the Gasters from nighttimepixels who was sweet enough to let me use them. :) I came up with Sci's nickname since in the Soul Redacted game he was just called Gaster and I thought it'd be better in this situation for him to have a nickname too. I hope y'all like it! ^^

So, now y'all know that it's all Gasters that are trapped and not some Dr. Rivers. Of course, this brings up the question: How did Dings and WD end up in the Void? You'll find out next chapter ;)

You'll also find out next chapter why Doc didn't have as much difficulty talking compared to Sci and Dings. Poor WD didn't get to make an appearance this chapter, but he'll get his chance to shine next chapter. I'm really excited about WD since I've never really seen him written like I have done, so I'm looking forward to seeing what y'all will think of my characterization of him ^.^

Regarding Dings’ characterization, I was inspired by bun-bunmuse's Underswap Gaster. I really loved his energetic personality, so I wanted to try writing something like that. I also love how Bun and other artists on Tumblr have drawn US Gaster with hetero-chromatic eyes. It just looked so cool that I had to include that as well XD
Chapter Notes

This chapter has not been beta-read, but hopefully, there aren't too many mistakes ^^'

It's time for the big finale!! Are y'all ready?! XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Doing your best to ignore the feeling of pins and needles that encompasses your whole body once you re-enter the glitch’s territory, you move forward with your new friends. Dings and Sci are on either side of you while Doctor remains behind your group, examining the area with narrowed eye-lights.

Whenever the glitch attempts to attack, Sci and Doc are quick to retaliate, making it impossible for any tendril to reach your group. Unlike the previous times, the glitch continues to attack, not once letting up despite its repeated failures. It’s obviously getting desperate now that you’re so close to defeating it once and for all.

As you’re walking, you finally receive an answer to a question you’ve been wondering for a while now. You had been curious how Dings fell into the Core since he wasn’t the Royal Scientist in his world. However, it felt like too sensitive a topic to just randomly bring up.

Unprompted, Dings starts telling you more about himself, including how he ended up in the Void. At first, his stories are just about his brothers and his job on the river boat. However, the topic eventually turns toward his unfortunate accident.

Apparently, he had gone to the lab to visit Stretch who had been working there with Dr. River. It just so happened that the incident with the Core occurred the day he visited.

Poor Dings fell into the Core after protecting Stretch who would’ve fallen in instead if his older brother hadn’t intervened. You can only imagine how losing Dings like that affected your friend.

After hearing his story, another question comes to mind. “WD is from a swapped world like you, so does that mean something similar happened to him?”

Dings shakes his head. “WD was the Royal Scientist in his world. Apparently, he got in a fight with the Dr. River of his world, killed him, and took his job. He never told us what the fight was about, though.”

You hear Sci release a small sigh. “There’s no telling what the fight was about since WD can be as temperamental as Doctor if provoked enough.”

When you chance a glance at the skeleton walking behind you, you see Doc scowl in annoyance. “Please refrain from making comparisons between WD and myself. We are nothing alike.”

While Dings appears amused, Sci just looks exasperated as if used to such a response from their Underfell counterpart. It makes you wonder what the usual interactions between Doc and WD are like.
The rest of the walk consists of Dings’ teasing, Doc’s angry retorts, and Sci’s long suffering sighs. You get the feeling that if WD were added into the mix that his responses would be similar to his Underwap counterpart.

Your group comes to an abrupt halt at the sight of a large white tower. Its appearance glitches erratically every few seconds similar to how the skeletons’ bodies did when infected. While you eye it curiously, the others are examining it with narrowed eye-lights.

Doc crosses his arms. “He’s in there. I can feel his magic signature. There’s no mistaking it.”

When the other two nod wordlessly, you study the tower with renewed interest. There are no distinguishing features just a an open archway that obviously acts as the doorway.

A sense of foreboding washes over you. “Let me guess. He’s at the top, and we have to climb up to reach him?”

Sci rubs his chin thoughtfully. “That seems like the most logical conclusion. If we can only go upwards, then it’s likely he’s at the very top of this structure.”

His Swap counterpart tilts his head curiously. “But, why would the glitch do something like this? I get it being desperate, but why a tower? Do you think there are traps inside?”

Doctor scoffs at the question. “Of course, there are. Why else would it go to all this trouble? It plans on making it impossible for us to reach the top.”

Swallowing nervously, you trace your finger across the remaining soul shard in your pocket. “So, the only way to reach WD is by entering the tower, right? There’s no way of reaching him from the outside?”

Shaking his head, Sci carefully examines the tower once more. “It is unlikely. The glitch is clever enough to cover all its bases. The only way we’ll be able to find WD is by entering the likely trap-infested structure.”

Unsurprised by his response, all you can do is sigh and rub your forehead tiredly. “I figured as much. Well, there’s nothing we can do about it but move forward. Let’s hope the room where the princess is locked away isn’t too far up.”

There’s a lengthy pause before Dings starts laughing hysterically, completely doubled over. Sci has a hand over his mouth in an attempt to muffle his chuckling while Doctor doesn’t even try to hide his amused smirk.

Grinning, you shrug your shoulders. “I mean, come on. He’s locked up at the top of a tower, being held hostage. If that doesn’t scream classic fairytale princess plotline, I don’t know what does.”

Their laughter only increases with even Doc joining in. A warm feeling takes root in your chest at the sound. You’re glad to be able to get such a reaction from the skeletons considering the dire situation you’re all currently in.

When he finally recovers, Dings wraps his arms around you. “You’re the best, Y/N. I can’t wait to tell WD that after we save him. His reaction is gonna be priceless!”

Doctor smirks as he crosses his arms. “Now that would be enough of a reason for me to actually want to save that bastard.”

His Undertale counterpart nods his head as the corners of his mouth move upwards. “Indeed. Now,
we have something to look forward to.”

Chuckling, you start moving toward the tower’s entrance after Dings releases you. “Glad I was able to inspire you guys. Hopefully, this won’t put me on his bad list. If he has a temper like Black’s, then I’d rather not piss him off.”

Dings gives you a reassuring pat on the back. “Don’t worry. From what he’s told us, WD isn’t much like his Sans. If anything, I’d say he’s more like his Papyrus.”

Your eyes widen at his words. However, before you can question him, you enter the tower and come to an abrupt stop. Just like when you faced Doctor, there’s an oppressive feeling in the air. Thankfully, it’s not so bad that you can’t move.

The inside of the tower isn’t very large. All you can see is a spiral staircase that’s the same color as the walls and exterior located in the center of the room.

Without hesitation, Doctor approaches the staircase. “I’ll take the lead. You two follow behind her and keep her in the middle. Leave no openings.”

Dings playfully salutes him. “Aye aye, Captain!”

Sighing, Sci nods his head and gestures for you to follow his Fell counterpart. You do so, making sure to keep a close eye on your surroundings in case the glitch decides to attack from the walls.

Your group begins its climb, remaining on guard since there’s no telling what the glitch will try to pull in this place. A few minutes pass, and then, you’re suddenly pulled down by Dings.

“Watch out!”

Right after he acts, you hear something zoom through the air where your head used to be. Wide-eyed, you turn to see a white arrow embedded into the wall.

A shiver runs down your spine as you realize with horror that it almost hit you. Before you can dwell on it, Dings helps you to your feet, giving you a concerned once over. “Are you alright, Y/N?”

Nodding, you give him a shaky smile, aware of the other eyes on you. “Yeah, thanks to you, I’m okay. Thank you, Dings.”

Sci comes to stand behind Dings. Because of the narrowness of the staircase, your group has to climb in a single file. “As we suspected, there are traps set up in here. We will have to proceed with caution. It will be difficult to spot them before they are triggered.”

Eyes narrowed, Doctor briefly aims his gaze at you before resuming the climb. “Keep your head low from now on. It could always attack other areas of your body, but at least, you won’t make it as easy for it to aim for your head.”

You gulp before slowly nodding your head in agreement despite him being unable to see the action. As expected, that arrow was just the first of many more traps to come.

When more arrows come your way, the skeletons use their magic to destroy them. Apparently, the glitch only has eyes for you. It probably wants to kill you first before dealing with the others.

The thought makes your chest clench uncomfortably. While you’re glad your friends won’t be in danger, you can’t help but feel scared about this situation. Thankfully, you manage to do a good
job at concealing your nervousness since you don’t want to worry the others.

Another problem is the magic bearing down on you with every step you take. The skeletons seem to be faring well, but it’s becoming more difficult for you to climb the higher you ascend.

That’s when the steps below your feet suddenly disappear, making you scream as you begin to fall. In a flash, a hand latches onto yours, abruptly stopping your descent.

Sighing in relief, you look upwards and see Dings through the opening in the staircase, hanging out halfway as he holds onto your hand. He grins at you before moving to pull you back through the hole.

You’re pulled into his arms and are held there while he jumps across the hole to reach the next step. When he doesn’t immediately set you down, you give him a curious look to which he grins. “Maybe I should just carry you from now on. You can conserve some of your energy this way, and you won’t have to worry about falling.”

Doctor crosses his arms with a huff. “That is, if you don’t fall through yourself.”

A pout forms on the excitable skeleton’s face. “I won’t fall through! I’ll be extra careful!”

Sci rubs his forehead with a sigh. “Dings does make a good point. The further up she walks, the more exhausted Y/N will become. Being carried should relieve at least some of the stress on her body.”

Realizing he’s right, you decide that you’ll just have to bear with this embarrassing situation for a little while. “Then, I’ll be counting on you, Dings. If I get too heavy, just let me know, okay?”

Dings beams happily. “That won’t be a problem! I could carry you all the way to the top! It’ll take a lot more than this to wear me down. Besides, you’re not heavy at all, Y/N.”

You feel your cheeks grow warm at his words. Before you can come up with a response, Doctor begins to move again with the rest of your group quickly following after him.

The attacks continue, but none of them ever reach you. The arms around you tighten protectively as Dings uses his magic to destroy anything thrown your way.

At first, it’s just arrows, but as your group continues to climb, other types of weapons begin raining down on you like daggers and spears. Sometimes items like chains are used in an attempt to ensnare you.

When the blade of a guillotine suddenly drops down from the ceiling just barely missing you and Dings, you can’t stop yourself from clinging to him fearfully. “What the hell is wrong with this place?! How did a freakin computer virus come up with all this?!”

Dings gives you a reassuring squeeze. “Maybe it picked it up from examining other worlds?”

Looking over his shoulder, you see Sci rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “That is possible. Or, if we think of the Void’s role as a motherboard, it’s possible the glitch has this knowledge from when it was once connected to the Void’s data storage. The Void’s knowledge is limitless after all.”

Groaning, you bury your face against Dings’ shoulder. “Great. This stupid glitch has an unlimited amount of knowledge at its disposal. Just great.”

The sound of scoffing brings your attention to Doc who eyes you from over his shoulder. “The fact
that you’re just now realizing this is astounding. I will never be able to fathom how you made it this far without having all the facts.”

His words make you pout. It’s not your fault no one ever explains things to you properly. How were you supposed to know all this stuff about the Void and the glitch?

It’s at this moment Dings jumps, barely avoiding falling through the stairs. Looks like the glitch is still willing to try that trick.

After what feels like an eternity, the four of you finally reach the top of the staircase, successfully moving past every trap that attempted to stop your ascent. You thought you’d never reach the top considering how many attacks the glitch threw your way.

You frown in disappointment when you don’t see any signs of WD upon reaching the landing. You do, however, see an open doorway which you assume leads into another room. For reasons unknown to you, this room seems much larger compared to the area on the bottom floor. Right after your group enters the room, the open part of the floor leading to the staircase suddenly disappears, leaving everyone on edge. The glitch has successfully sealed away the only exit besides the doorway on the other side of the room.

While you can’t see WD, you can definitely feel his magic bearing down on you. You find yourself panting in an attempt to catch your breath even though you haven’t had to do any physical labor since Dings started carrying you.

The guys are on high alert as they slowly make their way toward the doorway. They’ve obviously come to the same conclusion as you that it should lead your group to WD.

Suddenly, hundreds of tendrils sprout from the floor while dozens of arrows come flying down from above. Dings hugs you close with one arm while the other summons his scythe which he swings at the arrows, creating a large arc of magic to obliterate them.

While Sci brings forth his fencing sword, a different type of sword appears in Doctor’s hands. From what you can tell, it seems Doc’s weapon of choice is a large broadsword. Despite its size, Doctor seems to have no issue wielding it, swinging it in a large arc to cleave the surrounding tendrils.

No matter how many attacks they foil, more keep coming, preventing your group from making any progress. As you try to figure out what to do, your gaze briefly moves to the doorway, and you go completely still.

Your eyes widen in horror when you see the opening begin to close up. If you don’t hurry, you’ll lose your one chance of reaching WD. There’s no way of knowing if that door can be reopened once the glitch closes it.

“The door is closing! We have to do something!”

At your cry, the skeletons divert their gazes to the doorway, and Doc begins to curse. “Dammit! Of course, it wouldn’t be satisfied with just attacking. If this keeps up, we’ll be completely trapped!”

Sci frowns as he slashes through more tendrils. “At this rate, by the time we reach the door, the opening will be too small for us to pass through.”

A grin forms on Dings’ face, catching you by surprise. “We may not can fit through, but she can.”

Before you can question him, his left eye-light starts strobing a bright blue, matching the magic
surrounding your body. In a blink, you’re sent hurling through the air straight toward the doorway. “You could’ve asked!”

The sound of Dings’ laughter is the last thing you hear before you fly into the next room and land on the hard floor. Groaning, you push yourself off the floor and turn just in time to see the door completely sealed.

Fighting down the urge to panic, you turn your head to observe your surroundings. Your eyes widen when you see the figure standing on the other side of the room.

He looks much like your companions in the other room. He’s wearing a black coat, pants, and boots similar to Sci and Doc, but instead of a turtleneck, the skeleton isn’t wearing anything underneath the coat, so you can clearly see his rib cage and spine.

Feeling a little embarrassed by the sight, you bring your gaze upwards and see that like the others the infected skeleton has one of his eye sockets completely covered by the glitch. It isn’t until you move closer to his side of the room that you realize his other eye-light is purple with a ring of red outlining it.

So, instead of having heterochromatic eyes like Dings, his eye-lights are dual-colored.

Surprisingly enough, you are able to reach the center of the room without any problem. Still, you have no intention of letting your guard down. From the moment you arrived, you know WD has had his gaze on you. You just hope he won’t be as difficult to reason with as the others.

“You’re WD, right? I’ve already met the other Gasters. They’re all free from the glitch now, and I can do the same for you. You want to leave, don’t you?”

A melancholic smile forms on his face. “Of course, I do, but that doesn’t mean it’ll be that easy. Just because you made it this far doesn’t mean you’ve overcome all the hurdles, sweetheart. If I’m the last, the glitch won’t give up so easily.”

His words make you scowl despite yourself. “This has been far from easy. We just climbed a tower for what felt like hours while having hundreds of traps sprung on us. I’m not expecting the glitch to give up now that I’m here, but I sure as hell ain’t backing down after coming this far.”

WD grins in amusement. “You really are an interesting girl. I thought as much when I saw you interact with my younger brothers, but I feel like you’ve become even more so since I last saw you.”

When his grin suddenly falls, your body grows tense. “I just hope that will be enough to get you through this. I’d hate for your journey to end here.”

Before you can respond, the magic pressure increases to the point you can no longer remain standing. You gasp as your knees buckle beneath you, making you hit the floor.

No matter how hard you try, you can’t bring yourself to stand just like when you faced Doc. Remembering your past experience, you’re quick to start crawling, hoping you can reach the skeleton before the pressure becomes too much.

Unfortunately, that’s not all the glitch has in store for you. Tendrils sprout from the ground and start slashing at you with their sharp edges.

While you somehow manage to avoid getting impaled, the amount of wounds on your body is steadily increasing. You can see your blood beginning to seep through your clothes.
You can’t stop yourself from crying out in pain when one tendril leaves a deep wound in your side. Despite your body’s incessant demands for rest, you keep pushing forward, doing your best to ignore the pain.

“You’re a strong girl. Most humans would’ve given up by now. I don’t know how you manage to gather enough strength to move.”

A shaky smile forms on your face as you meet his gaze. “I’m not strong. I’m just too stubborn to give into this glitch. I know it’s up to me to stop it once and for all. It knows that too. That’s why it has been working so hard to kill me. I’m what’s stopping it from succeeding with its plan.”

Needing a distraction from the pain, you decide to try to learn more about WD. “Hey, WD? What do you think of your brothers? Do you all get along well?”

WD barks out a laugh. “Not at all! Unlike Dings, I think my brothers are a real pain in the ass. The one good thing about falling into the Core was me not having to worry about dealing with those annoying little bastards anymore.”

Despite his harsh words, there’s an underlying fondness in his tone much like Doc’s when he talked about his brothers. You can’t help but laugh at the similarity. “You say that, but from my point of view, it seems like the exact opposite. I know the voice of a proud big brother when I hear one.”

He scoffs at your words. “You need to get your hearing checked, dear. Those two constantly gave me headaches. They were such a handful when they were kids. They were both little terrors.”

It’s at that moment the pressure becomes too much for you, forcing you to your stomach. After a quick breather, you start pulling yourself across the floor. “If they were such a pain, why did you take the Royal Scientist position where you’d have to work with Papyrus?”

There’s a lengthy pause. Then, after several minutes pass, the skeleton finally replies, “I only did it because I was the only one qualified for the position after I killed River. It’s not like I wanted the job. It was forced on me.”

Just like Dings said, WD became the Royal Scientist after killing that world’s Dr. River. The question is: Why did he do it? What did Dr. River do to piss off the skeleton that much?

“Dings said you got in fight with Dr. River. What caused it?”

Considering he never told his counterparts, you don’t really expect him to answer you. You just felt like asking, curious to see how he’d react.

As you continue to shimmy across the floor, more tendrils pierce your skin, making you wince from the pain. Considering the distance left between you and WD, you’re worried you won’t be able to reach him if this torment keeps up.

“I killed him because he almost killed Papyrus.”

His words make you go still. Eyes wide, your eyes meet WD’s cold gaze. “It’s because of that bastard River that my brother only has 1HP now. I don’t care if he called it a lab accident. He has never liked me, so I know he probably did it on purpose to get back at me. No way in hell was I gonna let him get away with that.”

For several seconds, all you do is stare. Then, you begin to chuckle, catching the skeleton off guard.
When he raises a brow ridge at you, you grin cheekily. “You say they’re annoying, yet you were willing to kill River to protect Papyrus. You’re actually quite the protective big brother, aren’t you?”

Obviously embarrassed, WD averts his gaze. “You’re overthinking things. I just had enough of River that’s all. I had been wanting to dust him for a long time.”

While you’d like to tease him further, the severe pain encompassing your body reminds you of the situation at hand. Your body feels so heavy now you can hardly move. “Isn’t there anything you can do to help, WD? I have a way to save you, but I need to be able to reach you for it to work.”

He gives you a sympathetic look. “Doll, I’ve been doing the best I can. I’m the reason those tendrils haven’t made any killing blows. This is all I can do right now. Since I’m the only one left, the glitch can dedicate all its focus to guarding me. I can’t overpower it when it’s this strong. I’m sorry.”

Before you can respond, you feel yourself lifted into the air by several tendrils and thrown across the room back to your starting point. Tears of frustration cloud your vision once you realize all your effort has been wasted.

You had been so close to reaching him, but now you’re back on the other side of the room. How are you supposed to reach him with your body in such sorry shape?

“Dammit. I didn’t know it was gonna throw you until it was too late. I’m sorry, hun. It looks like this is the end. You put up a good fight. No one will blame you for this. The odds were against you from the start.”

Shaking your head, you wipe away your tears. “No! I can’t give up now! Not when I’m so close! I have to keep trying, or we’ll never be able to leave! The glitch will just get stronger and start attacking the multiverse again. I can’t let that happen!”

WD sighs wearily. “Even though you say that, what can you do on your own? You’re totally spent, and so am I. What else can be done?”

As despair begins to consume you, his words ring loudly in your mind, reminding you of one important fact you almost forgot. Your eyes widen in realization. “But, I’m not alone.”

Before he can question you, you scream as loudly as you can. “Guys, help! I can’t do this on my own! I need you!”

Chest heaving from exertion, your steady gaze meets WD’s surprised one. “I’m not by myself. I have friends who supported me all this time. Every Sans and Papyrus I met helped me save their world, and after saving them, every Gaster has remained at my side, doing their best to help me save the others. I’m not alone, and neither are you. We’re all getting out of this together.”

At that moment, the wall behind you collapses, and three figures walk into the room. While they look a little worse for wear, none of them appear seriously injured.

Dings runs toward you and immediately scoops you up into his arms. “Y/N! Those wounds look awful! We need to heal you!”

Within seconds, Sci is at the worried skeleton’s side, examining you with a frown. Right eye strobing a bright green, he lets his hand hover over your injured form, focusing all his magic on repairing the damage done.
Meanwhile, Doctor scowls at WD with crossed arms. “Of course, you’d be the most problematic. Maybe I should just dust you. That seems like it’d be the much simpler option.”

WD returns the scowl. “Like your weak ass could dust me. Just try it. I’ll take you on, glitch or no glitch.”

Shaking his head, Dings gives the two an exasperated look. “Do you two really have to argue here? There’s a time and place for everything, you know. Also, how are you able to communicate so easily with us, WD? I had a hard time talking when the glitch infected me.”

Sci absently nods his head as he continues to heal you. “I as well. I was not expecting you to be speaking so clearly since you’re clearly more infected than we were.”

Smirking, WD is the definition of smug. “Just proves how much stronger I am compared to you guys. Talking ain’t a problem for me.”

Doctor rolls his eye-lights. “I didn’t have much difficulty speaking either, so stop acting so smug. It’s likely because the infection in our cases was more centered on our bodies than our minds. Right now, the glitch just wants you to remain still. It doesn’t care if you run your mouth---unfortunately for us.”

As he and WD exchange heated glares, Sci sighs in exasperation while Dings nods in understanding. “Oh! Well, that makes sense. At least, we can talk to WD. It’s too bad that’s all he can do.”

WD glares at him in annoyance. “The way you phrased that pisses me off.”

In response, Dings grins cheekily, making you giggle. It’s at that moment Sci pulls his hand away, and the pain encompassing your body completely vanishes.

A sigh of relief passes your lips. “Thank you.”

Bringing your gaze to WD, you can’t help but frown. “No matter what I tried, I couldn’t reach him on my own. In the end, I have to continue being a burden. I’m sorry.”

“You really are an idiot.”

At the sound of Doc’s voice, your gaze falls on him, causing you to miss the scowls that form on the other skeletons’ faces. Doctor gives you an annoyed look. “Since when have you been a burden? We’ve only reached this point because of you. Of course, you couldn’t handle this all on your own. You’re only human. So, cease your whining.”

All you can do is stare at him with wide eyes, unable to believe that Underfell Gaster of all people is offering words of comfort. Then, Dings and WD start laughing loudly, making you jolt in surprise.

When you look toward Sci, you see him wearing an amused expression. “Of all the people to say those words, I was not expecting you, Doctor. Well said. I agree completely.”

Doc scowls irritatedly while Dings grins at him. “You do like her after all, you big softy!”

Chortling, WD watches Doctor with open amusement. “Now, I’ve seen everything. I can’t believe it. I didn’t think you knew how to be nice.”

Red faced, Doc glares at his counterparts heatedly. “I will kill you all--one by one. I will not have a
single regret I promise you this.”

A smirk forms on Dings’ face. “But, you won’t kill Y/N, right? You like her after all!”

Now, the full heat of Doctor’s glare is aimed at Dings who appears completely unfazed. You, on the other hand, find yourself slouching in the grinning skeleton’s arms in an attempt to avoid that glare.

That’s when the glitch decides to attack. Obviously, it thought it could catch the group unawares if it waited to strike. Unfortunately for the glitch, things won’t be that easy for it.

Using his anger to his advantage, Doc summons his broadsword and completely obliterates every tendril with a large blast of magic. “It would do you good to not approach me while I’m angry.”

Dings suddenly takes off in a sprint, carrying you as he heads straight for WD. “I’ll get her to WD. You guys handle the glitch!”

Scowling, Doctor slashes at more tendrils while Sci summons his sword with a sigh. “It cannot be helped. Dings is very quick on his feet after all.”

Every attack aimed for you is stopped by either Sci or Doctor. Despite the increasing pressure, Dings is able to keep running unhindered. While your breathing does become unsteady, you still feel much better than before since you’re being carried this time.

Suddenly, tendrils sprout from the ground, wrapping around Dings’ body before he can escape. Before you can think of a plan, he throws you across the remaining distance, making you squeak in surprise. “You better catch her, WD! Or, you’re a failure as a man! You’re not gonna make us do all the work, are you?!”

Careening straight for him, you witness WD’s surprised expression which quickly turns determined. A tendril abruptly shoots from the ground right in front of WD, and you realize you’re gonna hit it.

You clench your eyes shut and brace yourself for impact. However, it never comes. At the sound of something shattering, you open your eyes just in time to see the tendril crumble, making an open pathway to WD who’s now panting.

With nothing to hinder your flight, you crash straight into the infected skeleton who immediately wraps his arms around you as the two of you fall to the ground. Breathing heavily because of the magic bearing down on you, you shove a shaky hand into your hoodie pocket and pull out the last soul shard.

When he sees it, WD grins broadly. “Not bad, love. Looks like you made it after all. Sorry for doubting you.”

Returning his grin, you place the shard against his chest. It begins to glow brightly in sync with your soul which pops out of your chest.

In a last attempt to stop you, tendrils go after your soul but are quickly knocked away by Dings’ scythe. Now free, he stands to guard your soul. “Not so fast. You’ll have to get through me if you want to even try to touch her soul.”

Relieved, you find yourself slumping against WD who chuckles. “Nicely done, Dings. Guess you can have your cool moments after all.”
“Hey! I have lots of cool moments!”

Their friendly banter is the last thing you hear before the exhaustion washes over you, rendering you unconscious.

“WD! You’ve had your turn! Now, hand her over!”

“From what I understand, you got to do this the last two times. So, quit complaining. You’re more of a greedy bastard than I thought.”

After several seconds of trying, you finally manage to pry your eyes open. You’re aware of someone holding you, but by the sound of things, it’s not Dings holding you this time.

You are surprised to see a pair of dual-colored eye-lights looking down at you with amusement. “Morning, love. Sleep well?”

“See! He said morning too! It’s not just me!”

Sci sighs at Dings’ exclamation, and you can’t help but smile. “Very well. Thank you. I see you’ve taken over Dings’ job now, WD.”

“You mean, he stole it! I never said he could have it!”

Turning your head, you see Dings pouting as he glares at his Swapfell counterpart who only smirks in response. Their interactions make you laugh. You definitely weren’t expecting this when you thought of how the two would act around each other.

WD aims his smirk at you. “Now, that is a beautiful sound. I wonder what other lovely sounds I can get you to make.”

When he leans his face closer to yours, a dark blush floods your cheeks. Your face only grows hotter when he cups your cheek and brushes a thumb across your lips.

You find yourself completely captivated by his gorgeous eyes, unable to make yourself move. Before he can get any closer, the other skeletons decide to intervene.

While Sci and Doctor hold him back, Dings swoops you up and moves away with you in his arms. “That’s enough fun for you, WD!”

Scowling, WD pulls himself out of the other two skeletons’ hold and rises to his feet. “You guys really are a pain in the ass. Always interfering with my fun.”

Doc scowls in return. “Go have your fun somewhere else--anywhere else. I wish the Void would send you home already.”

That’s when a familiar black tendril pops out from the ground and waves at you. You smile as you return the wave. “Hey, Void, is everything okay now? Is the glitch gone?”

When it points to the side, you look that way and are relieved to see not a speck of white in the distance. You look the other way just in case and see nothing but the regular inky blackness of the Void.

You slump in relief. “Thank goodness. It worked. It actually worked.”

Tears spring to your eyes, but you quickly blink them away. You are not crying right now,
especially not with the Gasters around. You can do that when you get home.

The thought of going home makes you pause. You give the tendril a hopeful look. “Void, is the door to my world still in one piece?”

It makes a nodding motion and points toward something in the distance. Before you can question it, Dings takes off into a sprint in that direction. “It says it’s that way! I’ll take you, Y/N!”

“Wait, you bastard! Don’t just take off with her!”

WD immediately gives chase while the other skeletons sigh in exasperation. They choose to follow at a more sedate pace.

Faintly, you can make out a white dot in the distance as Dings runs toward it. Your eyes widen when after a few minutes you finally see what appears to be a white door with a matching door frame.

Your heart leaps in your chest at the sight. It’s still here. Thank goodness.

Once the door is only a few feet away, Dings sets you down, and you approach the door, dimly aware of WD scolding the other skeleton behind you. You tune those sounds out, however, as your gaze roams across the door.

There’s nothing spectacular about it. It’s just a simple white door without any distinguishing features. Still, it’s your door. You can tell even without opening it. Your eyes well up with tears as the nostalgia washes over you.

“Y/N!”

Your head whips around just in time to see Ink leap toward you. Unable to brace yourself in time, you fall to the floor with Ink sprawled on top of you.

A pained groan escapes your lips. “Ink? What the hell?”

“Oh no! Are you alright, Y/N? Ink, why did you have to do that?”

Your eyes shoot up just in time to see Dream hovering over you worriedly. “Dream? How’d you guys find me?”

Dream pulls his friend off you, allowing you to sit up. Ink grins at you. “Dream came to find me after the Void took you. We figured it’d take you here. Didn’t expect that everything would be taken care of by the time we found you, though.”

He gives you a thumbs up. “Nice job, Y/N! You saved the multiverse!”

Ink then starts to rub his chin thoughtfully. “Huh, never thought I’d be saying that to someone else. Weird.”

Rolling his eye-lights, Dream moves to kneel beside you. “Are you alright, Y/N? You’re not injured, are you?”

“I made sure she wasn’t, using my magic.”

The three of you turn to see Sci approaching. It looks like he and Doc finally caught up to the rest of the group. Dream’s eyes widen at the sight of the four Gasters while Ink tilts his head curiously. “Now, what are you four doing here? Having you all here together can’t be a coincidence.”
A large grin forms on his face. “Wait. Don’t tell me. You guys are behind this mess, aren’t you?”

The Gasters all stiffen at his question, and the artist begins to laugh loudly. “I can’t believe it! All this time I’ve been wondering what the hell caused the glitch, and it was your fault! This is hilarious! Even in the Void, you idiots can’t stop causing trouble!”

They all scowl at his remark while Dream frowns in disapproval. Before anyone can react, you pull Ink into a chokehold, abruptly cutting him off mid-laugh. “Ink, play nice. It was an accident. There’s no need to laugh at them.”

No matter how hard he tries to escape, Ink fails much to the amusement of the other skeletons. WD and Dings start snickering while Dream grins. Sci and Doc are watching the artist struggle with large smirks.

After a few minutes, you release Ink, who quickly moves outside your reach. This makes you grin. “I told you I’d do it whenever you deserved it.”

The artist pouts as he rearranges his scarf. “But, it was funny.”

Rolling your eyes, you rise to your feet with Dream doing the same. You offer Ink a hand and help him to his feet. “We obviously have different views when it comes to things being amusing.”

Just as he’s about to respond, the artist takes in your appearance and frowns deeply, obviously displeased with the blood on your clothes. Then, in a blink, he has Broomy in his arms and swings the brush at you, hitting you with the bristles.

You’re about to question him about his strange actions when you realize what exactly he just did. Your eyes widen with wonder when you take in the sight of your now completely clean clothes. They look as good as new.

Taking in his smug look, all you can do is smile in amusement. “Thanks for that.”

Before he can reply, a tendril appears before you and starts pointing at the door to your world. You’re about to question it when Dings’ yell cuts you off.

“What?! Her world is still infected?!”

Your heart plummets at the news. Wide-eyed, you stare at the tendril and then the Gasters. “W-What?”

WD gives his exuberant counterpart a smack to the back of his head before meeting your gaze. “The Void said the glitch still exists in your world. The only way to stop it once and for all is for you to go inside so the Void’s magic can eliminate it.”

Relief consumes you as your shoulders slump. “So, it can be stopped. Jeez, that scared the hell out of me. I was planning on going home from the start so it’s not a big deal for me to go back. I was starting to worry I couldn’t return.”

Dream releases a sigh of relief before giving you a bright smile. “I’m so glad, Y/N. I knew you’d be able to find your way back home.”

You return his smile. “You were right, Dream. Somehow, things managed to work out in the end after all.”

When the tendril starts wiggling, you direct your gaze to the Gasters who all start to frown.
Worried, you question their reactions. “Guys? What did the Void say?”

They share a glance before directing their gazes to you. It’s Sci who replies. “The Void says once you walk through that door it will close, and it’s unlikely it will open again.”

His words make you freeze. Then, you finally realize what going home means. Once you return, you won’t be able to see all your friends again. You won’t be able to listen to their puns or eat their special dishes. The last time you saw them really will be the last time.

Blinking away the tears that begin to cloud your vision, you do your best to remain strong, giving the taller skeletons a bright smile. “When you get home, please tell your brothers that I made it back safely. I’m sure they’ve been worried. Tell them I’m sorry I can’t come back to visit and thank them for me. I wouldn’t have been able to make it this far without them.”

The corners of your lips wobble as you continue to smile. “I’ll miss them. Will you tell them all that for me?”

In a flash, Dings has his arms wrapped around you. “I don’t want you to go, Y/N! I don’t want this to be the last time I see you! I want you to be able to see Sans and Papyrus again!”

His words only make you want to cry more. Before you can reply, his counterparts pull him away from you.

Sci frowns in disapproval. “This is already hard for her, Dings. Don’t make it worse.”

He then directs his gaze to you and smiles. “I’ll tell them. No doubt they will be distraught, but I promise to tell them everything you said.”

You smile at him gratefully before turning to Doctor and WD. Doc averts his gaze as he crosses his arms. “Very well. I will do it since I do owe you.”

WD sighs as he shakes his head. “I can’t turn down the request of a lovely lady, so I have no choice but to agree.”

Laughing, you give them a grateful look. “Thank you both.”

Turning to Dream, you see him doing his best to smile even though it’s obvious he’s sad judging from his teary eye sockets. “It’s funny. I knew this would happen, but it’s still hard for me to be as happy as I should be. I’m sorry I can’t give you a proper send off, Y/N.”

Shaking your head, you wrap your arms around Dream and hug him tightly. “It’s fine. This makes me happy. I’m happy I can see your smile one last time before I leave. Thank you for everything, Dream.”

He returns the embrace, clutching the back of your hoodie tightly. “I’ll miss you, Y/N. Thank you for everything you’ve done for us. I’ll never forget you.”

You give him a warm squeeze. “I’ll never forget you either, Dream. If you can, please let the other Sanses and Papyruses know that I’m okay.”

Dream nods his head as he tightens his grip on you. After a few seconds, you pull away and turn to look at Ink who’s hunched over, making it impossible to see his face. “Ink?”

“Are you really okay with this?”
Before you can reply, the artist raises his head and glares at you with a fierceness that makes you freeze. “Are you really okay with never seeing us again?!”

Your eyes begin to burn as you shake your head. “Of course I’m not, but what else can I do, Ink? I wasn’t meant to leave my world in the first place. This all happened by chance. The lines of fiction and nonfiction were never meant to cross. That’s what caused the glitch in the first place.”

He takes a step toward you. “So, you’re giving up?! Just like that?!”

Dream frowns at his friend. “Ink, it’s not her fault. There’s nothing else that can be done in this situation. She can’t control what happens to the door to her world.”

Ink ignores him, keeping his gaze focused solely on you. “After everything you’ve been through, now is when you decide to just accept things? What happened to the girl who always fought against the odds? Who never let anything stop her from reaching her goal? Is this really the end after all that?”

Finally having enough, you snap, glaring at the artist as tears stream down your cheeks. “Of course, I don’t want this! I don’t want this to be the last time I see my friends! I promised so many that I’d come back. I don’t want to break my promises! Once I step through that door, there won’t be a way for me to come back! You know that!”

Chest heaving, you bite back a sob as you try to stop your tears. Because of your cloudy vision, you can’t even see Ink’s face anymore.

A gloved hand on your cheek makes you jolt in surprise. Blinking away the tears, you see Ink standing right in front of you smiling. “Then, if you can’t get back on your own, why don’t you ask for my help?”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “Y-Your help? But, the door..”

He wipes away your tears, grinning brightly. “I opened that door once. I can do it again. No matter what kind of lock the Void tries to put on it, I’ll break through. I promise.”

Dream gives the artist a nervous look. “But, Ink, are you sure-”

Ink pulls his hand away from your face and places his hands on his hips, laughing cheerfully. “Nothing can stop me once I set my mind on something! If I say I’m gonna open that door, then I will!”

“I wouldn’t say it’s impossible.”

Your gaze whips toward Sci who is rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “While it is likely the Void will place another barrier on the door, I’m sure it will be possible to destroy it like the previous one. Regarding the glitch, we shouldn’t have to deal with that again since the Void’s system should be prepared if another virus like that appears.”

Dings beams happily. “So, Y/N can come back then!”

Sighing, Doctor shakes his head. “Is this really something you should be discussing while in the Void? It can clearly hear you.”

In response, the tendril makes a nodding motion. Rather than appear worried, Ink just grins at it. “But, will the Void really try to stop us? After all, it likes Y/N too. It probably wants to see her again like everyone else.”
Everyone turns their gaze to the tendril which goes still. After several minutes pass, it makes a vague gesture, and you immediately look to the Gasters for a translation.

They all appear surprised by the Void’s response. It’s WD who voices its words. “The Void said it might consider letting you return. Some work would need to be done on its end to make sure nothing like the glitch occurs again. It won’t make any promises, though.”

Ink scoffs as he waves a hand dismissively. “Whatever. I wasn’t asking for its permission anyway.”

A large grin forms on his face. “It can try to stop me, but I won’t make it easy for the Void.”

Dream shakes his head with a sigh. “I had a feeling you’d say that.”

You don’t know how to feel about this. A part of you thinks you should be mature and accept your fate without complaint. After all, not many people are lucky enough to meet their favorite fictional characters and go on an adventure like you did. Sure, you’ll miss them like crazy, but should you really put Ink and the Void through all this trouble?

Then, you remember all the friends you’ve met— all the promises you made. Your heart clenches painfully when you remember your promise to Chrome and the babybones. Your soulmate waited his whole life to meet you, and you left soon after you met him, promising to return. Could you really return home with a clean conscience knowing you’ll be breaking your promise to him?

And, what about the kids? Are they doing alright? You had really wanted to visit at least one more time to make sure they’re adjusting to their new lives free of the scientists. How can you rest easy without knowing for sure that they’re okay now?

Your gaze meets Ink’s who smiles. “You have some unfinished business, right? You sure you want this adventure to end now?”

It’s like he can read your mind. Shaking your head, all you can do is smile in return. “You got me. I know the right thing to do would be to not complain and just go home quietly. But, like you said, that’s not really my style.”

After quickly wiping your face with your sleeve, you narrow your eyes at the artist and jab him in the chest with your finger, making him jump in surprise. “You better keep your word, Ink. Don’t go getting my hopes up like this, and then, forget all about me. I hate guys who can’t keep their promises. So, you better come get me once everything is okay with my world.”

Laughing, Ink wraps his arms around you and swings you around, making you squeak in surprise. “I may forget a lot of things, but I won’t ever forget about you, Y/N. I promise.”

A blush floods your cheeks as you return the embrace. You can’t stop yourself from grinning. “Good. Otherwise, I’d have to find my own way out, so I can come kick your ass.”

He continues to laugh even after setting you back on the ground and releasing you. “If that happens, I’ll accept my fate without complaint. I’ll definitely deserve it.”

Before you can respond, Dings has you in his arms and starts twirling you like Ink. “I’m really gonna miss you, Y/N! Even though we haven’t known each other very long, I really enjoyed our time together. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure Sans and Papyrus don’t get too sad while you’re gone.”

When Dings returns you to your feet, you give him a big hug. “I feel the same way. I enjoyed getting to know you, Dings. I look forward to the chance of getting to hang out with you, Blue, and Stretch.”
The energetic skeleton gives you a tight squeeze before pulling back. In a blink, there’s an arm wrapped around your shoulders, and you’re pulled into someone’s side.

Looking up, you see WD smirking at you. “I’ll be waiting for that visit, love. I’ll be sure to keep you all to myself since my brothers have already had their turn.”

You laugh in response. “I don’t know if they’ll be too happy about that.”

A warm smile forms on your face. “I got to revisit their world, so I know they’re on the Surface now. You don’t have to worry about returning to the Underground, WD.”

His eye-lights widen in surprise, and then, he grins broadly. “What do ya know. The brat actually made it to the Surface. Now, things will be really interesting. Glad I don’t have to work at that damn lab anymore.”

That’s when the Void uses the tendril to get your attention. Looks like you need to go now to save your world.

When you look toward Sci and Doc, the former smiles while the other averts his gaze. “It was a pleasure to meet you face-to-face, Y/N. I’ll be sure to send my brothers your regards. I look forward to your next visit.”

You return his smile cheerfully. “Tell Captain we can have another sleepover when I do. That last one was a lot of fun.”

Then, everyone looks toward Doctor who scowls. With a sigh, he directs his gaze to you. “I’ll let those idiots know the whole situation. I don’t anticipate Papyrus putting up much of a fuss, but Sans will probably be another matter since he seemed to get attached to you rather quickly.”

His words make you laugh. “Be sure to tell Edge I’m gonna be expecting another hug the next time I see him. And, of course, I’ll make sure Red gets one too.”

Doctor raises an eye ridge in surprise. “Your words make it sound like you’ve actually managed to get my youngest brother to hug you---a near impossible feat.”

You smile teasingly. “I always get my hugs even from the tsunderes. I even got a kiss on the cheek from Black. I cannot be defeated!”

While Doc stares at you in disbelief, WD starts howling with laughter. “Oh man, this is too good! I can’t wait to go home now! I’m never letting Sans hear the end of this!”

Giggling, you make your way to the white door, doing your best to remain cheerful. You don’t want this to be a sad goodbye. You want to have faith in Ink and believe that he’ll come back for you.

Once you reach the door, you turn to face the group of skeletons watching you with various expressions. You give them your best smile. “Meeting you guys was the best thing to ever happen to me. I’ll never regret going on this adventure. I’d do it all again if I had to even if it meant going through all the painful parts. It was worth it.”

Your eyes begin to water, but you quickly blink away the moisture. “So, thank you for everything. I look forward to seeing you all again. Take care until then, alright?”

Dream gives you a watery smile. “You too, Y/N. I wish you the best.”
Turning around, you reach for the doorknob and turn it to open the door. Before you can walk through, a voice yells out.

“Y/N!”

You jolt in surprise at the shout and look over your shoulder at Ink who grins. “You’re not alone anymore. Don’t forget that, alright?”

Closing your eyes to hide your tears, you beam brightly at him. “I know. Thanks for everything, Ink. I’ll see you soon.”

With that, you walk through the door and return home. The door slams shut behind you as you arrive in your dorm room.

Now that you’re alone, the tears run free, streaming down your face at a steady pace as you hide your face in your hands. Your legs give way, and you fall to your knees, doing your best not to break down.

After several minutes pass, you manage to calm down enough so you can think. You let your gaze absently roam across your room as your mind wanders. *I’m really back. I can’t believe it. Is this real? Or, am I dreaming?*

You quickly realize this is all real when you pinch your cheek, and it begins to sting. Looking down, you see the hoodie and sweatpants you got in Underswap and Undertale.

Raising a hand to clench the fabric of your hoodie, you smile softly. *It really happened. I really did meet all those skeletons and befriend them. I’m not alone anymore.*

When your gaze comes to rest on your backpack on the floor a few feet in front of you, your eyes widen in realization. “Ah! I remember now! Before Ink brought me through, I was coming back to my room because I forgot my backpack!”

Panicking, you grab your backpack and sprint out of the room. Checking your phone, you see you only have ten minutes to get to class.

You wish you could just skip the class, but you have a report to turn in which is a big part of your grade. This is the one time you can’t afford to miss class.

Nine minutes later, you arrive at your classroom, panting like you just ran a marathon. Thankfully, none of your classmates pay you any mind as you walk inside.

Your usual seat is surprisingly taken, so you have to make do with the next available one. Plopping down in the empty desk, you wave a hand in front of your face in a weak attempt to cool yourself off. Running around campus in a hoodie and sweatpants on such a warm day was not the smartest thing to do.

An annoyed scowl forms on your face when you see the teacher hasn’t even arrived yet. All that panicking for nothing.

As you wait for the teacher, you let your eyes roam. You freeze in surprise when you see what’s on the bag belonging to the person sitting across from you.

Attached to the bag is a cute keychain that looks exactly like Sans from Undertale. This is the first time you’ve come across someone in real life with merchandise related to the game.
Apparently, you stared for too long since the girl looks up from her phone to give you a curious glance. Your immediate thought is to look away and pretend this never happened.

But, then you remember your adventure and all the friends you made. You recall telling Ink how you're more scared of humans than you are of monsters.

While it’s true you feel incredibly nervous in this situation compared to when you befriended the skeletons, you don’t feel as scared as you normally would. You clench your hands into fists.

*I don’t want to be the scared girl, who always runs away, anymore. I’m better than that.*

Taking a deep breath, you give the girl a shy smile. “Sorry for staring. I just saw your bag and was surprised. It’s my first time seeing someone with Undertale merch.”

Her eyes widen in surprise, and then, she grins excitedly. “You know about Undertale?”

Your smile grows at her question. “Yeah, just a little bit.”

*More than you could ever imagine.*

Chapter End Notes

The End.

JK LOL I wouldn't do that to y'all. I'm not *that* cruel XD There's still the Epilogue along with two bonus chapters left so you're not done with The Glitch yet! ^^'

The-sleepy-anon drew two awesome pics for The Glitch. The first is of Dings teasing Sci while the Reader is in his lap while the second is of his bro, Peppy, in the place of the Reader when she was carrying Red and Blue back in Chapter 16. You can see the posts by clicking here and here. I was so happy to see Dings drawn since I love that sweetheart so much XD

I know a lot of y'all were excited to see the Gasters reunite with their brothers, but unfortunately, I never planned on the Reader being there for that since she needed to go back to her world in order for the glitch to be completely eliminated. Sorry about that ^^'

A few of y'all guessed correctly about WD's personality. Out of the four Gasters, he is, without a doubt, the biggest flirt. Where do you think Pup learned his mannerisms from? XD Rather than give him two different colored eyes like Dings, I thought it would be cool if each eye-light consisted of two colors. Basically, his eyes were originally purple like Black's, but when the Underground went to hell and everyone started using red magic, which thanks to Tyrant Tortoise I associate with power, it started to bleed into WD's eye-lights from him using it so often to protect himself and his brothers. Also, when it comes to his family, WD is a bit of a tsundere. He'll never
admit outright how much he cares about them. The Reader completely saw through his facade, though lol Regarding his wardrobe, I got the idea of him not wearing anything underneath his coat from nighttimepixels. I thought that look suited a flirt like WD haha

Regarding the situation with the Reader's world, basically when the glitch took over it to use the door as an anchor, it froze the time of that world. No time passed while the Reader was gone so it was like she never left. By the end of the story, the glitch is so weak that it can't do any damage unless it has enough time to regain its strength which the Void won't let happen. That's why it wanted the Reader to return as soon as possible. To save her world, all she needed to do was stay in her world and let the Void handle everything else. While the worlds of fiction and nonfiction aren't meant to interact, that doesn't mean they can't since the damage has technically already been done. Since the glitch originated in the multiverse, that means the Void's magic can affect it even if it's currently residing in the Reader's world.

Can y'all believe it? The journey is finally over. After nine months, the glitch has finally been stopped. Thank y'all so much for sticking around for the long ride. I can't tell you how much I appreciate all your support. Every comment means the world to me. Every time I get an email that says I have a new comment, it brightens my day. Thank you so much! ^-^

Unfortunately, the Epilogue isn't a particularly long chapter, but it's about 3500 words so it's not that short lol On the bright side, the first bonus chapter that follows it is much longer ;)

I hope y'all enjoyed the chapter! :)

A tired sigh escapes your lips as you walk into your bedroom. You have no idea why you thought staying up late playing video games last night despite knowing you had to go to work early the next morning was a good idea. You’re exhausted. Good thing you only had the morning shift at the local library today.

While I’m glad for the chance to make money, it sucks I still have to wake up early even when I’m out for the summer. At least, I have the afternoon free.

You stretch your arms above your head, fighting off the urge to yawn. An afternoon nap sounds really appealing right now. No one else is home so you won’t have to worry about anyone disturbing you.

Before you do that, however, you decide to pick up the clothes you left on the floor in your haste to get to work on time this morning. It’s as you’re doing this that you hear something crackle underneath your foot. Curious, you raise your foot and see an envelope on the ground.

Your brows furrow in confusion as you lean down to pick it up. Upon closer inspection, you notice the bulge in the envelope as if someone stuck several pieces of paper inside it.

When you look to see who it’s addressed to, you are surprised to see your name written in neat cursive script on the front of the envelope with no return address. Where in the world did this come from?

Curious, you make your way to your bed, envelope in hand, and take a seat on the edge. While the paranoid part of you wonders how the hell the envelope got into your room since you don’t remember any of your family members delivering this, another part of you feels very intrigued. What could be inside?

Deciding that staring at the envelope won’t answer any of your questions, you open the letter to see several sheets of paper folded together. Obviously, whoever sent this had a lot to say.

Unfolding the papers, you raise them higher so you can get a better look at what you’re reading. When you read the first sentence, your whole body freezes as your eyes widen in disbelief.

hey buddy, heard from gaster that you finally found your way home. congrats. i knew you’d get there eventually. can’t believe my bro was behind this whole mess. i nearly jumped out of my skin
when he appeared so suddenly. I first thought I was hallucinating 'til paps jumped gas and gave
him the most bone crushing hug I’ve ever seen, heh. Thanks, y/n. I really owe ya for saving my bro.
ink said he was working to bring you back, and I really hope it works out. We’d all love to see ya
again.

Your eyes water at the name signed at the end of the message. Comic.

As you continue to read, you realize this letter isn’t just from Comic. It’s from all the skeletons you
met on your adventure. You don’t know how this happened, but every one of them wrote a
message for you.

It soon becomes impossible to see the words clearly because of the tears clouding your vision. You
have to periodically wipe your eyes so you can keep reading.

All four Gasters wrote something as well, even Doctor. Of course, his message was short and to the
point, basically telling you to hurry up and visit so his brothers will become less annoying.

The messages from Red, Pup, G, Bones, Stretch, Astro, and WD are as flirty as expected with all
but WD sneaking in a pun or two for good measure. Even in writing, Black and Edge manage to be
tsunderes, but you can tell from reading in between the lines that they do miss you.

Captain Fantastic, Blue, Lucky, Leo, Orion, Tango, and Dings all write very sweet messages that
portray their enthusiasm perfectly. You can practically hear their excited voices when you read
their writing.

The parts written by Remix and Cosmic are a lot like Comic’s--very relaxed with several puns
thrown in to make you laugh. Aster and Sci, of course, sound like perfect gentlemen in their letters.
Their personalities really shine through in their writing.

When you read Chrome’s, you are unable to stop the tears from escaping. You had been so worried
about his reaction to you returning home. You knew it would hurt him immensely, and you
regretted it from the bottom of your heart.

y/n, it’s fine. I understand the situation. I know you had to go home to save your world. As much as I
want to have you here with me, I’d never ask you to forsake your world just to make me happy. But,
that doesn’t mean I’ve given up on you. Even if that bastard Ink doesn’t find a way to bring you
back, I will. I will see you again, babe. So, wait for me, okay?

You’re the luckiest girl in the world to have such an understanding soulmate. You hate that
Chrome has to go through so much because of you. You swear you’ll make it up to him the next
time you see him. You’ll spend as much time as you can with him, learning everything about him.
You want that so bad.

After you wipe away your tears, you are surprised to see an unfamiliar name on the page right
underneath Chrome’s message. Your eyes widen when you read that it’s from his brother who
apparently is nicknamed Nickel.

HELLO, SOULMATE OF MY BROTHER! I HAVE HEARD ABOUT YOUR FASCINATING
SITUATION FROM SANS, SO IN ORDER TO AVOID FURTHER CONFUSION, YOU MAY CALL
ME NICKEL! I HAVE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU FROM MY BROTHER, AND I AM MOST
EXCITED TO MEET YOU! MY BROTHER HAS WAITED A VERY LONG TIME TO MEET YOU,
SO I HOPE YOU’LL BE RETURNING SOON. OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND YOUR
SITUATION ISN’T THAT EASY, SO I AM BY NO MEANS CONDEMNING YOU FOR WHAT HAS
HAPPENED. I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU WILL ALWAYS BE WELCOME
HERE! I WILL MAKE MY SPECIAL SPAGHETTI FOR YOU WHEN YOU ARRIVE SO BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!

Giggling, you can’t help but smile at Nickel’s words. He sounds like a wonderful person, as expected of a Papyrus. You really can’t wait to meet him in person.

When you direct your attention to the next page, the tears come back at full force. There are even messages from the babybones you saved.

It takes you awhile to actually read everything they wrote because of the tears. They all say they can’t wait to see you again and that they’re all doing alright so you don’t need to worry about them. The relief you feel at those words is overwhelming. You had been so worried about them. You are so glad they’re okay.

Dream’s message is as sweet as expected, but what makes you laugh is that he wrote that he actually tried to get Nightmare to write something too. Of course, the grouchy skeleton had no interest in doing so, but Dream says that his brother was quite disappointed when he found out you had returned home.

While you’re sure Dream means that to be an encouraging message, you’re sure that Nightmare was disappointed because he never got the chance to mess with you. You hope he hasn’t been giving Dream too hard of a time.

What’s really surprising is the fact that even Error wrote something. How the hell did they get Error to agree to participate? His message was short and sweet, telling you to not cause any trouble the next time you visit or he’d erase you for sure. His words make you laugh. Error never changes.

After you finish reading the letters, you realize that someone is missing. No matter how many times you look through the papers, you can’t find anything written by Ink.

Frowning, you search the papers from top to bottom, even looking at the back of the sheets. It’s when you come to the last page and turn it over that you finally see a message you missed.

You huff in exasperation when you see Ink’s signature. Of course, he had to make things difficult for you. No one else wrote on the back of the paper, so you didn’t bother to check the first time you were reading everything.

Your annoyance fades and is quickly replaced with surprise when you read what he wrote. Hey, Y/N! How’d you like your letter? Pretty awesome idea, right? It was a real hassle getting everyone to write something, so you better like it! Anyway, regarding my message, I figured it’d be better to say it in person, so I’ll be waiting by the door. Don’t keep me waiting for too long!

For several seconds, you just stare dumbly, trying to decipher the meaning behind the words. He said he’ll be waiting for me, but what door? The door to my world? Where the hell is that on my end?!

As your mind races, your gaze wanders and eventually falls on the part of the floor where you found the letter. Your eyes widen in realization when you examine the area. There’s only one door close to where the letter was. Could it be?

Leaving the papers on your bed, you jump to your feet and dash to your closet door. Heart beating rapidly, you swallow nervously as you raise your shaky hand to grab the doorknob.

You know the chances of you being right are astronomically low. Why on earth would the door to your closet lead to Ink?
Still, unable to think of another reasonable answer, you take a deep breath and twist the knob to open the door. When it opens, your eyes widen at the sight before you.

Instead of a closet full of your clothes, you see the familiar inky blackness of the Void. What really grabs your attention is the figure standing on the other side of the door.

Ink grins brightly as he waves. “Took you long enough! I was starting to get bored! There’s not much to do here, you know!”

Your eyes water as your body begins to tremble. “Ink.”

The artist tilts his head. “What are you standing there for? I thought for sure you were gonna hug me once you saw me. Are you gonna come over or not?”

A lump forms in your throat as you weakly chuckle. “A lot of crazy stuff happened after I came through this door last time. Is it really okay for me to cross over?”

Ink rolls his eye-lights. “Of course, it is! I wouldn’t go through all this trouble just so you could say hi from the other side of the door! That kind of prank is too awful even for me.”

He jabs a thumb to his right. “Just ask it yourself if you’re that worried.”

Moving your gaze, you see a black tendril sprout from the ground. It waves at you, and then, after pointing at Ink, it starts nodding rapidly.

That’s all you need to know.

In a blink, you jump through the doorway and tackle a very surprised Ink to the ground. You wrap your arms around him tightly as you bury your face in his scarf. “What took you so long, you bonehead? It’s been months!”

You can hear the door close behind you, but you pay it no mind. All you care about is holding onto your friend whom you feared you’d never see again.

Ink immediately returns the embrace, hugging you just as tightly as he pulls you as close as he can. He grins into your neck. “Sorry for the wait. Apparently, because of the special circumstances of your world, it took longer for the glitch to be erased. You couldn’t leave until it was completely gone.”

With a huff, you nuzzle your face against his neck. “Guess I shouldn’t be too surprised. Nothing’s ever easy for me. It’s more shocking that I actually get to leave my world.”

Even though you can’t see his face right now, just from his tone of voice, you can tell he’s pouting.

“You didn’t think I’d find a way? I’m hurt! I promised you, didn’t I?”

Chuckling, you give him a tight squeeze. “I had my doubts, but you pulled through in the end. I’m sorry for doubting you, Ink. Thank you for bringing me back.”

His grip on you strengthens until it’s just shy of painful. You can’t help but shiver when his breath hits the exposed skin of your neck. “No way would I break a promise to you, especially not if it meant I’d never see you again. Just the thought made it feel like my chest was torn in two. I never felt that kind of pain before.”

Your chest clenches at his words. You pull away just enough so you can see his face. He’s smiling, but it looks more pained than cheerful like his usual smiles.
Without hesitation, you close the remaining distance between your faces and kiss his cheek, letting your lips graze the corner of his mouth. As expected, when you pull back, you see his cheeks lit with all the colors of the rainbow as he stares at you with wide eye-lights.

Giggling, you cup his face with one of your hands and gently stroke his cheekbone with your thumb. “Guess it’s my turn to keep my end of the deal, right?”

Ink looks a mixture of confused and flustered—a truly adorable sight. “Y-Your end?”

Nodding, you smile warmly. “I told you, didn’t I? I’d hang out with you as much as you wanted. All you had to do was ask. Now that there are no worlds to save, we can spend as much time as we want getting to know each other.”

His eye-lights widen at your words, and then, a bright grin forms on his face as he laughs. “Obviously! Now, you’re stuck with me!”

Your laughter quickly joins his. “I think that should be my line.”

After a few minutes, the two of you finally move to sit up, and you take a seat beside him, stretching your arms above your head. “So, how’d you manage to get everyone to agree to sign that letter? Even Error was on there.”

Ink starts to snicker. “I really gave him hell for weeks on end ‘til he gave in. I told him I’d quit annoying him for awhile if he wrote something for you. He was the only one who really gave me any trouble. Everyone else was happy to write you a message.”

A warm feeling takes root in your chest at his words. You really have the best friends a girl could ever ask for. “It made me really happy. I’ll be sure to thank them the next time I see them. Thank you for doing this for me, Ink.”

You hug his side tightly. “Just like I told you before, you’re a great friend.”

Grinning, the artist returns the hug and kisses your cheek, making you blush. “That reaction was definitely worth all the effort. Of course, getting to torment Error was also a bonus.”

Poor Error. You probably owe him an apology for the hell Ink put him through for your sake. Hopefully, he won’t hold it against you.

A black tendril pops up from the ground beside you, making you smile. You give it a pat, and it responds by curling around your form in a semi-hug.

Ink snorts at the sight. “Yeah, you’re totally its favorite. I knew it wouldn’t give me much trouble when it came time to bring you back.”

You tilt your head curiously. “How exactly did you manage to get the door to open again? I figured the Void would put up another barrier.”

He nods his head. “It did. It had to make sure the glitch couldn’t escape while the Void worked to cleanse it from your world. However, the new barrier is a little different from the last one.”

Upon seeing your confused expression, the artist grins. “Now, only residents of your world are allowed to open the door. To be more specific, only you can open the door since you’re the only one from your world who has magic thanks to that soul of yours. It’s because of your special connection to the Void that you can open the door.”
Your eyes widen in surprise. The Void was capable of making such a barrier? Maybe that’s another reason why it took so long for you to be able to come back. “But, how did the door get connected to my bedroom closet? Is this like a permanent thing? I won’t have to start storing all my clothes in a dresser, will I?”

He laughs at your question. “Nah, you were able to come over here because you were thinking of your world’s door when you opened the closet door. You were ‘cause of my message, right?”

When you nod your head, Ink winks at you. “That’s another reason I snuck that letter under the door. I needed you to be thinking of it so you could open it. While I may not be able to open it, there’s nothing stopping me from sliding you letters.”

You can’t help but feel impressed by his creativity. That was really smart of him, coming up with a way to send you a message without opening the door.

Your gaze falls on the tendril. “So, it’s really okay? Me being here won’t cause any trouble for the multiverse? Despite what Ink says, I know that letting fiction and nonfiction meet like this is a pretty big deal.”

Ink huffs at your words, but remains silent, choosing instead to just lean against you as you wait for the Void’s response. Of course, instead of a verbal reply, the tendril simply nods before patting your leg several times.

An amused smile forms on your face. “Let me guess. As long as no one else in my world finds out about this, we’ll be okay?”

The tendril gives you a thumbs up, making you laugh. Ink starts snickering. “I didn’t know it could do that. That’s awesome.”

While you’re on the subject of your world, you decide to ask another important question. “So, what’s the time flow difference for my world? Like, how much time has passed in it since I stepped into the Void?”

Ink slumps more against you as he grins. “I know the answer to this one! I brought Sci to check out this door and help translate for the Void. He said that time goes by a lot faster on our end than yours. So, while it’s just been a few months for you, it’s been several for us.”

His words make you frown. “That means I kept you guys waiting a long time.”

He rests his chin on your shoulder as his arms wrap loosely around you. “It’s fine. You’re worth the wait. Besides, for us monsters, that really isn’t a long time. No one’s upset with you, Y/N.”

You let your head rest against his as you sigh. “I’ll make it up to all of you. I promise.”

The artist smiles as his arms tighten around you. After a few seconds, he releases you and rises to his feet.

When he offers you a hand, you take it and pull yourself up to stand. Rather than release you, his hand continues to tightly hold yours. “How about I take you through a tour of the Doodle Sphere? I know I had Dream do it that one time, but I never actually showed you the whole place, right?”

Smiling, you shake your head. “You didn’t. I’d love to see more of the Doodle Sphere. It’s a beautiful place.”

Ink proudly beams at you. Within seconds, he has Broomy in his free hand and moves it to create a
As he returns the brush to his back, you wave at the tendril which immediately waves back. “I’ll see you later, Void. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to visit here too so you won’t be lonely.”

The artist snorts in amusement. “Only you would worry about the Void being lonely.”

You shrug your shoulders. “Well, it is sentient. Considering my past experiences with the Void, I also think it has feelings so it being lonely isn’t that crazy.”

As the two of you enter the Doodle Sphere, a thought comes to mind that makes you grin broadly. When you notice Ink’s curious expression, you explain the reason behind your large grin. “I just realized something. Everything started with you. It’s because of you opening the door to my world that I started that whole crazy journey. And, now, we’ve come full circle. It’s crazy how things work out.”

He laughs cheerfully as he squeezes your hand tightly. “Now, you’re on a whole new adventure. Are you excited?”

You’re grinning so hard that your cheeks are starting to hurt. “Definitely. No bones about it.”

Chapter End Notes

Renni-j drew human personifications for the Glitch and the Void. They both look really cool. I love the designs! ^^ You can see the posts by clicking here and here.

So, not long after the Dreamtale chapter, I made a post about an idea I had related to it which you can find here. Galaxybrownies was sweet enough to draw a comic for it which looks super awesome. You can see it by clicking here.

StarsInBottles(BottlesOfStars) drew this awesome picture of the Reader and the door to her world. You can see it by clicking here.

The-sleepy-anon decided to write what would happen if the Reader came to Anontale which is the AU where he and his bro live. It’s super awesome and adorable XD You can see the posts by clicking here and here.

I feel bad for not including everyone's messages, but I really didn't want to write out all 36 lol ^^ I'm sure y'all were surprised to see Nickel there since he hasn't appeared yet, but the Reader will be meeting him soon XD

I know y'all were distraught by the ending of the last chapter, so hopefully, this one has cheered y'all up ^^ Next week, you get to see the first bonus chapter which involves the Reader making a special return visit that y'all have been waiting a long time for ;)
After spending some time with Ink, you decide that it’s time to fulfill one of your promises. That’s why you’re now in front of the door to Underchrome.

You have made your soulmate wait for you long enough. You can only hope now that you can travel freely between your world and the AUs that you’ll be able to make up for all the lost time.

While Ink is obviously disappointed that your time together has come to an end, he doesn’t complain. Rather, the artist seems to have quite the cheerful grin on his face, and you can’t help but feel wary for some reason. “What are you smiling about, Ink?”

His grin grows as he shrugs his shoulders. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Y/N. Do I need to have a reason to smile? Can’t I just be happy?”

Your eyes narrow suspiciously. If it was anyone else, you wouldn’t have questioned it, but you know that grin of his isn’t just from him feeling happy. He’s obviously up to something.

Rather than confront him about it, you shake your head with a sigh. “Just don’t cause any trouble while I’m gone, okay?”

Ink wraps an arm around your waist as he leans against you. “Me? Cause trouble? Perish the thought. I just thought of something fun to show you. It’ll take a while to get everything together so I’ll come pick you up later, alright?”

Snorting, you pull him close as you hug him. “Just don’t forget about me, or the Void will have to be responsible for me getting to visit everyone else. It has a bad habit of dropping me off in snow banks so I’d prefer travelling with you.”

The artists laughs at your comment as he returns the embrace. “I won’t! So, you have fun while I’m gone. Try not to miss me too much!”

Rolling your eyes at his cheeky grin, you release the skeleton and head for the door. After a quick wave to Ink, you walk through the now open doorway and enter the world of Underchrome.

You are surprised to find yourself in Sans’ room rather than the living room like you half-expected. It’s just as dark as the last time you visited, making it near impossible to see what all is inside the room.

The only light is coming from the TV screen which appears to be paused. You find out why when your eyes land on Sans who is staring at you with wide-eyed disbelief.

A sheepish grin forms on your face. “Hi, Sans. I’m back.”

In a blink, he disappears from view only to reappear right in front of you. You squeak in surprise when his arms wrap around you and pull you into his chest.

Sans buries his face in your hair as his grip on you tightens. “welcome back, y/n.”

The pure relief and joy in his words make your eyes water. All you can do in response is bury your
face against his chest as you cling to him tightly.

For several minutes, the two of you remain like that just wrapped in each other’s arms. It seems for now Sans is just content to be able to hold you, so you make no move to end the hug, enjoying this moment just as much as him.

When he finally pulls his face away from your hair, Sans gently cups your cheek and leans in close, making you flush. “everything’s alright now? no more travellin’ across the multiverse fightin’ the forces of evil?”

You snort at his question as he grins at you. “Nah, I’ve put away my mask and cape for good. The multiverse no longer needs this heroine.”

He chuckles in amusement. Then, with a smirk, the skeleton moves until there’s only a few inches between your faces--his mouth hovering above yours.

A dark blush floods your cheeks at the close proximity as his warm gaze holds yours. You find yourself unable to breathe. “so, that means i can keep you all to myself from now on, right, babe?”

Your mouth goes dry, leaving you unable to speak. Fortunately, you don’t have to because it’s at that moment a loud voice shouts from another part of the house.

“SANS! YOU SAID YOU’D COME DOWN TO EAT ONCE YOU REACHED THE NEXT LEVEL! THAT WAS THIRTY MINUTES AGO! DON’T TELL ME YOU’RE STILL NOT DONE!”

Sans freezes at his brother’s yell while you find yourself giggling in amusement. “How long were you planning on making your poor brother wait, Sans?”

The skeleton pulls away from you and rubs the back of his head sheepishly. “i, uh, may have forgotten to come down after i finished that level twenty minutes ago.”

Snorting, you make your way to the door. “Why am I surprised? Well, we better head downstairs. I wanna finally meet your brother and thank him for the sweet note he wrote me.”

Your soulmate moves to walk beside you after the two of you exit the room. “so, that bastard actually managed to get the letter to you after all.”

Pausing, you raise a curious brow at him. “You mean Ink? For you to call him that, did something happen when he came by?”

Scowling, Sans crosses his arms. “since i first heard about him from you, i haven’t liked him. it didn’t help that he was pretty annoyin’ when he came to visit. i don’t understand how you can forgive him for what he did.”

A tired sigh escapes his mouth as he rubs his face. “wait. yes, i can. you’re too nice to not give him a second chance. of course, you would.”

You reach for his hand and give it a warm squeeze. “Ink’s really not a bad guy once you get to know him. He has his own reasons for how he acts the way he does. I’m not trying to make excuses for him or anything like that. I just hope you won’t completely write him off before getting the chance to know him. I consider him a dear friend of mine after everything we went through together to stop the glitch.”

After you pull your hand away, you notice how his frown grows. It looks like he’s about to
comment, but then, he abruptly shakes his head before moving toward the staircase. “i’ll keep that in mind. if he’s a friend of yours, i won’t try to cause any trouble with him. i don’t see myself being buddy-buddy with him, though.”

Smiling, you quicken your pace to catch up with him. “That’s fine. I know Ink’s not the easiest person to get along with, so I don’t expect everyone to become friends with him. I appreciate you being willing to try to get along with him. Thank you.”

His cheeks turn a light blue when he sees your smile. He averts his eyes to the side as you both walk down the stairs. “anything for you, babe.”

Your smile grows at his words. Just as he moves off the stairs, you remain on the steps and use that height to your advantage, leaning over to kiss his cheek. “Thank you, Sans.”

As expected, the skeleton’s face turns a dark blue at your actions. When you move to stand beside him, he quickly pulls you against him and kisses your hairline, making you blush in return.

Noticing your flustered expression, Sans grins at you. “payback. you can’t go around doin’ somethin’ that cute without some form of retaliation, babe. there’s a skele-ton of that to come if you’re not careful.”

The pun catches you by surprise, and you find yourself giggling before you can stop yourself. It’s the first time you ever heard your soulmate make a pun. While it’s far from being the most original, you can’t help but feel happy hearing it.

Before you can respond, the sound of a child giggling in the next room makes you pause. When you give the skeleton a curious look, Sans grins sheepishly. “oh yeah. forgot the kid was over. that’s probably why pap never came up to get me. queen toriel told him he shouldn’t leave them unsupervised in the kitchen when the two of them are cookin’ together.”

You smile in amusement. “By kid, you mean Frisk, right? So, Pap and Frisk are good friends in this world?”

He snorts at your question. “that’s an understatement. ever since those two discovered they were platonic soulmates, they’ve been practically inseparable. those two are the definition of best friends.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. So, Papyrus and Frisk are soulmates in this world. You had wondered who the taller skeleton’s soulmate would be since you never got around to asking the last time you were here.

Rather than comment on that cute discovery, you decide to question his use of one particular word. “Platonic? So, in this world, there are platonic and romantic soulmates?”

Sans abruptly coughs as he averts his gaze. “uh, yeah. guess i forgot to mention that. while most soulmate bonds tend to be romantic, there are plenty that are just platonic. for some people, their soulmate is their best friend rather than their future lover.”

As you ponder his words, you feel your face grow hot. You never thought to question Sans what kind of relationship he was hoping for. Obviously, he was desperate to meet his soulmate, but was he interested in romance? Or, was he looking for that special person that would always understand him like a best friend would?

A lot of his actions toward you could be interpreted as being romantic in nature. However, it’s possible he has just been teasing you, and you’re just overthinking things. You don’t want to
This is definitely something you’ll need to ask him about now that everything is settled with the glitch. You never gave much thought to this subject, probably because of your lack of romantic experience. Just the thought of someone actually being in love with you leaves you feeling flustered.

If that’s the type of relationship Sans wants with you, you’ll have to think more on your feelings for him. As of right now, you know you’re not in love with him, but that doesn’t mean you won’t ever be. Honestly, considering how well the two of you got along in the forest, you think there’s a lot of potential for a good relationship if the two of you spent more time together.

That’s when Papyrus appears in the kitchen doorway, probably about to yell for his brother again. His outfit is quite different from what you’ve seen his other counterparts wear.

Instead of a battle body, Papyrus is wearing a long navy overcoat which is partially concealed by the silver cape hanging off his left shoulder. The belts of the coat in addition to his handcuffs and high collar are also silver while his pants are black. He’s wearing white boots and dark red fingerless gloves which match the turtleneck sweater that’s peeking from behind his collar.

His posture relaxes momentarily at the sight of his brother, but he then suddenly freezes when his gaze falls on you. As his eye-lights widen, you can clearly see surprise and disbelief on his expression.

Papyrus is so shocked that he apparently forgets he’s holding a plate of spaghetti since it falls from his suddenly loose fingers. Before it can hit the ground, Sans uses his magic to save it, causing the plate to hover awkwardly in the air.

The shorter skeleton approaches his brother with a worried frown. “pap, you alright?”

Before the younger brother can reply, Frisk makes their appearance, coming to stand beside the taller skeleton. Their appearance is much like their counterparts except their sweater is black with a single white stripe.

A worried frown forms on their face as they stare at their soulmate. “Pap? What’s wrong?”

Papyrus shakes himself out of his stupor and grins cheerfully. “NOTHING IS WRONG! THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF OUR GUEST JUST CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE WHICH IS AN IMPRESSIVE FEAT I MUST SAY! IT TAKES A LOT TO SURPRISE THE GREAT PAPYRUS! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Despite not knowing him for very long, you can’t help but feel there’s more behind that smile than he’s letting on. Is it just you, or does his smile appear forced?

Obviously, Sans wants to question his brother’s strange behavior, but before he can, the taller skeleton grabs the hovering plate and directs a warm grin your way. “WELCOME TO OUR HOME! YOU ARE Y/N, CORRECT? I’VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU FROM MY BROTHER! ALL GOOD THINGS I PROMISE!”

His brother starts to blush when you aim a curious look his way. Then, you return your gaze to his brother and smile at him. “That’s right. It’s a pleasure to finally meet you, Papyrus. After hearing Sans talk about his super cool brother, I couldn’t wait to meet you in person.”

A bright orange blush floods his cheekbones at your words while Frisk snickers in amusement. “I-I SEE! WELL, THAT IS NOT SURPRISING! WHEN YOU HAVE THE COOLEST BROTHER
EVER, OF COURSE YOU WOULD TALK ABOUT HIM!"

Sans grins proudly as he nods his head. “yep. snow one is cooler than you, bro.”

While his brother groans at the pun, you and Frisk giggle at Papyrus’ reaction. The child walks over to you and smiles. “I’m Frisk. It’s nice to meet you, Y/N. Pap and I have been looking forward to meeting you.”

Your return the smile. “I’m happy to meet you both. Sorry for making you wait so long.”

Papyrus then ushers everyone into the kitchen to eat the spaghetti he and Frisk had finished preparing. Apparently, he had started calling for his brother early because he knew how long it’d take for the older skeleton to finally come downstairs. So, instead of being late for lunch, Sans is actually right on time much to your amusement.

Curious to see what this Papyrus’ cooking is like, you take a bite of the spaghetti and freeze. Your eyes widen with wonder at the delightful taste. The noodles are just the right texture while the sauce is jam-packed with flavor. It’s the most delicious spaghetti you have ever eaten.

When you see the chef’s expectant gaze on you, you beam at him after swallowing your food. “It’s delicious, Papyrus! I’ve never had such amazing spaghetti before! You’re so skilled!”

He grins proudly as he puffs up his chest. “NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! WHEN IT COMES TO COOKING SPAGHETTI, NO ONE CAN SURPASS THE GREAT PAPYRUS’ SKILLS!”

Sans nods from his seat beside you. “yep. pap’s cooking is the best. it’s im-pasta-ble to resist.”

Papyrus groans in dismay. “BROTHER! NO BAD PUNS WHILE WE’RE EATING!”

His brother takes a sip of his soda. “aw, bro. hearing that is soda-pressing. can’t you throw me a bone this one time?”

“SANS!”

Meanwhile, you and Frisk are laughing loudly at the brothers’ antics. It’s takes you awhile to finish your food because Sans keeps reeling out puns that make you laugh.

While Papyrus is obviously exasperated, you can tell he’s trying hard not to smile--no doubt he’s happy to see his brother so cheerful. While you’re eating, you occasionally look up to see Papyrus staring at you, but he’s always quick to look away so you hesitate to question him about it.

After the meal is done, Frisk immediately volunteers to clean the dishes. You are surprised when they ask you for assistance rather than Papyrus.

Wanting to help, you nod your head with a smile and move to join them at the sink. Meanwhile, Sans drags his reluctant brother to the living room, claiming Papyrus needs to learn how to relax every now and then.

While you’re in charge of washing the dishes, Frisk takes care of drying and stacking them. At first, the two of you simply chat about yourselves, getting to know one another better. You find out that Frisk and their twin Chara were adopted by the royal family after being abandoned by their always travelling parents. That’s why the humans are in the only monster populated country.

When there’s a lull in the conversation, you are surprised when Frisk brings up another topic. “Has Sans told you about me and Pap being platonic soulmates yet?”
Surprised, you nod your head. “Yeah, I found out a few minutes before I met you two. I had been curious who Pap’s soulmate was since I never got the chance to ask the last time I was here.”

Frisk stops drying the plate in their hand and turns to look at you. “Did you know that some people can have more than one soulmate?”

Your eyes widen with shock. “Really? I had no idea. To be honest, I don’t know all the details about how soulmates work in this world. Sans told me that when a monster meets the eyes of their soulmate they can start seeing in color.”

Thinking over your words, your brows begin to furrow. “So, how does having multiple soulmates work in that case? You’ll be able to see in color after meeting at least one of them, right?”

They shrug their shoulders. “Kinda. From what I’ve read in the royal library, if you meet your soulmate and only see some of the colors but not all, that means you’ve only met one of your soulmates. According to the records, there have been some people in the past who have had two soulmates instead of just the usual one.”

You give the child an impressed look. “You’re quite the studious kid, aren’t you? It’s really amazing that you know all this.”

Frisk shakes their head with a smile. “Not really. I just wanted to help my soulmate figure out why he can only see certain colors.”

Their words make you freeze in shock. Eyes wide as saucers, you stare at the child in disbelief. “Your soulmate? Then, you’re saying Papyrus actually has two soulmates?!”

Frisk immediately shushes you, holding a finger to their lips, and you quickly shut your mouth, realizing you had unintentionally raised your voice. After sneaking a quick glance over their shoulder to make sure the coast is clear, the kid nods at your question. “Yeah. He didn’t admit it right away, but eventually, I got him to confide in me since I could tell something was bothering him. I’m the only one who knows.”

All you can do is gape. “Sans really doesn’t know?”

A guilty frown forms on their face. “He has no idea. I thought about telling him, but considering how he used to react to the subject of soulmates, you can’t blame Pap for wanting to keep it a secret. Pap thought it’d be cruel to bring up having two when his brother couldn’t even have one.”

Your chest clenches painfully at their words. They’re right. You can’t blame Papyrus for keeping this a secret. He just wanted to protect his brother. “But, why hasn’t he brought it up now that Sans has met me? He still hasn’t told him even after my last visit?”

Frisk sighs as they finish drying the plate in their hands. “I told him he should, but Pap thought it was still unfair considering your circumstances. Sure, Sans has a soulmate now, but you’re from another world so it’s not like you can stay here forever. You have your own family and life back in your world.”

Realizing they’re right, your gaze drops to the sink. This really is unfair for Sans; he deserves so much better than this.

A hand on your arm draws you out of your thoughts. You see Frisk smiling at you. “It’s okay, Y/N. Sans doesn’t blame you and neither do we. It’s not your fault the two of you were born in different worlds. You didn’t do anything wrong.”
The tension in your body eases at their words. It’s true that you can’t be blamed for your own circumstances. You know Sans wouldn’t want you to blame yourself, so you can’t let yourself dwell in such negative thoughts.

You return their smile, giving them a grateful look. “Thank you, Frisk. I needed that.”

For some reason, their expression suddenly becomes nervous. “You probably won’t be thanking me after what I say next since it’ll be adding to your stress load, but I need to say it since I know he won’t.”

Your brows furrow at their words, but before you can question them, the kid continues. “I think you may be Pap’s second soulmate, Y/N.”

At their words, your body goes completely still, and you forget how to breathe. For several seconds, all you can do is stare at them in disbelief.

When your lungs begin to burn, you finally remember to take a breath. “W-What?”

Frisk scratches their head after setting the plate down. “You know how he reacted weirdly when he saw you? I’m pretty sure it was because he met your eyes and was suddenly able to see all the colors he couldn’t see before. He did meet your eyes, right?”

After you nod dumbly, the child sighs, “I figured as much. I kept a close eye on him after that and noticed how often he’d look at you during lunch. It could be just a coincidence, but I doubt it. Pap was definitely acting weird.”

As you think over their words, you realize that their reasoning is sound. Everything started after Papyrus looked you in the eyes. While he obviously tried to appear normal, even you, who hardly knew him, could tell something was off about the taller skeleton.

But, if Frisk is right, then…

You bite your lip. That means both brothers are your soulmates. How in the world are you supposed to approach this? Papyrus obviously doesn’t want his brother to know, but there’s no way you can just ignore this if it turns out he really is your soulmate. And, what about Sans? You can’t keep this from him. You know he’d want to know what’s bothering his brother.

The next few minutes pass in silence as the two of you clean the rest of the dishes. After you both finish, you sigh tiredly. “How in the world am I supposed to handle this? Things can’t keep going on like this. This will only make both brothers suffer in the long run.”

Before they can reply, you hear a cell phone go off. Frisk pulls out a phone from their pocket and starts typing after reading the message.

After they finish, the kid gives you a sheepish look. “Sorry, looks like it’s time for me to go. Chara and Asriel are waiting for me.”

You gape at them. “Wait! What about this crazy mess?! Don’t leave me here to handle this all on my own!”

Frisk gives you a sympathetic look as they pat your arm. “It’ll be okay, Y/N. I’m sure you’ll figure out what the best thing to do is. I believe in you.”

Rather than give you time to retort, the child quickly leaves the kitchen and tells their soulmate they’re leaving. After giving the brothers a quick hug, Frisk waves at you before hurrying outside...
the door. If you didn’t know any better, you’d say the kid was doing this to you on purpose.

*I will remember this, Frisk.*

Directing your gaze to the skeletons, you are surprised by the obvious tension between them. While they don’t appear to be upset, you can tell something is definitely wrong. Maybe Sans tried talking to his brother about his earlier behavior while the two were alone?

Realizing the only way this problem will be solved is by talking about it, you question the brothers. “Are you guys okay? Did something happen while we were cleaning?”

Papyrus immediately shakes his head. “NOT AT ALL! EVERYTHING IS PERFECTLY FINE, Y/N! THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY!”

He starts heading for the door. “NOW THAT LUNCH IS OVER AND FRISK IS ON THEIR WAY HOME, I SHALL GO BACK TO PATROLLING. THANK YOU FOR HELPING CLEAN UP, Y/N! IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU!”

Sans frowns at his brother. “but, pap, i thought you had the whole day off today. why would you need to go patrolling?”

His brother’s posture stiffens at the question. “D-DID I SAY THAT? OBVIOUSLY, I WAS MISTAKEN! SORRY ABOUT THAT, BROTHER!”

Realizing he’s trying to escape, you quickly move in front of the door, successfully blocking the skeleton’s escape route. “Papyrus, we need to talk.”

He starts to sweat nervously. “TALK? OH! IF IT’S ABOUT MY SUPER SECRET SPAGHETTI RECIPE, I’M AFRAID I CANNOT TELL YOU. A CHEF ALWAYS CLOSELY GUARDS THEIR SPECIAL RECIPES!”

Sans approaches his brother, looking worried. “pap, what’s goin’ on? you’re actin’ strange. what aren’t you tellin’ me?”

Crossing his arms, Papyrus averts his gaze to the side. “I-I DON’T KNOW WHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT! I’M ACTING PERFECTLY NORMAL!”

He’s not gonna admit it willingly. In order to address this problem, I’m gonna have to be the one to bring it up.

You take a step toward the taller skeleton. “Frisk told me about your situation, Papyrus. They also told me their suspicion about your recent behavior.”

His eye-lights widen as his face pales. Meanwhile, Sans is frowning, obviously confused. “What are you talkin’ about? What did the kid tell you?”

Taking a deep breath, you meet the younger skeleton’s nervous gaze head on. “I know you have more than one soulmate, Papyrus. Frisk told me that you couldn’t see some colors even after meeting them. After they did some research, they found out that means a monster has more than one soulmate.”

A sharp intake of breath has you and Papyrus turning to look at a completely stunned Sans. “w-what? is that true, bro? you can’t see all the colors? why didn’t you tell me?”

Realizing there’s no way out of this, the taller skeleton sighs and rubs his forehead tiredly. “HOW
COULD I TELL YOU I HAD TWO WHEN YOU DIDN’T EVEN HAVE ONE? HOW COULD I DO THAT WHEN THE WORLD SO CRUELLY TOOK AWAY YOURS?”

Sans clenches his teeth as he hangs his head. “so, you’ve been dealin’ with this all this time, and i had no idea. i can’t believe i never noticed. what kind of brother am i?”

“THE BEST KIND!”

At his brother’s exclamation, the older skeleton jumps in surprise. He watches with wide eye-lights as Papyrus marches toward him and clamps his hands on the older brother’s shoulders. “YOU’RE A WONDERFUL BROTHER, SANS! YOU DIDN’T NOTICE BECAUSE I DIDN’T WANT YOU TO. NO ONE ELSE KNEW BESIDES FRISK. NOT EVEN UNDYNE KNOWS. I WORKED HARD TO KEEP IT A SECRET BECAUSE I DIDN’T WANT TO HURT YOU.”

Sans’ body slumps in defeat. “but, you shouldn’t have had to do that, pap. if i had handled the whole soulmate situation better, you wouldn’t have had to worry about comin’ to me about this. i never want you to bottle things up just to protect me. your happiness is way more important to me.”

Papyrus frowns as he tightens his grip on his brother. “AND, YOUR HAPPINESS IS JUST AS IMPORTANT TO ME! I WOULD NEVER PURPOSEFULLY DO SOMETHING THAT WOULD HURT YOU, SANS. BESIDES, IT WASN’T LIKE I WAS MISERABLE ONLY BEING ABLE TO KNOW ONE OF MY SOULMATES. THANKS TO YOU AND FRISK, I AM ALWAYS HAPPY. I CONSIDER MYSELF FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU BOTH IN MY LIFE NOT TO MENTION ALL OF MY OTHER WONDERFUL FRIENDS.”

The shorter skeleton smiles weakly as he shakes his head. “what did i do to deserve an awesome bro like you?”

With a gentle smile, Papyrus hugs his brother who immediately returns the embrace. “YOU’D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN I ASK MYSELF THAT VERY QUESTION. YOU’RE A GOOD BROTHER, SANS. BETTER THAN YOU REALIZE.”

Your eyes water at the exchange. There really is nothing stronger than the bond between a Sans and Papyrus. You’re so glad that Papyrus no longer has to keep this a secret from his brother.

However, there’s still one more secret that needs to be brought into the open. While it’s obvious that Papyrus is worried how his brother will react, you honestly don’t think Sans would be happy if this was kept from him.

With a sigh, you approach the skeletons who pull away from each other to eye you curiously. When you meet the taller brother’s gaze, he freezes as if expecting what you’ll say next.

Before he can stop you, you reach for both of their hands and squeeze them tightly, surprising them. “Papyrus, is the reason you’ve been acting so strangely because I’m your second soulmate?”

Sans whips his startled gaze to his brother who immediately looks away. “pap? is that really why you’ve been actin’ so weird?”

Papyrus looks like he’s about to deny the claim, but he goes still when you squeeze his hand to get his attention. “Please tell us the truth, Papyrus. Don’t keep everything to yourself because you want to protect our feelings. That’s not fair to you.”

The shorter skeleton reaches to cling to his brother’s coat with his free hand. “please, pap. no more secrets.”
For several seconds, Papyrus remains silent, obviously conflicted. Then, with a sigh, he hangs his head. “IT’S TRUE. AFTER I MET HER GAZE, I WAS ABLE TO SEE EVERY COLOR IN THE ROOM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE. THAT’S WHY I WAS SO SURPRISED. I’M SORRY, BROTHER.”

Sans rests his forehead against the other skeleton’s chest as he clenches your hand tightly. “why are you apologizing? you didn’t do anything wrong, pap.”

Like his brother, Papyrus tightens his grip on your hand as tears spring to his eyes. “BUT, IT’S NOT FAIR TO YOU, SANS. YOU’VE WAITED ALL THIS TIME TO MEET YOUR SOULMATE, AND SHE’S FINALLY HERE. YOU DON’T DESERVE TO DEAL WITH YOUR BROTHER BEING SOULMATES WITH HER AS WELL, ESPECIALLY WHEN I ALREADY HAVE ONE.”

The older brother pulls away and frowns at him. “life’s not fair, pap. i figured that out a long time ago. sure, this situation is far from ideal, but how can i complain? there was a point in my life when i had no soulmate and no brother, and now I have you both in my life. as far as i’m concerned, i can’t get any luckier.”

His words bring tears to your eyes. In a blink, both you and Papyrus are hugging Sans tightly. He’s quick to reciprocate, clinging onto the two of you with all his strength.

For a while, the three of you remain in that position—no one willing to pull away from the embrace. With your forehead pressed against the older skeleton’s shoulder, you swallow the lump in your throat and decide to speak.

“To be honest, I don’t really know what it means to be a soulmate. In my word, soulmates only exist in stories, so I don’t know what to do in this situation. I don’t know how to make things easier for you both, but I wish I did. Even though I have no idea what I’m doing, I promise I’ll do my best to be a good soulmate for you both. More than anything, I want you guys to be happy.”

Sans’ arm around you tightens, and you feel him press a kiss against your hairline. “you’re doin’ just fine, babe. just bein’ your sweet self is enough. you’ve done more for me than you realize.”

Another arm wraps around your waist and pulls you into the taller skeleton’s side. When you look up at him in surprise, you see his gentle smile. “I AGREE WITH MY BROTHER. ALL WE WANT IS FOR YOU TO BE YOURSELF AND FOR YOU TO BE HAPPY. JUST AS YOU WISH FOR OUR HAPPINESS, WE ALSO WISH FOR YOURS.”

A warm smile forms on your face when you take in their kind gazes. “How can I not be happy when I’m with you guys?”

Your words make the brother’s blush as they grin happily. Then, the three of you finally pull away from each other.

A few seconds later, Sans surprises you and Papyrus when he grabs the two of you by the arm and suddenly teleports you both to his room. He grins at your confused looks. “now, that all that’s settled, it’s time we play some games. i’ve been waitin’ to see your skills in action, babe.”

As you grin in return, Papyrus sighs in exasperation. “OF COURSE, IT ALL COMES BACK TO VIDEO GAMES. PLEASE TELL ME THAT’S NOT HOW ALL YOUR DATES WITH Y/N WILL BE, BROTHER. IT’S NOT HEALTHY TO STAY INSIDE ALL THE TIME.”

At the mention of dating, your face turns red, making Sans grin in amusement. “while i prefer
hangin’ out indoors, if she ever wanted to go outside for a date, i’d be game.”

Papyrus groans at the pun while you move to take a seat on the floor beside Sans. You half-expect the other skeleton to leave since he didn’t appear too excited about his brother’s idea.

However, with a shake of his head, the younger skeleton does move to sit beside you. As Sans sifts through his games, you decide to bring up the earlier topic and get something off your chest. “Um, this is gonna sound really lame, but I’ve never actually been on a date before. Honestly, I have no experience in romance whatsoever, so uhhh…”

Despite your intention to question what they want in this relationship, you can’t bring yourself to actually say those words. The more you try, the redder your face becomes. Feeling their gazes on you, you find yourself ducking your head in embarrassment.

A gentle hand on your head draws your attention to Papyrus who’s smiling. “WORRY NOT, Y/N. WE WOULD NEVER PRESSURE YOU TO DO SOMETHING YOU’RE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH. NEITHER SANS NOR MYSELF HAVE MUCH DATING EXPERIENCE EITHER. WE CAN TAKE THIS SLOWLY AND GET TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER. AFTER HEARING ABOUT YOU FROM SANS, I’VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO DOING SO EVEN BEFORE DISCOVERING YOU WERE MY SOULMATE.”

Your shoulders slump with relief at his words. While you knew they’d never force you to do anything you were uncomfortable with, you had been worried how they’d react to your lack of experience.

Sans leans against you, raising a hand to rub your back soothingly. “pap’s right. the last thing i wanna do is rush you into somethin’ you’re unsure about. even if we are soulmates, that doesn’t change the fact that we haven’t spent a lot of time together so we hardly know each other. not all soulmates immediately hit it off. i’ve seen plenty that took months before they officially became a couple. it’s perfectly normal to take your time with this kind of thing.”

When your gaze meets his, he shyly averts his eyes as he blushes. “honestly, all that matters to me is that you’re here. i’m just happy knowin’ my soulmate is alive and that i get to have her by my side. we can take our time with everythin’ else.”

“BROTHER, THAT’S SO SWEET OF YOU! I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SUCH A ROMANTIC! HAVE YOU BEEN WATCHING ALPHYS’ ROMANCE ANIME DVDS WITHOUT ME KNOWING?”

The older brother’s blush darkens considerably while you giggle at Papyrus’ words. “d-don’t know what you’re talkin’ about, bro.”

Your giggling increases when you see that the taller skeleton appears unconvinced. Meanwhile, Sans is doing his best to avoid meeting anyone’s eyes.

Before Papyrus can respond, his brother hands out the controllers and starts the game. And, so begins your fun-filled Mario Kart marathon.

While you are unsurprised by Sans’ skills, the younger skeleton’s gaming skills do catch you off guard. Considering how well he maneuvers his kart, Papyrus obviously plays this game with his brother a lot.

Of course, you don’t plan on going down without a fight. Each race is exciting from beginning to end since you can never tell who will come out as the winner.
You haven’t had this much fun playing video games since your last visit to Swapfell. When you catch sight of your soulmates’ excited expressions as they play, a warm, fuzzy feeling takes root in your chest.

Even though you haven’t known the two for very long, you can tell this is the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

After several hours of Mario Kart, Papyrus decides a change in activities is in order. This results in the three of you making yourselves comfortable on the living room couch as you all watch Mettaton on TV.

Unsurprisingly, the robot is an idol in this world. However, you weren’t expecting him to have his own movie series. Apparently, in addition to TV shows and specials, Mettaton also acts in several movies. He’s the country’s most popular actor so there’s hardly any form of media that doesn’t have him in it.

You enjoy hearing Papyrus go on about his favorite idol. Even though he’s quick to tell you how popular he himself is, the taller skeleton admires the robot for his charismatic ways and exceptional acting skills. There’s no part that Mettaton can’t act.

What surprises you the most is hearing that Sans is a fan of the robot’s cousin, Napstablook. According to the shorter skeleton, the ghost is a talented composer who writes all of their cousin’s songs. Mettaton refuses to sing anything that isn’t written by the ghost which you find adorable. You’re happy the two have such a good relationship in this world.

After hearing Napstablook’s music begin to play in the background of the movie, you can understand why Sans is a fan. It’s really amazing. Somehow, as you listen to the beautiful tune, it feels like it’s actually resonating in your soul. You find yourself smiling before you even realize it as your soul thrums strongly in your chest.

Of course, this leads to Papyrus playing the special concert tour DVD so you can hear more of his idol’s amazing singing and more of the ghost’s fantastic music. Everyone becomes so engrossed with the TV that the taller skeleton allows dinner to be eaten on the couch rather than the kitchen table like he prefers.

Instead of spaghetti like you expect, Papyrus quickly prepares several sandwiches to eat while Sans raids the pantry for chips. Wanting to help, you put yourself in charge of grabbing drinks for the three of you.

And, that’s how you spend the rest of the night, sitting comfortably between your soulmates as you watch hours of Mettaton. Despite your best efforts to remain awake, you find yourself dozing off a few hours after you finish eating.

The last thing you remember before falling asleep is warmth of the brothers’ bodies as they move closer to you and their comforting presence as their arms wrap around your shoulders and waist. Feeling so warm and cozy, it’s no wonder you have nothing but pleasant dreams.

When you wake the next morning, you are surprised to find yourself still on the couch, sandwiched in between Sans and Papyrus who are both surprisingly asleep. This doesn’t last for long, however.

As if noticing your gaze on him, the taller skeleton begins to stir. He stretches his arms for a few seconds before turning his attention to you.

A large grin forms on his face. “GOOD MORNING, Y/N! I HOPE YOU SLEPT WELL. I
APOLOGIZE FOR NOT TAKING YOU TO A BED. YOU AND SANS LOOKED SO COMFORTABLE ON THE COUCH THAT I FOUND IT HARD TO MOVE YOU.”

Smiling, you hug the younger brother tightly. “I slept great, Pap. I was very comfortable. It was sweet of you to stay down here with us when I’m sure your bed would’ve been more comfortable for you.”

Blushing, Papyrus returns the hug. “I DON’T REQUIRE A LOT OF SLEEP SO IT REALLY DIDN’T MATTER TO ME WHERE I SLEPT. I WAS QUITE COMFORTABLE HERE AS WELL.”

When you pull away, the taller skeleton huffs at the sight of his still sleeping brother. “THAT LAZYBONES. WELL, WE CAN WAKE HIM AFTER BREAKFAST IS FINISHED. IT’S EITHER HAVE HIM SLEEP HERE OR ON THE KITCHEN TABLE WHILE I COOK.”

Giggling, you and Papyrus rise from the couch after putting Sans into a more comfortable sleeping position. Then, the two of you head for the kitchen to make breakfast.

He’s absolutely delighted when you ask if you can cook with him. Even though he obviously doesn’t need your help, it looks like he enjoys having people cook with him.

As the two of you work on preparing eggs and bacon, Papyrus tells you more about himself. You learn that he joined the Royal Guard because he wanted to protect his country. He’s always loved taking care of others and thought this job would be the perfect way to do so.

You tilt your head curiously. “Are there a lot of conflicts in this country?”

The skeletons shakes his head. “NOT REALLY. MONSTERS ARE QUITE PEACEFUL AFTER ALL. HOWEVER, WE ARE NOT PERFECT, SO EVERY NOW AND THEN, THE MORE STUBBORN ONES WILL BUTT HEADS. NOTHING THE GREAT PAPYRUS CANNOT HANDLE OF COURSE!”

His words make you smile. “I have no doubt about that. What about the humans? Do they ever give your country trouble?”

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “THERE ARE DISAGREEMENTS ON OCCASION, BUT I THINK THAT’S TO BE EXPECTED SINCE HUMAN COUNTRIES ARE EVEN LIKE THAT WITH EACH OTHER. THANKFULLY, NOTHING HAS EVER GOTTEN SO BAD THAT WAR WAS CONSIDERED.”

He then starts telling you about his many stories involving him working with human ambassadors. No matter what kind of mood they were in when they arrived, they always left satisfied and in good spirits after spending time with Papyrus. Apparently, the royal family noticed his wonderful people skills and gave him that role since it’s near impossible for people to not get along with him.

By the time breakfast is finished, Sans trudges into the kitchen and plops down into a chair at the table, trying and failing to muffle his yawn. “mornin’. “

Papyrus rolls his eyes fondly while you giggle in amusement. After bringing your food to the table, the three of you enjoy a peaceful breakfast.

When Sans pops open a soda, you raise an eyebrow in surprise to which he grins. “what? it’s soda-licious.”

His brother groans in dismay. “IT’S TOO EARLY FOR PUNS, SANS. AND, I THOUGHT I
TOLD YOU TO CUT BACK ON YOUR SODA INTAKE? DRINKING SO MUCH OF THAT CARBONATED BEVERAGE CANNOT BE GOOD FOR YOU.”

Before Sans can reply, a portal suddenly opens in the kitchen, making everyone freeze in surprise. Then, Ink walks through acting as if this completely normal—which it probably is considering who he is.

Mismatched eye-lights land on you and immediately brighten. “Hey, Y/N! My surprise is ready! I came to pick you up!”

The sound of a low growling brings your gaze to Chrome who’s scowling at his counterpart. “what do you mean ‘pick her up’?”

Papyrus looks worriedly between the two of them as if expecting a fight to break out if he doesn’t keep a close eye on them. “WE WEREN’T EXPECTING YOU TO VISIT, INK. HOW NICE OF YOU TO DROP BY.”

Grinning, Ink moves to take a seat beside you and swipes a piece of bacon off your plate much to your annoyance. He ignores Chrome’s glare. “I guess Y/N didn’t explain to you about the whole travelling between worlds bit, huh? Since the Void doesn’t really need her to go anywhere now, I’ll be the one to take her to places she wants to visit. She was with me in the Doodle Sphere before she decided to come visit you guys.”

You rub your head sheepishly when everyone’s attention is brought to you. “Sorry, I completely forgot. I really did mean to explain everything to you two.”

The taller skeleton gives you a warm grin. “IT’S QUITE ALRIGHT! WE ARE ALSO AT FAULT FOR NOT ASKING. WE WERE JUST SO HAPPY TO HAVE YOU HERE THAT WE FORGOT ABOUT ASKING HOW LONG YOU’D BE STAYING.”

Chrome’s shoulders droop as he averts his gaze. “guess it was wishful thinking expectin’ you to stay longer.”

Your chest clenches painfully at his words, but before you can reply, Ink joins in. “Of course, it was. You didn’t think you could keep her all to yourself, did you? You’re not her only friends, you know.”

Annoyed, you give the artist a painful jab in his side with your elbow, making him wince. “Ink! Be nice!”

Ink is about to respond when his counterpart cuts him off. “you may be her friend, but we’re her soulmates. of course, we’d want to spend more time with her.”

Since you never told any of your friends about you having a soulmate, you expect Ink to be surprised by Chrome’s words. However, judging by the lack of reaction, you wonder if the artist somehow already knew.

Well, Ink did visit to get them to sign that letter for me. Maybe he found out then. Still, this is kinda awkward. I hope Ink wasn’t upset I didn’t tell him. I was so preoccupied with the glitch that I forgot to.

Ink raises a brow ridge, giving his counterpart an unimpressed look. “So, what? You think you’re entitled to more of her time because of that?”

Before Chrome can retort, a large grin forms on the artist’s face. “Do you really think you’re the
only special ones here?”

When the brothers’ expressions grow confused, Ink starts laughing. “That’s hilarious! You really thought you were the only ones!”

Brows furrowed, you try to gain your amused friend’s attention. “Ink, what are you talking about?”

Once he calms down, Ink slings an arm around your shoulders, ignoring Chrome’s annoyed scowl, and points between himself and his counterpart. “Y/N, who are we?”

Confusion increasing, all you can do is answer his question. “Ink and Chrome.”

Rolling his eye-lights, the artist shakes his head. “No, what are our real names?”

You raise an eyebrow, wondering where he’s going with this. “Sans.”

Satisfied by your reply, Ink gives you a grin. “That’s right. So, tell me this. Who are your soulmates? Think really carefully.”

Your first thought is to say Chrome and Nickel, but taking his last sentence into consideration, you realize that’s not the kind of answer he’s looking for. Obviously, it’s related to his previous question when he asked who he and Chrome were.

\[ I \text{ already knew they were both Sans. Why would he ask me something like that? Better yet, why would he ask me who my soulmates were when Chrome already told him? What is Ink trying to say here? } \]

Just as you consider questioning him, you remember his words before he started quizzing you. “That’s hilarious! You really thought you were the only ones!”

The only ones? What does that mean? Your only soulmates?

That’s when it hits you. Your eyes widen in realization. “Sans and Papyrus are my soulmates, but does that mean…?”

Ink beams at you approvingly after removing his arm. “I knew you’d figure it out, Y/N! These two aren’t the only Sans and Papyrus who are your soulmates.”

All you can do is gape in disbelief while Chrome and Papyrus do much the same. After a few seconds, Chrome slams a hand on the table, startling you out of your daze. “what the hell are you talkin’ about?! i thought our world was the only one with soulmates!”

Shrugging, Ink takes a bite of your toast with you too stunned to stop him. “No one ever said that. Your world is special in that soulmates are an integral part of it. Monsters won’t ever see color until they meet theirs. Other AU’s have soulmates. They just don’t have to deal with the same issues as you.”

Papyrus rubs his chin thoughtfully. “SO, YOU ARE SAYING THAT Y/N IS THE SOULMATE OF NOT JUST US BUT ALSO OUR COUNTERPARTS? BUT, WOULDN’T SHE HAVE KNOWN THAT? DID NO ONE TELL HER?”

You turn toward Ink. “No one has ever said they were my soulmate besides these guys. Were the others keeping it a secret, or do they not know?”

Noticing him eye your glass of juice, you prepare one for him so he won’t steal yours. After he
drains the cup, Ink grins appreciatively. “They don’t know. Soulmates are a little different in the other worlds you’ve been to. A lot of them don’t even know soulmates actually exist since there’s no way of telling you’ve met yours like there is in this world. Plus, I think everything started after you came to Underchrome.”

Chrome raises an eye ridge at him. “what do you mean?”

His counterpart drums his fingers across the table. “It’s kinda hard to explain, but I think her meeting you was what started everything. Once she became soulmates with the Sans of this world, that meant she was also connected to every other Sans—more so to the ones she’s actually met, of course. Likewise, now that this world’s Papyrus is her soulmate, I’m sure his counterparts will notice something different about her the next time she sees them.”

Snatching another piece of bacon, Ink slowly chews on the strip. “Even though we’re all unique individuals, we’re still the same at our cores because we’re all Sanses. We’re connected. If Y/N is the soulmate of one Sans, it isn’t that strange that she’d somehow be one for the others.”

He bumps shoulders with you. “Didn’t you notice something different about your interactions with the Sanses you met after coming here the first time? They weren’t nearly as suspicious of you as the first ones were, right?”

You scratch your head. “Well, I guess not. But, Remix and Cosmic were like that because you told them about me. I’m sure they would’ve been more cautious of me if you hadn’t.”

The artist raises an eyeridge. “Yet, you managed to win over the mobster without much difficulty. Totally not strange at all.”

Scowling, you give his scarf a warning tug. “It was far from easy. I just got really lucky. Plus, I didn’t ‘win him over’. He decided to give me a chance when he realized how awful I am at lying.”

Ink snorts at your response. “Sure. Whatever you say.”

After having another glass of juice, he rises to his feet and stretches his arms above his head. “Well, this was nice and all, but it’s time we get going. Y/N’s special surprise is waiting for her after all.”

You tilt your head curiously. “You said something about that earlier. Are we going to a new AU or a place I’ve visited before?”

A large grin forms on his face. “You’ll just have to wait and see for yourself!”

His expression then turns thoughtful. “You might need to grab a jacket. Where we’re going will be really cold.”

Thankfully, this time around you’re wearing jeans, so you won’t have to worry about your legs freezing like during your first trip to Undertale. Unfortunately, you are wearing a t-shirt, so a jacket definitely would be a good idea.

In an instant, Chrome disappears from the table only to reappear a few seconds later with a black hoodie. “you can take one of mine. i have plenty of ‘em.”

Grateful, you grab the hoodie and quickly put it on. Then, you wrap your arms around the grumpy skeleton and hug him tightly. “Thank you, Sans. I’m sorry my visit wasn’t as long as you had hoped. I promise I’ll come visit again soon. I won’t make you wait a long time ever again.”
He immediately returns the embrace, giving you a strong squeeze. “It’s okay, babe. As much as I’d like to keep you here all to myself, I know that wouldn’t be fair to you. While I don’t know if I completely believe that bastard’s words about other soulmates, I know visitin’ your other friends is important to you. I’ll be lookin’ forward to your next visit.”

Chrome turns a bright blue when you reach up to kiss his cheek. “Thank you, Sans. I really appreciate you being so understanding. You’ll always be important to me. Don’t forget that.”

His expression softens as he grins. “I won’t.”

Before he can do anything else, Papyrus has you in his arms and starts twirling you about. “I AM ALSO LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT VISIT, Y/N! I’LL BE SURE TO GIVE YOU A SPECIAL TOUR OF OUR AMAZING COUNTRY SO YOU CAN SEE ALL THE BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS!”

When he sets you down, you give him a bright smile as you hug him. “I’d love that, Papyrus. I wanna learn all about your world. I’d love to see Frisk again too.”

Papyrus’ grin grows. “I’M SURE THEY WOULD TOO! WE CAN EVEN HAVE A SLEEPOVER! I’LL START PREPARING FOR YOUR NEXT VISIT NOW! I CANNOT WAIT!”

He leans down when you motion him to do so, and his face starts glowing a bright orange when you kiss his cheek. “Me either. I know it’ll be awesome.”

After saying your goodbyes, Ink creates a new portal, and you follow after him, giving the other skeletons a warm smile and a wave as you leave.

One minute you’re in a warm kitchen, and the next, you’re standing on a snow covered path. You shiver when a cool breeze blows by. Good thing you got the hoodie, or you would’ve been really miserable.

Ink surprises you when he pulls you into an embrace and nuzzles your neck. Immediately, your arms rise to reciprocate the hug. “I think I deserve this for acting so good in Underchrome, don’t you?”

Snorting, you bury your face in his scarf, loving how the cloth protects your face from the cold. “Well, I guess it could’ve gone worse. At least, you let me say goodbye to them properly.”

He laughs as he squeezes you tightly. “I really wanted to mess with Chrome more, but I held back for your sake. It felt good to tell him he’s not your only soulmate, though.”

After a few minutes, you pull away and raise an eyebrow. “So, you were being serious about their counterparts being my soulmates too? You weren’t just messing with them?”

Ink shakes his head. “Nope. That was the truth. I wouldn’t lie to you about something like that, Y/N.”

Seeing that he’s being genuine, you run a nervous hand through your hair. “Well, that is gonna be an interesting conversation to have with the others. Hell, how am I supposed to bring this up?”

The artist waves a dismissive hand. “Worry about that later. Your surprise is more important.”

Sighing, you realize there really is no point in worrying about the subject right now. Instead, you focus on your surroundings. You’re currently standing in front of a forest with snow covering the
ground everywhere you look.

Considering the trees and snow, your first guess is you’re in Snowdin. The question is: Which one?

With a grin, Ink points further into the forest. “Your surprise is in there. Just walk in there, and you’ll find out what it is after a few minutes of walking.”

Before you can question him, he creates a portal and jumps through. “Have fun, Y/N! I’ll come pick you up later!”

And, now, you’re alone, wondering what the hell your friend is planning. With a sigh, you follow his instructions and head into the forest, making sure to closely observe your surroundings. Considering Ink willingly left you here on your own, you’re sure there’s nothing dangerous here you’ll need to worry about, but it doesn’t hurt to remain cautious.

Letting your gaze roam, you take in the tall trees, unable to see how far up they go. When you almost trip on a stray branch, you decide to keep your eyes on the path before you.

After several minutes of walking, you’re beginning to wonder if you’re actually heading in the right direction. Ink said you should know what your surprise is when you see it, but the only things you see are trees, bushes, and snow. You highly doubt those are what he was talking about.

That’s when you hear a loud familiar voice screaming. “WHERE IS THAT ANNOYING BASTARD?! HOW DARE HE RUN OFF BEFORE I CAN PROPERLY PUNISH HIM FOR HIS PRANKS!”

“calm down, bro. i’m sure he’s hidin’ somewhere. that sneaky bastard was definitely up to somethin’.”

Those voices sound like Edge and Red, but it couldn’t be them. Why would they be back Underground? There’s no way Frisk reset all the way back to the beginning, right?

“THIS IS THE MOST INTENSE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK I HAVE EVER PLAYED! INK IS VERY SKILLED! HOWEVER, HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I AM AN EXPERT AFTER ALL! NYEH HEH HEH!”

“that’s right, bro. if anyone can find him, it’s you. your skills are snow joke.”

Your eyes widen when you hear multiple voices groan at the pun while several others laugh. How many skeletons are in this world? What is going on?

Heading toward the voices, you find yourself approaching a clearing. When you peek past the trees, you see a group of eight skeletons--four pairs of Sanses and Papyri.

One Papyrus looks almost exactly like Captain Fantastic. The only exception being that his arms and legs are covered with a black armor, and his scarf, gloves, and boots are a darker shade of red. His scarf also looks much thicker than Captain’s. The Sans beside him could be a copy of Comic except for the black fingerless gloves on his hands and the fact that his hoodie is a pullover with a white hood and front pocket.

There’s a Papyrus that looks similar to Edge but with an inverted color scheme. His scarf, gloves, and boots are black while his battle body is a dark red. His brother isn’t wearing a collar like Red and has red fingerless gloves on his hands. The shorter skeleton’s jacket is tied around his waist, so you can see that he’s wearing a red t-shirt instead of a red turtleneck sweater.
The Blue look-a-like has a bandanna that’s a dark blue which matches his gloves and shorts. His top is a dark grey while his boots are black. The only thing different from his Papyrus and Stretch is that this Papyrus is wearing a burnt orange hoodie instead of a lighter shade like Stretch. The hood and front pocket are also white similar to the first Sans you examined. You also notice what appears to be a sucker stem in his mouth rather than a cigarette.

When your eyes fall on the last two skeletons, you are surprised by how different they look compared to Black and Pup. While most of his outfit is the same as Black’s, this Sans has dark red eye-lights which match his bandana, gloves, and boots. His brother is wearing a red turtleneck sweater, a black jacket with the fur-trimmed hood pulled up, brown pants, and red sneakers. Unlike Pup, this Papyrus isn’t wearing a collar.

Wanting to get a better look at them, you start edging closer, trying to remain hidden since you know these guys aren’t the skeletons you’ve met before. You wince at the loud cracking sound that seems to echo when you accidentally step on a branch.

Immediately, eight pairs of eye-lights fall on you, and everything goes quiet. When you look up at them, you’re surprised by the several wide-eyed gazes aimed your way and their expressions that look...hopeful?

Blue’s double takes a step toward you as he stares at you in disbelief. His next words make you freeze.

“MISS ANGEL?”

Chapter End Notes

Cysart drew a cute picture of their sona and Gli-chan, showing their plans for throwing more angst our dear Reader's way haha You can see it by clicking here.

Galaxybrownies drew an adorable picture of the UT, US, and UF adult babybones. You'll notice that my descriptions in the chapter are a little different from the art since I came up with some last minute additions to Epic's design ^^ You can see it by clicking here.

Y'all have waited a long time for Chrome's reappearance, and I know y'all have been dying to see the now adult babybones again. I appreciate all your patience! XD

A lot of y'all asked a while back if the Reader would be soulmates with every Sans by being soulmates with Chrome, and you were right! Soulmates exist in every AU, but most don't know of them since there's no way of telling how you meet yours like how in Underchrome the monsters will start seeing colors. This is why the Reader didn't have such a huge difficulty befriending the Sanses she met after Chrome because there was a connection even if they didn't completely realize it. The main difference between Chrome and Nickel from their counterparts is the two are able to actually feel the soul connection to the Reader. Everyone else can tell there's something about her, but they just can't put a finger on what it is. Of course, some of them started developing feelings for her even before she met Chrome. Their feelings just kinda amplified if that makes sense ^^'

I finally got to debut Nickel the big sweetheart. He just wants his brother to be happy
even if it means never revealing his true feelings. Thankfully, the Reader and Chrome weren't having any of that. I hope y'all aren't too disappointed about this turn out. I know a lot of y'all were loving Chrome and thinking he was the main guy, but I never intended for him to be end game guy. Plus, I'm actually more a fan of the Papyrus personalities, so there was no way that I wouldn't add my boy Nickel into the romantic fun :) I want everyone to be equal here. No skele is more important than the other. Right now, she cares about them equally. Well, besides maybe Error and Nightmare for obvious reasons lol But things change with time! I'm really into slow burn, so I never intended for this story to end in a relationship. I'd much rather the Reader spend more time with the guys before developing romantic feelings. I hope y'all don't mind ^^'

On a side note, if any of y'all were curious, in Underchrome, Mettaton and Napstablook are platonic soulmates. They have a really good relationship in this AU and work hard together to make their dreams a reality ^^-
Wide-eyed, all you can do is gape at the skeleton who spoke. There’s only one person you know who calls you by that nickname. But, this can’t be him. This skeleton is obviously much older. Not that much time has passed...right?

Despite your disbelief, you find yourself saying the name of the child who called you Miss Angel after you saved him. “B-Berry?”

Every eye-light widens at your reply while the addressed skeleton begins to tremble. Then, in a blink, he’s gone.

One minute he’s on the other side of the clearing, and the next, he’s barreling into you at full speed, knocking you right off your feet. You didn’t know it was possible for a skeleton to move that fast.

Your borrowed hoodie grows damp with his tears as he begins to cry. “MISS ANGEL! YOU’RE FINALLY HERE! I MISSED YOU SO MUCH!”

Immediately, your arms move to wrap around Berry as you return the embrace, feeling your eyes begin to burn with unshed tears. “I’m sorry, Berry. I didn’t mean to make you wait so long. I didn’t realize so much time had passed for you while I was gone.”

His grip on you tightens as he shakes his head. “IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, MISS ANGEL. INK TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED. HE ALSO EXPLAINED THAT THE GLITCH TEMPORARILY MADE OUR TIMELINE UNSTABLE. THAT'S WHY TIME PASSED SO QUICKLY FOR US COMPARED TO EVERYONE ELSE.”

So, that’s what happened. You never considered what the aftereffects of their worlds being merged would be. Still, you hate you made them wait so many years for your return.

That’s when the rest of the skeletons approach your location. Obviously, if this skeleton hugging you is Berry, that means these other skeletons are the rest of the baby bones that you met in that horrible lab.

A warm smile forms on your face. While you hate so much time has passed, you’re relieved to see them healthy and doing well on their own.

Before you can speak, Epic has you and Berry in his arms and starts rapidly twirling in a circle. “MISS HEROINE! IT’S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU HAVE BEEN DEARLY MISSED!”

Berry starts giggling, and you can’t help but join him. Once Epic calms down, you wrap an arm around his neck and hug him tightly. “It’s good to see you too, Epic. You’ve gotten a lot bigger since I last saw you.”

After returning you and Berry to the ground, Epic puts his hands on his hips as he grins proudly. “THAT’S RIGHT! THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS BECOME EVEN MORE AMAZING IN YOUR ABSENCE! I WORKED VERY HARD IN MY TRAINING SO THAT I COULD ONE DAY JOIN THE ROYAL GUARD! UNDYNE COMPLIMENTS MY SKILLS REGULARLY!”
When you hear a scoff, you turn toward Grim who has his arms crossed. “THAT’S NOTHING COMPARED TO MY SKILLS. YOUR TRAINING REGIMEN PALES IN COMPARISON TO MINE!”

When the two start comparing their regimens, you get the feeling that they’ve done this before for some reason. You half expect Berry to join in too, but he seems content to remain at your side, excitedly telling you about his own training with Alphys.

That’s when the other energetic Sans makes his feelings known. “I CLEARLY REMEMBER TELLING YOU HOW MUCH I HATE WAITING, QUEEN! YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE STAYING GONE FOR SO LONG!”

Turning toward the voice, you see Razz frowning deeply with his arms crossed. Behind him is Rus who’s wearing the sweetest smile. It’s a bit of a strange sight since you’ve never seen a Swapfell Papyrus make such an expression before.

You grin sheepishly. “I’m sorry, Razz. I really didn’t mean to make you wait so long. I had no idea so much time would pass in your world. Otherwise, I would’ve tried to come sooner.”

Rus chuckles as he waves a hand dismissively. “it’s fine, sugar. sans knows it wasn’t intentional. he’s just complaining ‘cause he missed you so much.”

A bright red blush floods his brother’s horrified face. “PAPY!”

Unable to resist the cuteness, you quickly scoop the flustered skeleton into your arms and hug him tightly as you rub your cheek against his. “Awww, I missed you too, Razz. I see you’ve gotten cuter since I last saw you.”

Rather than struggle like you expect, Razz just makes a noise of outrage, complaining loudly that he is not cute. He is a fierce warrior! Still, he makes no move to escape your clutches instead snuggling closer.

Talk about adorable.

After a few minutes, you finally release him and notice that his expression appears more pleased than exasperated. It looks like he doesn’t mind hugs as much as Black does.

That’s when a pair of arms loop around your waist and pull you back into a warm chest. You feel the skeleton prop his chin on your head as he hugs you close. “you’re just as soft and warm as i remember, sugar.”

His words make you giggle. Then, a sweet aroma invades your senses. “And, you smell more like sweets than I remember. Has someone acquired a sweet tooth while I was gone?”

Razz groans loudly. “PAPY IS A DAMN SWEETS-AHOLIC. I HAVE NEVER SEEN SOMEONE EAT AS MANY SUGAR COATED TREATS AS MY BROTHER. IT’S SICKENING. NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I CAN’T GET HIM TO STOP.”

Your giggling increases when you see Blue give his counterpart a sympathetic pat on the shoulder. “WHILE MY BROTHER IS ALSO BAD, I DO THINK YOURS IS THE WORST. I’VE NEVER SEEN MY BROTHER CONSUME A WHOLE CAKE IN ONE SITTING AFTER ALL.”

While Razz cradles his face in his hands and wearily shakes his head, you attempt to move your
head so you can look at his brother. “Really now, Rus? I don’t think that’s very healthy.”

Rus nuzzles your hair. “you all worry too much. it’s fine. besides, i always brush my teeth regularly like sans tells me to. i don’t see the problem.”

When this affectionate hug continues for several more minutes, another skeleton decides to intervene. Scowling, Blaze marches over to your position from his place beside his brother. “how long you plannin’ on holdin’ her for? she ain’t your damn stuffed animal.”

Instead of releasing you, Rus just pulls you closer to him. “i know that. i’ll let her go whenever she wants me to. since she hasn’t complained, i figured it was okay to stay like this. no need to get so jealous.”

That response obviously annoys Blaze judging from the way his expression darkens. Before an argument can start, you reach for his hand and pull a very surprised Blaze into your arms while Rus continues to hug you from behind.

A dark red blush floods the captured skeleton’s face as you bring your face closer to his. This reaction makes you grin. “Hey Blaze, it’s good to see you again. Did you miss me?”

While he sputters, you can clearly hear several skeletons trying and failing to contain their amusement at the spectacle. Judging from Rus’ shaking, he’s doing his best not to laugh out loud.

Blaze’s face is so red you can’t help but worry that he’ll somehow develop a fever if he blushes any harder. After several seconds of stammering, he finally manages to respond. “o-of course, i did, s-sweetheart.”

Fighting back the urge to squeal at the cuteness, you settle for beaming at him after giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. “I’m glad. I missed you too.”

His eye-lights turn into hearts as his whole skull turns the brightest red you’ve ever seen. When he suddenly stops moving, you begin to worry that he’s close to passing out.

That’s when Grim comes to the rescue. He quickly pulls his brother out of your grasp and holds him under his arm in a familiar football carry.

Sighing, Grim tiredly rubs his forehead. “I SHOULD’VE EXPECTED THIS. MY BROTHER IS IMPOSSIBLE.”

Rus releases you from his hold so he can clutch his middle as he laughs loudly. His brother is much the same.

Berry and Epic are quietly snickering while their brothers are grinning widely at the scene. You dimly notice that the latter two are the farthest away from you for some reason.

Obviously, you need to fix that, but first…

Grim makes a disgruntled sound when you move to hug him. A cheeky grin forms on your face as you look up at him. “Don’t think I’d forget your hug, Grim. I remember how much you liked them as a kid.”

His face turns scarlet. “I DID NOT! YOUR MEMORY IS OBVIOUSLY FAULTY! I DON’T REMEMBER EVER SAYING I LIKED YOUR HUGS!”

Your grin grows. “You didn’t have to. After all, actions speak louder than words.”
As he sputters, you release him and turn your attention to the only two skeletons who haven’t spoken with you. They quickly notice that your attention is on them and start blushing much to your surprise.

Before you can question them, Epic and Berry approach you and bring a hand to their mouths as if they’re trying to whisper something important to you. Of course, because of the naturally high volume of their voices, everyone can still clearly hear them.

“PAPY IS JUST BEING SHY, MISS ANGEL. HE REALLY DOES WANT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU’LL JUST HAVE TO APPROACH HIM FIRST.”

“SANS IS THE SAME WAY. I DON’T KNOW WHY, BUT FOR WHATEVER REASON, HE’S BEING EXTREMELY SHY RIGHT NOW. SO, YOU’LL NEED TO BREAK THE ICE, MISS HEROINE. NYEH HEH HEH.”

Realizing Epic just made an ice pun, you raise an amused brow at him to which he just winks in response. When you turn to the aforementioned brothers, you see their obviously embarrassed expressions as they try to look anywhere but at you.

Giggling, you catch them off guard when you sprint toward the flustered skeletons and tackle them both in a hug. Thankfully, they manage to adjust their footing in order to keep the three of you from falling into the snow.

Wrapping your arms around the two skeletons, you smile warmly at them, making them blush harder. “It’s good to see you two again. I missed you. I hope you weren’t too bone-ly without me.”

They both snort at the pun while several skeletons in the background groan in dismay. Classic hooks an arm around your waist while Orange rests his across your shoulders.

Classic grins fondly as he continues to blush. “thankfully, i had pap so i wasn’t too bone-some while you were gone. still, you were definitely missed, hp.”

A similar expression forms on Orange’s face. “yeah, there was snow need to worry about us, sweets. although, my bro definitely missed you a lot.”

You smile teasingly. “Just Berry?”

The orange blush on his face darkens as he averts his gaze. “and me too.”

With a giggle, you hug the two skeletons tighter. Once you find an opening, you plant a kiss on each of their cheeks, watching with glee as their skulls gain a bright blue and orange glow.

“I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER NOT GETTING A KISS, MY QUEEN! I WILL NOT ACCEPT THESE LAZYBONES GETTING PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT!”

Releasing the extremely flustered skeletons, you turn toward Razz who’s approaching you, looking petulant. Not wanting to be unfair, you oblige and kiss his cheek after pulling him into another hug. “Sorry, Razz. I didn’t mean to be unfair. Of course, I’m always happy to give you a kiss if you want one.”

“IN THAT CASE, I WOULD LIKE ONE TOO, MISS ANGEL!”

In a blink, Berry is at your side, looking hopeful while his counterpart scowls in irritation. With a smile, you let go of Razz and give Berry the same treatment, kissing his now bright blue cheekbone.
At Epic’s hopeful look, you chuckle and motion for him to lean down so you can give his cheek a quick peck. A light orange blush lights up his face, making you grin.

You are surprised when Rus asks for one as well. Apparently, during the course of your absence, the tall skeleton has completely gotten over his shyness.

A sweet smile forms on his face when you kiss his cheek. This boy is seriously way too adorable. Your heart was not prepared for all this cuteness.

Turning toward Grim, you raise an inquisitive brow to which he quickly screeches that he does not want a kiss. Poor Blaze is still in a daze as his brother continues to tote him around like a football.

Now that everyone has been properly greeted, you decide to voice the question that’s been on your mind since you ran into the guys. “What are you all doing in this one world? I remember you all entering your own worlds the last time I saw you.”

Dark scowls form on Grim’s and Razz’s faces. Their growled responses are in complete sync. “INK.”

Brows furrowed, you turn to look at the others, hoping for a better explanation. Thankfully, Epic is happy to provide one. “WHILE HE DIDN’T DO ANYTHING TO SANS OR MYSELF, HE APPARENTLY TRAVELLED TO THE OTHERS’ WORLDS AND PRANKED THEM. THEY CHASED AFTER HIM AND ENDED UP IN OUR WORLD. WE HAVE NOT SEEN HIM SINCE.”

No wonder Grim and Razz look so annoyed. You rub a tired hand down your face. “Now, I know what Ink meant when he said he needed some time to prepare my surprise.”

Berry tilts his head curiously. “WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MISS ANGEL?”

You tell the group how the artist brought you here, claiming there was a special surprise that he had planned for you. Obviously, the surprise was meeting the now all grown up baby bones.

A sheepish grin forms on your face as you rub the back of your neck. “So, this is partly my fault. Ink wanted me to see you guys all together so he tricked you into coming here for my benefit. Sorry about that.”

Classic waves a hand dismissively. “no need to apologize, hp. you didn’t do anything wrong.”

Smiling, Rus nods his head. “i don’t really care about the pranks now. it was worth being pranked if it meant getting to see you again.”

Touched, you give the sweetheart a hug. “You are seriously being way too cute, Rus. You should be illegal.”

He chuckles as he returns the hug. “i wouldn’t mind going to jail as long as you were with me, sugar.”

His response makes you squeal. “Stop being so cute right this instant! It’s not fair! I won’t ever be able to stop hugging you if you keep saying such adorable things!”

Rus affectionately nuzzles your hair. “that sounds fine to me. i love your hugs.”

Your heart is officially a puddle. It has completely melted because of this skeleton’s cuteness. How dare he be so unrepentantly adorable.
“PAPY, DON’T BE GREEDY! YOU CAN’T JUST KEEP HER TO YOURSELF!”

“THAT’S RIGHT! I WANT TO HUG MISS ANGEL MORE TOO!”

When you pull back, you see Rus pouting. “but, sans…”

Razz crosses his arms. “NO BUTS, PAPY!”

Giggling at the older brother’s disappointed expression, you give him a reassuring squeeze, enjoying how his face brightens. “While I can’t necessarily keep hugging you forever, that doesn’t mean this is the last of the hugs. I’ll never turn down a hug from you, Rus.”

A happy grin forms on his face as his cheeks turn a light orange. After you release him, you turn toward the others and notice that Blaze is back on his feet.

When his gaze meets yours, you grin broadly, making him blush. “Glad to have you back with us, Blaze. You alright?”

He quickly averts his gaze as he shoves his shaking hands into his pockets. “y-yep. perfectly fine. sorry to worry you, sweetheart.”

Grim rolls his eye-lights. “VERY SMOOTH, BROTHER. YOU TRULY HAVE A WAY WITH WORDS.”

The older skeleton scowls at his smirking brother, and you find yourself smiling. You’re happy these Underfell brothers have such a good relationship. Just from the little interactions you’ve seen between them, you can tell they’re really close.

Before you can make a remark, you hear the sound of someone yelling in the distance. “PAPYRUS, WHERE ARE YOU?! YOU AND YOUR BROTHER AREN’T AT YOUR STATIONS! YOU PUNKS BETTER NOT BE SLACKING!”

Realizing the voice can only belong to this world’s Undyne, you begin to panic. You really don’t want to find out what she’ll do once she finds you, let alone all the Sanses and Papyri.

For a few seconds, everyone goes completely still, and then, they react. Epic and Classic quickly head to intercept their Undyne while Rus grabs onto you and his brother.

In a flash, you find yourself in a home identical to Comic and Captain’s. You’re relieved to see the Underswap and Underfell brothers as well. Orange and Blaze must have teleported themselves along with their brothers here.

Your shoulders slump with relief. “That was close. I managed to avoid Undyne encounters during my journey, so I wasn’t prepared for facing her here. Thanks, Rus.”

He hugs you close with the arm still wrapped around you. “no problem, sugar. i know meeting that undyne would’ve been dangerous for you.”

After you pull away, you see Razz roll his eye-lights. “YOU ACT AS IF MEETING OURS WOULD’VE BEEN LESS DANGEROUS. OURS IS INSANE. WHO KNOWS WHAT SHE’D DO TO QUEEN IF SHE MET HER.”

At first, it looks like Rus is about to argue with his brother, but after a few seconds, he just sighs. “you’re probably right.”
You gently pat his arm. “It’s okay. I know humans aren’t too popular among the monsters
Underground. I think the only Undyne who wouldn’t immediately start a fight with me is the one
from Underswap.”

Orange nods his head as he fiddles with his sucker. “yeah, she’s pretty harmless for the most part.
she doesn’t go around picking fights without a reason.”

His brother grins brightly. “UNDYNE IS REALLY NICE! SHE OFTEN INVITES US OVER TO
WATCH ANIME! IT’S A LOT OF FUN!”

You can’t help but laugh at the Underfell and Swapfell skeletons’ incredulous looks. Obviously,
they’re having a hard time imagining their Undyne’s acting like that.

Since Classic and Epic are still gone, you figure that must mean they’re with their Undyne. You
hope they’re not getting punished for not being at their stations.

Blaze makes his way to the kitchen. “i’m lookin’ for somethin’ to eat. thanks to that bastard ink, i
missed lunch.”

His brother follows after him. “MY COUNTERPART IS USUALLY GOOD AT KEEPING HIS
FOOD SUPPLIES PROPERLY STOCKED, SO I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE SOMETHING
FOR US.”

Noticing your curious look, Berry grins at you. “THIS ACTUALLY ISN’T OUR FIRST TIME
VISITING THIS HOUSE. APPARENTLY ANOTHER SIDE EFFECT OF OUR WORLDS
BEING MERGED IS THAT OUR LAZY BROTHERS ARE ABLE TO SOMEHOW TELEPORT
FROM ONE WORLD TO THE NEXT. IT’S ONLY BETWEEN OUR FOUR WORLDS,
THOUGH.”

Orange rubs the back of his head. “we found out by accident. imagine my surprise when one day i
find myself in this house when i meant to teleport to my own.”

You snort at the mental image. No doubt everybody was surprised when that happened. “Well, it’s
nice you guys were able to stay in contact then. Does anyone else from your worlds know you can
do this?”

Razz shakes his head while his brother ambles into the kitchen. “NO. WE NEVER TOLD
ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LABS NOR WHAT HAPPENED WHEN OUR
WORLDS COMBINED. AFTER ALL, WHO WOULD BELIEVE US?”

He makes a good point. It’s highly unlikely anyone would believe them about the merge since the
Void reset the worlds back to before the merge occurred.

That’s when you hear Grim start to yell from the kitchen. “WHAT IN THE NAME OF KING
ASGORE ARE YOU DOING, RUS?!”

“making cookies. i’m hungry too.”

“THEN, MAKE A PROPER MEAL, YOU IMBECILE!”

You follow Razz into the kitchen and see Grim commandeering one side of the countertop while
Rus has the other side. While the edgy skeleton appears to be preparing some kind of pasta, Rus is
surrounded by baking ingredients. Blaze has wisely chosen to stay far away from the cooks and is
sitting at the table with a bottle of mustard.
Razz takes one look at the sight and promptly rolls his eye-lights. Rather than interfere, he turns right around, grabs Berry, who was also hovering at the doorway, and heads back into the living room.

Orange decides to walk further into the kitchen and moves to stand beside Rus. “what kind you making?”

His counterpart points at the bag of chocolate chips. “chocolate chip.”

Nodding, Orange moves to join Blaze at the table. “sounds good.”

Amused, you watch as Grim sighs in exasperation before going back to preparing his meal. Since Blaze doesn’t appear at all anxious about his brother cooking, you assume that means he knows how to cook. So, rather than asking to join Grim and risk annoying him, you approach the other cook instead.

“Need any help?”

Rus’ face brightens at your question, and he eagerly nods his head. “i’d love that.”

Smiling, you quickly go to wash your hands at the sink before helping him prepare the batter. While you’re doing this, you see Grim giving you a disapproving look. “I EXPECTED BETTER FROM YOU, HUMAN.”

You can’t help but laugh. “Sorry, Grim. In my defense, I just had breakfast not too long ago, so I’m not really interested in a big meal right now. However, I am always down for some cookies.”

Grim scowls when Rus gives him a smug smile. Rather than retort, Grim returns his attention to his cooking after giving them an annoyed look.

After he finishes mixing everything in the bowl, you witness Rus stick a finger in the batter for a taste test. You raise an eyebrow at him, trying and failing to look stern.

He grins and proceeds to bring a batter-coated finger to your lips. “wanna try, sugar?”

Unable to resist temptation, you lick the batter off his finger, and a happy smile forms on your face. “It’s good!”

His grin grows as a light orange blush highlights his cheekbones. When you turn back to face the counter, you miss the wide-eyed looks thrown your way by the other skeletons in the room.

With the batter ready, all that’s left to do is set everything up on the pan and place it in the oven. You can’t help but stare in amazement when you see how many cookies you’re making, but considering what you’ve heard of Rus’ sweet tooth, not to mention Orange’s, it’s unlikely any of the cookies will go to waste.

As soon as the pan is in the oven, Berry dashes into the kitchen, heading straight for you. “MISS ANGEL! RAZZ AND I FOUND EPIC’S BOARD GAMES! WILL YOU PLAY WITH US? IT’S MORE FUN THE MORE PEOPLE THAT PLAY!”

You immediately nod your head in agreement, happy to play with the two. However, you then wonder if you should worry about keeping an eye on the cookies.

Rus smiles as he pats your head. “it’s okay, sugar. i’ll keep an eye on them. gotta make sure orange doesn’t run off with them once they’re ready.”
While you turn to stare at the aforementioned skeleton curiously, his brother gives him an unimpressed look. In response, Orange just grins as he shrugs. At his side, Blaze snickers in amusement as if recalling a funny memory.

Rolling your eyes fondly, you follow Berry into the living room where Razz is sitting on the ground among several board games. It’s at that moment Classic and Epic appear via teleport, looking worn out.

Classic looks like he’s about to keel over while Epic’s grin is a little more tired compared to when you last saw him. You frown worriedly. “Are you two alright?”

The older brother promptly plops down on the couch and passes out while Epic sighs in exasperation. “HONESTLY, SANS, IT WASN’T THAT BAD.”

When the only response he receives is a snore, the taller skeleton turns his attention to you. “WE’RE ALRIGHT, MISS HEROINE. UNDYNE JUST DECIDED THAT WE SHOULD DO SOME GROUP TRAINING. SANS ISN’T A FAN OF PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES SO IT REALLY WORE HIM OUT. STILL, HE STAYED UNTIL THE END, SO THAT’S SOMETHING.”

His face brightens exponentially when his gaze falls on the board games. “ARE YOU PLAYING BOARD GAMES? MAY I JOIN?”

You smile at him as you move to join Berry and Razz on the floor. “Of course, you can. They’re your games after all. Besides, the more the merrier.”

And, that’s how you ended up playing the most intense game of Monopoly you have ever played in your life. Despite your best efforts, you are unable to purchase a lot of properties. The skeletons gain control of all the railroads, utilities, and even Broadway and Park Place.

It comes as no surprise to you when you’re the first to go bankrupt. You really had no chance. Why the hell did you agree to play Monopoly of all games?

Groaning, you plop down onto your back, staring up at the ceiling as you think about how cruel the world is. As you’re wallowing in your misery, the other three players continue the game, doing their best to outdo each other. Unbeknownst to you, the three are trying exceptionally hard at this game compared to past games because they don’t want to look bad in front of you.

You’re brought out of your little pity party by the delightful aroma of a cookie that’s now hovering above your face. When you look to see who owns the hand holding the treat, you see Rus smiling sympathetically. “it’s alright, sugar. i’m not very good at that game either. how about a snack to cheer you up?”

Grinning, you accept the cookie and make a pleased noise at the delicious taste. It’s not long before the treat is gone, and you can’t help but frown in disappointment, wishing it had lasted longer.

A chuckle brings your attention to Orange who had managed to sneak up on you. When you sit up, you realize he and Rus are sitting on either side of you now.

When he hands you a cookie, you happily take it after thanking him. He grins shyly as he flushes a light orange.

Now, losing the game doesn’t seem like such a bad thing. As Berry, Razz, and Epic get caught up in their competition, you get to enjoy the batch of cookies with Rus and Orange while watching the fun spectacle.
When you see Classic begin to stir on the couch, you grab one of the cookies and bring it over to him. You let your face hover over his so it’s the first thing he sees when he opens his eyes.

He freezes as you grin cheerfully. “morning, sleepy head. have a nice nap?”

Your grin grows when his face turns a light blue. “uh, y-yeah.”

In the background, Orange and Rus are quietly snickering at the obviously flustered skeleton’s response. Rather than tease Classic, you pull back and offer him the cookie. “Rus and I made cookies. They’re really good. You want one?”

For several seconds, Classic just stares at the cookie as if not fully comprehending why it’s suddenly before him. Then, a small grin forms on his face as he grabs the treat. “thanks, hp. it’s not often i can get one of these when both orange and rus are in the same building. it’s really sweet of you to share.”

The laughter behind you increases in volume at the pun while you giggle. Considering the lack of groaning, you figure the skeletons playing Monopoly didn’t hear the pun because they’re so focused on the game.

That’s when the Underfell brothers walk into the room, apparently having finished their meal. Grim takes one look at the sight before him and scowls. “I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY STARTED PLAYING MONOPOLY WITHOUT ME--THE MONOPOLY KING! OBVIOUSLY, YOU IDIOTS WERE TIRED OF LOSING!”

Razz returns the scowl. “DON’T BE SO FULL OF YOURSELF! JUST BECAUSE YOU WON THE LAST TIME WE PLAYED DOESN’T MEAN YOU’RE THE KING OF THIS GAME!”

While Berry and Epic chime in to add their own two cents, you make your way to the other board games to see what else you can play. When you find Candy Land, an amused smile forms on your face.

As expected, when you start setting up the board, Rus and Orange quickly join you. You had a feeling the sweets lovers would like this game. However, you’re surprised when Classic and Blaze also take a seat by the board.

All you can do is grin happily as you and the lazy skeletons enjoy a peaceful game of Candy Land while their brothers squabble over Monopoly. You manage to win the first game much to your delight, but the only ones who really seemed interested in winning were Orange and Rus. Classic and Blaze apparently just joined for the hell of it, making candy-related puns every chance they got.

Before you can start the next game, Berry takes notice of your little group. “HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS PLAYING OVER THERE?”

This, of course, brings the other three skeletons’ attention to your little group. You smile in amusement. “Candy Land. I thought a nice stress free game would be fun while you guys worked on finishing Monopoly.”

The lazy skeletons snicker at your comment. You’re not sure what they found so funny, but if you were to guess, it probably had something to do with what you said about the Monopoly game. Obviously, what you’re witnessing now is a common occurrence with the excitable skeletons.

Judging from the looks on their faces, the younger brothers seem conflicted about whether they should continue their game or join your group. Epic, Razz, and Berry obviously want to win, but
they also really want to play more with you.

Since it was too late in the game for Grim to join the Monopoly competition, you figure a new game should be suggested for everyone. That’s when your gaze happens to fall on a pack of Uno cards.

A large grin forms on your face as you reach for the pack. “Looks like it’s time for some Uno, boys. Who’s in?”

There’s a brief pause, and then, eight large, matching grins are aimed your way. And, so begins the most exciting game of Uno the Underground has ever seen.

You wouldn’t have it any other way.

Unfortunately, Uno isn’t as peaceful as the last time you played with Blue and Stretch. At first, everything was fine, but tensions began to hang heavily in the air with each new game.

One of the major sources of said tension is Grim because Orange and Rus, who somehow ended up sitting on either side of their edgy counterpart, keep giving Grim draw two or draw four cards. If one didn’t have a draw card, then he’d use a reverse card so the other could use a draw card instead. It seems their goal is to mess with Grim as much as possible.

Similarly, Classic and Blaze, who are sitting on either side of Razz, are doing the same thing to their volatile counterpart. It’s only a matter of time before the two angry skeletons finally blow a gasket.

You are fortunate enough to be sitting in between Berry and Epic who don’t appear to have any interest in tormenting you, thankfully. Of course, that doesn’t mean they have been going easy on you. They’re just nicer than their brothers.

Surprisingly enough, you have managed to win a few times. With such a big group, you honestly expected to lose every time especially considering how competitive the skeletons are.

While you’ve lost count of how many games you’ve played, you can, at least, tell that your group has been at this for hours. The sensible part of you thinks maybe it’d be wise to pick a different game before things get worse while your mischievous side wants to see which skeleton will be the first to explode.

In the end, it’s Orange setting down another draw four card for Grim that is the straw that finally breaks the camel’s back. With an ear-shattering screech, Uno cards are tossed into the air as Grim tackles his counterpart to the ground, and you bear witness to your first skeleton wrestling match.

Shortly after that, Blaze tells another pun which sets Razz off. This leads to a match between the edgy Sanses. All the while, Classic and Rus are laughing in the background, obviously completely unsurprised by this turn of events.

_Hmm now who should I root for? All that’s missing is the popcorn._

As if reading your mind, Epic holds a bowl of popcorn toward you, offering you a bite. You didn’t even notice when he apparently left for the kitchen.“WOULD YOU LIKE SOME, MISS HEROINE?”

Grinning, you nod and grab a handful of the snack, munching happily as you watch WWE--Skeleton Edition. The bowl eventually ends up in your lap so the skeletons on both sides of you
can easily reach it. Obviously, Berry and Epic have no interest in joining the fight.

The three of you start giggling when Classic and Rus somehow get dragged into the brawl. Apparently, Razz and Grim remembered that it wasn’t just one skeleton who has been tormenting them for the last several hours.

You can’t help but feel impressed by some of the angry skeletons’ moves. Maybe their Undyne and Alphys taught them some wrestling moves? They really do look like something you would normally see on TV.

After several minutes of this pass, Berry grows bored and suggests they watch some Napstaton. His face falls when Epic reminds him that Mettaton is the one with a TV show in this world.

Still, Berry decides watching the robot idol would be more interesting than watching their friends and brothers fight, so the three of you move closer to the TV and turn it on. Unsurprisingly, Mettaton’s face is the first thing you see pop up on the screen.

Epic makes an excited noise as his favorite idol starts sharing all his cooking secrets. You make a face when he starts showcasing the special MTT glitter. “Please tell me you two don’t use that much glitter in your cooking.”

Berry surprises you when he snorts in amusement. “NO NEED TO WORRY, MISS ANGEL. MISS MUFFET WAS QUICK TO SHOW ME THAT GLITTER WAS NOT A NECESSARY INGREDIENT FOR COOKING. WHILE I GREATLY ADMIRE NAPSTATON’S COOKING SKILLS, I ALSO HIGHLY VALUE HER OPINION, SO IF SHE SAYS I SHOULDN’T USE IT, I WON’T.”

When Epic nods his head in agreement and tells you about Grillby giving him similar advice, your shoulders slump in relief. Thank goodness. It looks like these skeletons might have actually learned how to properly cook thanks to their guardians.

Curious, you begin asking them about their lives growing up, and Epic and Berry are quick to tell you about their childhoods spent with Grillby and Muffet respectively. By the time they finish their stories, the sounds of the fighting going on behind you finally begin to die down.

Then, you feel a body slump against your back. Arms wrap around your waist as the skeleton buries his face against the back of your neck. “sugar, you didn’t try to come save me. how could you?”

Snorting, you reach behind you to pat Rus on the head. “And, end up as Grim’s next victim? No thanks. Besides, you and Orange were asking for it after messing with Grim for so long. It’s amazing he didn’t snap sooner.”

You assume the loud huff you hear behind you is from Grim. Because of Rus, you can’t turn all the way around to check.

To your surprise, Razz plops down across your lap, stretching out as he lies on his back. He grins triumphantly. “IT’S GOOD YOU DIDN’T INTERFERE WITH MY BATTLE, MY QUEEN. THOSE FOOLS NEEDED TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON, AND I WOULD’VE HATED TO HARM YOU, CONSIDERING HOW POWERFUL MY ATTACKS ARE.”

An amused grin forms on your face. “Yeah, I know how to pick my battles. Those two were definitely ones I didn’t want.”

The Swapfell brothers snicker at your comment, snuggling closer like you’re their favorite stuffed
animal. You hear twin growls of annoyance and turn to see the Underfell brothers glaring at the cuddly skeletons.

Even the ever cheerful Berry is scowling at them. “YOU TWO HAVE MADE YOUR POINT. WHY DON’T YOU GET OFF HER NOW?”

His brother takes a seat beside him, giving the two skeletons snuggling you an exasperated look. “Honestly, considering the world where you two live, I wouldn’t have expected you guys to be the cuddliest of the bunch. Give her some space.”

When Razz petulantly sticks his tongue out at them, you fight the urge to laugh out loud. You quickly lose the battle, however, when out of the corner of your eye, you see Rus doing the same thing as his brother.

You continue to laugh uncontrollably as the other skeletons try and fail to remove the Swapfell brothers from their current positions. After a few minutes pass with no change, you decide some interference is necessary.

Quickly, you kiss both cuddlers on the cheek, catching them off guard. Taking advantage of their now loose grips, Grim and Blaze pull Rus off your back while Berry drags Razz out of your lap.

Classic snorts from his position on the other side of his brother. “Not bad, HP. You really know how to handle those two.”

All you can do is shrug your shoulders as you smile. “It seemed like the best strategy at the time.”

“You should come up with a better strategy. To them, you’re just rewarding them for their bad behavior and encouraging it.”

When Grim leans down to glare at you, giving you his best unimpressed look, your grin grows. Before he can react, you loop your arms around his neck and pull him down so you can kiss his cheek while you hug him.

Completely caught off guard, the taller skeleton loses his balance and falls into your lap. Well, his upper body does anyway. Your lap is not big enough to hold a whole Papyrus after all.

His face is so red you can’t help but giggle happily. “I dunno, Grim. I think my strategy is pretty effective. I captured you, didn’t I?”

The rest of the skeletons burst out laughing, even Blaze who’s bent over because he’s laughing so hard. His brother pulls himself out of your lap, giving you a half-hearted glare. “I really do hate you.”

Snuggling up close to his seated position beside you, you bat your eyes at him. “Aww, I love you too, Grim.”

He just cradles his face in his hands, shaking his head wearily. Chortling, Blaze moves to lean against his brother’s back. “You’re so cool, bro. The ladies just can’t resist ya. You’re a bone-fied charmer.”

In response, Grim just groans in dismay not even bothering to yell at his older brother. The shorter skeleton then aims a smug smirk your way. “What about me, sweetheart? You’re not gonna give my bro all the love, are ya?”

Returning his smirk, you quickly grab his hand and proceed to pull him into your lap where his
brother had been only moments ago. His face is as red as a stop light as you lean over him. “Of course not, Blaze. I’m all about being fair after all. Were you wanting some love and affection now?”

Now, it’s Grim’s turn to laugh at his brother’s expense, joining the other skeletons who had still been laughing because of what happened with the taller Underfell skeleton. Blaze’s eye-lights turn into hearts when you gently stroke his cheek while planting a kiss on his other one. At your touch, he goes completely still like he did back in the forest.

Realizing he’s experiencing another mental shutdown, you gently place him in his brother’s lap, hoping some distance will help him recover faster. Grim hasn’t ceased his laughing, obviously enjoying his brother’s embarrassment.

For whatever reason, Berry decides that he wants to spend some time in your lap as well. Apparently, seeing three other skeletons do so means that it should be alright for him as well.

Despite his best efforts, he doesn’t get to stay long. Razz gives him a few minutes before pulling him away, obviously as revenge for earlier. When you see him pout, you give Berry a quick peck on the cheek to cheer him up, happy when his face automatically brightens.

When Epic gasps loudly, everyone turns to see him staring at the TV with sparkly eyes. “IT’S METTATON’S NEW TV SPECIAL! I FORGOT IT WAS PREMIERING TODAY! THIS TRULY IS THE BEST DAY EVER!”

He proceeds to give you a back-breaking hug. Thankfully, it’s not too tight that you can no longer breathe, so you’re able to return it without any issues. A warm grin forms on your face when he finally pulls away from the hug and beams at you. His excitement is very contagious.

Grim immediately straightens his posture and focuses his attention completely on the TV. “HURRY UP AND TURN UP THE VOLUME! I DON’T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING! EVEN THOUGH YOUR METTATON ISN’T AS AMAZING AS MINE, I WILL NOT MISS OUT ON SEEING THE WORK OF ANY METTATON!”

Faintly, you can hear Berry and Razz grumbling about how their robot idols are much cooler, but thankfully, the other excitable skeletons don’t hear them. Orange and Rus give their brothers a sympathetic pat on the back, making you smile.

That’s when you feel a gentle tapping on your back. Curious, you look behind you to see Classic pointing at the currently unoccupied couch before placing a finger in front of his mouth. Realizing his intention of claiming the couch while everyone else remains on the floor, you nod your head in understanding and slowly scoot backwards, hoping no one will notice your movements.

Feeling your back hit the couch, you quietly push yourself up until you’re sitting in the middle and then, relax against the comfortable cushions. You give Classic, who’s taken the spot to your left, a grateful grin and whisper your thanks so the others won’t catch on.

He grins softly as his cheeks give off a light blue hue. When you feel the cushions on your other side suddenly dip, you jump in surprise.

Turning your head, you see Orange slouched against the cushions, acting as if he’s been there the whole time. You give him an amused look to which he casually grins.

You look down when you feel a body press against your right leg. When you see Rus sitting there on the floor, you can’t bring yourself to feel too surprised considering his past behavior. He really
is a cuddler.

That’s when everyone else finally notices you’re no longer on the floor. Well, everyone aside from Epic and Grim. Those two are too absorbed with what’s transpiring on the TV screen much to your amusement.

Berry dashes for the couch and makes himself comfortable in his brother’s lap without hesitation. You giggle softly at Orange’s exasperated expression.

Razz and Blaze race for the position on the other side of your leg. In the end, the former is the winner, claiming the prized spot with the smuggest smirk you’ve ever seen.

Grumbling, Blaze decides to make himself comfortable on the armrest by Classic. A part of you is tempted to suggest Blaze sit in the other’s lap just to see how they’d react, but in the end, you decide against it. You don’t want to risk making too much noise and disturb Epic and Grim who appear to be the only ones truly interested in the TV special.

As you lean back against the cushions, you take in the sight of the skeletons all looking completely peaceful—a stark contrast to what they were like when you first met them. Warmth blossoms in your chest as you smile fondly.

Your feelings haven’t changed about your visit to the Handplates and Gaster Blaster merged world. If you had to do it all over again, you would without hesitation. Despite all the pain and torment you went through, it was worth it because you were able to save those kids and give them a chance at a better future.

From the bottom of your heart, you are so glad that you ended up on that crazy journey. While it had its ups and downs, in the end, it was all worth it. You are so grateful that you were able to meet these skeletons and that they’re a part of your life now. Saving them will always be your proudest accomplishment.

Your smile softens when you feel the skeletons surrounding you snuggle closer to you. Yes, despite everything that happened, these boys were definitely worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Auroradragon1983 drew some awesome pics of Dings, Red, Stretch, and Chrome. You can see the post by clicking here.

I can't believe we're finally at the end. After ten months, we've reached the last chapter. I just want to say thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the love and support y'all have shown me. I never imagined when I first started this story that I would receive so many sweet comments and such lovely fan art. Y'all are seriously the best <3

I wanna thank Tyrant Tortoise, Costumebleh, and disasterbisexual who helped beta read during the course of this story. They were all such a huge help. They're all wonderful, talented people <3 <3 <3

I really hope y'all enjoyed the last chapter! I had so much fun writing all the fluff with the adult babybones. I love these boys so much XD In case y'all were wondering about
Blaze, basically he does a complete mental shutdown when he gets overwhelmed by the Reader. When it comes to puppy dog crushes, this boy has it bad haha

In regards to the whole soulmate situation, the Reader is gonna wait till she figures out the best way to reveal it so that's why she never said anything. Plus, it kinda left her mind since she was having so much fun with the guys lol

I'd love to know if y'all had any favorite parts! Either from this chapter or the story as a whole, hearing that kinda stuff makes me super happy ^^

Thanks again for being such amazing readers! ^_-^